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ST. NICHOLAS
for
BOYS AND GIRLS.

v.45, pt.2
1918
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ST. NICHOLAS
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

v.46,pt.2
1918

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In addition, The American Boy for May will contain another Jimmy May story, "In the Flare Pit," in which the young American corporal makes a visit to No Man's Land; "The Black House" (the question being, is it haunted?); another instalment of "The White Blackfoot," on how the Indians lived when the West was wild, and a boy's experiences among them; and another instalment of Wm. Heyliger's great baseball story "Fighting for Fairview."

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THE BOOK MAN

THERE is a book I want to recommend to ST. NICHOLAS boys, a book that is valuable in two different ways and very timely for this spring and summer. It is "The Boys' Camp Manual" by Charles K. Taylor. I 'll tell you something about Mr. Taylor in just a minute, but I want to tell you about the book now. It may fit in with the plans you have already made for the summer, and perhaps it will suggest some new plans.

To begin with, "The Boys' Camp Manual" is a complete handbook both for camping and for military training. It outlines a course that prepares boys for all emergencies. For learning the manual of arms is only a very small part of military preparation; its value chiefly lies in developing discipline, while the first essential is the possession of a good physique. One has only to consider the proportion of men who are rejected at the recruiting stations because of physical unfitness to realize how important this latter is. Then, too, a soldier must be a versatile person, capable of putting up wooden buildings, of making corduroy roads, observation towers, trenches, concrete bases, and so on, the character value of learning which is very high indeed. Through such means one develops patience, perseverance, carefulness, endurance, and other fine qualities, besides a better appreciation of work that men do. Consequently, Mr. Taylor devotes a good part of his book to a simple description of just how these things are done. The soldier must know, too, how to keep himself in good health, how to keep his surroundings healthful and how to care for himself and for others, in case of accident or other similar emergency. These factors also receive attention in "The Boys' Camp Manual."

In short, you will find the book a splendid aid just for learning the art of being a good and resourceful camper. But with this it combines an excellent course in the specific art of military preparation: the manual of arms, essential in developing discipline; the various marching exercises, necessary for the rapid and efficient handling of groups of men, and the important array of extended order movements, camp establishment, rifle-work, map-making,

scouting, and so on, which cover the behavior of the soldier as a soldier in the particular field for which he has become a soldier.

All this work, Mr. Taylor says, can be carried out best by means of a camp. For in a camp conditions can be made to resemble army conditions. So Mr. Taylor begins by detailing the method for organizing a camp and arranging a weekly schedule. The following six sections deal respectively with these subjects: Establishing the Camp, Physical Training, Formal Military Drill, Signaling, Field and Other Exercises, Camp Interests and Special Observations. There are a great many illustrations and diagrams in the book, which drive the points home.

And now hear what General Leonard Wood says of "The Boys' Camp Manual": "Much of the information will be of great value to boys in their after life. The work which Mr. Taylor is doing and proposes to do will send to us that portion of the youth of the country who come under his control in far better condition to receive their final military training than would otherwise be possible. The course in construction which Mr. Taylor gives is of very real and practical value, enabling them to take care not only of themselves but of others."

I said I should tell you something about Mr. Taylor himself. His book is the fruit both of long study and long experience. A student of the philosophy of education for years at Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, and Yale, he has himself originated several methods of large value in the instruction of youth. He is an "incorrigible enthusiast" on the subject. But he is best known as the founder and director of Camp Penn, the famous Under-Military-Age Camp near Plattsburgh. He has perhaps furthered the methods of self-development in boys' camps more than anyone else. A nation, Mr. Taylor says, is as strong as the sum of its individual citizens. Each one's weakness or strength, as a private person, as a worker, and as a member of the community, goes to weaken or strengthen the nation; and therefore, because he is a link in an important chain, it is proper for him to see that he is as fit as possible physically, mentally, and morally not only for his own personal profit and that of his immediate family, but for the profit of the whole great community of which he is a member. Here lies the value of "The Boys' Camp Manual." It should be indispensable to boys attending any camp, to conductors of camps and to boys who love the great out-of-doors and who wish to develop themselves whether attending a camp or not. It is a book you should certainly get and read this spring.

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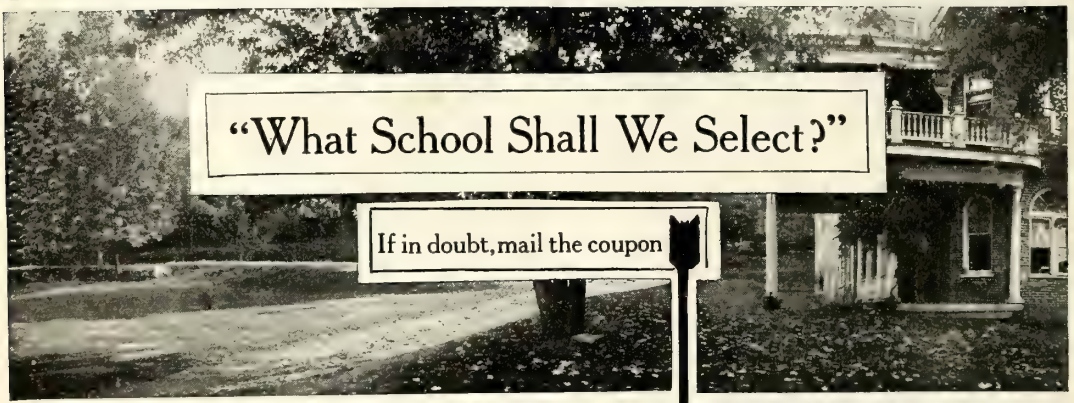
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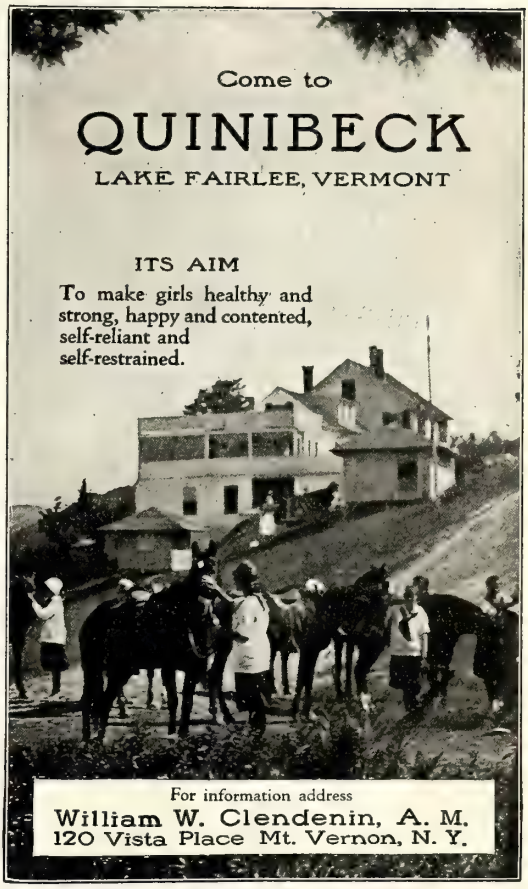
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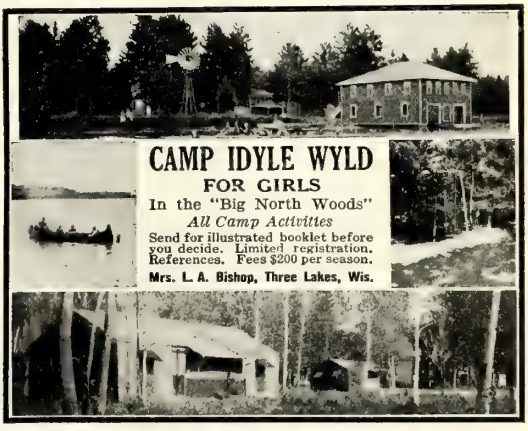
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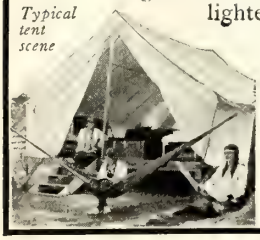
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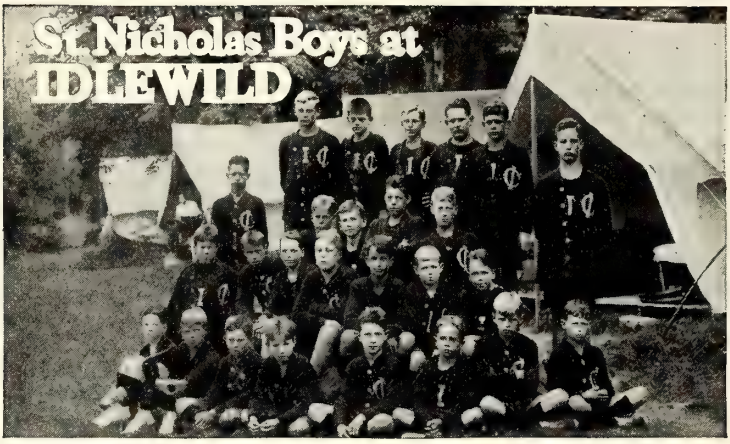
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Summer Camps and the War

By WILLIAM H. BROWN

Some one has asked what effect the war will have upon the attendance at summer camps. Endorsed by physicians and educators, it is universally agreed that this health-building life for boys and girls will receive the support of parents more than ever before. There is every indication that this year will be the greatest of all camping years, not in spite of the war but because of it!

Parents realize that their children need the recreation and the bounding health that they get nowhere else so well as in "the Great Out-Doors" after the confinement and mental strain of the school-room, and that it is, indeed, the very best preparation for a strong and vigorous and robust manhood and womanhood. Then, too, knowing that their children are in good hands, they themselves feel more at liberty to give their own time to the important duties of good citizenship, assisting in Red Cross work and in the many ways of "helping to win the war."

The principal of one of our large private schools says: "This should be an extraordinarily good year for camps because I think parents are anxious to have their children away from the stress of war work and perhaps leave them a little freer to use their extra time as they wish."

The children, themselves, will "do their bit," for in all better camps they are taught Red Cross work, First Aid and Life Saving, and become remarkably proficient.

For these reasons, parents will continue to send the children to camp, even though it may entail sacrifice in other directions; and wisely, too, for there is nothing like camp life, and the association and companionship with other children of the right sort, to give a boy or a girl not only good red blood but self-reliance as well—that confidence in one's own powers and ability to "do things" that comes with the personal competition and matching of strength and skill at camp. Furthermore, the "setting-up drill" and the military drill, which are now a part of the program of every well-regulated camp, inculcate habits of regularity, exactitude and discipline which are invaluable in after life, whether for boy or girl and whether utilized in the active service of one's country or in the duties of ordinary citizenship.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE SALUTE

"On the road, or in the arena before the tilting-match, clicking up of the vizor was an indispensable courtesy. This custom has come down to us in the form of the salute." (*See page* 581.)

North Carolina

ST. NICHOLAS

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"You are not soldiers; you are crusaders! the actual descendants of those knights of old who gave their all for their cause!"

Had these words been spoken by the clergy, the assembled troops would have been respectfully attentive, and, sad to say, the slogan would have passed unheeded. But a battle-scarred veteran of the Somme stood before the soldiers:

"I have been sent to you from the front to help prepare you for what awaits you when your turn comes to go 'over the top', and you have probably expected to hear me urge more *strafe,* revenge. That is a sentiment of the past and would but keep us on a level with the Hun, only prolong the conflict. For this is not a war we are waging; it is a holy crusade. It must be approached as such, and the sooner we all realize that we are fighting for a principle, and not conquest, the sooner we shall be victorious. We have the men, the ammunition, and the guns; but if we are to win, what we need is a nation on its knees!"

This lecture, one of a series given by an English officer in an American training-camp, stirred the men to the depths. To be called crusaders and to have a cause, a principle lofty and noble, to fight for, has put more real enthusiasm

into the soldiers of this particular division than all the intensive training that they have been through. The ancient crusader had as his object the rescue of the birthplace of Christianity from the hands of the infidel. Is it any less glorious a cause to be striving, giving millions of lives, for the rescue of a Christian civilization from the sway of a people who have degraded and defiled everything that we hold sacred? But this condition cannot be conquered by hate. If a savage animal escapes from its cage and leaves destruction and disaster in its path, we do not hate it. We exert every effort to effect its capture, and when it is again safely behind bars we only pity it. At first, natural hatred toward our enemy inflamed America's breast, but gradually this has changed, and to-day we feel only grim determination to overcome an insane race which threatens our freedom.

The English officer who delivered the lecture was asked what, in his opinion, the future held for us all, and his reply is very significant:

"The world's future is in the hands of our boys of from twelve to fifteen years old. It is our duty to help discipline them and prepare them to meet the responsibilities their gigantic task will demand."

And so it will be. The boy of to-day will be the hero of to-morrow; and although he may not have the fortune to reach the front, he will do a far greater thing for humanity. He will be the spirit, the reorganizer of the world, and it is the sacred duty of every boy in America to fit himself for his country's need. Young America will be called upon to take up this crusade when the battles are over and immediate personal glory is a thing of the past.

In an early volume of ST. NICHOLAS, Noah Brooks told the story of the Children's Crusade, when, in the year 1212, thousands of children set out to redeem the holy city of Jerusalem from the power of the Saracen. Now the hour for the modern crusade has struck! Let us organize a crusade of our own in which every boy and girl shall join.

It is a serious and noble thing to have a calling. We have been in the habit of applying that expression only to the work of the clergy, the missionary; but to-day every boy and girl has an individual mission. They are no longer looked upon as merely children to be clothed, fed, and reared, but as the hope of the world. It is you, children, who will determine whether or not war has come to cleanse the world. The responsibility resting on the children of America is heavier far than that imposed upon our soldiers in the trenches. Parents look into the future and see their sons facing a new era, and they fearfully watch their development. Mothers no longer dream of the début year for their daughters, but of the battle-field, the hospitals, where they know their girls will be needed.

To offer your services is one thing; to be prepared is another. For the first time in American history, ability counts for more than position. No longer does the rich man's son have the advantage; no longer can the society débutante feel herself superior to her more humble sister. The first real democracy we have ever known is spreading over our land, and no class is responding to it more enthusiastically than the children.

Enrolled at one of our Plattsburg camps were a number of young men from the snobbish set of a certain town. A young taxi-driver from the same place had also enrolled and happened to be in the same company. He had frequently driven these boys in the course of his work, and they never let him forget during the life at Plattsburg that he was their social inferior. As time went on, the personal characteristics of the youths began to assert themselves. The undisciplined, luxurious lives the wealthy boys had been leading unfitted them for their new work, and the sturdy, quiet working-boy made good. To-day these boys are in the same regiment. The taxi-driver is now an efficient, competent captain, and his one-time "superiors" are proud to be serving under him.

A bank cashier tells a story that illustrates the effect of training and discipline. His president's son was a young college student, decidedly spoiled and even arrogant, who thought because his father owned the bank it was not necessary to show courtesy to its employees. He had the habit of breezing into the cashier's office unannounced, dropping into a chair, and greeting the dignified gentleman with: "Well, how goes it, old top?" No one liked this pampered youth, and it was evident that he would never be able to take up his father's work. It became a fad for his "set" to belong to the state militia, and when it was called to defend our border they were decidedly indignant because they could not buy their discharges. With a very poor grace they accompanied their regiment to Texas, thinking their social position would be considered and that thus they would escape the hard routine of active service. But nothing of this sort happened. The regiment was portioned out by companies to serve with the regulars, and soon the individual boys found they had completely lost caste and become ordinary dough-boys. Nine hard months they slaved on that border—and it was the making of them. The order releasing them finally

came, and they returned to their home town to be mustered out of the service. The bank president's son, proudly wearing his private's uniform, hurried over to the bank and knocked at the cashier's door—for the first time in his life.



THE MILITARY SALUTE WITH THE HAND.

When he was bidden to enter, he took off his hat, clicked his heels together, and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Brown. How is business these days? I wish I could take a hand here with the Liberty Loan campaign, but all of us fellows have enlisted in an ambulance unit and are sailing for France immediately."

Thanks to the timely discipline of Uncle Sam, this boy *will* be able to fill his father's place when he is called.

The fundamental attribute of discipline is not merely obedience to orders. That is the result. Discipline is chiefly a mental and moral attitude of self-respect and the proper esteem for other people and things. Disciplined team-work is what Young America stands in need of to-day. The United States is chided with being the most undisciplined of nations, but this is hardly a fair criticism. A democracy does not understand the word discipline as an autocratic government does. The German officer stands behind his men and orders them to "go." If they falter, refuse to charge, he shoots them in the back. The American officer, filled with zeal and enthusiasm for the cause he is espousing, goes over the top shouting, "Follow me, boys!" This is the result of individual development, and it is a worthy ideal, if it is not carried so far as to become a menace. Self-discipline is the secret of success. The individual is then prepared for his part in the big machine, for colossal undertakings require team-work, and, as the old adage goes, "No chain is stronger than its weakest link." The strength of the football game is in its team-work, and team-work cannot be perfected unless every member knows his own part perfectly and is then willing to sacrifice personal aggrandizement for the good of his team.

The power of modern soldiery depends as much upon disciplined team-work as it does upon its weapons of warfare. As is often the case in other, so in military, affairs, big things are judged by little things, and discipline is reflected in the manner in which the military salute is executed and the spirit which lies behind it. That little salute, the most common thing in a soldier's life, is frequently misunderstood. How many Boy Scouts realize that when they execute this manual they are perpetuating a knightly custom fraught with romance and significance? The salute is too commonly understood to mean the slavish acknowledgment on the part of an inferior to a perhaps haughty and overbearing superior. Listen to the story of the salute, and be ashamed if you have ever held a belief similar to that:

It was ever the custom of brave and gallant knights, upon meeting, to raise their vizors and look each other squarely and fearlessly in the eye. On the road, or in the arena before the tilting-match, clicking up of the vizor was an indispensable courtesy. This custom has come down to us in the form of the salute. We no longer wear vizors covering our faces, but we raise our hands to the vizors of our caps and look squarely and fearlessly at the person saluted. The salute is a sign manual of a proud fellowship in arms, and not the subservient acknowledgment of a superior officer. Our military regulations require all officers and soldiers to salute each other upon meeting, and it is courteous for the junior in rank to salute first. Courtesy is an indispensable quality of pride. No one can be discourteous and be proud of it.



SALUTE WITH THE SIDE-ARMS.

A modern instance of the influence of the salute is the chaos into which Russia fell when she abolished it. When the Russian mob took control, the first thing they did was to elect their own officers and then refuse to obey them. Their attitude was, "I 'm as good as anybody else and a mighty sight better!" The salute was abolished as a relic of autocracy, and no soldier acknowl-

edged his comrades or superior officer by that or any other form of courtesy. Discipline and courtesy are synonymous, and it is a significant fact that since they abolished the salute the Russians have never had a victory and have suffered defeat and mortification in every instance.

Another form of salute is that of the side-arms. The hand holding the sword is brought to the chin in salute, but how many men and boys rendering this military service know that it originated with his brother the crusader? The hilt of the crusader's sword was a cross, and when he knelt and brought this cross to his lips, kissing it reverently, he did so in memory of the cause for which he was fighting. So if we are honoring the crusader every day of our lives by perpetuating his noble customs, why should we not be prouder to perpetuate his ideals?

We all know far too little these days about "when knighthood was in flower." The crusader's axioms and creeds embraced everything that was noble and chivalrous, brave and self-sacrificing. We need a new start in order to grasp what is passing so swiftly. We do not want France, Belgium, and England to outstrip us in the race, yet the children of those countries are already passing us by. They are enrolling themselves in this crusade as eagerly as did those children of the thirteenth century, and many are the stirring tales told of Belgian youth to-day.

Every boy and girl in the United States should be identified with some organization whose object is to uplift humanity. Don't wait until you are older; begin in your grammar schools to band yourselves together against the needs of your future. Every one of you, boys and girls, should have a creed to live by, sincerely practising it in your daily lives, and be proud to wear an emblem signifying which organization you represent. Do not look to your elders to organize you; do it yourselves.

The little tots of a certain school in New York City have set you all a good example. At recess every day a little play is acted. This play was written by the children and directed without the help of the teachers. It is called, "Our Country's Flag." Solemnly these little children, from seven to ten years old, go through their ritual. Each child has a flag, and each a short speech they have written for themselves, telling just what the flag means to them and what they are willing to do to protect its honor. Day after day this is repeated, always ending with the stirring song, "God Save Our Splendid Men."

The question is heard on all sides: "Has God failed us? Has Christianity not met the test?" The answer is everywhere—self-sacrifice, self-denial. Every one of us, grown-ups and children, are practising in our daily lives true Christian principles, without stopping to analyze them. God has never been so near the world as He is to-day, but He must be nearer if we are to win our cause. There were nine crusades against the infidel to regain possession of the birthplace of Christianity. There shall be but one against the Teuton, the crusade of Right against Wrong!



THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Chapter I.

THE JOURNAL BEGINS

November 22, 1913. It 's all on account of Miss Cullingford that I 'm beginning this journal. I would never have thought of such a thing by myself. Neither would Carol. Now we 've each begun one, and it 's just because Miss Cullingford is so sweet and lovely and all the girls at Bridgeton High School want to please her—Carol and myself most of all.

Miss Cullingford is our English literature instructor, and we all simply adore her. She 's the sweetest thing, little and slight, with fluffy light hair and dark blue eyes. And she 's *such* an inspiration about the literature and English composition. She makes them seem actually like a romance. They always seemed terribly dull, those subjects, when we had Miss Trotter in them last year. But now we 're just crazy about them.

One of the things she said yesterday in composition class was that every one of us ought to keep a journal. Not the kind of diary affair that some people keep, all about the weather and the numbers of jars of jam they 've put up, and how Cousin Hannah called that day, but an occasional record, only written when we felt like it, of the things that happen around us and our ideas about people, and so on. She said that the greatest minds of the ages had generally kept some such record, and that they had proved a big addition to history and literature too.

Then, right there, I raised my hand and said that it was fine, of course, for the great minds to do it, and especially when they lived in stirring times and had lots interesting to write about; but what was the use of just plain, ordinary people, and as young as we were, doing it, especially when there was n't anything going on that was interesting at all—just the same old thing every day?

Miss Cullingford answered that I must n't make the mistake of thinking *any* life uninteresting, no matter how quiet and ordinary it might seem to be. You can always find something of interest to write about it, any kind of life, if you try hard enough. And that was where the advantage of the journal came in—it made you look around hard to find what was worth while, and you always found it. Also, it was a great help to your style in writing. Then she asked if any of the girls would promise to keep a journal faithfully for a year. And Carol and I promised.

Well, now I 'm going to see! No life could possibly be more *un*interesting than mine, here in quiet little Stafford where nothing ever happens at all, or ever *has* happened that I knew of, and in a family that 's awfully nice, of course, but as plain and ordinary as all the rest of the families around here.

Carol does n't feel the same as I do about it. She 's more hopeful. That 's because she has lots of imagination and is always romancing about people and thinking there 's some story back of their lives that we don't know. I suppose her journal will be awfully different from mine. Well, anyhow, we 've both begun, and now we 'll see what happens.

I do wish we lived in Bridgeton,—for things surely happen in a big town like that, once in a while,—or even down in our own village of Stafford itself, and not way out, a mile off on the River Road, on this silly little triangle called Paradise Green. Even the trolley does n't run up this way—that would be *something!* But there 's nothing in the world about here except this little triangle of a green, formed by the turning off of Cranberry Bog Road from the River Road, and the short road that connects the two at the head of the green. I 'm sure I don't know why it was ever called Paradise Green. I suppose, if I were Carol, I 'd find out. She probably will. She 's always hunting up historical facts.

Even the automobiles don't come along this way. Most all of them keep to the state road over on the other side of the river. There are just three houses around the Green, one on each side, and not another human dwelling anywhere within half a mile. So we have n't many near neighbors.

Our house stands at the head of the Green. It 's a big, square house with a cupola on top and a veranda around all four sides. Father's father built it when that style of house was just beginning to be popular, and everybody thought it very grand. I hate it, myself, because it seems so old-fashioned and dreary compared to those pretty new bungalows they are putting up in Bridgeton. Mother and Father and Dave and the Imp and I live here. Father does intensive farm-

ing,—is just crazy about it,—and every one comes to Birdsey's for ideas on the subject. Dave is my brother. He 's seventeen and a half and a very quiet and thoughtful sort of person. All the same, he can do his own share of teasing in a quiet way. He left high school this year because his health was n't very good, and is helping Father with the farming. Next year he 's going to study scientific agriculture at one of the big colleges. I 'm secretly awfully fond of Dave, but he pretends to look down on girls, just at present, as entirely unnecessary articles in the general scheme of things, so Carol and I are letting him severely alone.

The Imp is my sister. She 's twelve years old and a perfect nuisance. Carol and I have named her the Imp because she acts just like one. She likes to trot around with us all the time, but we won't have it. It 's impossible to have a child of twelve continually hanging on to girls of fifteen or sixteen, and Carol and I simply won't stand it. The Imp is fearfully miffed about this, and spends her time thinking up revengeful things to do to us. She makes our lives perfectly miserable sometimes, though we would n't let her know it for the world.

Carol's house is on the River Road side of the Green. She lives there with just her mother and her Aunt Agatha. The Fayres are distant relatives of ours, so Carol and I are really cousins. Their house is one of the old style, a real New England farm-house, and they have a glorious big barn in the back, where we 've all played ever since we were babies. One little room off the hay-mow Carol and I have fixed up as our private den and study. We keep our books and our fancy-work there, and her mother gave us an old desk where we do our school work. We always keep the den locked with a padlock, because the Imp would like to get in and rummage around. She 's as mad as a hatter because she can't. She threatens to climb in the window sometime, but I don't believe she possibly could. If she did, she 'd probably break her neck.

Carol is fifteen years old and I 'm sixteen. Her name is really Caroline, but she hates it and wants to be called Carol instead—it 's so much prettier. And mine is even worse—Susan! Could anything be more dreadful? I 've insisted on being called Susette, which is, at least, a prettier French form. But no one except Carol will ever call me that. Every one calls me either Susie or Sue—all but the Imp. She, of course, knowing how much I detest it, will say nothing but "So-o-san," on every and all occasions. And Carol she addresses by the horrible nickname, Cad. Why are some children so irritating, I wonder? The infuriating part is that the Imp's own name is really lovely,—Helen Roberta,—and she knows it.

The third house on the Green is the one on the Cranberry Bog Road side. It is the most interesting one of the three, a long rambling colonial farm-house built, they say, way back in seventeen hundred and something. It has the most fascinating additions in all directions from the main part, and queer little back stairways, and the old slave quarters, and I don't know what else. Louis lives there—Louis Durant. He is seventeen, a great chum of Dave's, and goes to high school with us, and we 've known him all our lives. Both his parents are dead, and his guardian, an old gentleman named John Meadows, and his daughter, Miss Yvonne, live there with Louis and take care of him. Louis calls them uncle and aunt. They 're French, but Louis is n't. He 's straight American through and through, and is proud as Lucifer about it. I don't know why he came to have a French guardian, except that they were friends of his father's family. Louis does n't remember anything about his father or mother, because they both died when he was a tiny baby, leaving him to the care of the Meadows's.

Well, that 's absolutely all there is about Paradise Green, and the folks that live around it and what they are and do. Could anything possibly be more uninteresting or unexciting? If so, I 've yet to discover it. I think even Miss Cullingford would be "stumped" to make an "interesting and valuable addition to history" out of the material Carol and I shall have to work with! . . . There 's Carol, now! I heard her ring at the bell—two long and three short, our own private ring. I wonder what she has found to write in *her* journal?

(End of journal extract)

THE two girls were a great contrast—Sue tall and slim to the point of angularity, with dark eyes and with dark hair coiled heavily about her head; Carol short, plump, with dreamy blue eyes, and wavy auburn hair hanging in a thick braid.

"Have you been writing in your journal?" demanded the latter when the two were comfortably installed in Sue's room.

"Yes," acknowledged Sue, gloomily. "Just at the moment you rang I 'd finished writing every scrap I could think about, and it 's hopelessly uninteresting. Whatever *can* one write about, living in a place as dull as this? What have you written, Carol?"

"I 've been doing a whole lot of thinking," answered Carol, mysteriously, "and do you know,

Susette, crazy as you 'll think me, I believe there 's something strange right here on Paradise Green—something right under our eyes, that we 've never given a thought to before! Miss Cullingford is right. Keeping a journal *does* make you open your eyes and see and think of things differently."



"'WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?' SHE REPLIED, EXASPERATINGLY." (SEE PAGE 587.)

Sue Birdsey opened *her* eyes wide enough at this singular and unexpected statement. "Well, Carol Fayre, I 'd be much obliged if you 'd explain that remark! What on earth can there be here that we would n't have known about all along? Nothing 's changed or different on Paradise Green, that I know of, in the last twenty-four hours."

"No, nothing 's different," admitted Carol; "but can't you understand that we may have been sort of blind to a number of things just because we never bothered to look at them closely or think about them? But anyhow, I 'll explain. It 's about Louis."

"*Louis!*" echoed Sue, incredulously. "Well, if you can see anything queer about him—"

"Wait till I 've done," interrupted Carol, impatiently, "and then you 'll see what I mean. This is what started me thinking about it. Do you remember, a week or so ago, when you and Louis and the Imp and I were having a game of tennis on the Green, Tom Briggs rode up from the village on his wheel and left a telegram or something for old Mr. Meadows? And Louis took it and went right in with it and did n't come out again to finish our game?"

"Yes," admitted Sue, "I do vaguely remember it, but what of it? There was n't anything very startling in that."

"It 's what came after that I want to speak about," went on Carol. "I have n't told you about it before, because I did n't think much of it at the time. You were n't with us next day on the trolley going to high school, because you were home with a cold. But Louis told me on the car that morning that his uncle had asked him to read the thing for him because he had mislaid his glasses and Miss Yvonne was n't there. Louis said it was a cablegram from some place in France,—he could n't remember the name,—and ran like this:

"'Time almost ripe. Have you the necessary papers? Sail next month.'

"Louis thought it a kind of an odd message, but then he says his uncle seems to have a good deal of curious correspondence with people he knows over in France. Louis says he himself is n't interested in it and never pays it much attention. In fact, his uncle does n't seem to want him to know much about it, anyway.. But he did say that after reading that cablegram

Mr. Meadows got awfully excited and began to rummage around through all his papers and books, and began poking into all the closets and cubbyholes in the house as if he were hunting for something. And when Miss Yvonne came home she took up the search, too, but neither one of them would tell Louis what was the matter or what they were hunting for. He says they often act mysteriously like that, but he just puts it down to their queer French ways." Carol stopped abruptly, and Sue, who had been listening to it all with an absorbed attention, remarked:

"Well, of course, it 's a little singular, but after all, those Meadows people are French and sort of peculiar, and the whole thing may mean just nothing at all. And even if it did, I can't understand why it should have anything to do with Louis, as you said."

"That 's just what I 've been figuring out," went on Carol, lowering her voice. "We 've always taken Louis for granted, and everything that concerned him, and never gave a thought to his affairs. But have you ever realized how many queer little things there are about him and the Meadows people and the way they treat him?"

"I know that they 're always terrifically careful about him, and hate to have him do anything the least bit dangerous, and coddle him as if he were a regular baby instead of being almost grown up. And I know how mad it has always made Louis, too, and how he has n't half as much liberty as most boys who have both parents living and looking out for them."

"Quite right!" agreed Carol, darkly. "And do you know anything else?"

"Oh, of course, there 's that matter about his being so thoroughly American and so proud of it, and the way it makes them squirm, because they tell him his ancestors were French and that he ought to be so glad of that; and they 've taught him French and make him always speak it with them."

"Yes, and anything else?" urged Carol.

"Then, I remember, they are crazy for him to study history and law and diplomacy and all that sort of thing, and become a statesman some day. And Louis simply hates it and wants to go in for mechanical engineering and won't hear of anything else, and how it seems to worry them. Oh! and I remember how once when Miss Yvonne found him trying to fix the lock of their kitchen door when it was out of order and came upon him unexpectedly while he was at it, Louis said she rushed away in great excitement, muttering, 'The ancient blood! It will ruin everything!' or something like that. I have n't thought of these things in an age. And they never impressed me much, anyhow. Surely you can't think there 's actually anything strange about Louis and his folks, do you?"

"Is that all you can think of?" was Carol's sole reply.

"Yes, it is. And if you know any more, I wish you 'd tell me and stop being so mysterious!"

"Is it possible?" answered Carol, "that you 've forgotten about the strange way Louis says his uncle often speaks to him, calling him 'monsieur,' sometimes; and when he forgets himself, or perhaps thinks Louis is n't noticing, treating him with such absurd ceremony and respect, as if he were some lower, and Louis a higher, order of being? It makes Louis either amused or mad, and he always puts it down to their being French. But that does n't explain it to *me!*"

"Well, it 's evident to *me*," exclaimed Sue, a little nettled that Carol should have remembered so much that had escaped her mind, "that you 've some mysterious theory about all this, and I 'd like you to tell me what it is. I wish I had your faculty for romancing about things and finding mysteries in the most commonplace affairs. I suppose it 's because you write poetry. I wish *I* did."

"There 's no poetry about this," replied Carol. "I 've only just put the facts together. I believe Louis is a descendant of some titled person,—a count or a duke or something like that,—and there 's been a family quarrel long ago, and Louis's ancestors came over here and broke off the connection, and now there 's some scheme afoot to get him back there to his title and a fortune and that sort of thing. I have n't worked it out in my mind, but I believe that 's the foundation of the thing."

Sue laughed scornfully. "If you tell that to Louis," she derided, "he will simply hoot at it! He has always said his great-grandfather who came over here first was a simple 'monsieur' and nothing else, and never had any connections to speak of, titled or otherwise, over in France."

"That 's what he may have been told!" cried Carol, defensively; "but you can't tell what he *has n't* been told. Anyhow, if it is n't that, it 's something just as strange. I 'm just as certain as certain! So don't tell me we have n't anything to write in our journals about—"

"Hello, girls! Got any fudge in here?"

Without the ceremony of knocking, a head was poked suddenly into the doorway, and Sue slammed her journal shut and shoved it quickly out of sight.

"We don't want you in here!" she cried.

But the Imp, nevertheless, walked boldly in and seated herself on the couch. She was small for

her age, with dark straight hair, and big blue eyes that could at one moment gaze with liquid, angelic candor, and at the next snap with impish mischief. There was mischief in them at this instant.

"I 'm looking for fudge, and I know you have half a boxful tucked away somewhere. And if you 'll hand it over, I 'll give you another piece of information for your precious journals that you might be glad to have."

"You mean little thing!" exclaimed Sue, springing up. "How dare you listen outside our door! It 's perfectly horrid!"

"If you think I was standing with my ear glued to the keyhole, you 're mistaken," grinned the Imp. "You seem to forget that my room is right next to yours, with a door between. You *will* keep it locked, but I can hear without any trying when voices are loud enough, and yours were certainly that just now."

Carol and Sue glanced at each other guiltily. In the excitement of the moment they had been talking more loudly than they had realized. As they had no means of knowing just how much the Imp had heard, Sue decided on a seeming capitulation.

"Sorry, dear, to have accused you before I thought," she replied sweetly. "The fudge is in my bureau drawer. Have some?" She made no mention of the journals or anything connected with them, but eyed the Imp speculatively as that young person rummaged in the drawer and helped herself generously to fudge.

"It 's getting stale," commented the Imp, at length, returning to the couch. "You should n't keep it so long." And, in the next breath, "Louis's folks got another cablegram this afternoon. I was up in a tree near their front door, looking into that oriole's nest, when it came. Miss Yvonne and old Mr. Meadows were both there when the boy brought it, and they tore it open and read it right away. I could n't help hearing what it was, even if Miss Yvonne did say it in French. She does n't know that I understand any French, so she did n't mind my being there, although she saw me. You girls made a mistake not learning to speak it, too, when Louis offered to teach you that time. I 'm glad *I* took him up on it. You 're a lazy pair, anyway!"

"But what was in the cablegram?" demanded both girls at once, in an agony of suspense.

The Imp, however, had finished with her revelations for that day.

"Would n't you like to know?" she replied exasperatingly, and without further speech, vanished from the room.

Chapter II

monsieur enters

December 31, 1913. This is New Year's eve, and it 's nearly twelve o'clock. Carol and I promised each other we 'd sit up and see the Old Year out and write in our journals. And Carol is finishing a lovely poem she 's been writing called, "On New Year's Eve." It begins:

> The silent snow is falling light,
> On New Year's Eve, on New Year's Eve,—

That 's all I can remember of it. The only trouble is that there is n't any snow falling tonight. There 's a regular thaw on, and it 's dreadfully warm and mushy!

What I principally want to write about, however, is what has been happening at Louis's house across the Green. It may seem strange that I have n't written a thing here since that queer talk Carol and I had, the night I first began this journal, when the Imp broke in on us and nearly drove us frantic with her piece of half-information. But I find so little time to write when I won't be interrupted, and then, too, the only thing I want to write about is this strange piece of business about Louis. In fact, it 's the only thing I *have* to write about of any interest.

After November 22, I see it was, nothing further that was unusual seemed to happen over there, except for one little thing. A few days before Christmas I went over to return a package of spice that Mother had borrowed from Miss Yvonne in a hurry, and I found the place in the greatest upset. Miss Yvonne seemed to be giving the whole establishment a thorough house-cleaning, which is rather strange, for she gave it the usual fall cleaning only this past October. I can't see why she wanted to do it all over again so soon. She was even having some papering and painting done besides. Louis does n't seem to know why, and says they are n't expecting any visitors that he knows of. One big front bedroom she 's having all furnished with new things, and Louis says it looks scrumptious; but he 's too busy with his own affairs to care about what 's going on. Why are boys so little interested in household affairs, I wonder?

Carol and I are sure it has something to do with that second cablegram. But the Imp has never told us what it was about, and we simply won't condescend to ask her. So all we can do is just guess. Carol declares they 're expecting some one from abroad. She says that the first cablegram must have meant this when it said, "Sail next month." I remarked that Louis would be likely to know about it if that were the case,

and he evidently does n't. Carol says, not if her theory about the thing is true. They 're keeping it a secret from him. I somehow can't agree with her. It seems too peculiar—almost silly.

I hear the church-bells ringing midnight, so I 'm going to stop writing, wish every one the happiest kind of a New Year, and go to bed. I wonder what this year is going to bring to us all, anyhow? Will 1914 be just the same old kind of year that all these others have been, or will it bring some strange new changes, even to sleepy little Paradise Green? I wonder!

(End of journal extract)



"'IT WAS A MAN—A VERY OLD MAN—ALL WRAPPED UP IN A FUR COAT.'"

It was late afternoon of a day in mid-January, and the two older girls were studying in the Birdsey's pleasant living-room. Presently the Imp entered, nodded carelessly to them, and curled herself up on the davenport near the open fire with her book. It was Sue who noticed, after a time, that her younger sister, while pretending to read, was in reality eyeing them with a pleased, quiet, provoking smile that Sue had come to know the meaning of only too well. The desire to investigate its cause proved, as usual, irresistible.

"What are you grinning at, Bobs?" Sue demanded. "You look as pleased as *Punch*. Anything happened?" It was well always to placate her by appearing agreeable.

"Oh, nothing special!" she replied in a manner that made them perfectly certain there was something very special indeed. "I happened to notice a while ago that an automobile drove up to Louis's gate, and Miss Yvonne got out of it and began to give the chauffeur a regular tongue-lashing in French, because he 'd driven up from the station over the joltiest road instead of taking the smooth one. He does n't understand French, so he did n't in the least get what she was driving at. It made me laugh."

"But what under the sun was Miss Yvonne coming up from the station in an automobile for?" Carol exclaimed. "She has n't been away. She has n't even been to Bridgeton, for I saw her around early this afternoon. She always walks up from the village. You must be crazy!"

"She walked down to the village about four o'clock," the Imp informed them. "I saw her start off. And I guess she had good reason to come back in an auto." The Imp went on reading after this, just as if she had n't any idea she was driving them wild.

"Well, what was the reason?" inquired Sue, trying to look only mildly interested. "Was she ill, or did she have a lot of bundles to carry, or was she in a great hurry?"

"I 'll tell you the reason," the Imp answered, "if you 'll give me that nice fat, new blank-book you bought the other day—and it 's worth it, too!"

"I 'll do nothing of the sort!" Sue cried indignantly. "I have a special use for that book" (as a matter of fact, she was going to copy her journal in it), "and I 'll find out some other way."

"You won't find out anything before to-morrow afternoon, probably," the Imp returned, "for Louis is n't going to school. He told me so."

Sue had made up her mind she was n't going to give in, but it was Carol who broke up that intention.

"Oh, give it to her!" she whispered. "I 've another just as good that you can have. And I 'm wild to hear what 's up across the Green."

Sue handed the blank-book across to the Imp, and said, as witheringly as she could: "Here! take it, if you want it as badly as that. Of course, you know you 're taking a mean advantage of us, but that 's nothing to *you*. Fire away!"

"I thought you could n't wait till to-morrow," retorted the Imp. "Well, here goes. Miss Yvonne rode up in an auto because—she had some one with her."

"Who *was* it?" cried Carol, impatiently. "Don't dole out your information in little drops. Tell us the rest."

"I did n't ask the person's name," said the Imp. "It did n't seem any affair of mine."

"Naturally," answered Sue, as calmly as she could. "We 'd only be much obliged to know whether it was a man, woman, girl, boy, or baby. Please remember you 've got the book and you have n't paid for it yet."

"I always pay my debts," answered the Imp, trying not to giggle; "and I only agreed to tell you the reason Miss Yvonne came up in the auto. Which I did. But since you 're so hard up for information, I 'll hand out a little more small change—just because I 'm sorry for you. It was a man—a very old man—all wrapped up in a big fur coat."

"Did Louis know he was coming?" demanded Carol.

"Oh, no! Louis did n't know," she answered, "but I did; for I heard Miss Yvonne telling old Mr. Meadows yesterday, when they were out by the barn, that all was ready for 'Monsieur's' arrival to-morrow."

"I think it 's awfully mean to be always eavesdropping about," cried Sue, "and meaner yet never to tell us a word of what you hear."

"You 're quite mistaken if you think I eavesdrop, as you call it," retorted the Imp, indignantly. "I was in plain sight all the time yesterday, patching up that snow fort of Louis's, and they both saw me. Only Miss Yvonne spoke in French, and she does n't know I understand it. And as for not telling you two anything, I 'd like to know why I *should?* You never tell anything to *me*—if you can possibly help it!" Which was entirely true, as they were bound to confess.

She took up her book and marched huffily to the door. But before she left the room she turned and called back:

"It 's a thankless job trying to be nice to you two. You 're absolutely ungrateful. And I 'll tell you right now, I know one piece of information beside all this that you 'd give your eyeteeth to hear—but you won't hear it. I happen to know the name of this mysterious 'monsieur,' for I heard them call him by it. But, so long! I 've business of my own to tend to."

And with that she was gone, slamming the door behind her.

(From the journal)

JANUARY 19, 1913. . . . His name is de Vaubert —Monsieur Philippe de Vaubert. Louis told us to-day. What 's more, he (Louis, I mean) is completely mystified about the whole thing. He does n't know who the person is, nor why in the world he 's there at all. The only thing they 've told him is that this Monsieur de Vaubert is an old friend of his father's family in France, who has always been very much interested in him and has come over here to visit and make his acquaintance. But Louis says he does n't believe that is all of it. He has reason to think there 's something else behind it all, and I must say the reason is a good one.

He found a handkerchief belonging to "monsieur" lying around yesterday, and it had an initial embroidered on it that did n't correspond to any name he appears to have. *The initial was "F."*

Carol says, "What did I tell you?"

(To be continued)



THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION— AND THE NEXT

In the report of the American Red Cross for March 1, 1918, appears the following item:

Care of needy French children.....$1,149,129.70

The item needs little explanation. The American Red Cross received from the American people something more than one hundred million dollars about the first day of last July. Since then it has spent considerably more than a million of those dollars buying food and clothing for destitute children in the French war-zone, making them forget the terrors through which they have passed, and setting them on the road to health and future usefulness. We have all seen photographs of scenes in this touching work.



REFUGEE CHILDREN AIDED BY THE RED CROSS.

Add to the French children's fund the sum of nearly half a million dollars spent by the American Red Cross for waifs of Belgium, add over half a million for Russian babies that needed condensed milk, and fifty thousand dollars for Italian children and two hundred thousand for children in Poland—

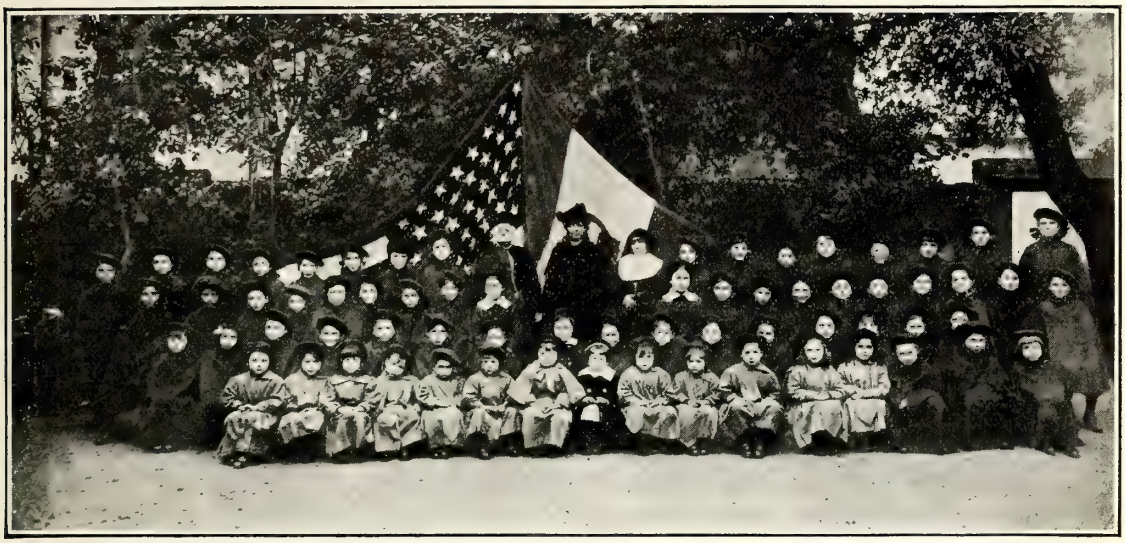
Without counting the unitemized thousands spent for the aid of children in Armenia, Syria, Rumania, Serbia, and England, the American Red Cross, in the midst of hundreds of imperative demands upon its money and services, has been able to spare two and a half million dollars in the direct aid of child victims of the war. In all, since July 1 last up to March 1, the organization had spent upward of $77,000,000.

The Red Cross is now asking the people for another $100,000,000 to be contributed during the week of May 20. It is a huge sum to ask from voluntary good-will, nearly one dollar from every person in the United States. But the Red Cross has an appeal which is irresistible, an argument which cannot be answered: its report of the way in which it spent its last hundred million.

On March 1, speaking in round numbers, the Red Cross had on hand a cash balance of $10,000,000. Its first war fund had been brought by the increments of interest up to $105,000,000. Of this, $17,000,000 had been refunded to the various chapters for the purchase of supplies and for other expenses. About $78,000,000 had been spent in war work of various sorts performed by no other agency. For such work the Red Cross is spending nearly a million dollars every three days.

Of this great sum $31,000,000 (round numbers, again), or over one third, was spent in France, $2,000,000 in Belgium, $3,500,000 in

Italy, $1,200,000 in Russia, $2,500,000 in Rumania, $875,000 in Serbia, $2,000,000 in England, $3,500,000 in other foreign countries, $6,500,000 at the training-camps in this country, and the rest in the United States for miscellaneous purposes.



LITTLE REFUGEES FROM VENICE AT LEGHORN, ITALY, ASSISTED BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

was that of $8,000,000 for various services for the American and other troops in France—maintaining canteens, rest stations, clubs, hospitals, and recreation places, and supplying surgical dressings and other hospital needs.



SUPPERTIME AT THE ASILO DEL PATRIA, ROME, ITALY, FOR THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN OF ITALIAN SOLDIERS.

Let us examine some of these items in the relief work in France. The largest one of all

Besides the direct care for suffering French children, these helpless victims of the war shared

in the benefits of the great philanthropic undertakings of the American Red Cross among the civilians of the war districts of France. The Red Cross in eight months spent over four million dollars in its French *revitaillement* service, the service for restoring the vitality of French people weakened by privations. The children as well as the adults received the good offices of traveling kitchens, ice-plants, laundries, baths, disinfecting plants, dental ambulances, and mobile hospitals now being operated on a large scale.

The Red Cross has already spent nearly three million dollars in reconstructing shattered villages in France. In addition to that it has given eleven thousand French families better housing and living conditions at a cost of $3,000,000. It has spent over $2,000,000 in treating and preventing tuberculosis in France. It has spent a million in caring for sick and wounded French soldiers and their families, and another million for maintaining a model health-center in France. It has given $3,000,000 to various hospitals, ambulance services, and other relief services in France.

On a smaller scale a similar work has been conducted in many other stricken countries of Europe. In half of Europe to-day the word American stands for the utmost in human mercy and self-forgetful generosity.

To the Frenchman our army is America's grim purpose, the symbol of it as yet; but the Red Cross is America's warm heart. We have lately come into the war, fresh and filled with vigor and enthusiasm, and we can scarcely realize how worn and weary of the struggle some of our Allies have become. To great masses of those suffering peoples it must seem that peace on any terms would be welcome. But peace on German terms is too fearful for us to contemplate. The ministrations of our Red Cross are a support to the will and courage of some of our allies; it helps to keep them going.

War service among stay-at-home civilians, to be worthy of the name, means both work and sacrifice. The more sacrifice of material things there is, the better it will be for America. There are many worthy purposes to which we can give money nowadays and make it count for victory, but there are two places in which the patriotic person will regard it as obligatory to put his money—the Government loans (Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps) and the Red Cross.

"SMILEAGE"

Camp Blank, U. S. A.

DEAR BROTHER TED:

Maybe I was n't glad to get back to barracks last night and find the Smileage Book you so thoughtfully sent to me! Of course, I was broke as usual, and so was Jack, the fellow I pal up with, and the best show of the spring giving its last performance at the cantonment theater! It was an uncomfortable and uninteresting day yesterday,—we spent most of it dodging showers and digging practice-trenches,—and it looked like a duller evening until I found the Smileage Book waiting for me. Well, say! I did n't even wait to change to dry clothes but hustled right over and got two reserved seats (one for Jack) at fifty cents per, and that just used up the book.

But I must tell you about the show. It was "Turn to the Right." You have probably seen it, and if you did, I 'll bet that all the time you were commiserating poor old Ned off in the training-camp and missing all the fun. Well, let me tell you, young man, you are wasting sympathy—as long as the Smileage Books keep coming. They did n't give this show on Broadway any better than we saw it last night, and by a government company, too. The actors all draw their salaries from the U. S. Treasury. The leading lady was the star in one of the best "Boomerang" companies, and the whole play was up to that standard. I hereby endorse government theatrical performances. The best part of it was that all this enjoyment for Jack and me was the treat of my kid brother. Jack told me to thank you, too, for him.

To-day being Sunday, Mr. Bowles, the manager of the theater, came to our mess for dinner to see if our cook deserves his fame; and he sat at our table and told us a lot about the amusements at the cantonments. Every camp of the National Army has a theater just like ours. It seats 2800 dough-boys, and every seat is filled at every performance. The regular dramas stay for a week at each theater, and play a circuit that takes them finally to every training-camp. The plays so far have been corkers, and more are coming—"Cheating Cheaters" among them. All good laugh-shows. I guess that is why the Government has adopted the trade-mark "Smileage" for its camp theaters. But we have a regular old thriller coming, "Inside the Lines."

The camp theater is never dark. Whenever none of the regular plays is playing a week's stand here, the manager fills up with vaudeville



WAITING FOR THE SHOW TO START. THE FIRST MAN INSIDE HAS HIS CHOICE OF 3000 SEATS.

from the best circuits and with movies. The camps get all the best pictures when they are new, too. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and William S. Hart are the favorites with the boys, Mr. Bowles said, but he also said that he believes that even Ibsen and Shakespeare would go well at this camp. That 's the kind of an army Uncle Sam is sending over to meet the Kaiser, fellows who appreciate the better things.

The Government started out with the idea of making the shows free to the soldiers, but the fellows did n't like it. You know how it is, Ted; if a show is free, it makes you think of home talent. But where you at home pay two dollars, we get the best seats in the house for fifty cents, and good ones for twenty-five, while you can stand up for ten. The movies are only a dime, and no war tax either; so there are ten trips to the movies in a Smileage Book.

Old Uncle Sam knew what he was about when he had the Commission on Training-camp Activities build theaters at the cantonments. They do more than almost anything else to keep the men happy. The officers are willing to have the boys visit outside amusements, but we can't go from camp and get back in the same evening.

Honest, buddie, the only times I ever get the least bit homesick is in the evenings. It is n't as if we could read a lot. I never saw so many places to stand up in as there are in a camp. Uncle Sam forgot to put any chairs in the barracks, or else he found that there was n't room for any, the bunks are so close together. So unless you have a good light handy to your bunk, you can't read after dark there; and, if you come over here to the Y. M. C. A. you find the chairs filled with boys writing letters. So on a good many evenings there is nothing to do but sit around and talk until taps.

But if a fellow has a ticket for the theater, it gives him something to think about all day, and that makes the time go faster and the work seem easier. So send some more Smileage Books, Ted, and pass the good word along. You can buy them now at banks, five-and-ten-cent stores, and



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS GIVES A $100 CHECK FOR "SMILEAGE."

plenty of other places, and if your friends don't know any soldiers, tell them to give the books to those who do. Believe me, we dough-boys appreciate them, for our pay does n't last long. It all helps to win this big war.

Your affectionate brother,

NED.

UNCLE SAM'S WARDS HELP, TOO

THE enthusiasm of young people for war work in aid of the American cause is by no means confined within the continental limits of the United States. In Porto Rico, in Hawaii, in Alaska, and in the Philippines, thousands of swarthy young Americans whose brothers may see service in France, are doing what they can to bring victory to Uncle Sam.



LITTLE FILIPINOS HELPING WIN THE WAR.

Some of these stories of patriotic service are beginning to filter in to the bureaus in Washington which administer our foreign possessions. It was at first difficult, for instance, to interest the native Filipinos in war charities. The natives are primitive, accustomed to war themselves, and seeing no reason why they should concern themselves about it if others choose to fight. Moreover, Europe and America are far, far remote from the inland native, whose world is bounded by the confines of his home barrio, or village.

Yet when the United States entered the conflict a wave of enthusiasm swept over the islands. Among the children it took the form of a demand to do war work. The whole industrial department of the public schools, where industrial training is a leading feature, was offered to the Red Cross. To the small Red Cross chapter in Manila this earnestness was at first an embarrassment, for in Manila alone there are ten thousand manual-training pupils, and the Red Cross had no money to buy such quantities of materials as they would use.

The last reports to reach the United States tell of nearly five thousand Manila boys and girls, all but three hundred of them natives, who have joined the Red Cross. These native children, poor as they are in many cases, contributed eighty dollars to feed Belgian children and are also supporting a French orphan for two years. They have made handkerchiefs for soldiers, splint-pads, quilts, bed-socks, and many other war supplies.

And while under the tropical sun of the Philippines the school children are working so busily, far to the north, snuggled up under the Arctic Circle, where the sun shows his face only for an hour or so each cold winter day, the Eskimo children in the government schools of Alaska have caught the war spirit and are working just as busily—doing their bit for Uncle Sam, their great guardian.



ESKIMO SCHOOL-GIRLS AT JUNEAU, ALASKA, WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS.



THE LIBRARY AT CAMP GRANT—A TYPICAL INTERIOR.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

THE grizzled old veteran officers said that soldiers are not reading men. The enthusiastic young officers said that the men in the training-camps would be too busy to read.

And they were both wrong.

The soldiers of our new forces not only read, but they read much and exceedingly well. It has been said that the conscripted troops are a cross-section of American life, and that what you find Americans, generally, reading you will find the soldiers reading. This is not strictly true.

Taste in reading is an indication of mental power. In a city library sixty per cent. of the books issued are fiction; in the camps less than half of the readers ask for fiction.

The camp librarian's experience is full of surprises. Responding to the appeal, the publishers of a Syrian newspaper in New York mailed it daily to a great military camp in Ohio.

"Think of sending that here!" exclaimed an assistant librarian as he nevertheless hung it on the newspaper rack.

A few days later this assistant heard an exclamation of pleasure at the reading-rack, and looking in that direction, he saw a dark-skinned recruit take the Syrian paper from the file and never leave the reading-table until he had devoured the entire contents. Next day he brought another Syrian soldier with him, and this kept on until the great camp had produced a group of Syrian conscripts who visited the library every day to read the war news in their own language.

A private asked a camp librarian for a book on motors, and the librarian handed over the best technical publication on the subject in the library.

"I know that book—I made the drawings for it," said the soldier. "Have n't you something better?"

"Well, this *is* civilization," said an old top sergeant as he walked into the library at Camp Funston, Kansas, the first library for soldiers he had ever seen in his years of army service.

The sergeant of a new company was selecting books for his men at an outlying post. He hunted for Conrad, Meredith, and Henry James. The camp librarian was astonished to discover that this non-commissioned officer was a graduate of



ONE OF THE THIRTY-FOUR CAMP LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

the University of Chicago, where he had specialized in English literature.

The camp libraries were an experiment, and a dubious one in the opinion of army officers. With gifts amounting to $330,000 the American Library Association built library buildings in thirty-

four training-camps. The soldiers were so eager for the books that in frequent cases they spent their spare time helping the library staffs unpack the volumes and get ready for business. Then came an overwhelming demand for books that almost literally cleared the shelves of their twelve or fifteen thousand volumes.



They Signal "SEND BOOKS"

Good Books left at The Public Library will be sent "Over There" and to Our Men in Camp Everywhere



A BOOK CAMPAIGN POSTER.

The Army at once recognized the value of the service, but the complete triumph came recently in General Pershing's order devoting each month fifty tons of precious cargo-space on the transports to the shipment of books to our soldiers in France—enough space for one hundred thousand volumes twelve times a year.

So the American Library Association, including public libraries everywhere, needs books to fill this steady demand. The association uses its own funds to buy expensive technical works of the latest printing. For fiction it relies on the generosity of civilian book-owners as well as for acceptable books of non-fiction.

The American soldier likes fiction that thrills him. Adventure stories, including boys' books of adventure, detective and business stories, good love stories, historical novels—these are most approved. *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* are as prime favorites in the camps as they are among young folks and their elders everywhere. Books with the feminine appeal are not wanted.

In non-fiction the call is for any up-to-date works on military science, agriculture, aëroplanes, horses, automobiles, wireless, or any other subject peculiarly of interest to a soldier. The "Plattsburg Manual" is in heavy demand at the camp libraries. High-school text-books of date later than 1910 dealing with mathematics, science, history—English and French—are useful. Baedeker's guide-books of all European countries, but particularly of northern France and Belgium, are sorely needed, since the purchasable supplies are exhausted. Books about the war and trench life and books of poetry find many readers.

Above all, give new books, not those which you would discard anyhow. Last Christmas's books, now read, are ideal.

WHERE AND HOW TO HELP THE NATION

A List of Fifteen Possible Activities for Young People

FOR the benefit of boys and girls who desire to help in the various patriotic services that have organizations, but who do not know how to get in touch with such work, ST. NICHOLAS here presents a list of activities for young people. The enumeration does not pretend to be complete, but it includes many of the movements commended by the Government in the National Service Handbook, a copy of which can be obtained by any one upon application to the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.

In case organizations for war service are not represented locally or the seeker does not know how to find them, the national headquarters of these organizations, the addresses of which are given below, are glad to answer mail inquiries.

1. For farm employment during planting and harvesting seasons, or for work in the merchant ship-yards, apply to United States Boys' Working Reserve, Washington, D. C.

2. The Young Women's Christian Association (the National Board is at 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City), conducts employment bureaus for women, classes in Red Cross instruction and cooking, working-girls' clubs, and welfare activities at the army training-camps, offering to qualified girls opportunities in all these lines.

3. The headquarters of the Junior Red Cross, offering to boys and girls many sorts of opportunities for war service, is in Washington. Membership is by schools only.

4. The organization of young folks for the club activities of the Department of Agriculture, including emergency gardening and canning in the cities, is in the hands of federal county agents or state colleges of agriculture.

5. The Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, offer many opportunities for war service by boys, including the selling of war bonds, Red Cross membership and financial campaign work, and food production and conservation.

6. The Girl Scouts have been particularly ac-

tive for the Food Administration as well as useful in other lines. Address, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York.

7. Camp Fire Girls, headquarters in New York City, do general patriotic service.

8. United States Junior Naval Reserve, 231 West 58th Street, New York, trains boys for service in the Navy and the merchant marine, maintaining three camps for boys from ten to eighteen years of age, Camp Dewey at New London, Connecticut, Camp John Paul Jones at Corpus Christi, Texas, and Camp Josephus Daniels in Florida.

9. The training of officers for the new merchant marine is in the hands of the United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

10. Older boys and girls may register for war service (not military) with the U. S. Public Service Reserve, 1712 I Street, Washington, D. C.

11. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor offers training to volunteers who wish to work at war prison-camps.

12. Money and supplies for French refugees should be sent to the War Relief Clearing House for France, Thomas W. Lamont, treasurer, 40 Wall Street, New York.

13. If you have a gift for entertainment, you may assist in the amusement programs given at the cantonments by the Committee on Camp Activities, Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman, War Department.

14. If you have drawn a poster that you believe might be of assistance to the Government, communicate with Charles Dana Gibson, Carnegie Studios, New York.

15. The American Camouflage (artists enlisted for war work), is at 215 West 57th Street, New York.

TWO BIG TASKS FOR RED CROSS JUNIORS

The Junior Red Cross has found its chief work for the rest of the present school-year. While the usual activities will be carried on to some extent, the millions of new members of the junior organization are being asked to concentrate their efforts on two classes of workroom products, each important enough to deserve a separate paragraph:

Furniture for convalescent houses at the army cantonments;

Garments (new) for refugees.

In the late winter the need for homes for convalescents at the big army camps became apparent. Men who are no longer ill enough to require hospital treatment, but who yet are too weak to be turned back into the barracks, require comfortable, cheerful homes at the camps in which to recover their full strength. The Red Cross decided to build such houses at all the cantonments.

The house designed for this use is in the form of a cross, 100 by 100 feet, containing a sun parlor, a glassed-in porch, stage for movies or other entertainment, billiard-room, reading-room, reception-room, with numerous bedrooms on the upper floor.

The furniture problem instantly became a heavy one. The officers of the Junior Red Cross saw here a splendid opportunity to justify the organization of the boys' and girls' branch and its great enrollment period in February. They appealed in the name of millions of boys newly wearing the Red Cross button for the privilege of supplying this furniture from the manual-training workrooms of the schools of the nation, and the offer was gratefully accepted. The plan is to have the junior auxiliaries of each of the Red Cross divisions furnish the convalescent houses in all cantonments within that division. The young experts of the manual-training schools of the cities are to be permitted to design this furniture in a series of nation-wide competitions. Already the boys are submitting designs of three simple pieces: a demountable reading-table, six feet by two and a half, that can be folded up for storage; a bench four and a half feet long to slide under the table; and a stool for either end of the table.

Several of the competitive designs will be adopted as standard by the National Headquarters in Washington, and the successful designers will receive prizes. Later on, competitions in designs for more complicated furniture will be held.

This decision took care of the Red Cross boys; but what intensive effort could the girls make? The answer to this came from the growing thousands of Red Cross workers in France and Belgium: garments for refugees. The longer our people work among the innocent victims of war in Europe and the more money they spend in relief work, the more appalling the problem becomes as new depths of misery and suffering are plumbed. The need constantly is for clothes for women and children, more and more clothing—it seems impossible to furnish too much.

By garments, the Red Cross does not mean

made-over things; it wants new garments, pinafores and petticoats for girls, blouse suits and underclothing for boys, capes and kilts for toddlers. It also needs garments for adults, men and women. The Red Cross has three circulars, known as A. R. C. 407, 408, and 409, describing these needs. Local chapters have this literature.

The Red Cross is quite particular about having these garments made from patterns, the official ones being supplied by chapters or by almost any of the dress-pattern companies. The garments made from these patterns are not such as Americans usually wear; but the country people of continental Europe have definite ideas of what they want, and now is no time for us to be forcing our notions upon them in their distress.

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE BOY WHO FLEW AND FELL IN FRANCE

EVERY American boy is reading hero stories nowadays, and they are the best kind of hero stories, because they are all true, and because they are about men—and boys—who are fighting now in the great war to make the world safe for democracy. Not because it is exceptional, but for the very fact that it represents just such deeds as thousands of our brave American boys are doing or are ready to do when their turn comes, the story of Stuart Walcott is worth telling at this time.



BENJAMIN STUART WALCOTT.

Stuart Walcott, son of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was a student at Princeton when America began to prepare for entrance into the world war. He was a member of the class of 1917, and would have received his degree last June. But he felt that there were greater things to be thought of than college diplomas, and that his place, and the place of every man who could possibly serve, was "over there." A great many of his friends and college-mates had gone into one form of war service or another, and Walcott wanted to do his bit.

So, after studying the various possibilities, he decided in favor of the air service. After a little training in this country he went to France—for, being in, he wanted action. In December, 1917, he began to take his place with the French pilots who were patrolling above the French lines. In his first combat, after bringing down one German machine, his own plane was brought down behind the German lines, and he was presumably killed in the fall. We say "presumably," because for some time it was not certain that Walcott had lost his life. There have been cases of airmen surviving, in a "nose dive perpendicular," what looked to their friends like a fatal fall. But as the weeks have passed and no word has come, the friends of this brave young American have had to accept the sad conclusion that Walcott died in his first fight for freedom.

Walcott wrote some extremely fine letters to his father and his friends at home, telling his reasons for entering this active and dangerous service, and describing the training in the French flying school, his friendship with some of the great French flyers, and so on, and a book is to be made of them. But what interests us in the story of Stuart Walcott is not the stories he tells in his splendid letters, but the lesson that shines out from the mere sketch of the facts of his life: a boy with everything to look forward to, not satisfied with rendering half service, but quietly, unpretentiously, and calmly going straight to the very heart of the great war; not blind to the risks, not trying to be a hero and courting danger, but doing his part with cool courage and steady perseverance.

The story of Stuart Walcott will bring an honest tear into the eye of any American boy, and make him resolve more firmly than ever to do all he possibly can to help Uncle Sam win this righteous war—whether his own part is to go to camp and into the trenches, or just to stay right here and work in school or in his war garden, to hold fast, and do his bit for his country with all there is in him.



WHAT CAN I DO?

A FANCY for SCHOOL CHILDREN

BY CAROLYN WILSON

CHARACTERS:

Uncle Sam
Liberty
Junior Red Cross
Sam
Columbianna
Rolypoly
Marianne, a refugee child
Five Sewing-girls
Three Hoover Children
Six Carpenter Boys
Eight Garden Children (boys and girls)
Three Soldiers
Three Sailors
Six Knitting Children (boys and girls)
Six Thrift Children
Eight Very Small Children
Six Magazine Children

COSTUMES

UNCLE SAM and LIBERTY. The conventional dress.

JUNIOR RED CROSS. Red Cross nurse's uniform.

SAM, COLUMBIANNA, ROLYPOLY. Ordinary dress.

MARIANNE. Wears a ragged pinafore of dark material, is thin and barefooted.

SEWING-GIRLS. Ordinary dress with white aprons. They carry sewing-bags.

HOOVER CHILDREN. Ordinary dress. They carry wreaths and have napkins tucked beneath their chins.

CARPENTER BOYS. Wear overalls and carry tools.

GARDEN CHILDREN. Boys wear overalls and carry hoes. Girls wear blue gingham aprons and carry spades. All wear large straw sun-hats.

SOLDIERS. Tall boys in Boy Scout uniform.

SAILORS. Sailor dress.

KNITTING CHILDREN. Ordinary dress, with knitting-bags over their shoulders.

THRIFT CHILDREN. Ordinary dress. Each carries a folder for Thrift Stamps, and a small sponge.

VERY SMALL CHILDREN. Four carry scissors and baskets of snips, four wind wool.

MAGAZINE CHILDREN. Ordinary dress, with hats and coats. They carry piles of magazines and books.

The stage is furnished as an office. Right center is a large desk piled high with papers. Before it is a swivel chair. On the walls are Red Cross maps and posters. There is a door center back, with curtains. Here all the characters enter and go out, except Sam, Columbianna, and Rolypoly, who enter from a door at the side.

Uncle Sam is seen seated at the desk. He is working busily among the papers and looks worried and overburdened. In a moment children's voices are heard calling outside.

CHILDREN. Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!

UNCLE SAM. Here I am.

(*He speaks absent-mindedly. Sam, Columbianna, and Rolypoly come running in. Sam and Columbianna perch on the desk. Rolypoly climbs on Uncle Sam's knee.*)

COLUMBIANNA. Uncle Sam, a story, please.

UNCLE SAM. Not to-day, you little tease.

SAM. Daddy 's gone away to fight;
Mother 's working day and night.
Come, play as you used to do.

UNCLE SAM. Not until my work is through.

COLUMBIANNA. That is what you always say,
And you never come and play.
Once your eyes were full of twinkles,
Now your forehead is all wrinkles.
When you walk, your shoulders bend.
What 's this work that has no end
And crooks your back so nearly double?

SAM. Tell us, Uncle, what 's the trouble?

UNCLE SAM. In all the world there 's none to me
So dear as lovely Liberty;
She is most beautiful, the best;
And till she 's safe, I 'll have no rest.

CHILDREN. Liberty? We love her, too.
Is there nothing we can do
To make her glad again and strong,
And safe from any kind of wrong?

We 've asked our Red Cross please to show
Us what to make and how to sew
Each thing into its rightful shape.
FIRST SEWING-GIRL. So here's a dress.



COSTUMES FOR MARIANNE, JUNIOR RED CROSS, HOOVER CHILDREN, SEWING-GIRLS, CARPENTER AND GARDENER BOYS.

UNCLE SAM. There is so much that you can do,
I cannot tell it all to you
And get my own work done; but ask
Your Junior Red Cross for a task.
And if you do it, I am sure
That Liberty can rest secure.

(*Junior Red Cross enters. The three children run and crowd about her.*)

CHILDREN. Junior Red Cross, please, can you
Tell us what a child can do
To help our dear-loved Liberty?

JUNIOR RED CROSS. Only look, and you may see
What children throughout all the land
Are doing now with heart and hand,
And then your own work you may choose.
There is no time for us to lose.

(*They withdraw to one side of the stage. Marianne enters. She look's timidly about her.*)

MARIANNE. In Belgium, France, and Italy
Are homeless boys and girls like me,
Who shiver day and night with cold,
Because their clothes are torn and old.
Are happy children all so blind
That they can see them and not mind?

(*The five Sewing-girls enter, putting the last stitches on the garments in their hands. They form a circle about Marianne. As each one speaks, she holds up the garment she is making.*)

SEWING-GIRLS. On dollies' dresses once we sewed;
And our own frocks were furbelowed.
But simple things we find more pleasing
For every one, while you are freezing.

SECOND SEWING-GIRL. And here's a cape.
THIRD SEWING-GIRL. And I have made a pinafore.
FOURTH SEWING-GIRL. We asked just what it was you wore.
FIFTH SEWING-GIRL. Here is a cozy flannel skirt.
ALL. And now Jack Frost can never hurt.
MARIANNE. Though you were warm from head to toe
And sheltered from the wind and snow,
Would you be happy, tell me, pray,
If you were hungry night and day?

(*Sewing-girls stand back. The three Hoover Children enter, the first carrying a loaf of rye bread, the second a pot of beans, the third a can of molasses.*)

FIRST HOOVER CHILD. Though I love biscuits of wheat flour,
I eat rye bread at supper hour,
That *you* may have the precious wheat.
(*Holds up rye bread.*)

SECOND HOOVER CHILD. And though I 'm very fond of meat,
I do not scowl at cheese or beans,
For thinking that to *you* it means
Red cheeks, bright eyes, and sturdy legs.
(*Holds up beans.*)

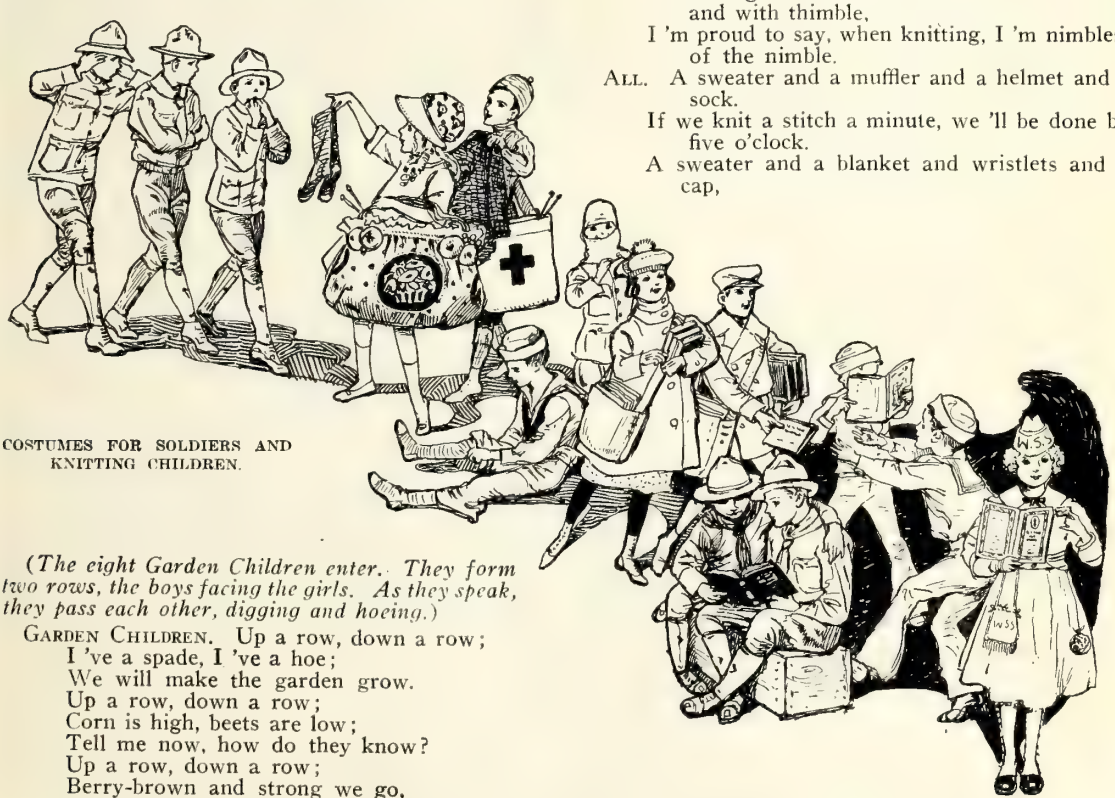
THIRD HOOVER CHILD. And I am one who never begs
For sweets or candy. Breakfast-food
With just molasses tastes as good
As ever sugar did to me,
While *you* have sweetness in your tea.
(*Holds up molasses.*)

MARIANNE. Oh, little sisters, little brothers,
Who give so gladly to us others,
I yet must ask you one thing more.
How will these come from shore to shore?
Have you forgotten there 's a sea
Between warm clothes and food and me?

(The Hoover Children join the Sewing-girls. The six Carpenters enter. Four of them carry a packing-box, one walks ahead, one behind.)

CARPENTERS. Instead of frames and useless toys,
Which in our schools we used to make,
This packing-box our skill employs,
We do it for your sake.
With swelling muscle, each day we hustle,
Each nail we drive is true.
For this will bear warm things to wear
And wholesome food to you.

MARIANNE. We who were hungry shall be fed;
We cold ones, warm from foot to head;
We who were sad again shall smile.
But tell me, in a little while,
If you keep sending bread and meat,
Will you have plenty still to eat?



COSTUMES FOR SOLDIERS AND KNITTING CHILDREN.

(The eight Garden Children enter. They form two rows, the boys facing the girls. As they speak, they pass each other, digging and hoeing.)

GARDEN CHILDREN. Up a row, down a row;
I 've a spade, I 've a hoe;
We will make the garden grow.
Up a row, down a row;
Corn is high, beets are low;
Tell me now, how do they know?
Up a row, down a row;
Berry-brown and strong we go,
For the gardens make *us* grow.

(All gather around Marianne.)

MARIANNE. Since in the common cause we share,
Your rightful part you bravely bear.
No thanks we give, but you to-day
Cry with us, *"Vive la Liberté!"*

ALL. *Vive la Liberté!*

(Sewing-girls, Hoover Children, Carpenters, and Garden Children follow Marianne from stage, all shouting and waving their hands. Three Soldiers and three Sailors enter, marching. They are limping and dejected.)

FIRST SOLDIER. My hands are stiff.
SECOND SOLDIER. My ears are numb.
FIRST SOLDIER. Will summer never, never come?
THIRD SOLDIER. I have a blister on my heel.
SECOND SOLDIER. I cannot say how chilled I feel.

(They stamp and beat their hands to keep them warm. The Knitting Children enter, each finishing some article.)

KNITTING GIRLS. A sweater and a muffler and a helmet and a sock.
If we knit a stitch a minute, we 'll be done by five o'clock.
A sweater and a blanket and wristlets and a cap;
Hear our needles snip and snip, hear them snap and snap.

KNITTING BOYS. I whittled out these needles as smooth as any eel,
And then I had to try a bit to see how they would feel.
And though I never made a hit with scissors and with thimble,
I 'm proud to say, when knitting, I 'm nimblest of the nimble.

ALL. A sweater and a muffler and a helmet and a sock.
If we knit a stitch a minute, we 'll be done by five o'clock.
A sweater and a blanket and wristlets and a cap,
Make *your* needles snip and snip, make them snap and snap.

(They put the sweaters, etc., on the soldiers and sailors, who straighten up cheerfully.)

FIRST SOLDIER. Now my hands are warm as toast.

COSTUMES FOR SAILORS, THRIFT CHILDREN, AND MAGAZINE CHILDREN.

SECOND SOLDIER. My ears are warm—they burn almost.
THIRD SOLDIER. In these fine socks my heels are snug.
FIRST SOLDIER. And I'll sleep soundly with this rug.
SECOND SOLDIER. No frost can nip my wool-clad hand.
THIRD SOLDIER. I 'm muffled to the ears. It 's grand!
ALL. Let winter linger as she will,
We shall not mind the breezes chill.
Warm as we are, 't will easy be
To fight and win for Liberty.
FIRST SOLDIER. When I was cold I would complain
At everything with might and main.
My mind was busy hunting ways
To keep me cozy nights and days.
Now, warm as never heretofore,
I find all idle days a bore.
FIRST SAILOR. I'd give my hat for one good look—
And more for two—into a book.
SECOND SAILOR. I would not even blush if seen
Deep in a fashion magazine.
For often I spend hours guessing
How all the girls at home are dressing.
(*The six Magazine Children enter.*)
ALL. Every day when school is through
We beg from door to door for you.
And all our friends have heard us say
"Don't throw old magazines away!
Books, no longer read, you must
Take from the shelf, blow off the dust,
And give to us, each one, to send
Our boys so far from home and friend!"
FIRST MAGAZINE CHILD. Here 's a pile will make you smile.
SECOND MAGAZINE CHILD. Here 's one can make you wise.
THIRD MAGAZINE CHILD. Here 's a pile that shows the style.
ALL. And each some want supplies.

(*Soldiers and Sailors make a rush for the magazines and books and begin to read.*)

UNCLE SAM. I 've hunted and I 've hunted. Do you know, it 's very strange,
I 've lots and lots of dollars, but not a cent of change?
You 'd be surprised how hard it is, with dollars, oh, so many,
To do a thousand things a day without a single penny.

(*The six Thrift Children enter.*)

FIRST THRIFT CHILD. Five cents for candy.
SECOND THRIFT CHILD. Five for ice-cream.
THIRD THRIFT CHILD. Five for movies dandy—
That used to be my scheme.
FOURTH THRIFT CHILD. Jingling pennies five
Shut up in a bank.
FIFTH THRIFT CHILD. Uncle Sam will have his change,
And have us all to thank.
SIXTH THRIFT CHILD. Twenty-five will buy a stamp. (*All hold up stamps.*)
A moistened sponge will make it damp—
Just a touch so light and quick (*All moisten stamps.*)
And in my folder it will stick. (*All stick stamps in folders.*)

UNCLE SAM (*jingling change*).
With help like yours I 'll win this war,
I 'll pay it back, and add some more.

ROLYPOLY (*beginning to cry and running to Junior Red Cross.*) I 'm so very, very small.
Can 't I do anything at all?
JUNIOR RED CROSS. Of course you can, dear. Look and see
What little folks can do for me.

(*The eight Very Small Children enter.*)

ALL. We wind and wind and clip and clip,
Making useful every snip.
And though our hands are weak and small,
We are helping after all.

(*All the other children come crowding back on the stage, followed by Liberty, who remains standing in the doorway. All turn to her as she speaks.*)



THE EIGHT VERY SMALL CHILDREN—WOOL-WINDERS AND CLOTH-SNIPPERS.

SECOND SOLDIER (*looking up suddenly*).
Where I was raised we thought it rude
To show no signs of gratitude.
These books will keep, boys, so come here
And get together in a cheer
That smashes all the sky to pieces
For Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces.

(*All the Soldiers and Sailors hold their places with their fingers and give three cheers for the children. They exit marching; the children follow cheering. Uncle Sam rises and comes forward. He is searching his pockets.*)

LIBERTY. Children who work with heart and hand
To save myself and our dear land,
I come to thank you and to ask
Of you the last and hardest task.
My need, more than the gifts you give,
Is men and women who can live
In such wise ways that wars shall cease,
And I be safe in lasting peace.
Your books and lessons never shirk;
Make hand and brain together work;
Keep strong and well; make street and town
More lovely to go up and down;

Let man and beast your kind hand feel;
In all things gently, fairly deal;
Grow to fine women, stalwart men,
Each one a splendid citizen;
For only so your land and I
Live gladly on and never die.

(*Junior Red Cross steps forward and speaks to Sam, Columbianna, and Rolypoly.*)

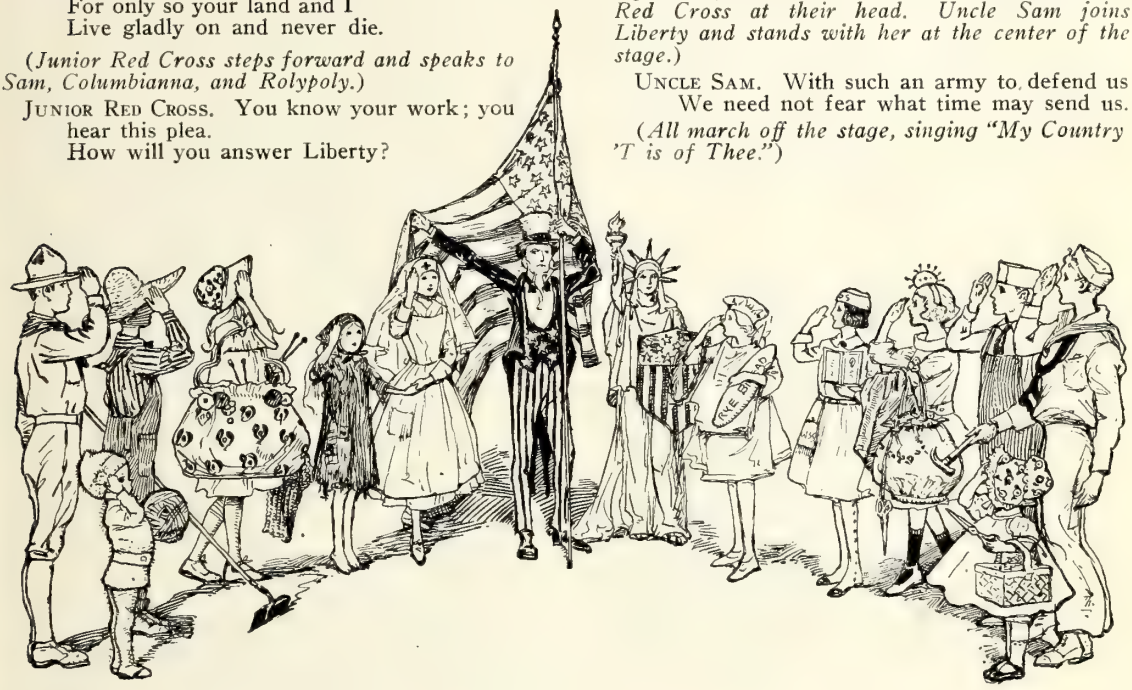
JUNIOR RED CROSS. You know your work; you hear this plea.
How will you answer Liberty?

CHILDREN. We will join hands with you and fight
For Liberty and home and right.

(*All except Liberty and Uncle Sam form in marching order, and march around the stage, Junior Red Cross at their head. Uncle Sam joins Liberty and stands with her at the center of the stage.*)

UNCLE SAM. With such an army to defend us
We need not fear what time may send us.

(*All march off the stage, singing "My Country 'T is of Thee."*)



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN KNITTER-BOYS

As told by "Trixy," of the Seventh

BY MINNIE E. BLAKE

I DON'T know whether Guy started it, or Pauline. I rather think it was Guy, for he likes Pauline pretty well, anyway, and when Miss Baird said she thought it was unpatriotic for the boys to sit and nibble their pencils while the girls were knitting scarfs and sweaters for the soldiers, Guy said if somebody 'd show him how, he 'd knit, just like the girls. I noticed he was looking sidewise at Pauline when he said it, for he knew Miss Baird could n't teach anybody yet,—she was just learning herself,—and Pauline's knitting, we all knew, was the best in the room.

Of course, Guy might have been looking at Esther or Valdemar as much as at Pauline, and Esther could knit nearly as well as Pauline, only not so fast, and Valdemar and her chums, 'Lizbeth and Rosemary and Jessica, had been knitting all summer. They were terribly proud of their knitting-bags, I remember, when they came back to school in the fall. Rosemary, who had knit the least of the four, had three of the splendidest bags, all silk, and I wished I had even one just half as fine, till one day I happened to hear Miss Baird say to Miss Rose, the sixth-grade teacher across the hall, "There 's a good deal more of vanity than of patriotism in those knitting-bags." But I don't think she feels that way any more; or maybe it 's the bags that are different. They 're getting rather frayed and dingy now, and I thought it was queer the chums did n't get some new, glossy ones,—for they all have their own spending money,—till the other day I happened to see Rosemary put in fifty cents for the little French orphan girl we help take care of, when Miss Baird had only suggested we put in five or ten cents apiece.

But I started to tell you about Guy and the knitter-boys, and not about those girl-chums and their silk bags. Well, the day Guy took the notion into his head, most of our seventh-grade girls

did n't know any more about knitting than he—or very little, anyway, for it was that very morning in the sewing period, when the boys had all gone to manual, that Miss Love—she 's the principal, you know—came in and said how nice it would be for us girls to organize a knitting-club to help the Red Cross. Of course, we were all crazy to try, even Miss Baird, who said she was ashamed she had n't learned last vacation; and so Miss Love sat in the back seat across from Pauline, and we girls all crowded round to watch how she threw the yarn—it was n't real yarn, just knitting cotton,—around her left thumb, and how she "cast on."



THE BEST KNITTER.

It looked easy enough: but when I tried, somehow the stitches faced every which way and did n't lie smooth and snug like Miss Love's at all, but straggled all up and down the needle, like a boy's figures when he does a problem on the blackboard. I saw that Miss Baird was having a harder time than I, for her stitches would n't cast on at all, and she looked as puzzled as could be, till just then she happened to glance down at Pauline, who was casting on her own neat stitches as fast as Miss Love, but in a different way, with a tricky little flip of her forefinger that took the stitches off her thumb and onto the needle as slick as coasting down Mapleton Hill. Miss Baird watched her a minute, then tried the coaster-process herself, and I could see her face light up with the odd merry light that the boys always watch for when they ask her if we can't have a lesson up in the hills. And it was n't long before she could cast on as smooth as Pauline, if not more than a quarter as fast. Well, I slid over to where I could watch Pauline, too; and soon I had caught that queer little flip and could cast on as well as the girls around Miss Love.

But when it came to the second row,—the real knitting, I mean, where you slip your needle under the stitches you have just cast on, and take them off one at a time onto the other needle,—why about half of them slid off before I could throw the thread around the needle-end, and Jessica and Valdemar and Rosemary and 'Lizbeth, who were sitting close behind me,—where one is, you 'll always find the other three,—they just giggled as if it was the funniest thing in the world to see my poor row all go to pieces; and Miss Love said, "Pick them up quickly, dear, or you may drop a stitch."

Pick them up? Why, you could as easily pick up an eel! And when I gave a quick little jerk to steady up the stitch that was just slipping off my needle, the whole row went back into straight yarn and I sat holding two empty needles, there where everybody could see! and what did those four silly chums do but put their faces down on their desks and giggle and giggle as if it was the best joke they had ever known.

Miss Baird saw what a fix I was in, and she came over to try to help me, and she watched while I "cast on" again, and then showed me exactly how to "knit off." But she might have saved herself the trouble, for I had somehow left out the little flip over my forefinger, and when I tried to "knit off" there was n't any stitch on my second needle at all—nothing but a straight thread that did n't belong to either needle, and that left me with two empty needles again—as empty and ridiculous as before. Those four girls went into conniptions again, and I was so provoked I might have cried, only the funny, surprised look on Miss Baird's face was too much for me, and I put down my head and giggled too.

Then I got up and started back to ask Pauline to help me. Esther was nearer, but she was bending over Daisy. She 's our littlest girl, you know, and she did have the awfulest time getting a start, though you 'd never think it to see her fingers flying now. Well, I guess I must have looked awful glum, for Pauline did n't wait for me to ask, but reached out and took my empty needles, with that sweet, cheerful smile she has, and I just threw myself into the seat in front of her and said, "I got it all jumbled, and Miss Baird's jumble was worse than mine!" I sat by Pauline very meekly a half hour or more, till I had learned to "cast on" and "knit off;" and if the end stitch did get away from me about every other time and make me trouble, I stayed right by Pauline till I learned how to pick it up again.

By this time recess had come, and the boys began arriving from manual, and I noticed Miss Baird standing at her desk looking more puzzled than ever as they came in and took their seats. She had her needles yet in her hand, but I could n't see that she had any yarn on either one, and I supposed her rows had just gone sliding off and left her as helpless as I 'd been. But she must have been thinking of something beside rows, I guess, or at least of rows of boys and girls instead of yarn, for when the bell rang and we were all in our places, she said, with a laugh that somehow did n't sound quite natural I thought:

"We 've worked out a new plan to whip the Kaiser, and we want every one to help. Who is willing to do his bit?"

Every hand went up, of course, for we had worked out all sorts of schemes last spring to get money for Liberty Bonds and for the Red Cross.

by planting a school-garden (we took in over a hundred dollars from that, you know), and by selling old papers and junk till we had over twenty dollars more; so, of course, the boys and we girls, too, supposed she and Miss Love, whose head is always full of the cleverest schemes, had planned for us to canvass with the Boy Scouts for a new Liberty Loan, or maybe to go down and see a new muster of soldiers off as we had twice done already, marching with them to the depot and cheering as the train pulled out.

But when she said, without even a hint of a smile, "The girls have just been learning to knit," I half guessed what she was going to say next, and I did n't miss it very far, either, for she went on, as sober as ever:

"Winter is coming on, and our brave Sammies will soon be suffering for warm garments. They are fighting to save our homes, to save our schools, to keep back the Zeppelins that any day might come sailing over Mapleton Hill and drop bombs on our school-house, and kill or maim us all as heartlessly as they did the little English children. It is the least we can do to help them in any way we can turn our hands. We can't make school-gardens now for months, and we remember that, when we did garden, the girls were just as eager to help and did just as much as the boys, and they will do their share again when April comes. But it is six long months till April, and the soldiers need warm clothing now as much as the world will need good gardens in the spring. Would it be patriotic for only the girls to do the knitting and the boys just to sit and look on? That 's the way Indians do, but are we to be counted no more intelligent than they? Why should n't the boys learn to knit, and prove themselves as patriotic as the girls?"

I could n't see all the boys' faces as, of course, Miss Baird could, and I saw she was sweeping the room with her eyes to see how they took her suggestion; but nobody needed even a glance to know how they took it. There was a second or two of dumb amazement—then a gasp—then a groan from Allen, a roar from Guy, a howl from all the rest of the boys, and a general giggle from all the girls, except that I could hear a voice or two, I was sure of Pauline's, saying:

"Sure! sure! the boy that won't help is a slacker!" Then came a disgusted growl from Dale, who looked positively fierce and madder than a cornered mountain-lion as he snarled out:

"D 'ye think we 're nothing but sissies?"

"I think just as the girls think—that the boy who won't do whatever he can to help win the war is a slacker; and I shall not change my mind about the knitting unless you can find something else as useful to do—something to do at odd minutes all day long while the need is so great."

"Can we knit in school?" somebody called out—Allen, I think it was. He 's the Scout patrol-leader, you know, and a rustler too; he sold a thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds.

"May we, Miss Baird?" 'Lizbeth never forgot her English, but her voice was as eager as Allen's.

Miss Baird looked puzzled, and the school watched her anxiously, some of the boys just as anxious as the girls.

"Well, I don't exactly like to promise," she said, after a little, "but I believe it could be done, by the more skilful, at least. I see no reason why you could not knit while the compositions



ONE OF MISS BAIRD'S SNAP-SHOTS.

are being read, or when some one is making a lengthy recitation in history or geography. Knitters, they say, are good listeners. Your grades might improve if your hands were occupied."

I could see Guy wavering then—he was so poor in these very things, though he could beat us all in the arithmetic speed-contests. But Dale's face grew dreadfully long and solemn, and his looks said plainly, "I may die, but I 'll never knit!" And he growled again when he thought nobody heard him but me, "Let the girls knit—it 's women's work."

But Miss Baird heard, or maybe she guessed by his scowl what he was muttering, for she spoke up quickly and said:

"It may be women's work—it generally is; but it is generally men's work to make garden, and I noticed last spring the boys were more than willing for the girls to do their part; and I see by the papers the Russians are quite willing for their women to fight and do men's work in the war. When the mob swept Petrograd the other day it was the women troops—the Battalion of Death, they call themselves, for they have taken vows to die rather than to surrender—that quelled the mob, while the men-soldiers all ran away! The

women may fight—they have to when the men run away. And the men are n't brave enough even to knit!"

That settled it with Guy, or it might have been just then that Miss Baird motioned to Pauline to help Daisy out—her knitting was all unraveling, and she was nearly ready to cry when Pauline came up the aisle and sat down beside her and



THE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE PUPILS OF THE MAPLETON SCHOOL, BOULDER, COLORADO,

began picking up the runaway stitches just like magic.

It was that very minute that Guy spoke up, and I saw him look sidewise at Pauline, though he was speaking to Miss Baird:

"I 'll knit, if somebody 'll show me how!"

"Here, too," called Allen, from the back corner. "A Scout can't be a slacker."

"Good!" cried Miss Baird, with more spirit than I ever heard her put into the field-day yells. "Bring your needles as soon as you can get them, and we will find some girl who will teach you both. Why can't a dozen boys begin together and make a contest of it, just as you do of the speed-work in arithmetic. Allen and Harvey and Dale keep Guy on his mettle in that, why not in this?"

I saw the other boys challenge Guy with eager little nods, but Dale flipped his ink-well cover up and down and scowled at it as if he saw the Kaiser himself glaring up at him from it.

Well, that was the start of it all, and you can give the credit of it to Guy or to Pauline or to Miss Love or Miss Baird or us girls or that Russian Death Brigade, as you choose. All I know is that not only Allen and Guy and Harvey, but half a dozen other boys, most of them Scouts, came marching in that afternoon with two long red needles apiece, and said they were ready if the yarn and the girls were. Miss Baird found plenty of both in two minutes, and how seriously those boys did go at it, with Pauline and Esther and the chums, and all the other girls that had got a good start, to help. And though Dale stood by his determination never to knit, and Miss Baird said she would never force him to do it, he really tried to do his share by helping make wooden needles down at the manual rooms, for the knitting craze spread like wild-fire through the building, and every store in town was sold out of needles inside of twenty-four hours.

That was the beginning of weeks and weeks of the best times that Mapleton ever saw. Of course, we had all sorts of haps and mishaps. The most comical, I think, was when Miss Baird tried that first day to show Fred—he 's our funny boy, and says things in the drollest way—how to cast on; and though she had fizzled it once for me, she tried, just as confidently, to show him, and every stitch unwound as fast as he slipped it onto the second needle, and left her staring at that same old straight length of yarn again with

that same "It-beats-me" expression on her face. I saved the day that time, and taught Fred myself, so that he was getting on fine by recess-time—so fine he would n't go out with the rest, but just sat at his desk knitting for dear life.

"Come, Fred, must I shoo you out?" the teacher laughed. "I want you all to go out for a change, so you can all knit better when you come in."

wash-cloths, with fifty stitches to the row,—she would say: "You have picked up fifteen stitches somewhere. Count each row and ravel back to where you had fifty."

Mrs. Dunn kept all the Red Cross yarn in the office just across the hall from our room, and when we had knit a neat wash-cloth, she gave us several skeins of the gray wool and let us



EACH OF WHOM IS A JUNIOR MEMBER AND ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN RED CROSS WORK.

" Yes 'm, I heard you say so, but I 'm just half-way across this row, and if I lay it down, I won't know which way I 'm going when I come back!"

The last of us girls heard it as we were passing out, and how we did giggle in the hall! For by this time we had discovered that the needle that carries the thread shows you which way you are going, but Fred had n't learned that yet, and neither had Miss Baird, for we heard her say:

"Well, finish your row, and then go down and have a good race with yourself, so as to be fresh and in good trim after recess."

Everybody—the new knitters, I mean—had all sorts of trouble for a day or two. Stitches would slip off and hide away somewhere till Mrs. Dunn, the sewing-inspector, would come in and hold the knitting up to the light and poke her finger through a tell-tale hole and say in the solemnest tone, "A dropped stitch—you will have to ravel it out back to here." Or maybe she would make us count our stitches, and when we found we had sixty-five,—we all had to begin on the cotton

begin on a scarf or sweater. She always wrote down what she gave us, and it kept her pen busy when all Mapleton got to knitting. By this time all the boys were at it, all but Dale and a few little downstairs boys whose fingers were all thumbs, but who tried to do their bit by winding yarn for the rest. Most of the boys began a scarf as soon as their wash-cloths were finished, for scarfs are straight knitting; while for a sweater or a helmet or socks or wristlets, you know you have to learn how to purl. I noticed Guy never tried a scarf, but got Pauline to teach him how to purl and was soon half-way toward the neck on a sweater. He kept Pauline busy helping him till he got past the hard part, and, of course, some one had to help him in the purling just before the sweater was finished. I wondered how either of those two ever got their lessons, but I noticed Pauline could always answer when called on, and Guy actually began to take a liking to history and geography. Miss Baird would tell us some interesting story con-

nected with the history while we sat so busily knitting, or maybe she would have some boy who likes to look up references at the library give a long talk on Du Chaillu or Stanley or Livingstone or Roosevelt's "Game Trails," for we were now studying Africa; and even Dale forgot to flip his ink-well cover when Teddy was chasing lions or tussling with crocodiles on the Nile. All the rest of us kept our needles flying all this time, and never a boy went down on examination day, while the more Guy and Allen knitted, the better grades they got in exams. You see, while their hands were busy, their minds seemed to keep time with them instead of wandering round as they did when they sat thrumming their fingers on the desk. And our averages went up with a jump, anyway, for Miss Love said we might add one point to our manual or sewing grades for every wash-cloth we knit, or two points for a pair of wristlets, or three for a sweater or helmet or scarf or a pair of socks; and my! how that did spur us up!

About this time Jessica's father was called to Denver to help the governor with his war plans; we missed her dreadfully, but when somebody found in the "Denver Post" a picture of Jessica working at the Red Cross rooms in Denver, we were proud to show it around and say, "She was one of our mountain girls."

We had n't dreamed that our own school was worth photographing, but when one day Miss Love came in and said we might have a session of the knitting-club at three o'clock, the upper grades to visit back and forth and everybody to lay lessons aside and knit and talk and have a good time, we were happier than a boy on a bob-sled. We had hardly got well started when Superintendent Carr came in, and when he saw us sitting two in a seat, all as busy as bees both with our fingers and tongues, he rubbed his hands thoughtfully and said:

"If I can get a moving-picture man up here, we 'll give them a film worth seeing!"

How we did laugh and cheer him, and how we did make our fingers fly to practise for that film! It does seem too bad that we had to give up part of our plan, but it was n't so easy to get a movie-man as we had hoped, so the superintendent just got our own town photographer to come up one day and take a picture of the whole school. Miss Love had us all march out with our knitting onto the west grounds, where we filled up all the stone benches and all the chairs we had, and then the rest of us sat down on the sloping ground just in front, and all the four hundred of us went to knitting, or rather held our needles just ready to take a stitch when the photographer snapped the camera. We had our Red Cross banner showing fine in the center,—I 'll tell you presently how we got it,—and a tableful of our finished pieces standing at one side. The teachers were all there, and the janitor, too, as proud as any of us, and even Dale, for, of course, he did n't want to be left out of the picture, so he brought a half-finished sweater his mother had been working on at home, and with his needle slipped in at a clever angle, stood up as brave as if the camera were only a German gun. And you would never know but that he had knitted all his life. Well, that broke the ice, and next day he brought his own needles and some pretty yarn and began knitting on one of our bright-colored hospital-squares.

I will tell you all about them in a minute, but first I must tell you what I happened to find had turned Dale against knitting. His father keeps a big grocery store downtown, and some town loafer who dropped into the store had happened to see our dear old Doctor Lee, the white-haired gentleman that stays at the City Hotel, sitting on the hotel veranda, knitting; so this worthless idler came into the store guffawing and declaring that the old doctor was a fool—knitting was all right for the women, but any man that would knit was a "sissy." We girls could have told him only too quick that knitting is a thousand times more honorable than loafing, especially in war time, but Dale did n't see it that way for weeks. Our Boy Scouts saw it from the first. They were the ones that led off; so while we were in the picture business, Miss Baird took a couple of snap-shots of our grade, and planned to have the Scouts very prominent; but most of them were so tall, she had to crowd them back to get the rest to show, and even then the kodak missed some of us.

Oh, I was going to tell you about our Red Cross flag and the hospital quilts; but first you will have to hear about our sliding down the fire-escape, that big round tank-like sheet-iron slide that opens from the upstairs hall and spills you out on the walk forty feet below, whizzing you round and round on the road down till you don't know whether you 'll land on your head or your feet, and have n't time to plan or care which.

Well, Miss Love can always think of the most unusual things for keeping us spurred up in the war work, and so when it came Junior Red Cross day, a few weeks after we had begun our knitting, and every school that enrolled every pupil was to have a Red Cross banner, she promised us, if we 'd every one enroll, we should slide down the fire-escape to celebrate, not once nor twice, but as often as we liked and till we got too dizzy

to climb the stairs again. We were all crazy to go, and even Miss Baird said she 'd like to try a slide herself if she was twenty years younger, and so we just rolled our Junior Red Cross quarters in faster than the teachers could count them; and some of us had to rustle round to get a quarter, too. The boys were hoping for a big snow, so they could earn the money shoveling off sidewalks; but the weather stayed so pleasant and sunny, they had to hunt other jobs instead. Some of the girls had to earn their quarters, too, but not one was missing when Junior Day came around; and Miss Love even started a Cradle Roll and got the names and quarters of every toddler in Mapleton district, from Baby Ben to 'Lizbeth's little sister, who was not quite old enough to enter the primary. We passed our total a long way, and when it was announced that Mapleton had turned in nearly $125 to the Junior Red Cross, we clapped and cheered, for we knew that fire-escape slide was a sure thing.

We lined up by rooms in the upper halls, and room by room, with the heels of one youngster at the back of another, we went whizzing down that tin spiral till we were all nearly deafened with our own shouts of laughter, and you might have thought the escape a giant tin can with all the Brownies in the world buzzing round inside of it. As fast as we reached the bottom we ran round the building and up the stairs, and there stood Superintendent Carr and all the teachers at the head of the stairs, laughing as hard and enjoying it as much as we. I thought at first I 'd like to go down a dozen times; but when I 'd whizzed round twice and run upstairs again each time, I was so out of breath and brains both, I was glad to go to my room and pick up my knitting to calm down with.

Knitting 's the best thing ever tried to steady your nerves. The boys in our room that used to sit and fumble their ink-wells, or tap their pencils, or tinker with their rulers, or maybe flip bits of art-gum at you when somebody was reciting, are so busy now with their knitting that they never think to fidget or misbehave. And the girls—my, how their knitting does count up! Pauline and Esther each knit a sweater a week and keep up with their lessons as well as ever, while Guy 's the champion boy-knitter of the school—he has finished three sweaters and four pair of wristlets, and is knitting a helmet now. Helmets are hard, too, but we 've got half a dozen boys well started on them.

It was a race for awhile between Guy and Allen as to who should be the champion; but Allen was out a few days, working, and fell behind, and Guy—you never saw a boy tie himself to anything as Guy did to that gray yarn! And his grades kept going right up, too. He declared he learned more geography and history by listening than he ever did from books, and you remember his arithmetic was only play for him, anyway, so he put in all his evenings with his needles. Nobody made him do it, bless you, no! Miss Baird and his mother were afraid he 'd get nervous when he knit so much at night; but he had a soldier friend over in France, and as he had his own money in the bank, he drew out enough to buy yarn for two sweaters and three pair of wristlets for his soldier chum, and you could n't persuade him to go to bed till midnight when once he 'd got a sweater begun; but he 'd knit and knit with as much devotion, Miss Baird said, for his beloved Sammie as any Sammie ever exhibited for his beloved America. And so his chum got two splendid warm sweaters and all those wristlets, and has a helmet soon to come, while, between times, Guy knit another sweater and a pair of wristlets for some other Sammie, from yarn furnished by the Red Cross.

But I must tell you about the quilts, and then I suppose I 'll have to stop without even giving you a hint of all the sewing we girls do in our sewing-hour twice a week for the poor little shivering Belgians, or my story will get so long the printer won't publish it at all. Miss Baird said likely he won't print it anyway, on account of its grammar and spelling, and she says Rosemary or 'Lizbeth could have written a much more elegant narrative than mine. But you notice they did n't do it—nobody tried but me; and when Miss Love got a letter from a teacher in the East who had heard of our knitting and wanted the whole story, I felt I would n't be doing my bit if I did n't sit right down and write it off, when nobody else would take the time. It 's true, too; if you don't believe it, just write to Captain Gamble at the state-house in Denver, and he 'll soon tell you whether I provaricate or not.

Oh, the quilts!

Well, you see the poor Sammies get so tired of the everlasting gray and khaki which they use to help them camoflazh, that some one suggested, as yarn was high and scarce anyway, the schoolchildren hunt up bits of bright-colored yarn at home and knit ten-inch squares and set them together in a sort of crazy-quilt effect for hospital coverlets. A suggestion to Mapleton is like a match to shavings; so no sooner did we get a hint of it from Miss Love than we confiscated every scrap of colored yarn our mothers had, and then begged all we could get from the neighbors. And when we used all this up, Harvey got his editor-grandfather to print us some cute little

yarn-tickets, like this, that we sold for ten cents apiece:

> A DIME toward bright yarn for a hospital square
> Entitles whoever will help us to share
> In cheering our Sammies "in France somewhere."
>
> THE MAPLETON KNITTERS.

Everybody was crazy to get one as a souvenir, and soon we had enough yarn to make half a dozen quilts.

This quilt business was the best fun of all. The boys that had knit on the gray with something of a doing-my-bit-but-it 's-tiresome air, went after that bright yarn like bees after honey, while the primaries took it up and knitted till their mothers were afraid they 'd all have St. Vitus's dance. I never heard of any youngster hurting himself at it, though you might have seen them any time knitting as they walked along to and from school, and they nearly wore the steps out running upstairs to beg for more yarn. It was awful work, though, making all the primary blocks fit in with ours, and we just had to use them to get our first two quilts off by Christmas. We finally got the last block worked in, but with such a conspicuous twist down the center row that we were in despair till a bright thought struck some one, and when our first quilts went to France each had a little strip of white silk tacked on, with the typewritten verse:

We hope you won't mind if these beautiful blocks
Are just a wee trifle awry,
For we each begged permission to knit a bright square
To gladden some sick soldier's eye.
'T was n't easy a bit,—we 're just learning to knit,—
But over and over we 'd try.
For we honor and love you, Big Brothers in France,
And we 'll pray God to guard you. Good-by.
THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF MAPLETON SCHOOL.

This versifying idea came to be quite a fad, and every quilt that went out had to carry its message. The sixth-grade boys stole a march on us by knitting a quilt entirely their own—they would n't let a girl put in a single block; though, of course, the sixth-grade girls were knitting sweaters night and day. Well, these boys picked out a name and conjured up a verse that made ours seem rather tame:

The Rocky Mountain Knitter-boys are sending you this quilt,
You 'd never guess how hard we worked to get the blocks all built.
We pegged away in school and out—we hardly stopped to eat;
We did n't play recesses till we got the thing complete.
If it cheers up some Sammie brave, on the sick or wounded list,
We 'll be repaid a dozen times for all the play we missed.
And when you 're well and strong again, just swat the Kaiser one
With our regards.
THE KNITTER-BOYS OF SIXTH GRADE, MAPLETON.

By this time the primaries were all worked up, and they soon turned in a quilt with a silly little verse they thought left the knitter-boys far behind:

We little folks of Mapleton try hard to do our bit.
You 'd really be surprised to see how quietly we sit
For 'bout a hundred hours, I guess, and knit, and *knit* and KNIT!
The teacher has to shoo us out at recess and at noon,
And supper-time and bedtime always seem to come too soon.
Folks laugh and call us "Busy Bees," and say if every one
Would do his bit as well as we, the war would soon be done.

The third and fourth grades had given us so many blocks to finish out our Christmas quilts that they had to rustle some extra yarn-money when they came to knit a quilt apiece of their very own. I thought the third-grade verse was quite cute, for most of them still adore Santa Claus, and it must have been hard for such little folks to give up their cherished valentines:

What are valentines for, with their pretty red hearts,
Their pink little Cupids and silvery darts?
Just to whisper to some one, "I love you, I do!"
And that is the message we 're sending to you.
For we voted to give up our valentine box
To buy the bright yarn we should need for these blocks,
That Sammie might hear, like the chime of a bell,
The sweet little secret we hasten to tell:
"This quilt is our valentine, made just for you;
For we love you, Big Brother, so brave and so true.
And we think you 're as grand as Old Santa, we do."

And this verse went with a quilt which two of the upper grades had wrought out together with great care, the center blocks representing our flag and those of the Allies:

To our soldiers brave o'er ocean wave
We are sending our fondest cheer.
We know that you fight for the reign of right
And all that our land holds dear.
To each noble ally who has dared defy
The wrath of the ruthless Hun,
We are sending the love we have here inwove
In the flags that float as one.
God keep you all till the last foe fall
And the despot's day is done.



"PATRICIA." PAINTED BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Younger Sister.



ALL sunshine and laughter was this little maid,
Who twice seven summers had frolicked and played.
The leaves' dancing motion was in her small feet,
Her voice from the birds had caught cadences sweet.
A creature all gaiety, brightness, and grace,
The joy of whose heart blossomed out in her face.

The simplest of trifles to please her had power—
A butterfly gay, or a bright wayside flower,
The thrush in the thicket, the brook's silver fall,
This Traveler Joyous took pleasure in all.

Not less did she love little posies of rhyme,
And ballads, and old tales of "Once on a time."
Her favorites fast to her memory clung,
And many she had at the tip of her tongue.
So when 'neath a hawthorn they tarried one day,
All ready was she with a story of May.

Lady Cicely went A-Maying.

The Story told by the Younger Sister.

NOW it so befell that on a certain May morn the Lady Cicely went a-maying. And there was no fairer sight to be seen on that fair morn than the lady dear, although she had laid aside the jewels and the silken gown wherewith she was used to deck herself and walked in simple guise; for she had a mind to pass as a rustic maid that day.

Nor did she take with her henchman or servant, but only a little page half sick with longing to see the fields of spring and hear the cuckoo sing. And indeed, it was because of his beseeching that she went to seek the May. But though she was unattended save for the little page, there was no fear in her heart, for she did in truth believe all to be lovely, even as she herself was.

And as she went, and the little page with her, from her father's castle through the town that lay below the castle hill, none looked on her to know her, nor did any pay heed to her, for news had but just then come of a Robber Baron close at hand. And all men talked of him, and had neither ears nor eyes for else.

But Lady Cicely and the little page, saying naught to any one, heard naught of this and so went on their way right merrily.

There was many a flower in the fields beyond the castle town. There might be seen the cowslip, with its golden cup, and the blue harebell swaying in the wind, the speckled foxglove and the lady-smock. Yet not a flower was more lovely than the Lady Cicely, when, with her fair face shining like a star, she and the little page fared forth to greet the spring.

And it so befell that as she wandered in the



"SHE WENT, AND THE LITTLE PAGE WITH HER, FROM HER FATHER'S CASTLE."

fields that same Robber Baron whom the town feared drew near. And there came with him only his henchman, who loved him mightily, and a bowman of great skill; for he had left the others of his band to wait within a wood until he should spy out the land. And peering from a green copse on the meadow's edge, the Robber Baron saw the dear maid, with her little page, and knew her who she was; for in truth, the fame of her great loveliness had traveled far, and there was no other like her—no, not anywhere. And he bade his henchman take her captive; for said he:

"The king himself would fetch no greater ransom. She is dearer to her father than moneybags or lands, and should I ask even for the castle of his sires, it would be mine to set her free."

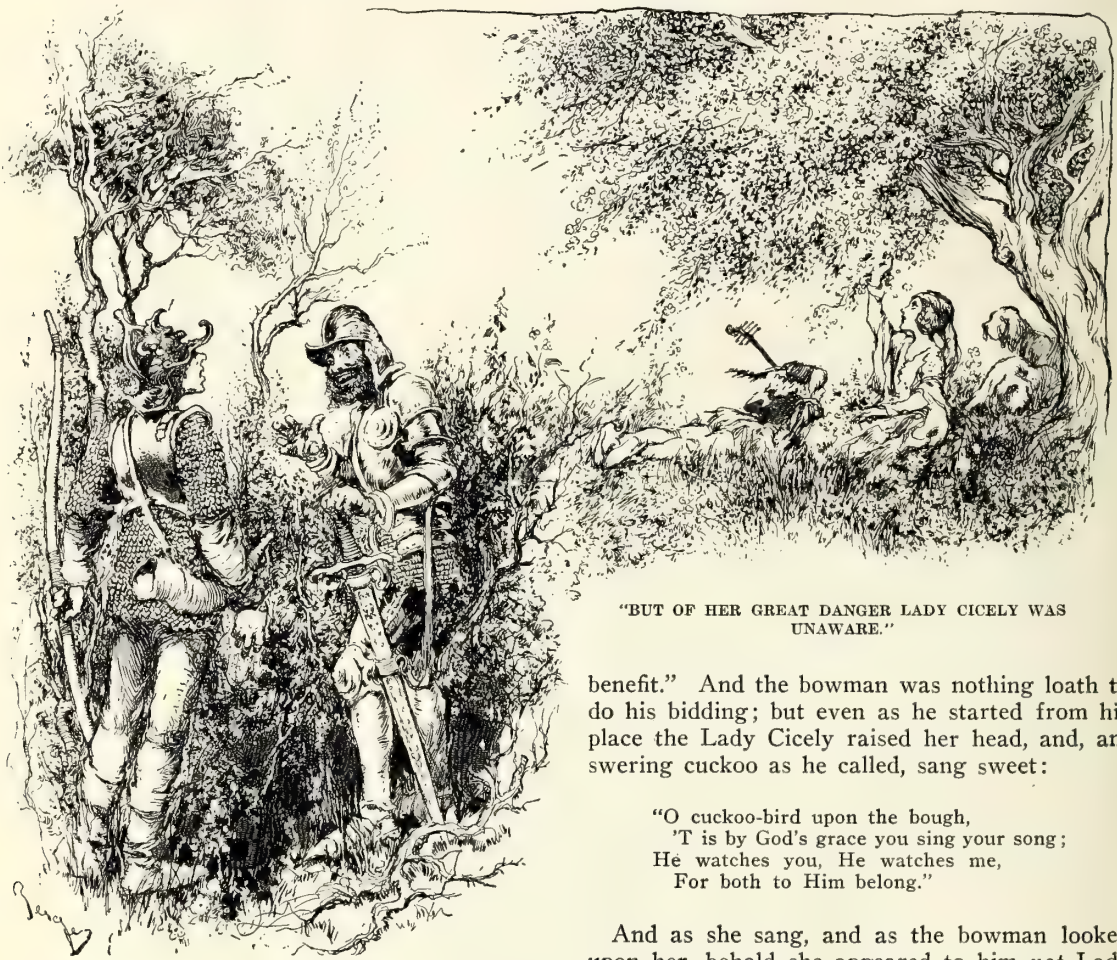
But of her great danger Lady Cicely was unaware. Her hands were filled with blossoms which the little page had plucked, and as she saw their beauty she sang for very happiness:

"O little flowers of the spring,
'T is by God's grace ye bloom so fair.
He watches you, He watches me,
For He is everywhere."

And lo, as the henchman listened to her song and looked upon her he seemed to see *not* Lady Cicely in the fields with the little page beside her, but his own young daughter who, he could have sworn, was many a mile away! And his feet were holden to the ground and he could not move, let who would bid him go.

And when the baron saw his plight he bade the bowman seize the Lady Cicely and the little page with her.

"I trow the pair are worth their weight in gold," said he; "and of that gold, ye too shall benefit." And the bowman was nothing loath to do his bidding; but even as he started from his place the Lady Cicely raised her head, and, answering cuckoo as he called, sang sweet:



"BUT OF HER GREAT DANGER LADY CICELY WAS UNAWARE."

"O cuckoo-bird upon the bough,
'T is by God's grace you sing your song;
He watches you, He watches me,
For both to Him belong."

And as she sang, and as the bowman looked upon her, behold she appeared to him *not* Lady Cicely singing 'mid the flowers, but his sweet sister in whose company he oft had sought the May! And his feet were holden to the ground and he could not move, although his master raged.

Then said the Robber Baron: "Witchery or no witchery, vision or no vision, yonder maid shall be my prize!" and he would have gone forth from the copse to make her prisoner had it not been that Lady Cicely and the little page, having plucked their flowers and woven their garlands, turned at the moment homeward. And their path led them close beside the little copse, the young green of which concealed their enemies. So closely did they pass, that by the stretching of a hand the Robber Baron could have hindered them.

Yet his hand was holden, for as she passed, the Lady Cicely sang for very happiness:

"The tender flowers, the birds and I—
'T is by God's grace we greet the May.
He watches us, He watches all—
Fear not, but love and pray."

And as she sang, and as he gazed upon her, the Robber Baron seemed to see *not* Lady Cicely with her garlands gay, but the angel face of his own mother, long gone to paradise. And he fell upon his knees to pray; from whence he rose a wiser and a better man.

But as for Lady Cicely, she went, and the little page with her, to her father's house as merrily as she had gone forth. Nor did she ever know how great a miracle God's grace had wrought while she was out a-maying.



WHITE AND GOLD

BY ELLEN MANLY

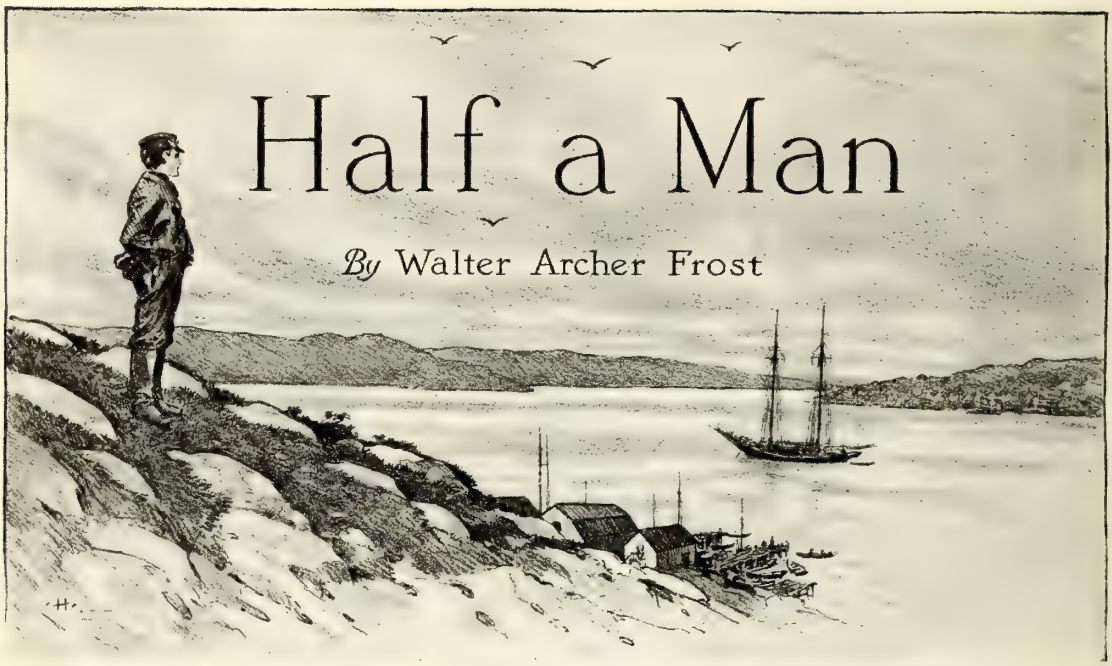
WHERE the meadow grasses waved,
Down amid the clover,
Constant as the day was long,
Stood a gallant lover.
Dandy Mr. Buttercup,
In his coat of yellow,
To the Daisy bowing low—
Faithful little fellow!

Daisy, in her bonnet white,
Smiling at him brightly,
Every time he bowed to her
Bowed again politely;
Promised him her heart of gold
As she stood beside him.
Never, never, would they part,
Whatsoe'er betide him!

By came Mr. Western Wind—
Careless, idle rover;
Whispering to the meadow grass,
Playing with the clover;
Shook the bowing Buttercup,
Stole his coat of yellow,
Left him looking most forlorn,
Poor unlucky fellow!

Then he met the Daisy fair,
Spied her pretty bonnet,
(Naughty Mr. Western Wind!)
Set his heart upon it;
Rudely took it from her head,
Brooking no denying;
Down upon the meadow grass
Sent the ribbons flying!

"Oh, my coat!" cried Buttercup,
"I shall need it badly!"
"Oh, my pretty bonnet white!"
Sighed the Daisy, sadly.
"Never mind!" said Buttercup,
"What care we for weather?"
"Nothing," answered Heart of Gold,
"Since we 're still together!"



Half a Man

By Walter Archer Frost

Off outside the harbor the wind still lashed the smashing seas to a lather. The gale had blown the worst of itself out, but everything was loose yet and the sky looked dirty.

In the harbor, though, all was snug, and *The Charming Lass,* comfortable at her moorings, courtesied daintily, bow into the wind, her long, keen cut-water slitting the in-swaying seas.

She was a sixty-five-ton schooner, fitting out now for the cod-grounds, as every one in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, knew. But no one in all the bay knew it any better than Murdock Fraser.

The schooner had wintered at Trinity Bay. She 'd shot her big anchor down in the lee of the island and slept soundly there, frozen in, comfortable as an eel in the mud. And all through the long cold weeks Murdock had looked at her with admiration and longing.

For he came of a long line of fishermen. The sea and the lure of the rigors of a fisherman's life —they were what he dreamed of; he hungered to be about the work which had summoned his father and his grandfather and those of his kin before them; he burned to be off on the banks, fishing for cod in one of the dories of a trim schooner that never took in a sail for anything.

That was why he watched *The Charming Lass* with such longing: he wanted to ship on her not as a cabin boy, but as a member of her crew. And word had gone about through Trinity Bay that the trig schooner was short-handed.

"It 's my chance," Murdock said to his mother. "I 'm only fourteen, but," he stretched himself, "I 'm bigger 'n one or two o' th' men on her. I 'm goin' down an' try."

His mother smiled. He was good to her eyes: she knew that he was going to be big and brawny and powerful like his father. Murdock was her only son. She knew, too well, the dangers of a fisherman's life; and she winced at the thought of the boy's going. But she knew the call of the blue water. It was in her blood as in his. So she did not try to dissuade him.

"Try your luck, Murdock," she said, and touched his big-boned shoulder in veiled caress.

The boy laughed in his quiet way, and turned and walked down the path which led to the wharf. A dory was just putting out to the schooner, and Murdock jumped in, saying to the two men at the oars, "I want to see yer captain."

"Don't know 's he 'll want to see *you,*" said one of the men. But Murdock paid no attention.

A few moments later the dory made fast astern of the schooner, Murdock clambered over the rail, and stood on the deck. He was so dazed at finding himself here, where he 'd dreamed of being, that he hardly felt, for the first second, the heavy hand which fell on his shoulder.

"I 'm Cap'n Peter Johnson," a big voice rumbled above him. "You want to see me?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I hear you 're short-handed," and he looked up confidently.

"Meanin'," the big voice rumbled with the laugh in it, "you want to help me out? I got a cabin-boy already."

"That 's good," Murdock said, giving the captain a straight look from a pair of frank blue eyes. "It 's fillin' out yer *crew* I 'm thinking of."

Captain Peter Johnson smiled more than ever. "But you 're only half a man. You could cut bait, mebby, but—"

"Yes, I kin cut bait as good as th' next," Murdock said, "but what I want is to do my trick at th' wheel, an' take my turn with th' oars in the dories, an' handle my lines *after* they 've been baited. Then when I'm through, I want my *lay* like the other men."

Captain Johnson stopped smiling. "How old are you?" He liked the boy 's confidence in himself, but half a man was n't a whole one, and no captain that ever sailed blue water was more painstaking than Captain Johnson in picking men for his crew.

"I 'm fourteen," said Murdock, honestly, "but my name 's Murdock Fraser."

Captain Johnson nodded. He knew the Frasers of Trinity Bay. "You 'll be a good man for me in four or five years, but now you could n't even haul up the jumbo."

The "jumbo" was the big jib. Murdock knew this, and looked forward eagerly. "Lemme have a try at her! No," he corrected, like the sailor he said he was, "you don't want her set while you 're fast to th' bottom."

Maybe Captain Johnson felt himself weakening; or it may be that he thought of the toll the sea already had taken of the Frasers. Be that as it may, he said sharply. "Into th' dory, boy! I 'll have two o' th' men take you back to shore!" Murdock said nothing. A lump had risen unexpectedly in his throat. He walked slowly astern, the captain following him.

Then, when the men started clambering over the side, the boy made one last appeal to Captain Johnson. "Mebby I am only half a man, like you say; but if you 'd let me ship, you 'd find I 'd work like a whole one."

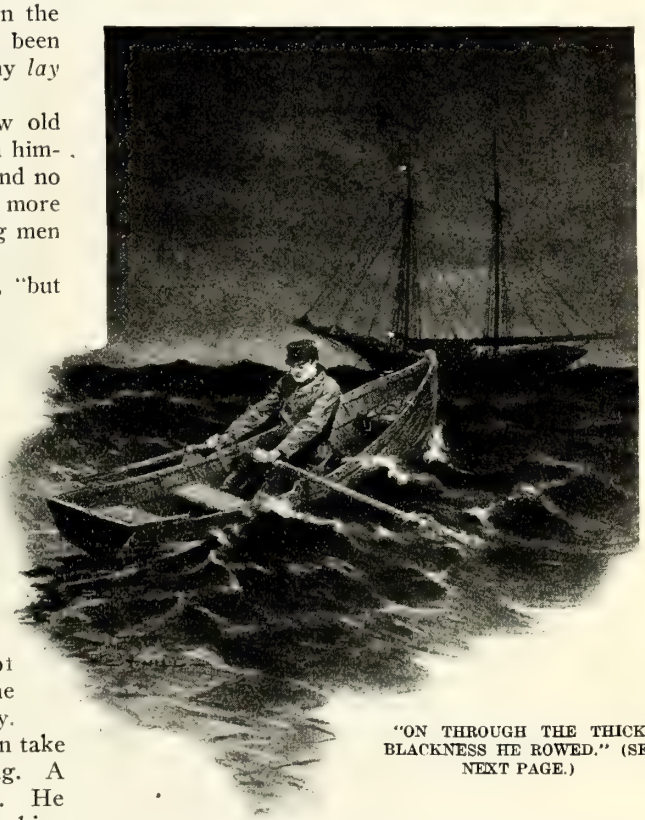
"Cast off that line!" was the captain's only answer. The boy leaped into the stern of the dory. Then, humiliated, and heavy with disappointment, Murdock was rowed ashore.

"But I 'll ship on her yet!" he told his mother that evening at supper. "She 'll take me 'long with 'er when she clears," he said, as the night came down. "I 'll work like a man and get my lay like the rest, and the money 'll help us here."

The *lay* meant the individual share of each member of the crew of the catch of cod. He was trying to reassure his mother and, understanding this, she nodded and said, "Yes, Murdock, it 'd help." But, like him, she knew he was answering the irresistible summons of the sea.

So she was not surprised when he kissed her and his sisters good night, and, instead of going to his room, walked forth into the darkness which had held the harbor like a cloud of ink.

But through this seemingly impenetrable gloom the boy walked swiftly with sure tread; off, out



"ON THROUGH THE THICK BLACKNESS HE ROWED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there in the harbor, he could see the riding-lights of *The Charming Lass* as she swung: a red lantern to port and a green to starboard.

Half-way to the wharf he left the deeper path for one of his own making. A few moments later he was at the beach, where his own boat was moored. Easily she slid into the water, down the "slip" he 'd made of spruce sticks. The oars found the locks apparently of their own instinct. Then he headed the boat for the stern of *The Charming Lass.*

In the rush of the waves he might have rowed without regard to the sound he made, for the click of his oarlocks was drowned by the breakers. But he rowed with his nicest pains. He

pulled carefully, too, taking the larger seas bow on, and shipping not a cup of water.

On through the thick blackness he rowed, now sinking deep between towering black cliffs of water, now riding high on their snowy crests. Elated and confident, he rowed on. His spirits mounted even as he mounted the waves, but, unlike the waves, they suffered no depression.

He felt like shouting aloud in his ecstasy. Last night he would have so shouted. But he set his lips grimly now—as he thought a man would do—as he believed a sailor would do, a fisherman who was joining his mates aboard the schooner.

"Half a man?" Murdock said to himself. "I 'll show 'em I 'm a whole one!"

But there was that immediately ahead of him which was to tax severely this new manhood of his, and he knew it; once he reached the schooner's side, he could make her rail easily, but his own boat he must say good-by to.

Now was the ordeal, for he came suddenly on the schooner; checked the momentum of his row-boat by thrusting his hand against the schooner's side; in another moment was over her rail; for a long heart-beat tried to catch once more the clean lines of the boat he loved—then he let go her line and saw her drift astern into the blackness.

"I hope Rory McAuley remembers and watches out for her," Murdock said to himself. He had outlined his plans to Rory, his playmate.

Then the half a man, who was going to prove that he was a whole man on this cruise of *The Charming Lass,* stole noiselessly along the deck to the port stack of dories. The instant his hands found them, he undid the rope which made fast their canvas covering, crawled into the top dory, fastened the cover over the top again, and re-tied the rope as best he could.

Then he stretched himself comfortably on the dirty bottom of the dory. And when *The Charming Lass* got her hook up, just before dawn the next morning, and her sails sang up, and she sprang happily before the thrust of the fair wind, she carried forth on her over the blue water a half-a-man whose presence none of her crew was aware of, but whose heart was singing.

It was not until the schooner had raced over many miles of tumbling sea that Murdock slipped the rope and slid out to the deck from the dory. He had breakfasted on what his mother had put up for him. He had slept happily. He held his sturdy body well erect; the roll of the schooner was joy to him—but, for the moment, his heart was somewhere below his boot-tops.

Drawn by some power he could not explain, he turned, and met the keen eyes of the man at the wheel. A roll, as of thunder, seemed suddenly to envelop the boy. But it was only the roar of the helmsman. "Get below, an' tell th' old man we got a stow-'way!"

"Yes, sir," said Murdock. He obeyed, and he did it proudly: no matter what the result, he was being sent, as a member of the crew, with a message to the captain.

Knowing his way about a schooner as well as if he 'd never been off her in his life, Murdock went swiftly to the captain's state-room, knocked, then, at the brusque command, opened the door and touched his thick hair:

"Man at th' wheel says we got a stow-'way aboard, Cap'n," said Murdock Fraser. "W— w— what 're we goin' to do with 'im, Cap'n?"

Captain Peter Johnson reflected, or seemed to. He was angry, and he was not one to forgive easily an infringement of his orders; he was on the high-seas now. On *The Charming Lass* Peter Johnson was a despot. That is to say, he was the captain of the schooner, and what he said *went.* On the other hand, this "stow'way's" obstinate perseverance appealed to him.

But Captain Johnson had selected his course and would not diverge from it, for he was obstinate himself. Fixing the boy with penetrating glance, the captain said. "Seen this stow'way, have you, Fraser?"

Murdock's heart leaped. "Yes, s-sir."

"Is he the Cape Bretoner that come aboard us in Trinity Bay, afternoon 'fore we cleared, Fraser?"

Murdock's brain reeled. "N-no, sir."

"What sort o' looking man *is* he, then?" asked Captain Johnson.

Murdock looked down, then up, straight into the captain's eyes. "He ain't very big, Cap'n, this man ain't, but he says he can do th' work—" Murdock gulped.

Peter Johnson leaned slightly toward Murdock. "Say, Fraser," he began, "you don't mean that kid I sent ashore in a dory 's stowed away onto us?"

And poor Murdock could answer only, "Yes—sir."

The captain nailed the boy with a stern stare. "Then, Fraser, you tell this here stow'way to jump to the galley an' ask th' cook for a job peelin' potatoes. I remember that kid, he was n't even half a man. Tell 'im if he touches a line or a dory or speaks to any man aboard but th' cook, I 'll know what to do to 'im."

"He can do a man's work," Murdock cried desperately. "He 'll *prove* it."

Captain Johnson was at the boy's side in one bound. "He 'll learn obedience first!" roared the captain. "Get to the galley!"

"Yes, sir," Murdock cried once, then fled—as ordered.

"You 'll peel potatoes, an' you 'll wash dishes an' wipe 'em, an' you 'll scrub decks, an' you 'll clean bunks, an' you 'll clean lamps, an' you 'll sweep this galley, an' you 'll sew on buttons, an' you 'll mend clothes, an' you 'll wait on th' table, an' you 'll be cabin-boy's helper, an' you won't have time to be a fisherman," said the cook, grimly, having his orders from the captain.



"'SEEN THIS STOW'WAY, HAVE YOU, FRASER?' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

And that, Murdock sorrowfully found, was what he 'd won by stowing-away on *The Charming Lass*. On she flew, seeming to skim the blue water like a gull, on, on to the cod-grounds, the paradise of deep-sea fishermen.

Her decks were alive with the eager energy of the crew; the bait was of the best; the lines were sure; the hooks filed painstakingly; the dories tight; the oars and oar-locks ready for the water.

But Murdock, bending over his scrubbing, or spending himself on any one of his other monotonous duties, felt as far removed from the life of the flying schooner as if he 'd been buried in the bottom of the Sydney mines.

More than that, the captain had forbidden him so much as to speak to any member of the crew. As a result, he was thrown for companionship on the cook and the cabin-boy. The former was taciturn. The latter, two years older than Murdock, was a blundering bully, who welcomed Murdock as one he could domineer over.

"Half-a-man," the cabin-boy would say, "get more elbow-grease into yer sweepin' this galley. Huh, you ain't even *half* a man; you 're only a *quarter!*"

The cabin-boy's name was Herbert, and he threw his jeer at the boy who had been working since five in the morning like a Trojan. Then, as Murdock did n't so much as look up, Herbert began again: "You ain't even a quarter of a man. You 're only a—"

"I 'll show you what I am, if you want me to," Murdock said abruptly.

Herbert snatched the broom out of the other's hand, and stood over him. "Now show me!" Then, because he mistook Murdock's calmness for cowardice, Herbert sent his open hand to Murdock's face.

At the same instant, Herbert felt a solid fist crash against his side. He struck out with all his power, and Murdock slid across the narrow galley to the ladder. But Herbert's rush to pin the boy in the corner was met and broken before it was fairly started. All the larger boy knew was that something caught him with the clutch of a cable about his knees; he was lifted, swung clear off the floor, and slammed down with a force which dazed him. Then he was jerked to his feet and flung, big as he was, on the cook's bunk.

"You lie there!" a deep voice said quietly. And Herbert obeyed that quiet voice, for he 'd found what was behind it. And when Herbert got up, some twenty minutes later, he 'd lost all his bully and brag. He walked over to the other side of the little room and held out his hand.

"I was wrong: you 're *more* 'n half a man: you 're blame near a whole man," said Herbert to Murdock Fraser.

After that, the two boys worked side by side and came to be good friends. But, though gratified, Murdock was not satisfied. He had convinced Herbert, but he wanted to convince the captain.

Murdock longed for some chance to show that, though he was only a boy in years, he could do a man's work on a fishing-schooner. Hour after hour, while Herbert slept soundly in his bunk, Murdock wrestled with his problem. Every morning he rose determined, that day, if any opportunity came, to prove the truth of his boast to the captain.

But it seemed that no chance would come. *The Charming Lass* made the fishing-grounds; the covers were snatched impatiently from the dories; the boats were shot to the water; in leaped the crew, two men to a dory, and off the boats raced to see which should make the first trip back laden down with cod.

There were nine men, counting the captain and crew, and Murdock hoped that he 'd be allowed to make the tenth when the time came; but the fifth dory went out with only one man in her, and the boy watched her disconsolately. What would n't he have given to have pulled an oar and handled a line with the rest of them! What were tumbling mountains of water and floating ice to him? He yearned to be fighting them.

So it went, day after day. There was a wealth of cod running; the dories came back and back to the clean sides of *The Charming Lass,* emptied their loads, and went back to the fishing. Indeed, the cod were so keen in their biting that when the schooner was nearly full Captain Johnson ordered Herbert, the cabin-boy, to take a line with the ninth man in the fifth dory.

"Too bad, Murdock!" Herbert said honestly. "Wish t' you were comin', too."

But Murdock said nothing; by his promotion Herbert had been converted, for the time, to a member of the schooner's crew so Murdock could not speak to him.

The boy went back to his work in the galley, heavy-hearted. For he told himself that his last chance to prove himself in the big captain's eyes was gone now. In the morning would be begun the cruise home; on *The Charming Lass* he 'd have showed his worth only in the galley.

There he seated himself listlessly on the cook's bunk. What was the use of hoping? No use! He was n't good for anything. If he had been, he 'd have found a way of proving it. Over in the corner, between the foot of the bunk and the stove bolted to the floor, the cook dozed. All the work was done. Murdock set his teeth. How he hated this opportunity for idleness! How he sorrowed that no chance had come!

An hour passed, two, three.

Then something, instinct surely, roused him, sent him swiftly up the ladder, and turned his keen eyes over the schooner's rail. None too soon, either. For down from the Straits of Belle Isle had come a gigantic ice-floe. Now, silent as death, it was closing in grimly, inexorably, on *The Charming Lass;* once those two yawning jaws of ice closed up the blue water, nothing could save the schooner.

No time to cry out to the sleeping cook, Murdock knew. He sprang to the wheel, spun it over, and lashed it, having caught in a twinkling the narrow path of safe water that led to the open sea beyond. Like lightning, he had lashed the wheel, then he dashed forward to the "jumbo," the big jib, broke out the frozen rings, then flew to the sheet-line and began to haul.

"I got to get her up!" he cried aloud between his clenched teeth, as he hauled desperately. "I got to get her up, for we got to get steerageway!" Would the rope never start? He flung his weight on it again, but still it was not starting.

Then, as he 'd seen men do, he made the rope fast on the cleat, and, catching the up-haul at shoulder-height, he hurled himself on it, then outward toward the rail, and the sheet sang free with a suddenness which almost sent him and the released line overboard. Then he hauled, hauled, hauled, felt *The Charming Lass* heel, hauled once more with all his strength, made fast and sure the line on the cleat, then dashed aft to the wheel, released its lashing with one hand, then spun the wheel until the schooner came in line with the safe lane of blue water and ploughed gaily ahead through it.

And that was the sight which gladdened the desperate eyes of Captain Peter Johnson, who, rowing hopelessly for the schooner on which he had seen, too late, the ice closing in, now sank back in his seat, his hand gripping on the thwart to steady himself.

"Who done *that?*" Captain Johnson demanded of the man in the bow seat. "Who knew enough to do th' only thing that could 've saved her?"

"Not th' cook, he did n't," said the other man. "No, sir. He could n't 've brung 'er out like that in a thousan' years. See 'er come! Look at 'er!"

The Charming Lass, though she had only the jumbo set, was dancing daintily along the blue lane as if she were laughing at the on-creeping ice each side of her. She had half a mile yet to go, but she did n't seem worried. Her jumbo filling until it stood rigid as sheet-iron, the schooner danced onward. Each instant the ice closed in more, but she continued on her way as if the whole thing were a joke, or as if she knew that, let the ice threaten as it would, she was safe in the capable hands of one who understood her and loved her.

"Bring 'er more to starb'rd," yelled Captain Johnson, though he knew his voice could n't carry that far.

Simultaneously he saw the schooner's clean bow swing just the right degree to starboard; and while he watched, spellbound, *The Charming Lass* slid through the last fifty feet of the blue lane into the safe open water.

Then, as if that were not enough, she swung

still farther around, though not enough to spill the wind out of the jumbo, and bore gracefully down to where the dories, now clustered, were watching her.

"I 'm coming up into th' wind," called a voice from the wheel. "Then I 'll stand by for you!"

And Captain Peter Johnson, good man that he

shoulder. "They 's another schooner layin' there, a..' I figured they might be able to spare us an anchor."

Captain Johnson looked down at the boy, then put a big hand on his shoulder. "Take the wheel again, Fraser," he said, "an' head where you was goin' to—Lark Tickle Cove. We need that anchor.



"HE LEAPED UP AND ROARED THROUGH HIS BIG HANDS, 'AY, AY, SIR!' "

was, sprang up in answer to that hail. He leaped up until he towered on the thwart, and he roared through his big hands, "Ay, ay, sir!"

The cook, white-faced, said: "He done it! I was below. Look here where the ice started piling over! It 'd carried away the anchor, snapped th' chain, an' got a lot o' th' gear. Two minutes more, an' it 'd got *us!*"

"Yes, of course," said Captain Peter Johnson. He looked about him. "Where 's he gone to, that boy—I mean that *man?* Fraser," he said, when two of the crew dragged the boy up from where he had retreated to the galley, "where 'd you have headed th' schooner for if we had n't rowed for you?"

And Murdock said: "I 'd 've took 'er to Lark Tickle Cove, sir," jerking his head over his right

In a little while I 'll have *another* member of the crew relieve you at th' wheel. I want to see y'u."

And what Captain Peter Johnson said to Fraser, the new member of his crew, is best shown by the fact that when *The Charming Lass* danced back into Trinity Bay and shot her mud-hook down through the blue water, a sturdy boy went ashore with his mates in the dories. He 'd signed articles for the next cruise; he had two hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, representing his *lay* of *The Charming Lass's* record catch —nine hundred quintals of cod. His head was held well back, his chest swelled full, wide, and deep, he whistled a sea song as he faced off up the dock; and with a deep-sea roll, he strode up the path to his mother's cottage. For the half a man was a whole man, and he 'd proved it!



THE VERMONT CANNING-TEAM GIVING A DEMONSTRATION.

THE FOUR-H FAIR AT SPRINGFIELD

BY ROBERT FORREST WILSON

Of all the fairs that have been held in the United States, there never was such a fair from the standpoint of American boys and girls, as the one conducted in Springfield, Massachusetts, for ten days during the month of October, 1917.

To this fair came boy and girl champions from ten States, holders of their state championships. New York State sent her teams; so did New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania; while the banners of all six of the New England States were carried into the lists. In all, two hundred and fifty boys and girls—a few more girls than boys, if anything—chosen from nearly two hundred and fifty thousand rival aspirants in those ten States, groomed like race-horses for a contest, performed for ten days under the eyes of anxious coaches and settled questions of Northeastern supremacy.

About that time we had been hearing talk about big crowds. The world-series baseball games had just been played off. But the smallest crowd that watched the boys' and girls' teams at Springfield on any one day was larger than the largest crowd attracted by the champion baseball teams. It is estimated that nearly four hundred thousand people traveled from every section of the northeastern United States to Springfield, attracted by the great interstate exposition and its brightest feature, the exhibition given by the boys' and girls' clubs of the ten States.

No athletic contests in this country have ever brought out such huge crowds of spectators; nor were these athletic contests. The champions at Springfield were champions in the arts that will make America a more prosperous and better land, champion corn-growers, champion pig-raisers, champion gardeners and canners, champions in home handicrafts—in short, the "Four-H" champions of the northeastern United States. The team contests were demonstrations of skill. The audiences of adults admired the skill—and took notes. Four-H daily spread its doctrine of "Make the best better."

What the Four-H clubs are can be answered by any reader of the last number of St. Nicholas, or by any of the 850,000 boys and girls who form its present membership. By the end of this year, according to present estimates, there will be nearly two million young Americans who will be able to tell by personal experience what Four-H means. This vigorous organization is enlisting young people more rapidly than any other.

For the benefit of those young folks who may not yet have been brought in contact with the movement, it should be explained that "Four-H" is the trademark of the boys' and girls' clubs conducted by state universities in coöperation with the Federal Government through its Department of Agriculture. The four H's stand for Head, Heart, Hands, and Health, one initial appearing on each of the four leaves of the clover that is the official talisman and emblem of the club movement.

But perhaps the best answer to the question was the Four-H exhibition at Springfield. There the Eastern States sent their blue-ribbon Four-H products and their blue-ribbon Four-H boys and girls too—the best collection of either ever assembled in one place. Nearly half of one of the splendid new buildings on the exposition grounds was devoted to the boys and girls.

Long aisles led up and down amid the exhibits of Four-H products: the tiers above tiers of beautifully canned fruits and vegetables packed with the skill of professionals; the great ears of corn, the prize potatoes, the blue-ribbon vegetables from many a town garden. Arranged on the tables were admirable specimens of juvenile handicraft, either with the needle or with the plane and other tools; and also the essays that must be submitted with all exhibits, manuscripts most carefully written and sometimes ingeniously bound and illustrated. For ten days these aisles were crowded with admiring visitors.

But the Four-H show was by no means confined to this one building. The boys' and girls' clubs of the Eastern States sent so many prize chickens to Springfield that the management erected a large tent to accommodate the entries. The poultry clubs constitute one of the most popular phases of the Four-H work for both town and country young folks. The youthful chicken-fanciers study poultry-raising from one of two viewpoints or from both: chickens for eggs and chickens for meat. Some of the most successful poultry-raisers in New England to-day are either members of the Four-H clubs or graduates from them. Some of these members are gaining national fame for the strains of fowls they are developing, selling their prize hatching-eggs far and wide over the United States.

The story of the Four-H pig clubs in the East is a thrilling one. The project is one of the most popular of all; and it is rapidly invading the towns and cities. The municipal authorities, who formerly regarded pigs as nuisances in towns, lay aside their prejudices when the Four-H members demonstrate in what cleanly quarters pigs can and should be raised. In fact, if you would hear a vigorous defense of the pig, just suggest to a pig-club member that a pig is an untidy creature. The reply is sure to be that a pig is as clean as any other animal if you give him a chance to be clean. The authorities that once forbade the keeping of pigs within the corporate limits of towns are now accepting this view of it. The suburban town of Englewood, New Jersey, has recently permitted the keeping of pigs by Four-H club members. In Massachusetts many of the 2250 pig-club members in 1917 lived in the municipalities. They raised 2800 pigs, producing nearly 600,000 pounds of pork for a hungry world. Some of the most successful members are girls.

Prize specimens of these metropolitan porkers and their country cousins, scrubbed and polished within an inch of their lives, made the Four-H



GIRLS' TEAM JUDGING CANNED FOODS.

section of the swine building at the Interstate Exposition respectable in size. The pig sweepstakes was won by the exhibits of Harold French, a seventeen-year-old boy of Hudson, New Hampshire, whose cash prizes won by various of his Four-H products in the past two years have

amounted to a sum sufficient to send him to the state College of Agriculture at Durham, New Hampshire.

The club champions brought to Springfield by the exposition company were not there merely to pose in front of their exhibits. They were there to attend lectures, to engage in organized play, physical exercises, and folk-dancing (an expert pageant-leader from England conducted this part of the program), to compete as teams in demonstrations of skill and in judging contests, to take in the sights, and to have fun and instruction generally. No single picture of any moment of those ten days can be given, because so much was going on simultaneously all the time. Almost before the sun was fairly up, the first lectures and demonstrations had begun. The last event on each day's program was the demonstration of play or folk-dancing given by the club members in the Coliseum just before the evening horse-show started.



BOYS' TEAMS COMPETING IN JUDGING CORN EXHIBITS.

The exposition announcements called the juvenile meeting the "boys'-and-girls'-club food training-camp." But the truth is that the boys and girls were the teachers, and the crowds of farmers and farmers' wives who attended the fair received the training. The demonstrations of club work given by the competing state teams were always attended by interested adult spectators, who took copious notes for their own use later.

These demonstrations fell into nine classes, with five or six teams competing in each class, so that during the period of the exposition some fifty of these demonstrations were given. They were easily the most interesting feature of the Four-H fair.

The skill displayed by the club members in the demonstrations was a credit to the Four-H movement. I chanced to witness an open-air demonstration—three youthful Maine potato-growers showing how to mix and apply Bordeaux mixture to keep the potato plants free from disease. The lecturer of the group was, perhaps, the most interesting part of this demonstration, for he was a red-haired, freckled-faced, blue-eyed little chap in knee trousers, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age—just the type of boy that an artist would draw to illustrate a farm story. And it was easy to see that this boy was more used to the brown soil and familiar animals of the farm than he was to city crowds, for he was embarrassed and uncomfortable as he spoke, occasionally stumbling over his words and digging the toes of his shoes into the ground.

But his audience of farmers was not concerned with his rhetoric. This boy had been sent on the long journey to Springfield because he had demonstrated that he knows how to grow potatoes—and all New England wants to know how to grow better potatoes. As the red-cheeked lecturer recited his memorized talk, his two team-mates slaked the steaming lime and dissolved the bluestone; and presently the mixture was made and was being sprayed through a barrel-pump. The eager attention of the listening farmers never lagged for an instant.

The booths in which the girls' teams gave demonstrations of canning, drying (or dehydrating, as it is called), and garment-making, but particularly the canning, were constant magnets for the women who attended the exposition. The cold-pack canning method, which is rapidly gaining recognition even among commercial canners for being the best of all methods and which is the only one ever devised for the home canning of general vegetables, was developed in the Four-H club work. In consequence, the girl members of the champion canning-teams are the best experts we have in the use of the cold-pack method. The little auditoriums in front of these booths were always crowded with women paying close atten-

tion to the work and lectures of the girls and often taking notes for their own personal benefit.

The exposition authorities prescribed the following regulations for a canning demonstration:

> Each team shall can in public demonstration one quart of peaches, one quart of tomatoes, and one quart of string-beans or peas. Other fruit and vegetable products and meats may be substituted.
>
> Teams shall have proper uniforms, displaying the Four-H emblem on cap and apron.
>
> Medals will be awarded to members of the teams winning first, second, and third place.



FOUR-H BOYS JUDGING POTATOES.

This is the way the fourteen-year-old girl lecturer of the New Jersey team began her talk:

"We are from the Garden State, and there we produce everything that goes into canning — the fruits and vegetables, the can, and the girls to do the canning. Look at these carrots," holding up a prize jar packed by a New Jersey girl. "Is n't that worth while? Would n't it be nice to have shelves filled with such jars and be able to say, 'Look at the product of *my* effort'? People are getting different ideas about canning nowadays. Families that used to put up one hundred jars now put up seven or eight hundred. In my own home, Mama never thought of putting up more than one hundred jars. This fall we have eight hundred quarts. We will eat these foods this winter and save the staple products, and they can go to the boys across the water."



NEW HAMPSHIRE FOUR-H POULTRY TEAM JUDGING FOWLS.

And then those three girls, their equipment a two-burner gas-stove, a small kettle, three glass jars, and a basket of tomatoes, peaches, and carrots, proceeded to put up three pints of these food products, within an hour, turning out three jars so beautifully packed that they would have been sure to capture first prizes in any ordinary exhibition of cookery, carefully explaining each step so that the dullest listener could understand perfectly. The sweet, simple words of these girls, speaking the familiar mother-daughter speech of any well-ordered home, were more impressive to those who were there to learn the mysteries of cold-pack canning than any remarks of a paid adult lecturer could have been.

The work of the Vermont team, which won the medal in the home-handicraft-demonstration contest, was a revelation to those who, till then, had not known what the clubs do for a girl or boy.

One of the boys on this team stood up in front of an audience and filed two dull saws, whipped or crowned some rope-ends, spliced broken ropes in several ways, and then, after tying a number of difficult knots, challenged any one in the crowd to name a knot that he could not tie. Some down-east sailors in the grounds heard of this challenge and came around to the booth. They named a number of knots that no one else in the crowd had ever heard of before—no one except the Vermont boy, that is. He tied them all until, at last, one of the sailors remembered a knot used only by Portuguese sailors. That one stumped the champion.

The boy who gave this surprising demonstration is Charles Rathbun, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and he is only twelve years old. But knot-tying did not end his accomplishments, by any means. When this exhibition was over he stood at a work-bench in the demonstration booth and in two hours manufactured a perfect wooden spoon for use in the kitchen. So many housekeepers admired his skill in carving that he took orders for four similar spoons while he was at work on the first one.

Meanwhile, Charlie's two team-mates were busy with other demonstrations of home handicraft. One of them cane-seated a broken chair, while the other laid a section of concrete sidewalk, putting in first a foundation of crushed stone, then the rough concrete, and finally the top coat, smoothing and grooving it like a professional mason. While this trio won first prize and the medal, it was closely pressed for victory by several of the other teams. The skill of the juvenile craftsmen surprised the audiences, but not the other club members. They are used to such achievement in the Four-H clubs.

Thus in these demonstrations Four-H was performing its mission, which is not only to train the oncoming generation in scientific farming and home-making, but through example to turn adults to the use of these latest methods. Often fathers and mothers can be reached only through their children.

It would be impracticable here to describe all of these demonstrations, over half a hundred of them, demonstrations in market-gardening, in potato growing, in corn raising, in canning, in garment making, in poultry culture, in dairy judging, in farm and home handicraft, and in pig raising.

All were interesting, and competition was keen.

Victor Grohman, aged fourteen, and his team-mates Edwin Durie, aged thirteen, and Harry Demarest, another fourteen-year-old boy, all of Englewood, New Jersey, demonstrated at Springfield the use of a home-made potato-sorter invented by the boys of the Bergen County Potato Club. Victor, who acted as lecturer while Edwin and Harry operated the sorter, explained to the interested farmers that housekeepers like to have potatoes for baking that are all of a size, because they cook more uniformly, and that therefore sorted potatoes bring better prices than those indiscriminately mixed. Two years ago a farmer was an uninteresting object to Victor and farming a dull subject. But two years of Four-H club work have shown him that not only is farming an honorable and lucrative profession, but a fascinating one as well, and he now has the definite ambition to attend Cornell Agricultural College as soon as he gets through high school.

By no means is Victor Grohman unique in this respect. The Four-H county and state leaders that met at Springfield told many a story of city boys turning to the country as the result of their club experiences.

Robert Starkey was a member of the Four-H market-garden club in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Like most New England boys, his whole attention and ambition led cityward. Before he became a club member he would have regarded a career for himself as a farmer as a preposterous thought. But he became deeply interested in the scientific aspects of gardening, which, after all, is but farming in miniature, and as a result he took a prize for his garden products. The essay that he submitted to the exposition authorities along with his exhibit of vegetables began with the following sentence:

"It pays to win a prize, even a third one."

It paid Robert Starkey, to be sure. His prize was a week's camping-trip to Amherst, where the club boys' tents were pitched on the campus of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College. There were twenty-five boys in the camp that week, and Starkey received a medal for being the best all-round camper. This achievement, together with the lectures on farming that he heard at the camp, brought a new viewpoint into his life. This year finds him a full-fledged freshman in the agricultural college.

Dozens and dozens of such cases are being reported from the boys' and girls' clubs of the Eastern States, and from those of the entire nation, for that matter. Four-H is not only keeping country boys and girls *on* the farms, but it is turning city boys and girls *to* the farms; and in addition to the good it is working in town homes, it

is making the country a better place in which to live.

Each of the nine projects in club work that sent their teams and exhibitions to Springfield was divided into four sections—the exhibits of products, the written stories telling how products were raised or manufactured, the team demonstrations of some phase of each project, and finally the judging of products by teams. The individual team member who scored highest in three of these four sections was given a sweepstakes medal. The projects, as has been stated, were nine in number: market-gardening, potatoes, corn, canning, garment-making, poultry, dairy judging, farm and home handicraft, and pig raising.



DEMONSTRATION OF HOME HANDICRAFT BY A GIRLS' TEAM.

For instance, Arthur Sehr, of Westfield, Massachusetts, won the sweepstakes medal in the poultry project. His exhibit of fowls was best, and his marks in the judging of chickens and in the demonstration of some phase of the project gave him the highest total score.

Much emphasis in the club work is laid upon judging products. It is assumed that a boy or a man who does not know what a good pig or a good ear of corn is will produce good pigs or good corn only by accident. The work of the judging teams was closely followed by interested spectators. As an illustration to show how Four-H work trains the judgment in any line, the Maine potato team, including the freckled, red-haired boy, just for the lark of it entered the pig-judging contest, and won it against teams made up of pig-club boys and girls! The Maine boys had learned to use their judgment, and it did not fail them in the emergency. Yet judging pigs is a difficult thing. There are twenty-three points about each animal to be taken into consideration.

Each of the nine Four-H projects had space in the exposition buildings for its exhibits. Of these, none was more interesting than the display of articles manufactured by members of the farm and home handicraft clubs. Nearly every exhibited article of this class had some useful purpose, while some of them were remarkable for the inventive genius displayed by their makers and the perfection of the work. There were automatic poultry-feeders, bird-houses, trap-nests, ironing-boards, and similar articles of household and farm use, all manufactured by these deft young craftsmen.

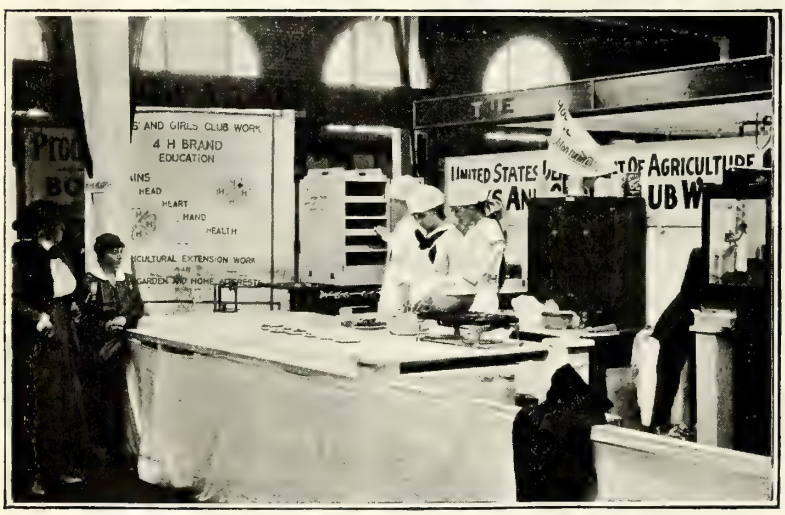
J. Ward Burns, of Whitman, Massachusetts, exhibited a model pig-house that was a marvel of completeness. The house itself was covered, sides and roof, with tar-paper; its miniature floor was painstakingly made of concrete; in one corner of the model was the pig's sleeping-rack, to keep him clean, according to the best swine-raising practice. A special prize was awarded for this exhibit.

A unique, unclassified exhibit was that submitted by Philip H. Wheeler, a Four-H boy of Brattleboro, Vermont. In two neat cases young Wheeler displayed twig-cuttings of seventy-seven different varieties of native Vermont woods. There surely is a fascinating suggestion here for youthful collectors everywhere. Even a city boy can study the trees and shrubs native to his neighborhood and can make collections; although it would be hard to make a more complete collection than Philip Wheeler's.

Another extraordinary exhibit was a collection of sixty different knots mounted on a polished board by Arnold S. Hyatt, an eleven-year-old boy who lives at Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. Arnold is the scion of a family of sailors; his grandfather and his uncles and great-uncles, old men still alive, sailed the Seven Seas when the young United States was a leading maritime nation. A few years ago Arnold was a victim of infantile paralysis, which crippled him for a long

time. To make the invalid happy, the gray-headed old sailormen used to visit him and tell him tales of the sea and show him how to tie the wonderful knots that are used on ships the world around. The judges voted Arnold a special award for his collection. The boy also submitted to the exposition a story entitled, "How I Learned to Tie Knots."

Indeed, the spirit of the Four-H movement, that infectious enthusiasm for service and good citizenship that the coöperative government clubs seem to instil into a girl or boy, is more completely expressed in the written essays than anywhere else; although often unconsciously expressed there, as in the case of the narrative written by the crippled boy of the fishing village, who carried out the Four-H ideal by learning deftness of hand when he could do no other useful thing. I wish I had opportunity here to quote dozens of these club essays. The individual written story of the year's achievement is a universal feature of the Four-H club work. Every member writes one annually. Those shown at the Eastern States Fair were the best, selected to compete for prizes on account of the "attractiveness and ingenuity displayed in planning the booklet and cover, the neatness of work, and originality and interest of the story"—to quote the official basis of award, which adds the sentence, "Illustrations either of photographs, cuts from magazines, or free-hand drawing will add to the score."



A GIRLS' TEAM DEMONSTRATING DEHYDRATING VEGETABLES.

These few random instances of interesting things give only a faint picture of the life and activity of the first great gathering of Four-H representatives. There is yet much that might be told—in fact, we have not, thus far, described the magnificent collections of canned fruits and vegetables, stacked to the ceiling, their strong, brilliant colors making these booths quite the most noticeable objects in the great hall where the club exhibit was quartered.

Gertrude Schulz, a fifteen-year-old girl of Roslindale, Massachusetts, carried off first prize with her eighty-seven varieties of canned vegetables and fruits. The Meriden (Connecticut) Canning Club submitted a beautiful collection of jars, taking a third prize. An eleven-year-old boy of Williamstown, Vermont, by name Francis Isham Wood, made an astonishing showing for one so young by sending to the exposition eighty pint jars, all different. Ella Buckler, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, received a third prize for her forty-seven kinds of canned foods. Her brother Willard is also of the Four-H royal family, being the Massachusetts pig-raising champion. His pig in the contest period gained 288 pounds in weight, costing the young owner 5.7 cents per pound, including his own labor. The Harvard (Massachusetts) Canning and Evaporating Club had an exhibit of dried foods, fine in itself, but particularly notable because the products conserved by this club of young people last summer were all sent to the soldiers in Camp Devens at Ayer, Massachusetts.

I could go on and tell of the exhibits of the Vermont maple-syrup clubs,—a unique Four-H project,—or the story of James Spadea, who astonished food producers by selling for $154 the vegetables he forced the soil to grow on eight square rods in the city of Brockton, Massachusetts. There are splendid stories from the exposition, too, about the boy corn-growers of the East and the practical demonstrations they gave of methods that are making New England soil as fertile as it was when the Pilgrims landed.

But enough has been told to show that the East has discovered and adopted the Four-H movement for boys and girls. The industry of New England had begun to decline because a dwindling agriculture has been sending up the cost of living in New England out of proportion to the cost in other sections of the country, thus driving factories to seek locations where labor can live more cheaply.

The new Springfield Exposition, backed as it is

by many of the leading men and women of the Northeastern States, is the expression of the will of the most populous industrial section of the Union to restore its farming. And by making the junior club movement one of the three principal activities of the association that conducts the exposition, the East has, in effect, turned to its boys and girls and said, "Our problem is in your hands; solve it." And the boys and girls, partly because Four-H work, with its spirit of contest, is fun, have set out to solve it.

The exposition is now two years old. The club exhibits have been given haphazard housing-space in the various buildings wherever it could be spared. But on the final day of the exposition came an announcement that thrilled every club delegate there. *The exposition authorities have decided to build in Springfield a magnificent exposition palace to be devoted exclusively to Four-H work.* The building may be ready in time for the gathering next fall. To the boy or girl of the ten Northeastern States who in five hundred words tells best what that building should be like, the exposition company will give *a share of stock* in the enterprise.

While the Springfield Exposition is the most ambitious agricultural fair that has ever been attempted in the United States, thus bringing together more state club teams than were ever assembled before in one place, yet for club members it may be only the foretaste of what is yet to come. Four-H is Uncle Sam's own organization for American boys and girls. In coöperation with the States, he pays a large part of the expenses from the treasury in Washington. The Springfield gathering has been so successful that the next logical step is a *national* field-day and annual exposition of boys' and girls' club work.



MANUAL-TRAINING FOUR-H CLUB EXHIBIT, SHOWING MODEL PIG-HOUSE.

Some day a great permanent plant, financed principally by the Federal Government, may be located in some central city, to which will come annually the champion Four-H teams from all the States to meet in contests that will absorb the attention of the whole nation. It is all a dream as yet, but it may become actuality; because the national leaders of the club movement came to Springfield in October and held the first tentative discussions of the plan. They talked of future congresses of American boys and girls of a scope and usefulness exceeding anything the world has ever known.



BADGES OF THE FOUR-H CLUBS.

LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

CHAPTER XIV

THE PARLEY

As the keel grated on the beach they all sprang out. In spite of the danger they ran of being attacked any instant, Dave glowed with excitement at the idea of actually setting foot at last on the island.

"What about the boat?" he said.

"The tide is going down," Tempest replied. "She 'll be all right for the present. Anyway, we can't carry her."

They took the precaution of carrying an anchor ashore and digging it into the sand, and then drifted like shadows through the bushes.

"Listen," said Tempest, softly; "I took my bearings as well as possible, but we 're working very blindly in the dark. I want to make for that hill. We shall be safest there. It will be mighty rough going, and you must look out that you don't break your necks. Stick together as much as you can. I grabbed a few biscuits before we left the boat. Goodness only knows when we shall get our next meal, but there 's no time to fool about with provisions now. Follow me, and don't call out unless you 're in trouble."

The next hour was like a nightmare to all three of them. Only desperate necessity drove them forward. Behind lay the possibility of being shot; somewhere in front stood a hill, the nature of which was unknown to them. Their only hope was to find some crevice which would not only provide shelter from the torrential rain, but also form a sort of stronghold. In broad daylight their task would not have been difficult, but the darkness was intense, and Tempest had to feel his way with nothing to guide him toward his goal except memory, which was fast becoming confused in the maze of tangled undergrowth. So long as the ground seemed to be rising, Tempest felt fairly confident in spite of the baffling conditions, but at length, when he stumbled into a gully and scrambled out, thankful that no bones were broken, he had to confess himself beaten. He no longer knew north from south, east from west. He had tried to force a passage through an impenetrable cluster of trees and had utterly lost his sense of direction while turning and twisting.

On consulting the others he found them equally befogged. Even the Kanaka could only guess in which direction the hill lay.

"Well, here we are, and here we 'll stop for the present," said Tempest. "I fancy the rain is easing off a trifle. There is n't much fear of Flagg prowling around in this particular spot with his pop-gun till it gets lighter, so we are safe as far as he is concerned. The moment we get a glimmer of the moon we can push on."

Standing there, with the rain trickling down his neck and his clothing sticking to him uncomfortably, bewildered, and more than a little tired, Dave began to wonder for the first time whether treasure-hunting such as this was worth the trouble. The chance of success was extremely vague, anyway; and the difficulties immediately in front of them were sufficient to damp the ardor of any one. He almost felt at that moment that he could barter his share of the problematical treasure for a square meal and a sleep, the round of the clock, in his own comfortable bed in far-away Brooklyn. He was fast becoming despondent when Bruce Tempest came to the rescue with his wonderful fund of cheerfulness.

"You 're very quiet, sonny," he said. "I can't see you, but you don't sound as though you were enjoying this."

"It 's exciting, anyway," said Dave.

"I 'll wager you never got anything at the movies that thrilled you as much," Tempest declared. "Everything is real, this trip, including the rain. You will remember it as long as you live. 'Pon my word, I believe it 's getting a shade lighter! Don't you think so, Jim?"

"See to go ahead bimeby p'raps," the Kanaka responded. "Rain stop pretty soon."

As a weather-prophet, Jim was a wonder. Sure enough, the rain did ease off about half an hour later, and a pale light showed from a hazy moon. Tempest, however, could not make out much of their position, as they were hemmed in with trees.

"Goodness only knows how we got here," he said. "Jim, do you think you could nose around a bit and try to spot where that blessed hill is?"

Without a word the Kanaka disappeared, nor did he return for some time. Dave was beginning to wonder whether the man had got lost, and was on the point of suggesting that they should give a call to him, when Jim reappeared as silently as he had gone. The moon was growing more distinct every moment now.

"Um hill over there," said Jim, pointing. "Come round this way."

Leaving him to take the rôle of guide, Dave and Tempest followed, and after a while emerged from the trees. A few hundred yards away the hill towered, but the ascent was difficult enough, even though they could now see where they were putting their feet.

"We must have wandered half-way round the island," said Tempest. "Jim, where 's the lagoon?"



"THREE FORMS EMERGED AND MOVED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE *NAUTILUS*."

"'Way across there, I think," the Kanaka replied, pointing.

"Well, all I can say is that it 's a mercy we did n't blunder down to the beach where old Flagg is," Tempest commented. "We went round in a half-circle."

It took the trio nearly half an hour to reach the summit, but when they gained the top of the "camel's back" they were in a fine position for observation. Not far below them was the placid water of the lagoon, and the black hull of the *Hatteras* was plainly discernible. Here, too, they solved the mystery of the *Firefly's* whereabouts. They had wondered where Flagg had hidden her. Now they could see her moored behind the wreck, in such a position that she would not be observed by any one entering the lagoon.

"I wish I had brought my glasses," Dave said.

"You 'd only have lost 'em in the scramble," his companion commented. "Besides, we shall be able to see all we want in a few minutes. Those clouds are rolling away fast."

Half hidden behind a rock, the three peered down at the strange scene for some time. The rain had ceased altogether, and the sand glistened silvery in the moonlight.

Suddenly Dave took a quick inward breath, and his fingers tightened on the rock he was leaning against.

Stealthily, silently, three forms emerged from the shadow below and moved in the direction of the *Nautilus*, which now lay awash, canting over slightly. It was easy to distinguish Joe Flagg.

"What 's their game now?" Dave asked, speaking in a low voice, as though afraid of being heard by those beneath, even at that distance.

"A little midnight exploration party of some sort," Tempest replied. "We 've got Flagg guessing, and he wants to be sure how things stand. He 's not getting much sleep, anyway, since we disturbed his operations. Look! they 're making a bee-line for our old tub, but what on earth they are after I cannot imagine, unless it is to make sure we are not on board."

"There is n't much there for them to steal," said the boy, and Tempest laughed softly.

"Flagg is n't that sort of a thief, lad," he observed. "It takes bigger things than what we have there to interest him. He is quite brainy, in a fashion. I guess they would tell us that in Dogtooth City, if we could ask them; but they have n't got any pleasant memories of him, you may be dead sure. No siree! Joe Flagg is up to some scheme, and I 'd give a lot to know what it is. He has the advantage over us for the moment, though. We can do nothing—except keep our eyes open."

Dave nodded. As a matter of fact it was all he could do to keep his eyes open, in spite of the mysterious manœuver that was going on under them.

Warily Flagg approached the *Nautilus,* and while he stood on guard with the rifle his two Kanakas climbed over the side.

"Good-by binoculars," muttered Dave.

"Good-by nothing!" was Tempest's rejoinder. "He may score here again, but the game is n't over yet. No, by jiminy, it 's only just beginning, Dave," he went on, warming up. "We 're all guessing now, but we 'll see who wins out in the long run. You can't argue much with a man who is holding up a loaded gun at you, and he knows it. So far that has been his one big advantage—that and the low cunning of sneaking off ahead of us. It 's going to be a battle of wits, boy, and there 's absolutely no telling what may happen, because he is foxy."

"We are three to three," Dave said.

"Three to three and a gun at present," Tempest corrected. "Great Mackerel! what are they doing with the *Nautilus?"*

The beach dropped at a sharp angle at the place where the boat had been left, so that in spite of the falling tide she still remained almost afloat. Flagg and his two assistants were putting their shoulders to her bows and heaving her off.

"They can't be going to cast her adrift," Tempest said, puzzled. "What would they gain by that?"

"They could starve us into accepting their terms," the boy suggested.

Instead of leaving the *Nautilus* to drift away onto the rocks, Flagg and his men climbed on board.

"See, they are taking her over toward the *Firefly,"* said Tempest. "Well, they 've captured her fairly. Still another point in their favor. Dave, boy, the battle is not going well with us. It 's about time for us to do a bit of scoring, but I shall feel like a piece of wet rag until I have had a good sleep. Jim, you did a bit of snoring yesterday. Do you think you could keep a watch on them while we turn in?"

"I sleep to-morrow," replied the Kanaka. "You sleep now."

He did not move from his position, leaning over the rock, while the others sought out a dry patch under a sheltering ledge; and like typical sailors they were both in the land of dreams a few moments later. It was broad daylight when they awoke, and the Kanaka still stood there like a statue.

With Dave at his elbow, Tempest looked down from their secure nook; and for the first time they were able to get a clear view of Tai-o-Vai. The peak on which they stood dominated the whole island, enabling them to obtain a wonderful panoramic view. The place was virtually oval in shape, sloping down gradually on three sides from the hill to the shore, and covered nearly from end to end with the impenetrable mass of trees which had proved such a formidable obstacle in the darkness. Beyond the trees the sea, now calm again, lapped the beach lazily. On the fourth side of the hill the slope was precipitous, forming almost a cliff, overlooking the lagoon cupped in its semicircle of rocks. No pathway led down that untrodden ground, but it was possible to scramble to the sea by taking a zigzag route.

"All is quiet in the enemy's camp," Tempest said. "There 's nobody moving about on the deck of the *Firefly."*

"What puzzles me," Dave said, "is why are they stopping here so long? Evidently they have n't found the platinum, or we should n't see their heels for dust. They must have made a fairly good search on the *Hatteras* by now."

"Surely!" Tempest agreed. "But Flagg must still have some hope, or he would have cleared out. The trouble is that we shall lose the game altogether if they do happen to strike the stuff while they are holding us off, for then they can put up their sails and leave us guessing worse than ever."

"The sooner we take a hand the better, then," Dave said. "What about making another attempt to come to terms with the old villain?"

"It 's worth trying," said Tempest. "At least we could n't lose anything. Let 's hold a council of war. Jim, we want to have a little powwow with that nice kind gentleman down there with the pop-gun, but he 's got a horrid temper, and he might forget himself and start shooting if he saw any of us. We won't trust him any more than he trusts us. What do you suggest?"

Jim looked down thoughtfully at the scene below for a while. "Um talk with Meester Flagg and not shooting, eh?" he said at last.

"You 've got the idea," said Tempest, encouragingly.

"Jim fix um up," he declared. "You come halfway down hill and wait."

"Don't you do anything rash, now," Tempest said. "We don't want to have him taking potshots at you."

The Kanaka grinned, which was the nearest he ever came to actually laughing. Without another word he began the descent, the others following. When they had gone within a hundred yards of the edge of the trees near the *Hatteras,* he motioned them to stop, and then he crept forward alone. While still hidden by the bushes he uttered a peculiar call, evidently intended to attract the attention of the other Kanakas.

There was no response the first time, and Jim repeated the cry.

This time an answer reached them faintly through the trees.

Jim began to speak in his native tongue. The sounds were meaningless to Dave and Tempest, who could only listen and wonder. After a while Jim came back toward them and beckoned.

"Meester Flagg stand ashore without gun and talk if you no go too close," he reported. "If you go close, he 'll grab gun and shoot."

"Very amiable of him, I 'm sure," Tempest said, as they went down to the beach. "I take my hat off to you, Jim, all the same."

Flagg had come off the *Firefly* in a dory, near which he was standing. Evidently the rifle was lying in the boat ready for any emergency.

"You 're looking well this morning," Tempest greeted him. "Evidently this climate agrees with you."

"I 've no time for fool talk," the other jerked back. "What have you got to say to me?"

"We just thought we should like to know how you are progressing."

"That 's my business," Flagg snapped.

"*Our* business, if you don't mind," Tempest corrected. "And really it is very generous of me to include you like that. Anyhow, I 'm willing to make one last offer to you. Let us work together on this job, and forget any unpleasantness there may have been, and split the proceeds into three."

"You 're in a nice position to dictate terms to me, are n't you?" Flagg sneered. "No, there is only one thing I will agree to."

"And that is?"

"I 've got your boat and your grub. I did n't ask you to come here. You can starve to death for all I care. You will do that pretty soon. The only alternative is that I 'll give your boat back to you if you clear right out."

"I am afraid Dave Hallard and I have come too far to agree to that, Mr. Flagg," replied Tempest, striving to keep his temper under these difficult circumstances. "Are you sure I can't persuade you to change your mind?"

"That 's all I have to say on the subject," said Flagg.

"In that case, all I can do is to wish you a good morning. It is to be war to the finish. I 'm sorry, because, to tell you the truth, I 'm beginning to believe we 're all on a wild-goose chase."

"What makes you think that?" Flagg asked suspiciously.

"That is my business," Tempest responded, turning his back.

"You 'll sing another tune when your stomachs get empty," Flagg snarled after him, a remark which Tempest did not deign to answer.

"Back to our stronghold for the present, Dave," he said to the boy. "He 's as obstinate as a mule, and it would n't surprise me in the least if he tried to hunt us out and force us off the island at the point of the rifle."

"Did you mean that—when you said you thought we were all on a wild-goose chase?"

"Partly," Tempest replied. "As a matter of fact, things don't look too rosy, do they? But I really said it to see how he felt on the subject."

"He did look a bit sick," Dave commented.

Chapter XV

A midnight venture

Dave and Tempest were by no means cheerful when they regained their refuge on the hill. The last of the biscuits had already been eagerly devoured, and all three of them had an uncomfortable desire to attack a hearty meal. Thirst, also, was bothering them a good deal.

"Something has got to give way soon," Tempest said, "or else Flagg will have a complete walkover."

"What a horrible thought!" Dave ejaculated. "And yet I don't see how we can live on the memory of a few biscuits for more than another forty-eight hours."

Tempest was leaning over the rock with his eyes glued on the *Hatteras.* Flagg and his assistants were doing something on the wreck, and sounds of hammering ascended—as though they were smashing woodwork. It was evident he meant to leave no stone unturned before abandoning his search.

"Sometimes I feel sorry I dragged you into this, Tempest," the boy said. "It looks as if it were going to turn out a fizzle."

"I 'm not sorry—yet," Tempest replied. "I 'll be able to tell you more about my feelings tomorrow. I 'm wondering whether that old vil-

lain really would shoot in cold blood if we went down there boldly and got busy on the *Hatteras*. It would be an exciting experiment."

"Too exciting for me," said Dave. "I don't like the look in his eye when he 's pointing the business end of that rifle at us. Yes, I 'm afraid he would shoot, because he knows it 's a long way to the nearest policeman. He could polish us off without a soul being the wiser except his Kanakas, and could say it was done in self-defense."

"I 'm afraid it may come to that at the finish," said Tempest, grimly. "Personally, I have n't the least desire to have holes bored in me. A crazy sailor once put a bullet into my ribs, and it was a distinctly unpleasant experience. All the same, I don't see how anything can be done now but an attack in force. Once I got possession of his firearms, I 'd make him dance. Whether we ever get any treasure or not, I should just love to come out on top in this deal, would n't you?"

"We might make a surprise attack somehow. I expect one of them is always on the lookout for something of the sort, though."

"A surprise attack is what I have been thinking of for hours," Tempest said. "But it 's a pretty difficult proposition, let me tell you. Jim, are you willing to take a bit of a risk? I 'll buy you anything in the wide world that you fancy, as soon as I can, if you 'll stand by me in this."

"What you do, Jim do," the Kanaka responded nonchalantly.

"Good man! All we can do is to wait for an opportunity, and then we 'll rush the citadel, so to speak. Not just now, however. It does n't look to me as though it would be exactly healthy down there at the present minute."

All day long the trio watched and waited, while the hammering and smashing on the wrecked *Hatteras* continued and the gnawing pangs of hunger grew steadily.

"I believe I could eat my shoes," Dave said desperately toward evening of the longest day he could remember.

"You 'll probably get all you want in the way of grub before morning, somehow or other." Tempest replied. "We are staking everything on this next throw, you know. If we lose and don't get hurt in the gun-play, we shall get our boat back, anyway. Flagg will be only too glad to see the back of us. If we win, we shall get our boat back just the same. So you can make up your mind to be ready for supper or a funeral."

At sunset Flagg and his Kanakas left the *Hatteras* and returned to the *Firefly* in their dory, one solitary figure remaining on deck on guard. An early moon lit up the scene distinctly—much too distinctly for Tempest's liking.

"Jumping Cæsar!" exclaimed Tempest, several hours later, "but I 've got a notion. Jim, you can swim like a fish, can't you? I have seen you doing stunts in the water that would make an otter green with envy. Thank goodness, I 'm fairly good myself at that game. There is one positive, certain thing, and that is that two of the men on that boat will be snoring like pigs about midnight. Two from three leaves one, or at least it did when I went to school. Dave, my son, I 'm afraid we shall have to leave you out of this little performance except as a spectator, though you 'll come in useful after the first stage. Jim, it is risky, but it is worth while under the circumstances. We will wait until the 'witching hour,' and then do our fish act. One of us may get potted in the excitement, and perhaps both of us, but we simply must do something, and this looks to me like a golden opportunity to catch Flagg napping."

As all remained quiet at midnight, the three descended the hill and made for the beach, inside the lagoon, but a considerable distance away from the *Firefly*.

"Not a sound, mind!" Tempest cautioned. "Everything depends on being able to steal a march on them. I know you 're just burning to come along with us, Dave, but you could n't do any good and two can do the thing more quietly than three. I want you to stop right here for about twenty minutes. I 'm afraid, if you move, you will be heard by their sentry, and the less alert he is the better. After a while you can creep through the edge of the trees until you are opposite the *Firefly*, and there ought to be something doing by then, though goodness only knows what it may be."

Stripped of their clothes, Tempest and Jim crawled down to the water's edge, taking advantage of a ridge of sand for cover most of the way. Dave stood watching, with his heart beating fast. This was the climax of their adventures, and he dreaded to think of the danger Tempest was running. He would have attempted to dissuade his friend from going, but Tempest was in no mood to brook interference. Nothing short of an earthquake would have held him back.

Sliding into the water like seals, the pair struck straight out, with the intention of making a wide detour, so that they could approach the *Firefly* from the seaward side. That, Tempest considered, would at least give them a better chance of reaching their goal without being detected. He was fully aware of the enormous odds that were against them—odds much greater than he had allowed Dave to suspect. Only desperate need had driven him to this undertaking. His

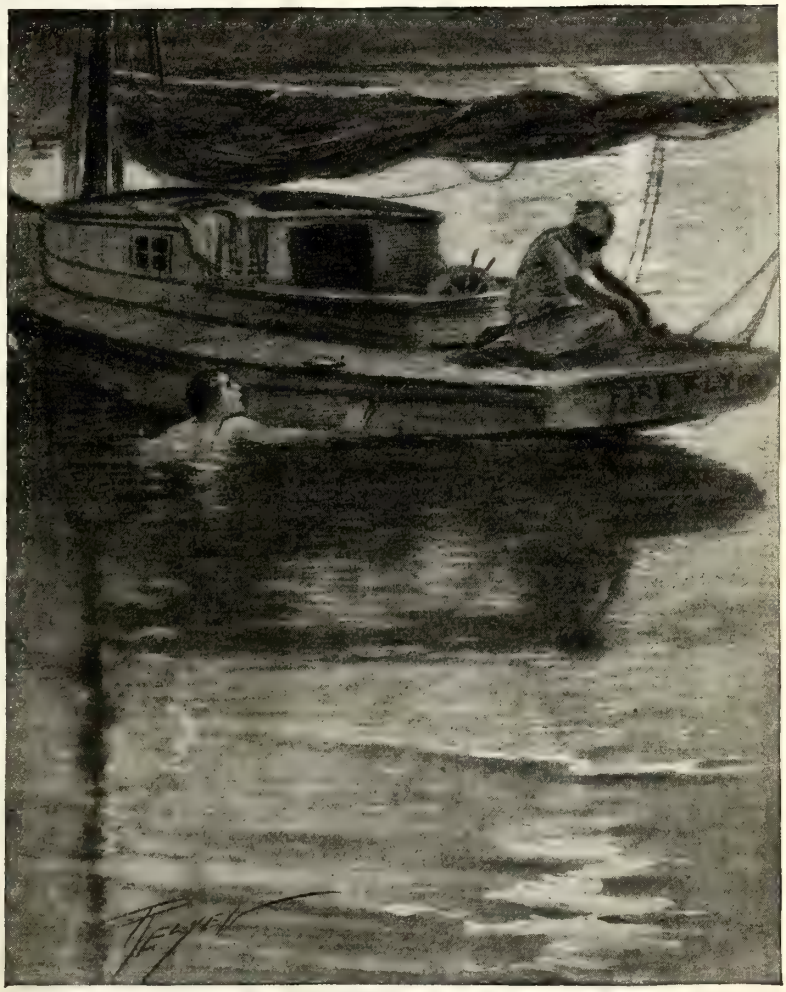
chief fear was that they would be seen from the *Firefly*, and probably shot before they had a chance to board her. If they did happen to be lucky enough to get on to the boat unobserved, they would still have their work cut out. He knew he could depend on Jim to stand by him, whatever occurred, but two men, unarmed, were not likely to have much chance against Flagg and his crew if it came to a rough-and-tumble.

These thoughts raced through Tempest's brain as the pair glided along for the first ten minutes. When he considered it safe to turn they headed straight for the *Firefly*, and the most hazardous part of the journey began. It was now more necessary than ever to exercise caution, for though the dark form of the Kanaka was almost invisible, Tempest's face gleamed in the moonlight occasionally. He swam under water as much as possible, coming to the surface only to take breath, and moving slowly so that scarcely a ripple marked their progress. It was eery work; and though Tempest was a brave man, a chill ran down his spine more than once when he reflected how probable it was that a bullet would be their greeting. One careless splash would be almost certain to attract the attention of the sentry on the *Firefly*, and Tempest did not like to think what an easy target his face would make.

The *Nautilus* lay anchored near the *Firefly*, and their object was to reach her safely first if possible. The suspense of the last stretch was terrible. The Kanaka now disappeared under the water for long distances, and showed little more than his mouth and nose when he came up again; but Tempest had not the marvelous skill of the South Sea Islanders. While completely submerged he progressed with powerful strokes, and he did not venture to take breath until his lungs seemed to be bursting.

He was never more thankful for anything in his life than when they reached the side of the *Nautilus*. Hanging on there, and taking a much needed rest, he listened intently before daring to make the next move.

Not a sound reached his ears. With infinite caution he paddled round the prow and, grasping the cable of his boat, raised his head a trifle.



"THE KANAKA WAS FAST ASLEEP AT HIS POST." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

This nearly ended in his undoing. At the stern of the *Firefly* one of Flagg's Kanakas was squatting, his head resting on his hand. Across his knees was balanced the rifle which had hitherto kept the invading force at bay. This much Tempest took in at one lightning glance, when his hand slipped on the wet cable, and the Kanaka spun round as he heard the slight splash Tempest could not avoid making.

Like a stone the swimmer sank and made for shelter behind the *Nautilus*, with a dreadful fear

that the lookout had seen him. The Kanaka, however, after staring in the direction of the noise, evidently concluded it must have been made by a fish, and settled down again to his vigil.

Tempest waited impatiently for a while, and then ventured to take another peep. The sentry did not appear to be particularly alert. On the contrary, it almost looked at that distance as though his head was nodding sleepily. Tempest held up a warning finger to Jim, motioned him to remain where he was, and glided through the water nearer to the *Firefly*. With infinite caution he placed his hands on the side of the boat and raised himself partly out of the water, until his face was within a few feet of the sentry.

The Kanaka was fast asleep at his post.

Tempest could hardly believe his good fortune. Quietly as a ghost he disappeared back into the sea, and swam to where Jim was waiting. At the far side of the *Nautilus* he gave his companion a few whispered instructions, and then the pair of them stole to the stern of Flagg's craft.

Inch by inch the two men raised themselves over the side, fearing to awaken the sleeping Kanaka with the slightest oscillation, but so carefully did they work that the boat hardly moved. The sentry was nodding peacefully when Tempest's hand closed over his mouth like a steel vise, and Jim gripped his legs.

The startled sentry instantly began to struggle, but he could only squirm. Tempest had him by the throat, and his fingers tightened. The terrified Kanaka showed no sign of submission. So far there had scarcely been a sound, but it would not have needed much of a scuffle to bring the other two on the scene. Tempest had no intention of choking the sentry. The situation was extremely critical, when Jim wrested the rifle away and gave the victim a blow on the head with the butt end.

The sentry collapsed, unconscious, and Tempest stood motionless for a while, listening to see if the sound of the blow had disturbed the others. There was no sign of movement, however, in the little cabin, so the unconscious Kanaka was lowered over the side, and Tempest and Jim towed his form to the beach. Dave appeared out of the shadows and approached them.

"You have n't killed him?" the boy asked anxiously in a whisper.

"No. You keep guard over him. Thump him on the head with a rock or something if he gets too lively. We may have our hands quite full enough with the others. Come on, Jim, quick as you like."

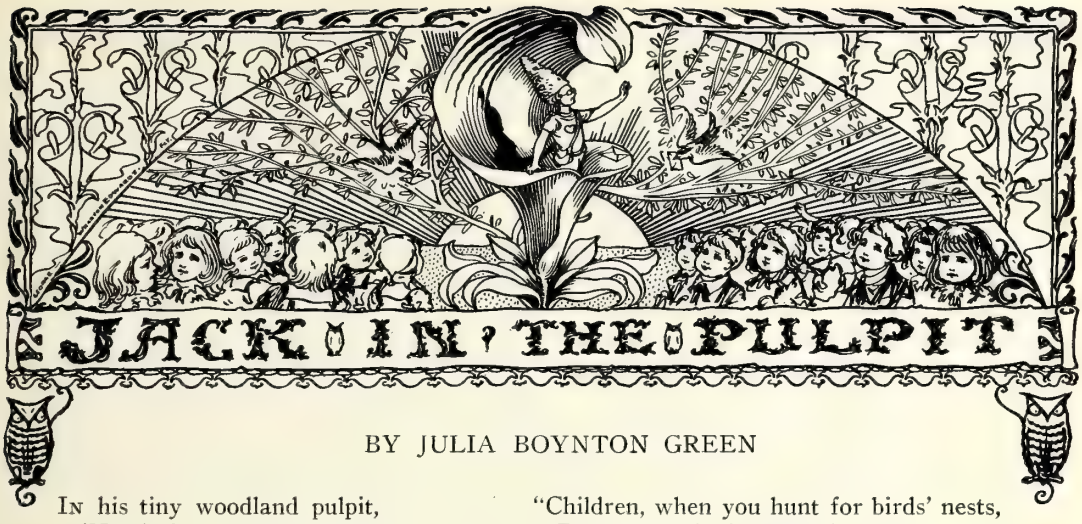
While Dave stood on guard over the captive, Tempest and Jim swam off again to the *Firefly* and regained her deck as silently as before. Flagg's bunk was in the cabin just forward of the cockpit. An oil lamp was burning, and by its light Tempest could see the form of their arch enemy reclining in his bunk. Within reach of the sleeping man lay a revolver, which glistened in the rays of the lamp. At the far end of the cabin was a door, evidently leading to the place where the other Kanaka was asleep.

With Jim at his heels, Tempest took a step forward.

(To be concluded)



"EARLY IN LIFE HE SHOWED A DECIDED TASTE FOR LETTERS."



BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

In his tiny woodland pulpit,
'Neath its pretty canopy,
Stands wee Jack, the flowers' preacher;
What a darling dominie!

Maybe we can hear his sermon,
Children, if we creep quite near;
Oh, I know the flowers' language!
Listen, this is what I hear:

"Children, when you 're picking berries,
Do not gather every one;
Birds like fruit as well as you do,
Would you leave the songsters none?

"Children, when you hunt for birds' nests,
Do not touch the eggs, I pray;
For the little mother knows it,
And it frightens her away.

"Children, don't pick all the flowers;
That is greedy, I should say;
Leave a few for other children,
And to make the forest gay."

In his tiny woodland pulpit,
'Neath its purple canopy,
Stands wee Jack, the flowers' preacher;
Such a darling dominie!



SIGNS

BY ISABEL McKINNEY

I saw a tiny footstep in the sand beside the spring,
I heard some little laughter and the flitting of a wing,
And in a grassy open space I found a fairy ring!

On every stem and blade of grass were shining drops of dew,
Where somebody had hung them, and I know that it was you,
But when the spying sun appeared you hid yourselves from view.

Oh, little people, little people, only let me see!
You surely know you need n't be a bit afraid of me!
I 'll hide behind the fronds of fern, as still as still can be.



LIVING

BY A. H. FOLWELL

WISH *we* had a living-room;
don't I wish it, though!
A room that I could live in
and enjoy.
Jimmy's folks have got one in their brand-new
bungalow;
I tell you, Jim 's a mighty lucky boy!
Lots of windows, lots of sun, curtains pulled
aside,—
Ones that, *you* know, help the sun to shine,—
Cheerful chairs to sit in, and a couch that 's soft
and wide;
So different, their new house is, from mine.
Wish we had a living-room at *our* house!

Went past Jim 's the other night—could n't keep
away;
Stood across the road where I could look;
Living-room was lighted up almost as bright as
day;
Jimmy had an arm-chair and a book.
No one thought to draw the shades; guess they
did n't care;
If people saw, they would n't run and hide.
It made the dark seem cosy as I was standing
there;
It did n't seem like snooping, and I sighed:
"Wish we had a living-room at *our* house."

Auntie says a living-room is nothing but a fad;
That parlors once were plenty good enough.
Our parlor 's like a funeral; you can't help feeling
sad
When you see those chairs of black and shiny
stuff.
If you saw those window-shades, pulled down to
meet the floor,
And daylight worse than dark could ever be;
If it gave you chills in summer just to stand inside
that door,
I guess you 'd say, and mighty quick, with me:
"*Wish* we had a living-room at *our* house."



"WHEN THE WORLD IS ALL A-BLOOM."

WAR TIMES IN THE SUMMER CAMPS

BY ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE.

SOMETIME before the opening of the camps last spring, the National Association of Camp Directors for both boys' and girls' camps met in New York to discuss the part the camps were to play in the present world crisis, and what was to be the contribution of the boys and girls in summer camps toward winning the war.

We had heard rumors here and there that the camps would be closed, or offered to the Government for military purposes, but that would have been a great mistake. For the Spanish War taught us that every man can help his country by guarding his own health. Besides, the summer camp is the very best place in the world to develop patriotism among boys and girls, for the spirit of the camps has always been the spirit of service, and if any other place can produce more genuine enthusiasm, we have not yet heard from it.

When the girls' camps opened, they were fuller than ever, and every one was committed to a program that included war-time activities besides the regular schedule of work and play, and which, in spirit at least, was not far behind the army camps. For while the boys in the military camps were occupied with patroling, signaling, marching, and hiking, the girls were following a similar program with trail-making, wigwagging, hiking, and scouting, and for "detail" Red Cross work, first aid, gardening, canning and preserving, home nursing and dietetics.

Everywhere the spirit of patriotism was in the air. For example, a visitor driving up in the early evening to a certain camp on a Vermont hillside tells how he was arrested by a sharp note from the bugle, and instantly every figure on the grounds, whether in the tents or on the verandas, on tennis-courts or piers, drew up taut and stood at attention while the bugler played to the colors and the flag was lowered. Next morning before breakfast the camp assembled around the pole at a call from the bugle, and after two honor-girls had raised the flag they all pledged allegiance with equal ceremony. Many of the camps have always used the regulation army bugle-calls for the daily schedule, and some have had on their program the raising and lowering of the flag; but now that we are in the war, these ceremonies have been instituted in many more and have become a part of the daily program.

The Fourth of July was a memorable occasion for camp girls. On that day, by common consent, the flag-raising ceremony was to take place at about the same hour in all the girls' camps throughout the land. Any further program was to be a matter of choice. In one place a group of camps which are near neighbors in a beautiful lake region combined for an all-day celebration. The exercises began in the early morning with the raising of a fine new flag at Camp B. At a given hour all the campers assembled by the side of the big flagpole by the lake shore and stood in waiting. Then a burst of song came through the woods beyond, and soon a double line of girls in brown and white from Camp A swung down the path, marching in close formation with marshals at their sides. Guides from Camp B went out to meet the visitors and conducted them to their place on the other side of the pole. When all were in place they joined in pledging allegiance to the flag and in singing the national anthem. After that, Camp B's hymn was sung, and both sides formed in line and marched back to the shore of another beautiful lake, where Camp A's flag was raised with the same ceremony, followed by their camp hymn.

The effect was beautiful and inspiring—the setting of woodland and lake, the loyal campers in brown and green, the expression of their allegiance in word and gesture, and the sight of Old Glory floating out above it all, under the blue of the open sky.

But that was not all. A series of patriotic tableaux followed, enacted by the camps jointly. The first represented Betsy Ross leaning over a balcony and presenting the flag to General Washington, who was stationed below mounted on a fine steed, with his aide by his side. The next began with the entrance of "Paul Revere," who dashed by on a spirited steed with a shout that the British were coming. Another, representing the "Spirit of '76," with men, women and children in the procession, ended the morning program.

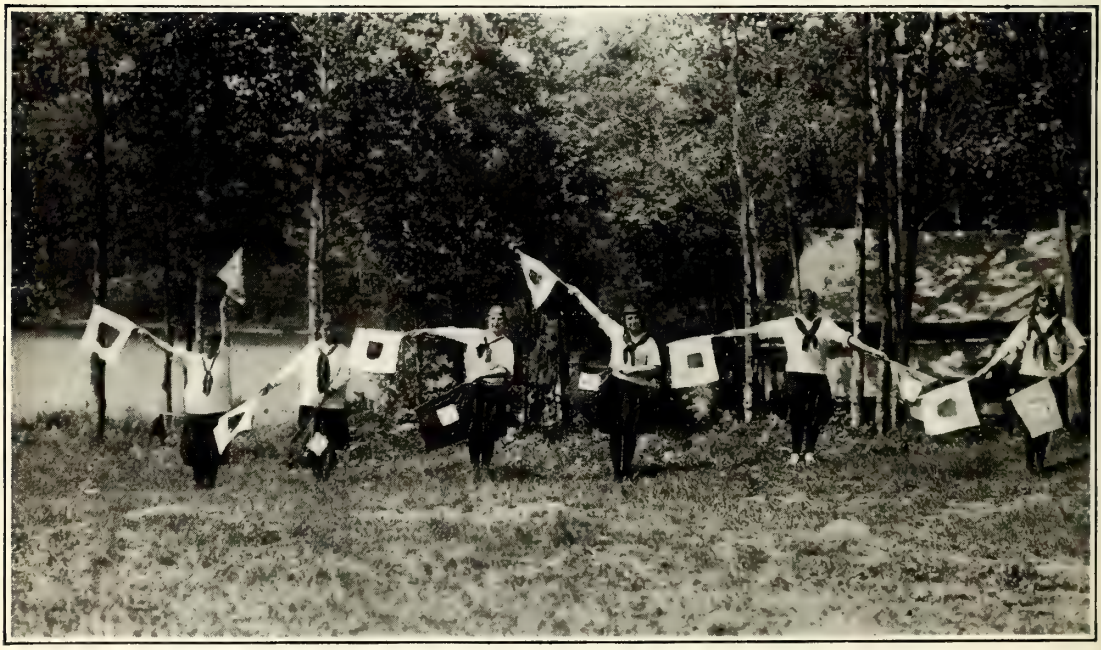
In the afternoon, Camps A and B were entertained by the third camp of the group, Camp C, about two miles away. The program consisted of a lovely pageant, representing the wakening of America at the call of her sister countries, given in a romantic setting of green lawn with a line of mountains in the background. Outside visitors were admitted, and a generous offering was made for the Red Cross. After the pageant and a basket-ball game between Camps A and C—no camp program is ever complete without sports—they all made merry through the evening with



WORKING IN THE WAR-TIME GARDENS AT A GIRLS' CAMP.

supper, songs, and games in the light of a prodigious bonfire.

Intercamp celebrations have been held each year in this region, sometimes with ten camps uniting. In the summer of 1916, even before we entered the war, a stirring patriotic celebration was held, when ranks of campers in blues, browns, and greens, nearly a thousand strong, marched side by side under the shadow of a great mountain—a part of the program of the annual Intercamp Frolic. What the celebration will be in 1918, you can imagine for yourself.



A CLASS IN SIGNALING.

Although patriotic demonstrations make their appeal to the campers, there are more practical expressions that have a bigger place in camp life. Last year a great deal of honest effort went into the camp gardens. What came out of them, we are not exactly prepared to say: but since the seasons in New England are extremely short and the campers leave early, perhaps the good country-people who stay on after the campers have scattered to all parts of the country could tell us more about harvesting the crops. For the rest, we have but to turn to the various camp periodicals to find spicy allusions to the war-gardens and the well-meaning efforts of the workers. One tells of a camp girl who was visiting her brother's camp, and, being shown through the garden, became suddenly interested in one of the plants. "Oh!" she exclaimed, pulling off a stalk, "what is this plant?" Her brother's answer—he was a younger brother—was brief, and his tone somewhat withering. The answer was "potato."

Another tells of a set of determined camp girls who tackled a rocky field on a barren New England farm, although everybody told them the season was too far advanced for planting. The rocks certainly were baffling and farm help well nigh impossible, but the girls set out to remove them themselves. This aroused the sympathy of a man in the neighborhood, and he offered his help. They cleared a little space, and succeeded in setting out what proved to be a very fair garden. With the aid of an expert in transplanting they had the satisfaction of eating their own vegetables before the end of the season. Their own account of it, however, is not strictly in accordance with the facts, but rather shows that, as camp girls always manage to do, they had a good time out of it. It runs in a song, set to the tune of "That's a Peculiar Thing":

I planted a radish in my gar*den*,
And reg'larly every morn,
I got up sharp at five o'clock,
To water it 'fore the dawn.
I raked and weeded and spaded and hoed,
Though told to let it alone,
But, after weeks of labor spent,
All that came up was a stone.

Chorus.

Now that's a peculiar thing.
Now that's a peculiar thing.
I planted a radish, I planted a bean,
But neither of these has ever been seen.
Now that's a peculiar thing,
Now that's a peculiar thing,
If any one here does n't hear what I say,
I say it's a peculiar thing.

The most popular war activity in all the camps, as it is at home and school, was the Red Cross knitting. The gardening had its regular hours, but knitting went on all day. Like Mary's lamb, it went everywhere the campers went. It occupied morning assembly and crafts-hour; it went to the ball games and held the side-lines; and even at competitive water-sports it was found on the shore-line or in the waiting canoes. One girl became so absorbed in knitting a sweater that she walked off the edge of the pier with her knitting in her hand, and, as the story goes, the dropped stitches had to be picked up by a diver from the bottom of the lake. At the end of the summer a good supply of comfort sets was turned in to the Red Cross from the summer camps.



"THE CAMP ASSEMBLED AROUND THE POLE AT A CALL FROM THE BUGLE."

Work in the line of Red Cross bandages, compresses, and dressings was done also in many of the camps under the direction of a Red Cross nurse. First-aid courses were given, and proved very popular. All of this was optional, but, in the camp atmosphere, made a special appeal, and many a girl learned bandaging or treatment of fractures and worked for hours on compresses who would never have thought of such a thing at home.

In first-aid work, the camp girls learn not only the first principles of treating fractures, burns, and simple wounds, but above everything they are taught to keep their heads and remain cool

in an emergency. Instead of flying around and shrieking hysterically, "Oh; did you see the *awful* gash on Dorothy's foot?" she is expected quietly to set about binding it up and keeping others from exciting Dorothy. One camp has an interesting way of testing this kind of head-work. By a seemingly strange coincidence a series of accidents occur on the same day. Some one appears to be in danger of drowning, and the life-savers rush out to her rescue. They apply restoratives, and no sooner is she made comfortable than some one is reported to have fainted. Another, later in the day, meets with a rusty nail; and so on throughout the day, until it finally dawns upon the campers that it is all a "put-up job" to test them and to give them an opportunity to put into practice methods they have been learning.



THE MAY-POLE DANCE IN A JUNIOR PAGEANT.

Even the hikes last year had a patriotic turn. Parties camping out overnight tried to aid in food conservation by picking berries in the early morning, which they brought home to be preserved out of doors under the direction of a domestic science councilor. Many, especially among the older girls, were interested also in canteen cooking and lessons in food values. In fact, there was scarcely any kind of work in which a girl might want to engage that the camps did not offer. Not all, to be sure, offered the same things, but the girl who wanted to be of service was sure to find something that appealed especially to her. Some of the larger camps also gave training in running automobiles and motor-boats as a preparation for war emergencies, and signaling and wigwagging proved interesting to the girls in a chain of camps lying near enough together to permit signaling to each other from the high hills between.

Thrift, we are told, will win the war. Judging from some of the camp periodicals, however, "Hooverizing" made a stronger appeal to a hungry camper than doing without candy. Some, too, had original ways of raising money for relief work. This advertisement appeared in one of the camp papers:

> HANYE
> *The Famous Oriental Palmist will tell you everything about your life*
> *ONLY* 10c.
> *For the benefit of the Red Cross*
> *Hours*:—5.00 *and after supper till dark.*

Another advertises shampooing under the heading, "Why Kill Your Tent-Mate?"

The effort to raise funds has gone on and on, by means of self-denial, entertainments by groups of girls, and in many other ways. One camp, which has adopted three French orphans besides making generous contributions to the Red Cross and American Relief Fund, talks of adopting a whole French village. And now a beautiful plan has been set forth by the New York Section of the National Camp Directors' Association by which every camp girl can have a part in sending to the girls of France not clothing nor food, however important these may be, but something that no one else, perhaps, had thought about before. Through the camp girls of America the girls of camp age in France are to have what the sad experience of the past few years has taken from them—the chance to play.

Thus they will be able to share the spirit that characterizes our camp girls everywhere—the spirit of play and of laughter and of making the best of every situation, so that these girls may carry to their newly restored homes the kind of good cheer that American girls are bringing into theirs in these trying times.

The plan is set forth in the following letter which went out last fall to all the girls through their camp leaders:

To Camp Girls, Councilors, and Friends:

There is a girl in France of precisely your age, not many miles from Paris, who, until a few weeks ago, had not played a game in three years.

She would like to exchange places with you at your summer camp next year. Are you willing to exchange places with her?

This girl is playing games now. She is playing be-



TABLEAU IN A RED CROSS PATRIOTIC PAGEANT.

cause seventeen young women, nearly all of whom are graduates of Smith College, heard of her. Her sad plight touched not only the purses, but also the hearts of these seventeen young women, and they decided to give up the comforts of their American homes to go abroad and help the little French girl and scores of her sisters. These seventeen young women are now living in the stable of a ruined chateau, which by their own labor they have made fit for habitation. Among the group are nurses, a social worker, a doctor, a kindergartner, and a cobbler, all of whom speak French. They procure and furnish supplies for housekeeping and farming. They are getting the people together for social life, and recently arranged for the first service held since 1914.

A unit of Wellesley graduates will leave America very soon to bring renewed hope, life, and joy to a second group of French villages. Would you like to join this Wellesley unit? Since you are an American girl with red blood in your veins and with camping experience, of course you would; yet at the present time there is something more suitable for you to do. Will you, therefore, be one of the members of your camp to coöperate with several hundred members of other camps in sending a proxy to France with this Wellesley unit to do work for you? This proxy is a young woman, specially fitted for the work, who will act in the nature of a "councilor" to French girls. She will send you definite word while your camp is in session next summer, so that you may hear of the work she is doing in a particular village for a special girl. Every penny that you give will be devoted directly to the support of your representative.

. . . The girls' camps in America will join in a friendly rivalry to see which one will contribute the greatest sum *per capita*. Here, then, is an opportunity for you to show not only your camp spirit, but likewise your patriotism to our country and your desire to do a piece of constructive work in the present war.

The response to this appeal from the camp directors was generous and fine and was but one more expression of the patriotism, the spirit of



JEANNE D'ARC, IN A RED CROSS PAGEANT.

service, and devotion to the needs of humanity to be found in the summer camps.

A little camp girl in New Hampshire heard some one remark that the world war would prob-

ably bring the end of the world, and she exclaimed indignantly: "Well! I think it 's a mighty poor ending."

The campers all agree with you, Betty, but never fear! The end is not yet, and so long as there are such loyal, patriotic souls as the girl campers of this land, we can still hope to live to see the dawn of a lasting peace.



MINNETONKA CANOEING SONG

(To the music of "An Eton Boating Song.")

This is the song of the eager crews,
Racing home in their gray canoes;
Blue skies above, blue lake below,
Green shores around, and a league to go—
Only a league to the beckoning smoke
Of the birch logs burning under the oak,
And the brown camps clustered on the hill,
Where the pine-trees whisper, never still:

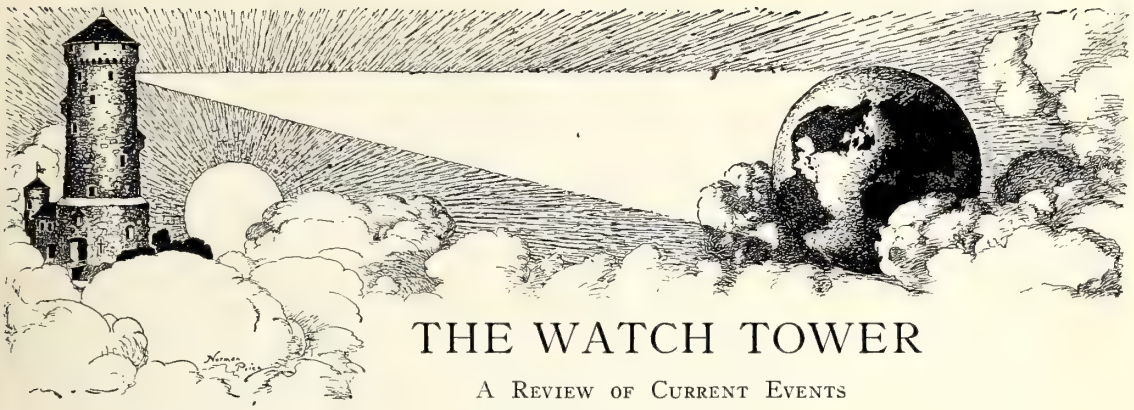
Across the lake together, we 're singing on our way;
Our paddles dip and feather, flashing, wet with spray;
Our gray canoes glide onward, swift over the waters blue,
As homeward we are swinging—our Minnetonka Crew.

In all kinds of weather, we 're swinging on our way;
Beneath clear skies and sunny, our laughter ringing gay;
The winds may toss the waters, the rains may wet us through,
But still we 'll sing together—our Minnetonka Crew.

And when our camping 's over, we 're scattered far apart,
Still we 'll sing together—in each loyal heart—
Our gray canoes so buoyant, our lake so crystal blue,
Our paddles tried and trusty—our Minnetonka Crew!

This is the song the paddlers sing,
As the spruce blades dip with rhythmic swing,
And sturdy arms urge on each blade
Until the light craft reach the shade
Of the sheltering pine-trees and the oak—
Only a league to the beckoning smoke;
Blue skies above, blue lake below,
Green shores around, and a league to go!

John B. May.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

THE MONTH

In March many people waited for word of the great German offensive on the west front; but it was delayed until three weeks of the month had passed, when a vast outburst of artillery ushered in what many military experts declared would be the greatest battle of the war.

Germany then held the territory in Europe that was hers before the war; also Belgium and northern France and wide areas in the east. She had removed the bar placed by Rumania and Serbia across her path of conquest to the south. She had forced Russia out of the Alliance of Democracy. She threatened, in her "war of defence," Japan in the Far East, Persia, and India. She had settled Finland's fate, and turned the Baltic into a German lake.

Not a cheerful state of things, this, for the Allies! But there was a brighter side to be considered. Germany had made it quite clear, even to the most confirmed doubter, that her ultimate purpose was nothing less than world-conquest. She had left the Allies no reason to think that anything short of a smashing military victory would change this purpose; had shown them that the only alternative to this was that of slavery to Germany. In a word, she had done all that could be done to reinforce the Allies in their resolve to halt the pirate Power.

It became more and more evident that Germany had her hands full in the east, and it began to seem possible that the very weight of her conquests might crush her. No one is so hated, so exposed to danger, as the conqueror who is brutal and a tyrant. And so to the Allies the springtime brought, as springtime should bring, not despair, but new hope, new faith, and new courage; the hope that the new, perhaps final, offensive might ere long be made by the men of Britain, France, and America; the faith that the Christ, whose resurrection we reverently celebrated in March, was ere long to prevail in the world against Teuton and Bulgarian and Turkish barbarity; the courage that is based upon righteousness and lasts as long as righteousness exists.

There has seemed, at times, no reason why Germany might not be destined to rule the world —*except* that such dominion would mean the end of justice and liberty on earth. And the American people, believing in God and His good purpose for His world, cannot believe that any power of darkness enthroned in Berlin can exile justice and liberty from the world while the freedom-loving nations devote their all to the sole mission of making and keeping the world safe for democracy!

THE GRAND OFFENSIVE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

On March 21 the Germans began their expected grand offensive in the west. From dawn to dark, in the most furious fighting of the war, they hammered at the British line.

After five hours of pounding by the artillery, the massed troops of the enemy crashed, in wave after wave, against the British defense. From Vitry to La Fère, a reach of fifty miles, out in front of Bapaume and Peronne, the great guns roared and the men in gray and the men in khaki fought for the fate of the world. The bitterest battling was near Cambrai.

Day after day the assault continued. The defending line was bent back, but not broken; and after a week of it, as the month drew to its close, there seemed good reason to believe that this was the high-tide of the war—that after this the German power must recede and that of the Allies steadily advance.

This great battle in the west was tremendously important. What Germany wanted was time to consolidate her conquests; and this meant, besides the task of policing an extensive territory containing millions of people hating her brutal power, the equally great task of restoring the war-wasted lands to productivity.

So in March, when the great offensive began, the civilized nations faced perhaps their greatest crisis, and faced it with the hope that at last they might be nearing the smashing military victory by which alone the powers of evil seated in Berlin could be prevented from wrecking the whole structure of Christian civilization.

GERMANY'S CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA

WHILE the German people were rejoicing over the "peace" with Russia, German armies were fighting the Russians. Such is the logic of Kultur!

The whole west of Russia lay at the mercy of the Huns,—an odd phrase!—and Germany was gobbling Russian territory in huge bites. The Teutons established a military base on the Aland Islands, which lie at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, between Sweden and Finland, and which belonged to Sweden before Russia acquired them. Germany made a treaty with Finland; its terms were not disadvantageous to Germany. The Finnish Government, according to one account, asked to have Prince Oscar, fifth son of the Kaiser, for their king.

The peace treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk and ratified by the Congress of Soviets is an interesting document. The western boundary line is to be fixed by a GERMAN-Russian commission. Russia is to evacuate Anatolia and the Black Sea states. Russia is to demobilize her armies, lay up her war-ships, and remove the mines she has planted in the Baltic and Black seas. Russia is to make peace with the Ukraine. Russia is to get out of Finland, and "remove" her fortifications in the Aland Islands. Russia is to keep her hands off Persia and Afghanistan. Russia will give up to Germany her richest oil- and mine-fields. Russia will hold out her hands to receive the German shackles. Russia will bare her back to the lash of the German whip. Russia is to enjoy a "German peace."

And unless Germany is whipped,—whether it takes one year, or five, or fifty to do it,—that is the blessing she will strive to confer on the rest of the world. England, France, and America might better be wiped out of existence than to accept from Germany anything but a complete surrender.

"EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE," WAR GARDENS, AND LIGHT BILLS

ON the fifteenth day of March the Senate accepted the changes made by the House in the Daylight-saving Bill and turned the act over to the President for signature. At two o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday, March 31, we set our clocks an hour ahead, and began calling noon, by sun-time, one o'clock.

The gentlemen in Congress who have brought about this change in our daily lives have assured us that it will make us all healthier, happier, and wiser; that it will make the war gardens flourish and the lighting bills dwindle—and what more could a reasonable person ask?

But some folks (old fogeys!) *did* feel that if the new time-system had been really better, the old one would not have been established. However, even they admitted that young men in offices and factories would be glad to begin work an hour earlier, so as to have an extra hour of daylight in the afternoon for baseball, gardening, or other profitable pleasure. About the worst they were able to say was that the same effect could have been produced by having everybody begin the day an hour sooner, without giving the hour a different number. And that was n't much of an argument.

The important European countries that have tried the new plan find it works admirably, so we are doing nothing very venturesome in following their example. If in the sunny weeks from the last Sunday in March to the last Sunday in October we get the same amount of work out of our days and the same amount of fun into them, raise more food, and save on light bills—why, then there will be good reason for the November WATCH TOWER to recur with praise to this part of America's war program!

"A GOOD TURN" FOR UNCLE SAM

THE opening of the Third Liberty Loan Campaign on April 6 found 26,086 Boy Scouts waiting to receive their medals for service in the second campaign, and eager to "repeat." And many other Scouts who did not win the medals of honor given for securing ten or more subscriptions last winter were firmly resolved to make good this time.

A year ago there were 203,571 Scouts "in good standing," and this year there are 310,646. With an army like that backing up his army in the home camps and the trenches Over There, Uncle Sam must have felt that his affairs were in safe hands!

In the First Liberty Loan Campaign the Boy

Scouts turned in subscriptions for $23,238,250. In the second, they secured subscriptions amounting to $102,084,100! The third—well, if the dollars are bullets, the Boy Scouts are doing some mighty effective shooting!



A POSTER FOR THE BOY SCOUTS' LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN

And the best thing about it is, from the boys' viewpoint, that their work is really men's work, big work, worth-while work; and from the viewpoint of the nation, that the youngsters are getting business experience and learning to accept responsibility.

As the Bureau of Publicity declared in its issue of March 25: "The work of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts in this great national effort will be not only of great practical service to the country, but of great educational value to the boys and girls in preparing them for patriotic useful citizenship. The patriotism of the young people of America is a guarantee of the future; it means good citizens and good Americans in the making. They are the citizens of to-morrow, and they are doing much to make the world safe for democracy when that morrow comes.

"The Boy Scouts have not only shown their patriotism, they have demonstrated their efficiency and their value to the country. With the Girl Scouts also enlisted in the work they must look to their laurels."

BUSY DAYS AT WASHINGTON

THE Congress and the administrative departments had plenty to do in March. The Overman Bill remained in the Senate Judiciary Committee, under debate. The Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Crowell, reported that the original Air Navy appropriation of $640,000,000 had been spent, and asked $450,000,000 more.

The House passed a bill which would make it a crime to obstruct the Liberty Loan in any way. Bernard M. Baruch was made chairman of the War Industries Board. This board has full authority to control production in every mill and factory in the country.

The Senate passed the War Finance Bill, with an appropriation of four and one-half billions, but with certain checks upon the powers of the corporation. The Fuel Administration issued an order, effective April 1, imposing a penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, on violators of the fuel rulings. Mr. Garfield is getting ready for next winter in good time.

Busy days, these, at Washington!

LABOR

AFTER President Wilson asked labor whether it was going to help or obstruct the Government, it became more interesting than ever to watch for signs of satisfaction or discontent among the men who work with their hands. The fate of the country depends largely upon their performance of duty in the present great national enterprise.

In March, Mr. Gompers, president of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy, signed and sent a message from that organization to the Russian people. It was a message of sympathy and encouragement: "We say, rally to the struggle against autocracy. Stand with us to the end for the right of all peoples to be free."

On March 3 a socialist body in New York denounced Lenine and Trotzky as "traitors to the socialist cause"; and on the same day the socialist state party convention in Pennsylvania ordered a message sent to the Bolsheviki in Petrograd, saying, "Your achievement is our inspiration."

Meanwhile the I. W. W.s are stirring up disorder, and there are signs of coming unrest, with the possibility of violence. The Government has interned a great many of these inciters of sedition, and will not deal gently with these and other obstructors of the national program.

But labor is loyal! The great army of American workingmen is standing staunchly by the Government—quiet, steady, and true. For they know that our Government has both the wisdom and the courage to lead the nation in the paths of honor and success, with the fairest possible treatment for every element of our vast and varied population.

JAPAN AND SIBERIA

THE newspapers have been looking as they did thirteen or fourteen years ago during the Russo-Japanese war, with names like Harbin, Vladivostok, Blagovestchensk appearing in the headlines. That is old, familiar ground to the Japanese; to the Russians, too—so much so that they hate the thought of Japanese soldiers operating again in that region.



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VLADIVOSTOK, WHERE JAPANESE TROOPS WILL LAND IF JAPAN INTERVENES IN SIBERIA.

While the rest of the Allies favored intervention by Japan, America preferred to give prime consideration to the wishes of the Russian people. In Japan itself there was much opposition to the project. The Constitutional party engineered this opposition in the Japanese House of Representatives.

The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce in New York sent a resolution to the Secretary of State, urging that Japan should be allowed to go in, if at all, only on the most definite understanding that the move should be temporary and that Japanese forces would be withdrawn as soon as Germany's advance had been checked.

Viscount Motono, the Japanese Foreign Minister, said it all depended on Russia's action. If she made a real peace with Germany, he said, his government would have to intervene.

Japan's closest relation with the Allies is that with Great Britain, which is embodied in the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

A despatch from Moscow, dated April 6, stated that a landing of Japanese troops at Vladivostok was effected the day before. The Japanese Minister declared that his country felt great sympathy with Russia and wished only the fullest realization of the revolution, but was compelled to take steps to protect the lives and property of Japanese and Allied residents—in view of the murder of a Japanese soldier and because there were no local organizations at the Siberian port that were able to maintain law and order.

It was announced also that a small English detachment had landed along with the Japanese column; and the Vladivostok Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies is said to have protested against the move and urged resistance to it as a "Japanese invasion of Russia."

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE TELESCOPE had a busy time of it in March. Argus, who had a hundred eyes, could hardly have kept track of all there was to see, even if he had had a hundred-barreled telescope to train on as many different parts of the world.

THE smaller European nations are all experiencing the difficulties of neutrality. In March, a new cabinet, the third within a year, took the reins of government in Spain. German submarines torpedoed some Spanish steamships. Spanish newspapers urged a "benevolent neutrality" toward the Allies, permitting Spanish workmen to go to France and Spanish goods to be sold to buyers for the American army in Europe.

The Government of Sweden made an agreement with the Allies whereby certain kinds and quantities of supplies are permitted to go into the country, and Swedish ships placed in the service of the Allies are insured by them. Neutral Sweden has neither good friends nor open enemies.

Neutral Switzerland was hungry, in March, behind her closed frontiers.

Neutral Holland was still balancing in the middle of the teeter-board, trying to keep the Germans' end and the Allies' end at equal heights —until, on March 21, the Allies took over all Dutch ships lying in the ports of England and the United States.

IN November the war cost us $982,000,000; in December, $1,105,000,000; in January, $1,090,000,000; and in February we spent $665,400,000 on our own account, and lent the Allies $325,000,000. The Federal Reserve system, established early in President Wilson's first term, makes it possible to handle these huge sums without embarrassment.

IN a special congressional election in four districts of Greater New York 31,958 women voted, of 32,205 registered. That is a very high percentage; but—more women ought to have been registered!

THE Secretary of the Treasury announced that an honor flag would be given to each town exceeding its quota in the Third Liberty Loan. It is to be hoped there is a vast quantity of red, white, and blue bunting on hand!

A CERTAIN pacific was drawn in the draft; but he failed to register, and was put in jail for three months. He did a lot of thinking during the period of his retirement, and, on being released, went straightway to enlist. He had come to the conclusion that his life was not more precious than the world's freedom. And the moral is: better devote the time to training instead of thinking.

A SPEAKER in the Reichstag stated that Germany's war debt was thirty-one billion dollars.

A CHINESE visitor in America said that China would put her millions of men and her vast material resources into the war against the would-be rulers of the world if the Allies, especially America, would help her solve her political problems. Some day China may be a mighty power among the nations. She has long been the chief example of national feebleness, but she has kept going several thousand years!

BRAZIL, electing a president and vice-president, "stood pat" on her war policy. A national election in war time is a severe test.

MANY of our boys have been saving a place in their albums for the new twenty-four cent stamp, which, it was announced, would be issued for use in the Air Mail Service between New York and Washington. Stamps are historical documents.

ARE the beans in your war garden up?



The New Parasol

I have a *bran*-New Parasol
That keeps Me *nice* and *shady*.
If I only had a Pocket-Book,
I would *feel* just like a Lady.

PEANUT-GROWING FOR BOYS

BY J. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

If you live in the "peanut belt" and are between the ages of ten and eighteen, by all means join one of Uncle Sam's "Peanut Clubs," if there is one near you or if you can get enough boys in your neighborhood to form one, for in the latter case you can secure from the Department of Agriculture plenty of instructions in peanut-growing, while a demonstrator may be sent into your district to help you.



ROOTS OF PEANUT-VINE.

But even if you do not live quite in the busiest section of the peanut belt, you may be where peanuts grow, and you can, on an acre of land, make in a season a profit that is surprising. Peanuts will grow in the lowlands almost anywhere below Mason and Dixon's line, in Texas and the other Gulf States, in Arkansas, in Tennessee, and as far north as New Jersey. The busiest and most profitable belt is along the coast of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and inland to the high hills.

Level, soft, dry soil, in a climate where there are no frosts until at least the first of November, will do for peanut-growing. Here is a little table that will give you a good idea of how some of the great many Virginia boys in the peanut belt have made money with an acre of land which they rented from their fathers or guardians:

	BUSHELS FROM ACRE	COST PER BUSHEL	PROFIT
R. C. Parsons, Little.....	150	71 cents	$118.50
Charles Sedivy, Sutherland.	143	47 cents	$147.29
Luther Peland, Sutherland..	127	28 cents	$154.94
Lewis Faison, Emporia....	125	20 cents	$162.50

At the time they were gathered, peanuts were bringing $1.50 per bushel. Many of the boys sold only a few to get ready money, and kept the remainder of their crop until the next May, when the price had soared to $2.30 per bushel.

I met Gordon Grizzard, of Greenesville County, Virginia, aged sixteen. He has been growing peanuts for four years.

"I planned on going to work in the city," he told me; "but now I would n't give up the farm. I am going to agricultural college this fall. I have several hundred dollars saved up; my crops from my three acres this year will more than double my bank account. I have a hundred-dollar typewriter and a Ford automobile that I bought with profits from my peanuts.

"In addition to the profit on the peas, I sold the pea-hay and made more money, and won some cash prizes. The Government does n't give cash prizes, but sends demonstrators who teach us scientific farming and enable us to make big profits. A northern packing-company gives the money prizes to encourage more boys to grow more peanuts, as this company cannot get enough of a supply for its peanut-butter."



A PEANUT-CLUB PRIZE WINNER AT WORK.

Other boys talked quite as enthusiastically. Eddie Williams, of Emporia, only twelve, cleared about $190 with his acre and the crop of clover

he grew first to fertilize the ground. In Newville, Virginia, at a country school, out of sight of any dwelling, I found peanut-club boys putting down a cement walk from the school door to the road.

Peanuts are sometimes planted in the shells,



VIRGINIA BUNCH PEANUTS.

but not many planters approve the plan, as the peanuts in shells must be soaked; and if anything happens that they cannot be planted at once, they spoil. Most planters shuck them. Boys are helped by sisters and all members of the family. They are careful not to remove the red, thin skin, and especially careful not to break off that pointed tip, which is the real germ of the peanut.

An ordinary corn-planter is used for planting, only it is adjusted to drop the peanuts closer than corn is dropped. A marker is attached to the planter so that while one row is being grooved out and the peanuts dropped in, a plain mark is made for the next row, and so on. The planter covers and rolls the soil down on the seed at the same time. About all that remains after that is to run a horse-cultivator or weeder between rows to keep out weeds and to stir up the top soil. If there are no rains, stirring the top soil, instead of allowing it to bake, keeps the moisture in and helps the growth of the plants.

In October or by the first of November the peanuts are harvested. There are different methods. The peanut is n't a nut at all, but a member of the pea, bean, and clover family. It is a legume and gathers nitrogen from the air and forms it in little bunches, or nodules, on the roots. If the hay is cut, it brings almost as much as alfalfa and is easily marketable, unless the young planter wishes to give it to his father as rent on the land.

Then a plow turns out the peanuts from the soil. The peanuts do not grow from roots, but on shoots which grow out from the plant above ground, bear a little sterile yellow blossom, and then shoot directly into the ground, where they "peg," that is, where peanuts begin to grow on them. The peanuts are pulled from the vines or roots, and the roots are then plowed back into the ground to allow the nitrogen to feed the soil. The peanuts are taken to "peanut factories"—there is one in every city and town and village in the belt. In these buildings the peanuts are cleaned and sorted.



A POLE READY FOR STACKING AND DRYING THE HARVESTED PEANUTS.

The largest are saved and put through a "rumbler," which polishes the shells. These are sold in the shells. Other first grades are shelled and sold for salting; and one big packing-company buys only first grades for peanut-butter.

If the plants are pulled roots and all, the pea-

nuts are dried out by stacking on poles, then pulled off and sold. Broken peanuts are pressed



TWO SUCCESSFUL YOUNG PEANUT-GROWERS.

and the oil extracted. Much of this oil is sold as "pure olive-oil". In fact, it is quite as rich and nutritious as olive-oil. The refuse is pressed into cakes, and sold as oil-cakes for feeding stock and especially dairy cows.

For a map showing just where peanuts can be grown in this country, send to the Department of Agriculture for Farmer's Bulletin 431. It will also give instructions for growing peanuts. A letter to W. R. Beattie, one of our government experts on peanuts, will bring information as to where to get seeds, the best sort to plant in your



A 50,000 BUSHEL PEANUT FACTORY.

locality, and the market nearest to you. Address Mr. Beattie at the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Little chaps of ten and eleven can plant one or two acres and cultivate them quite unaided, and they get a good profit of from $50 to $150 for each acre, depending upon the price of the nuts.

SAN FRANCISCO'S GIANT WINDMILL

A Dutch windmill of giant proportions stands in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. It is said to be the largest in the world. Even in Holland, the land of windmills, there is not one that comes up to it in size. It is eighty-six feet high, its wings have a radius of fifty-seven feet. In a thirty-mile breeze it pumps 70,000 gallons an



THE WINDMILL IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

hour through a twelve-inch pipe which carries the water a distance of two miles and to a height of two hundred feet. It was a gift to San Francisco from her leading citizens, and cost $25,000.

L. M. Edholm.

"CHOOSE YOUR OWN WEATHER!"

Anybody who wants to have rain or fair weather whenever he pleases has only to move to the island of Kauai in the Hawaiian group.

It is a little island, only about thirty miles across; and right in its center is a big volcano nearly a mile high.

On the lee side of this volcano it almost never rains. It is as dry there as it is in some of the western States, where the country is a half desert and they have to irrigate in order to make sure of any crops at all. Here on this lee side they

have only about a quarter as much rain as in a well-watered country.

But on the other side of the mountain, only fifteen miles away, it always rains. It is, in fact, one of the wettest spots on the earth. The yearly rainfall amounts to nearly fifty feet of solid water over the whole mountain-side, which is, naturally, nothing but one great, dripping, cloud-covered bog.

So if anybody wants fair weather, he has only to go to the side of the island where it almost never rains. And if he wants rain, he has only to go round to the other side, where it almost never does anything else.

But by going part way around, he can find a place where there is just the rainfall to suit him, from twenty inches a year up to six hundred.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

OVER THE ROCKIES BY ELECTRICITY

WHEN in 1917 the great work of electrifying 440 miles of track across the Great Continental Divide, the backbone of the continent, was completed, the question may well have been raised, has the doom of the steam locomotive been sounded?

Only a few years ago the first men crossed this region through which these electric trains now thunder. Slowly, painfully they drove their big wagons, toiling through the alkali desert, searching for passes in the mountains, slaughtered by the Indians, dying of starvation.

To-day, to cross this selfsame country, we enter a palace pulled by electricity, heated, cooled in summer, and lighted by electricity, while electricity brings us, as we travel, the latest news from all over the world. A change since 1849!

The story of this electric road began some time ago when the officials of the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul Railroad decided to electrify its Puget Sound lines, extending from Harlowton, Montana, to Avery, Idaho, a total distance of about 440 miles, aggregating about 650 miles of track, including yards and sidings.

From Harlowton to the coast this unique electric railway crosses four huge mountain-ranges, the Belt Mountains at an elevation of 5788 feet, the Rocky Mountains at a height of 6322 feet, the Bitter Root Mountains at an altitude of 4163 feet, and the Cascade Mountains at an elevation of 3010 feet.

The hardest problem of this mountain climbing was presented by the continuous grade of forty-four miles ascending the western slope of the Belt Mountains.

When trains drawn by a steam locomotive go up one side of the Rocky Mountains and down the other, there is great trouble on the downhill side. It is hard to manage the air-brakes. The wheels are often red-hot, the shoe of the brake melts. The problem of getting the train down is greater, even, than the problem of hauling it up.

What happens now with electric engines? The great engine itself acts as a brake on the train;



AN ELECTRIC FREIGHT-TRAIN THREE THOUSAND FEET LONG.

and not only that, but, marvelous to relate, the power of that great train pushing down hill is cent. at a speed of approximately sixteen miles an hour, and this same train-load, unbroken, over



EIGHT-HUNDRED-TON PASSENGER-TRAIN HAULED BY AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

turned into electricity. The engine, as it holds back the train, uses the power of the pressure, changes it into electricity, and hands it up to the wire overhead. So that the very engine that has been taking electricity from that wire going up one side of the Rocky Mountains creates electricity as it goes down on the other side, and gives it back to the wire.

The railroad passes through several tunnels, the largest of which is the St. Paul Pass tunnel at the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains, 9000 feet long.

This is the first time an entire railroad has been electrified, permitting the complete substitution of electric for steam locomotives between the terminals. In other installations throughout the country only a portion of a division has been electrified, resulting simply in a lessening of the haul of the steam-operated trains.

The tremendously powerful electric passenger-locomotives used on this railway are designed to haul 800-ton passenger-trains three thousand feet long at a speed of sixty miles an hour on the level or thirty-five miles an hour on grade. The freight-locomotives are designed to haul a 2500-ton trailing-load on all gradients up to one per two per cent. ruling grades on the west and east slopes of the Rocky Mountain Divide with the help of a second similar freight-locomotive acting as a pusher.

By no means the least wonderful feature of this railroad is that the electrical power to operate over these 440 miles of road-bed and an additional 200 miles of spurs and yards is obtained not from coal, as might be supposed, but from a waterfall at Great Falls, Montana.

The power is delivered along the route of the railway to fourteen substations, which receive an alternating current of 100,000 volts, and deliver it to locomotives in a direct current of 3000 volts.



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST LOCOMOTIVE.

The 100,000-volt alternating current is received through oil switches, is conveyed to the high-tension current-distributor, made up of three lines of

copper tubing, and there forms the source of power for the substation. From the distributor the current is conducted through other oil switches to the transformers. These it enters at 100,000 volts and leaves at 2300 volts. It then goes through switches to the motor-generator sets, and supplies the power employed to operate them.

With the operation of this wonderful electric railroad has come a greater dispatch in train operation, a better maintenance of time schedules, the practical elimination of vexatious delays due to snow blockades and cold weather, smoother riding, caused by the greater evenness of speed, enhanced comfort, due to greater cleanliness, and a pronounced improvement of the view from car windows and observation platform, owing to the absence of smoke, dirt, and other undesirable incidents of steam travel.

JAMES ANDERSON.

A PET FROM THE PACIFIC

THIS odd little pet is a baby seal which was captured by some fishermen at Long Beach, California. The creature was a very willing captive; in



THE ADOPTED BABY SEAL.

fact, it followed the boat, swimming around it and uttering plaintive cries, and allowed itself to be taken aboard without a struggle. It is supposed that this little waif of the sea became separated from its mother in some manner, and as it was too young to shift for itself, it obeyed a dog-like instinct and looked to man for protection. In this it was not disappointed, for the kind-hearted fishermen took it ashore, provided a tank for it to swim in, and fed it milk from a nursing-bottle, as it was too small to eat fish. It was taken out to sea again and released, but instead of swimming away to shift for itself, the affectionate animal stayed near the boat and coaxed to be taken back, so it was adopted for a pet. The baby seal was as pretty a pet as could be desired, with intelligent brown eyes and a beautiful coat of a silvery tone with round dark spots.

C. L. EDHOLM.

BIRDS AND THE WAR-GARDEN

EVERY boy and girl in this country wishes to do his or her bit to help win the war, and there are many who will be raising vegetables and fruits this summer. There will be many war-gardens large and small. In planting the plots in the spring we should remember that all crops must be guarded against insects. In keeping away the worms and bugs the best helpers we can possibly have are the birds, for these winged allies of the farmer and the gardener are fighting against the insect pests both in winter and summer. Even when the weather is cold, they are boring into the bark of trees hunting for the eggs of the insects, and when spring comes they are never idle.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, at 1974 Broadway, New York City, has a young people's branch called the Audubon Junior Classes. The Association would like to have enrolled as members every boy and girl in the United States who is making a garden this year, or who would like to help in protecting the many useful birds. These creatures are aiding the farmer to keep his crops from being destroyed by insects and mice and from being choked by weeds. If the birds help, there will be many millions of weed seeds eaten before they have a chance to grow this spring.

In order that the children of this country may learn how much help the birds are in war time, and thus learn to protect them, the following offer has been made. The association this year has issued a new series of eight leaflets for the use of the Junior Classes. These leaflets describe the bald eagle, the egret, meadowlark, bobolink, downy woodpecker, scarlet tanager, towhee, and white-throated sparrow. Special stress is laid upon the description of the eagle, for the entrance of the United States into war has concentrated much attention upon the bird which serves as our

national emblem. The studies of the eagle are based upon personal observation and upon a digest of the highest authorities. Each leaflet is accompanied by an accurately colored portrait of the bird treated, and also a reproduction of an outline drawing, which school pupils may color for themselves.

In connection with the junior work, the association has also printed a folder on heavy cardboard, arranged as a cabinet in which are displayed pictures of seventy-four birds in the natural hues of their plumage. These cabinets will help bird students in recognizing the various species.

Through the generosity of General Coleman du Pont and others, the National Association has been able to furnish these publications at a merely nominal charge of ten cents for the series, which is about one-half the actual cost. The association's plan is offered to all teachers who are willing to conduct simple bird-study classes of fifteen pupils or more. They not only assume no expense, but receive much valuable material free, including the magazine "Bird-Lore," by sending the $1.50 collected from a class.

TWO ODD BUTTERFLIES

Two of the most curious butterflies to be found in this world are the Cobweb Butterfly and the Singing Butterfly. The first named is so called because the wing markings are like twigs between which are stretched the web silk of a spider.



THE COBWEB BUTTERFLY.

Even the broken ends of the "twigs" are very plainly seen and as the butterfly rests on a dried branch or in the grass the deception is so perfect that it takes a good eye to see the little insect. Sometimes this butterfly is called the Dry Twig Butterfly, because the heavier, side-wing markings



DARWIN'S "SINGING BUTTERFLY."

of the twigs are emphasized and the lines that cross the wings are less distinct.

The other is the Singing Butterfly and is named in that way because of a very peculiar noise that it produces by either rubbing the wings against each other or by striking them against the body. This noise resembles that made by "twanging" a stringed instrument and it is quite musical. One might easily imagine that this butterfly was singing, and we are told that this is just what the naturalist Darwin reported after finding the first specimen in South America. This butterfly is an exceptionally pretty one as it is "marbled" in its colors of dull green, brown, and gray. Five species are found in tropical America and one is in our own country — in the Florida peninsula and in Texas.

WALTER K. PUTNEY.

COST OF STOPPING A FREIGHT-TRAIN

UNDER the old-fashioned methods of operating railroads, every one with any authority, from the president down, could hold up a freight-train to suit his personal convenience, but a great change has taken place in this respect. It was found that to stop the average heavy freight-train, going at fifteen miles an hour, and to bring it up to the same speed again, means using from 300 to 750 pounds of coal. As a consequence, schedules are now arranged on well-managed roads so that there shall be as little interference with the movement of freight-trains as possible, even if some passenger-trains have to be inconvenienced by the process.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

PETER RABBIT'S MAY-PARTY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Tommy and the Wishing Stone," "Bedtime Stories," etc.

THE Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were never merrier than when they left the dear Old Brier-patch which Peter Rabbit sometimes calls his castle. They tickled and laughed as they separated and hurried in all directions over the Green Meadows. Some danced over to the Smiling Pool. Some disappeared in the cool Green Forest. Whichever way they went, they hurried as if they had something very important to do. And so they had. What do you think it was? Why, it was to carry the invitations of Peter Rabbit to a May-party. Yes, sir, that is just what it was!

Peter had been thinking about it for a long time. Although Peter lives alone with Mrs. Peter in the dear Old Brier-patch, he is social and dearly loves a good time. Ever since Mistress Spring had arrived on the Green Meadows everybody had been so busy with their housekeeping affairs that they did n't have time for anything else. Most of them had been building new homes, and, of course, they did n't have time for play. And so Peter Rabbit had grown lonesome. You see, Peter was perfectly content with his old home in the dear Old Brier-patch. He is such a happy-go-lucky little fellow that it seemed to him a waste of time to build a new house when he already had one; and then these lovely spring days were just made for play and to have a good time in. So Peter thought and thought and thought how he could get his friends and neighbors to forget their cares and play with him. And then came the great idea—he would give a party, a May-party!

Peter spent a great deal of time thinking about whom he should invite. There were so many friends and neighbors that Peter found it easier to make out a list of those he *would n't* invite. There was Reddy Fox; of course, he could n't invite *him*. And there was Sammy Jay. Peter sighed when he thought of Sammy Jay, for Sammy is such a handsome fellow. "But he is a thief and a trouble-maker, and I don't want any trouble-makers at my party; so I won't invite him," said Peter to himself. Blacky the Crow is no better, and Shadow the Weasel is ugly and sly and dangerous, so he decided not to invite them. And he would n't think of inviting any of the Hawk family or Hooty the Owl or Mr. Blacksnake. But he could invite almost everybody else, and he did.

May-day was a beautiful day. Old Mother West Wind had swept the sky, and not a cloud was to be seen. Jolly, round Mr. Sun looked down from the blue, blue sky smiling his broadest. It was just the day for a party. Peter had been so excited that he had slept very little the night before. Besides, he had so much to do to get ready. He was up even before jolly, round, red Mr. Sun, and when Old Mother West Wind emptied the Merry Little Breezes out of her big bag and they raced over to the dear Old Brier-patch they found no Peter there. He was over at the



"WHILE PETER LOOKED ANOTHER APPEARED AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER."

sweet-clover patch gathering the sweetest and tenderest for Johnny Chuck. Of course, there are many things that Peter does n't eat and could n't get, so he had asked each one of his guests to bring the things that they liked best, and they had promised that they would. So Peter cut sweet clover and young plantain, and then

"Nor I," replied a funny little voice right behind him.

"Hello, Danny Meadow-mouse!" cried Peter. "I 'm glad you 've come to my party."

"There comes Unc' Billy Possum and old Mrs. Possum!" cried Danny Meadow-mouse.

Peter looked over toward the Green Forest.



THE LAST TO ARRIVE WERE SPOTTY THE TURTLE WITH GRANDFATHER FROG AND OLD MR. TOAD ON HIS BACK. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

hurried over to the old log to see if some beetles he had seen there the day before were still there. They were, and Peter chuckled, for he knew that Jimmy Skunk would like these.

At last all was ready. Peter brushed his coat very carefully and then sat down to wait.

Soon he saw Johnny Chuck coming down the Lone Little Path. Johnny is fat and roly-poly. He puffed as he walked. Up from the Smiling Pool came Jerry Muskrat, Billy Mink, and Little Joe Otter. Out from the Green Forest scampered Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, the two cousins who are always scolding each other and quarreling. They were doing it now, as they tried to see who could reach the Old Brier-patch first. Peter Rabbit grinned as he heard them, and said:

"If Happy Jack meant half he says,
And 'Chatter' believed half he hears,
If either one who talks so loud
Were half as fierce as he appears,
Alas! Alas! What should I do?
I 'm sure I don't know. Pray, do you?

But they don't mean it, so it 's all right. It 's really their way of enjoying themselves, though for my part I can 't see what fun there can be in calling each other names and being so disagreeable," concluded Peter.

Sure enough! there were Unc' Billy and old Mrs. Possum. "Ah done brought all the family," said Unc' Billy, grinning good-naturedly.

"Doan' yo' believe that lazy no-'count possum! He never takes his fam'ly anywhere. Ah has to do all the toting of the fam'ly just like Ah has this time!" snapped old Mrs. Possum.

Unc' Billy looked rather sheepish, but nothing could upset his good nature, and he just kept right on grinning and said nothing. Peter looked a little puzzled. He did n't see any family. He was curious, very curious, was Peter Rabbit; but because it was his party, he felt that it would not be polite to ask questions. He noticed that Unc' Billy had brought a big egg under each arm, and he was very glad of that, for it meant that the Possum family would have something that they liked. He turned to show Unc' Billy where to put the eggs, and just then a sharp little voice cried:

"Ah wants something to eat!"

"Ah does too!" cried another little voice, exactly like the first one.

Then Peter remembered the big pocket old Mrs. Possum always has. He turned to look, and there were two little heads sticking out of that big pocket. And while Peter looked another appeared and another and another. Pretty soon

there were eight of them! It was such a funny sight, those eight little heads sticking out of old Mrs. Possum's big pocket, that Peter Rabbit and all the other little people laughed and laughed and crowded around old Mrs. Possum to see her babies. Old Mrs. Possum was so proud of them that she forgot to be cross.

Striped Chipmunk and Whitefoot the Woodmouse arrived almost together, and Striped Chipmunk's cheeks were puffed out so that his head looked twice as big as it really was, and everybody shouted when they saw him. You see, Striped Chipmunk has a pocket in each cheek, and he had stuffed both full of seeds for the feast. Prickly Porky the Porcupine and Jimmy Skunk were a little late, for neither of them ever hurries. The last of all to arrive were Spotty the Turtle with Grandfather Frog and his cousin, Old Mr. Toad, sitting arm in arm on his back. Of course, the Merry Little Breezes were there, so excited that they could n't sit still, but just danced every minute of the time.



"GRANDFATHER FROG FORGOT HIS DIGNITY AND OUT-JUMPED EVERYBODY."

Such a good time as everybody had at Peter Rabbit's May-day party! They ran races, out of which Peter Rabbit politely stayed because his legs are so long that he could n't help winning. They had jumping-matches, in which Grandfather Frog forgot his dignity and out-jumped everybody. They had games of hide-and-seek, which Billy Mink always won because he could find everybody by following their footsteps with his wonderful little nose. Unc' Billy Possum showed them how he could fool any one into thinking that he was stone dead. Prickly Porky showed them how he could roll himself up until he looked like a giant chestnut-burr. Altogether it was a merry party, a very merry party indeed.

Now you would have thought that Peter Rabbit would have been perfectly happy. But he was n't. He did n't know just why, but for some reason he felt uneasy. He could n't see anything to be uneasy about. He could n't think of any danger that could possibly come near, for all the time he kept the sharpest watch for Reddy Fox and for Redtail the Hawk, and he knew that all his little guests who were afraid of them could scurry into the dear Old Brier-patch and be perfectly safe. Really there was nothing to worry about, but still Peter was uneasy. He just felt in his bones that something was wrong.

Over in a lone tree where they could watch all that was going on sat Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. They had shouted and jeered at all the merrymakers, and called unpleasant names, and been just as mean as they knew how to be, and that is very mean indeed. When they had grown tired of this they had stopped, but they had n't gone away. Instead, they had sat in the lone tree with their heads together, as if there was some great joke of which no one knew but themselves. Peter Rabbit did n't like it, and every chance he got he watched Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. After a while he noticed that they looked a great deal in one direction. Peter looked in that direction, but he saw nothing but an old pile of brush right near where the feast was spread.

By and by one of the Merry Little Breezes whispered something in one of Peter's long ears, and Peter jumped as if some one had struck a pin in him. He hopped around a little nearer the old brush-pile and looked at it sharply. What he saw was a foot sticking out from under it. Yes,



SAMMY JAY AND BLACKY THE CROW.

sir, there was a foot, and Peter knew in a minute whose foot it was! Some one was hiding under the old brush-pile—some one who had n't been invited to Peter's party.

Peter shivered as he thought of what might have happened to him or to Happy Jack Squirrel, or to Chatterer, or to Striped Chipmunk, or to Danny Meadow-mouse, or to Whitefoot, if any one of them had chanced to sit down close to the old brush-pile. At first, Peter was going to tell everybody what he had discovered. Then he changed his mind. Instead he went over to Prickly Porky and whispered to him. In a few minutes Prickly Porky got up in the most matter-of-fact way and walked over and sat down close to the old brush-pile with his back to it.

"We will now have a surprise dance by a gentleman in red," said Prickly Porky.

Slap! His tail came around quick as a flash and struck the foot that was sticking out from under the old brush-pile. There was a yell; the pile of brush was scattered in every direction, and, just as Prickly Porky had announced, there was a dance by a gentleman in red, only it was a funny kind of a dance. You see the dancer tried to hold one foot in his hands while he hopped about, and all the time he made up terrible faces. Then as Prickly Porky took a step in his direction the dancer stopped dancing and began to limp away across the Green Meadows, and in the foot which he held up were two of the sharp little spears with which Prickly Porky's tail is always armed. All the little people at the party, who had got over their first fright, jeered at him. Every few steps he turned and snarled and showed his teeth, but he did n't offer to come back. Then the fun began again faster than ever, and soon everybody was ready to sit down to the feast. Only Peter Rabbit watched the gentleman in red out of sight, and only Peter noticed that Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow joined him on the edge of the Green Forest.

"Serves him right!" said Peter Rabbit, under his breath, as he took his place among the feasters; but what he said out loud was this:

"Dear friends and neighbors, one and all,
I 'm glad you listened to my call
And dropped your work to come and play
And welcome in the merry May.
So let us feast and dance and skip
Until the long black shadows slip
Down from the Purple Hills to say
'T is time to end a happy day."

And that is just what they did do. And to this day the little people of the Green Meadows and



"THERE WAS A DANCE BY A GENTLEMAN IN RED."

the Green Forest talk about Peter Rabbit's May-party. But who do you think the gentleman in red was who tried to break it up?



We wish all American boys and girls, and their parents too, could read the inspiring essays and stories sent in this month by our young prose-writers of the League. "The Price of Liberty" proved, indeed, a clarion-call to their inborn patriotism and love of freedom, which could not be kept from voicing itself in almost every one of the hundreds of manuscripts received. Almost all of them, too, evinced a thorough understanding of the issues of the great world-conflict now in progress and of the eternal principles upon which all free governments are founded. We rejoiced, as we read them, in the convincing proof they offered that the ideals of free peoples will be as dear and sacred to the coming generation as to our own. The young folk of to-day realize fully that this is *their* war, too. The fact has recently been made more clear than ever that it is a war to preserve for them the rights for which their forefathers fought and for which their fathers and uncles and brothers and cousins are fighting to-day. They know the price of liberty, and they will always remember with honor the devotion and heroism of the soldiers of our own and other lands who to-day are guarding, through a fiery ordeal, the destinies of all liberty-loving peoples.

Many of the poems this month breathed the same spirit, so that the text of the League, in this competition, took on a very patriotic tinge. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that serious times and thoughts should be relieved by the offerings of our young artists, who have given us many charming scenes and vistas from "the great outdoors" such as glorify the season of spring and early summer, and many a cheery glimpse of the joyous hours that so fitly belong to the "merrie month of May."

PRIZE-WINNERS, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, MAY, 1918

PROSE. Gold badges, **Frances M. Segner** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Bettina Linn** (age 13), Pennsylvania.
Silver badges, **Ruth Hall** (age 14), Missouri; **Ruth Sargent** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Willie Fay Linn** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Nathalie E. Freid** (age 13), New York.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Anna Ware Barber, 3rd** (age 16), Massachusetts.
Silver badges, **Phœbe Ailes Wilson** (age 14), Maryland; **Elizabeth Hart** (age 14), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Lois Wilde** (age 15), Minnesota.
Silver badges, **Katherine Stewart Smith** (age 10), New York; **Janet Blossom** (age 15), New York; **Edith H. Tarbell** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Sarah E. Nusbaum** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Howard R. Sherman, Jr.** (age 17), New Jersey; **Margaret H. Manning** (age 14), New Hampshire.
Silver badges, **Katherine McCaul** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Mary Washburn** (age 11), New York; **Frances Higley** (age 16), Kansas; **Winifred E. Harper** (age 11), New York; **Anna K. Minard** (age 11), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Ruth Oviatt** (age 15), Pennsylvania.
Silver badge, **Carolyn M. Pratt** (age 12), Illinois.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Olive E. Gunn** (age 15), New York.
Silver badges, **Mabel P. Gilman** (age 11), New Jersey; **Barbara Beardsley** (age 13), California.



BY MARGARET WYER, AGE 17.



BY KATHERINE McCAUL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY ANNA WARE BARBER, 3RD (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver badge won April,* 1918)

A NATION is gazing, watching the sea,
Straining each nerve toward the opposite shore,
Wondering, hoping, and praying the more,
What the end of the conflict will be.
She watches, intent for the conflict to cease,
And she knows that the turn of the tide means peace.

Deftly she works through the live-long day,
Farming, and sewing, and making guns,
Doing her best to combat the Huns,
And sending her work o'er the sea away.
Deep in her thoughts is the foe each hour,
The treacherous foe with his mighty power.

All through the day, through the night beside,
Always before her she sees her goal,
Freedom, the rule of the Whole, by the Whole,
And calmly she waits for the turn of the tide.
Sometime she knows that the conflict must cease,
So she works for the turn of the tide—and peace.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

FRANCES M. SEGNER (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge, Silver Badge won December,* 1916)

THE Memorial Day Parade had disbanded at the cemetery, the women had placed the fresh flowers and new flags carried by the children on the soldiers' graves, and we were gathered around the speaker's stand, which was placed in an open space in the center of the cemetery.

As I sat on the grass I looked around, and my gaze rested on one grave after another where a little flag, waving in the gentle breeze, signified that there lay a hero; for it seems to me that every soldier, whether he distinguishes himself or not, is a hero.



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY STERLING DOW, AGE 12.

My attention was suddenly attracted by the words of the speaker. He indicated the graves at which I had been looking and said: "They paid that which has been the price of liberty through all ages—their lives. The martyrs, the Puritans, and the Pilgrims paid it for religious liberty; our forefathers in the Revolution paid it for political liberty; and these paid it for that liberty which declares that 'all men are created free and equal!'

"But our brave lads to-day, together with their European brothers, are fighting for a greater, a more wonderful liberty than these—for the freedom of a World Democracy, which shall give to *all* the things for which men have fought and died in the past! So be brave, mothers, fathers, sweethearts, and wives, if your lads do not return, for it is the price of liberty, and all men, in all ages to come, shall respect, not only the fallen heroes, but you also!"

And as I walked slowly homeward it seemed to me that it was glorious to be living in such an age, an age that will mean so much in all future history.



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY HOWARD R. SHERMAN, JR., AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1915.)

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY BEATRICE ROSENTHAL (AGE 16)

As the ranks of khaki-clad boys swept by and the crowd cheered and howled enthusiastically, a mother turned away her head. Her boy, *her* boy, had just gone by, and it was more than she could bear. True, he was only going to a training-camp, but after that, what? And the war seemed no nearer its end than it had a year ago.

An hour she had stood in the crowd, with tears in her eyes and a forced smile on her lips, watching the ranks sweep by and she had fought the battle she had thought was won the night her son told her he had enlisted. That night she had not gone to bed at all, but had fought it out by herself.

What had she done, she argued, that she should be deprived of the only thing that to her made life worth living?

Finally, she had lain down, tired but sleepless, trying to persuade herself that it was all for the best.

Now, as she stood there and saw the enthusiastic boys, with no thoughts save those of patriotism, her sorrow suddenly turned to joy and pride, and she knew that she was as brave as they.

For she had given of her best and dearest, as they had of their youth and young manhood—for liberty!

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY EDYTHE A. PARSONS (AGE 11)

A TIRED woman sat before an open window, from which could be seen the village street, along which was a row of pretty little old-fashioned cottages, with cunning little flower-boxes in the windows. Her house was small, but very neat. In the room beyond she could hear the children's soft breathing. Little they knew of the great sorrow which had come to them during the night! Little they knew how a cruel war had taken from them a kind and loving father!

In her hand the woman held a note which bore the sign of many tears. She looked out of the window at the tall clock in the square. Just then it boomed out the

hour of midnight. She burst into tears, but suddenly stopped short as she heard a small plaintive voice call "Mother!" from the next room. "I am coming dear," she said, trying hard to check a sob. "It was the price of liberty," she whispered softly. "It was for the liberty of my country!"



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY ELIZABETH E. CLARKE, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY PHŒBE AILES WILSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

I SCATTERED some pebbles upon the beach;
They were pretty and smooth and white,
Worn by the hands of the tireless sea,
By the ocean's power and might.
I scattered my pebbles in signs and designs
Of perfect symmetry;
But the waves came in from the ocean wide
And took them away from me,
When the waves came in o'er the ocean wide
At the turn of the tide,
At the turn of the tide.

There are kings and monarchs on their thrones
In this great world to-day
Who dream of murder and burning homes,
And ruins cold and gray;
Of castles and fortresses as of yore,
Of lands that are far and wide.
But I often wonder, as still they plunder
Where will they be at the turn of the tide?

I liken the sea to the valiant men
Who fight for Democracy,
And the waves to the Allied Nations free
Whose cry is, "Down with Autocracy!"
And when right triumphs over might,
And men no longer crave to fight,
How we shall honor those who died
For us and our homes at the turn of the tide!

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY RUTH HALL (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

AH, there is a price, a great price, set on this wonderful liberty! Liberty! in all times, throughout all ages, man has fought for this inalienable right which should be the birthright of all mankind. In the early wars of rebellion against the crown it was for liberty the people fought; for freedom from tyrants. In many countries men have battled for this thing.

America succeeded in this struggle and became great, but she paid the price. In '76, in 1812, in '61, and in '98, she fought for liberty. And again she is at war for the same purpose: to free all nations from the tyranical sway of autocracy. The price was great; but she has paid it. Our freedom was not lightly bought; it was born of the blood of brave men, such as Washington, Nathan Hale, and Lincoln, not to mention countless others, none the less glorious for the fact that their names are unwritten in the annals of history. It was born of the tears of noble women who suffered and prayed in silence.

So, when this dreadful war is ended, may we look upon the new liberty, then enlightening all nations; and seeing all the old horror purged away by the red blood of men who have sacrificed their lives on the battle-field, by the tears of women and the prayers of children, say, "The new liberty is better than the old, for all possess it." All men will then be brothers, and when there is "malice toward none; but charity for all," we shall feel the cost of freedom, "the price of liberty," was not too great.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY RUTH SARGENT (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was at a railroad station in a little country town of New Hampshire. The mother and father of a boy in khaki were bidding their son good-by. As the train puffed in, the lad, with a pretext of a smile, kissed his mother and father fondly, and left the old couple faltering under the blow this parting made.

The old mother pressed a handkerchief to her tear-dimmed eyes, and the father, with a sorrowful face, helped her into the old-fashioned carriage that had taken them to the station.

All the way home there was silence, broken only by an occasional sob from the grieving mother.

When the old farm-house, shaded by the huge elms that grew around it, was reached the mother dried her tears and went quietly into the house.

The father led the horse to the barn, and coming back



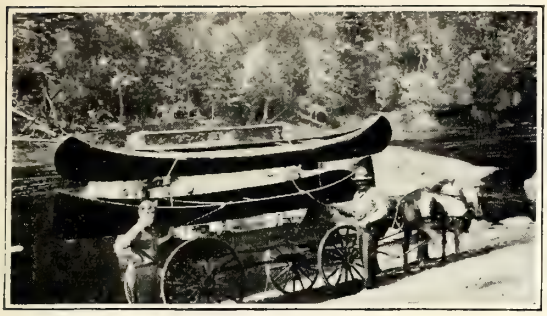
"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY LOIS WILDE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1917.)

to the house, he found his wife in their spacious bedroom, bending over a picture of their boy.

"Come, Mother," said the old man, "we have given our boy. He is all we have and he is given freely to his country. It is the price of liberty."

The sorrowing mother stood erect, and, with her boy's picture held close to her heart, answered;

"Yes, you are right. I will be brave, and for my country's sake, I give my boy. It is the sacred price of liberty!"



BY ELIZABETH BOWEN, AGE 14.



BY MARY WASHBURN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



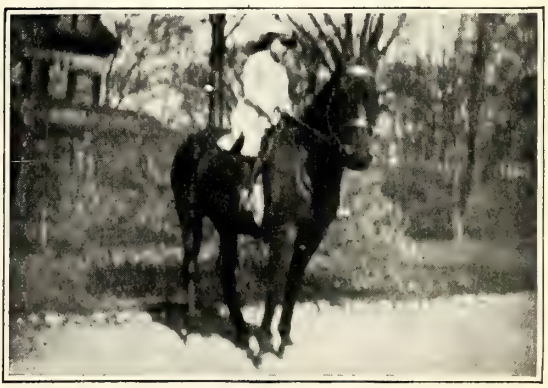
BY FRANCES HIGLEY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY WINIFRED E. HARPER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY C. BALDWIN, AGE 16.



BY ELIZABETH FOSTER, AGE 12.



BY CARITA ORTIZ, AGE 10.



BY JANE RICHARDSON, AGE 11.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY ELIZABETH H. HART (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

In the sunset lies the sea of dreams,
Though the world is growing old;
An opal sea where a sand-bar gleams
Where pirates are burying gold.
(How the dream wind sighed
At the turn of the tide!)

There are wave-kissed rocks in that fairy land
Where the mermaids sun their hair;
There the princess lives, in a palace grand
Whose turrets shine in air.
(But the princess cried
At the turn of the tide!)

We have all of us seen the dreamy sea
And the land of bright romance,
But no longer for us shall these wonders be,
No more shall the fairies dance.
(For the dream-castles died
At the turn of the tide!)

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" These famous words of Charles C. Pinckney have probably come to every one's mind during the past months. *We* are ready to give "millions for defense."

Millions—millions—millions! Millions of dollars—millions of men—millions of heartaches! Heartaches? Yes, indeed, they are in the price of liberty as well as the men and the dollars.

We see a wife giving her husband, the father of her children; we see a mother giving her sons; we see a bride giving the man she has just married, the man she loves. Do they complain? Not they! They are Americans; they have tasted the sweet fruits of liberty, and they know the price of that liberty. They are willing to give their men, to suffer silently the pain of losing them, to work hard and well for their country while the men are fighting hard, to give every cent to save this liberty.

This liberty—how they love it! How every American loves it! It is for this that they do without the luxuries it has given them, for this that they work so hard and fight so hard, for this that they conserve so much, for this that they suffer and remain happy in suffering, for this that they give their dollars, and, greatest of all, it is for this that they give their men, their "glorious men."

That is the price of liberty—yet no one will say it is too dear a price.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

'T is cold and weird in the dusky morn
When the fisherman pulls his oar.
The early gull shrieks a warning shrill
As the boats shove off from shore.

The sea is a mass of silver foam,
And the sky is a leaden gray;
Till the first faint streaks of rose and gold
Proclaim the coming day.

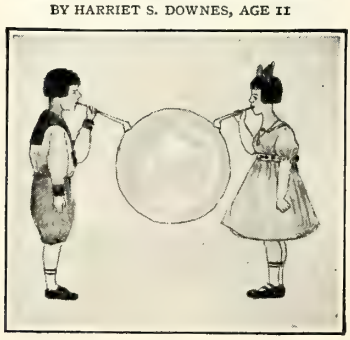
But the eastern sky is aglow with light
When the fishermen homeward ride;
And the wild waves dash against the rocks,
With the turning of the tide.



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY MARGARET H. MANNING, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1917.)

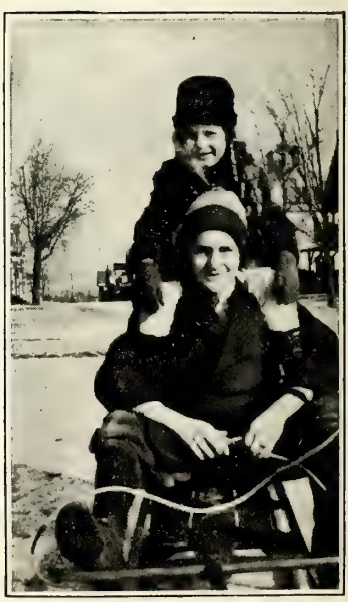


BY HARRIET S. DOWNES, AGE 11



BY EDITH H. TARBELL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"SOMETHING ROUND."



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY ANNA K. MINARD, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY BETTINA LINN (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge, Silver Badge won January, 1918)

As he stood upon the high wall of the prison and measured with a careful eye the distance to the ground, the moonlight showed all too distinctly his slender figure and boyish face—a face so young, and yet so haggard from the strain of the long weary months of starvation and anxiety which had been spent in prison. But now, at last, he was almost free: he had but to leap from the wall to the ground below and crawl forward for about a hundred yards, and then he could find shelter in a near-by woods until the next night, when, if all went well, he would try to reach the British trenches several miles away. The prison wall, however, offered but little protection, and he must hurry for it would soon be dawn. But he paused, as if to cherish that wonderful feeling which had rushed over him, the feeling that he was free—free to leap and run and shout, free to go into battle with comrades once more, and free to fight. How beautiful the sky looked to him who had seen but a bare yard or two of it for months—and the stars and the moon-light! How sweet was the sound of the trees rustling in the soft breeze! He breathed great draughts of the cool night air, and a tremendous joy filled his whole being. He ran forward and hurled himself downward; but a bullet sped all to swiftly, and the boy knew that he would never be a prisoner again. He smiled and sighed softly, for, after all, sacrifice and death are only the price of liberty.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY ELIZABETH FOSTER (AGE 10)

When my mother was a little girl she often went to a large creek to fish.

One day she and some children went there to play. A little chipmunk was sitting on a rail fence. The children ran after it and caught it. They wanted to fish awhile, so they took a hat and put the chipmunk in the crown. Then they tied Mother's handkerchief (which happened to be her best one) over the brim, and took the hat into the stream and put it on a rock, and went on with their fishing.

Suddenly, some one cried out, "Look at the hat!" They saw that the chipmunk had gnawed a hole in the handkerchief and was getting out. They all ran toward him as fast as they could go. "Dear me!" thought the chipmunk; "how ever can I get home again? I must be captured or swim. I would far rather swim than be kept in a cage." So he jumped into the water.

In jumping off the rock he knocked the hat into the water. So the price of liberty was a hat and Mother's best handkerchief.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY WILLIE FAY LINN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It is interesting to trace the history of our country through the various struggles which have been fought for her liberty. The Revolutionary War was fought for political freedom, and, although the struggle was long and dreadful, we secured the liberty we desired.

In 1812 came our second war with the mother country, which was fought for our rights on the sea. Next came the most cruel struggle of all, the Civil War, which was fought for the sake of the Union, and also for the freedom of the individual.

In our war with Spain, we showed that we, as a nation, had taken a great step forward. Our object now was to secure liberty for a people who were not strong enough to obtain it for themselves. The struggle for the possession of the Philippines should also be considered, and it should be remembered that in a few years we expect to give the people of those islands their freedom.

We have now been called to take part in the greatest conflict which has ever been fought, and we must realize that not only as a nation, but individually, it is the duty of each one of us to uphold and preserve the liberty of the world. Lincoln's Gettysburg address is just as applicable to us of to-day as it was in 1863, when it was delivered. "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us rather to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."



BY CHARLES GALLAGHER, JR., AGE 12.



BY GARNET BOCKMEYER, AGE 11.



BY EVELYN ANDREWS, AGE 13.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY KATHERINE BROOKS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

I WENT one morning to the beach
Where sands are white as snow,
Where breakers roll, and, rolling, break,
And where salt breezes blow.

I took along a pail and spade
For digging in the sand;
And there, beside the deep blue sea,
I built a castle grand!

It had twelve towers, straight and tall,
Its walls of shells were made,
And for a drawbridge o'er the moat,
I used my wooden spade.

The other boys built castles, too;
And yet, of all those there,
Mine was (and I don't mean to boast)
The fairest of the fair.

But when I passed along the beach
Still later in the day,
I found the tide had turned, and washed
My castle quite away!

And that 's the way with worldly things—
It matters not how grand:
The Tides of Time will wash them out,
Like castles in the sand.

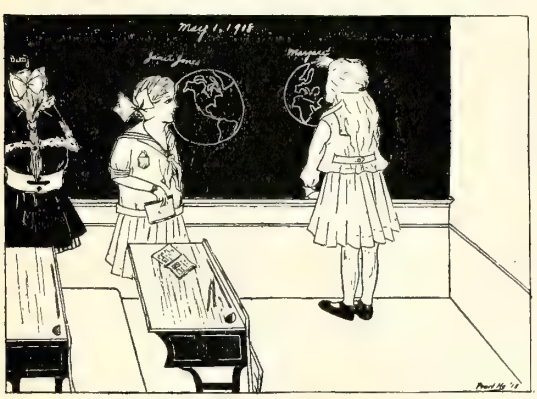
THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY NATHALIE E. FREID (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

IN the midst of the rejoicing that the War of the Great Rebellion had been won came the stupendous news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

Five days before, General Lee had surrendered on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Virginia.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY PEARL NG, AGE 16.

This, the end of the Civil War brought great rejoicings into the North, but now all was changed. Gaiety was replaced by mourning for the great man who now lay dead.

It seemed almost an impossibility that Lincoln, the idol of the North, who had only that afternoon delivered an address in Congress, in which in his simple eloquence he had pleaded for the South saying: "I hope there will be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war is over. No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Enough lives have been sacrificed"—that that man was dead.

Yet that was the truth, for nevermore would the people be inspired by his glowing patriotism and undying love for his country. John Wilkes Booth, an actor, had shot Lincoln in his insane rage over the fall of the Confederacy.

Abraham Lincoln, whose name will live forever in the hearts of Americans, had paid the price of the liberty of his country with his own life.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY KATHERINE S. SMITH, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

BY JEAN HALL (AGE 14)

JUDY had a little bear
Who surely was a bother;
For when she let him go outside,
He most ate up her father.

She could not let him loose at all,
Or trouble he would make;
So when the summer turned to fall
She tied him to a stake.

The rope, it was not very long,—
The space was none too wide,—
But as he walked around, he made
The turning of the "tied."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Evelyn Fenlon
Margaret B. Heineke
Pauline L. Guye
Rachel M. Bodin
Hugh L. Willson
Elizabeth F. Webster
Katharine Mordoch
Catherine Jordan
Katherine Martin
Maude O. Ross
Betty Brown
Eleanor C. Slater
Hedwig M. Lustig
Henry Rische
Charlotte D. Eddy
J. Kay Finnemore
Catherine Brown
Dorothy B. Crabtree
Dorothy D. Bartlett
Aleatha E. Beckler
Cecil Bull
Josephine W. Focht
Florence Pierce
Elizabeth Foster
Marjorie Diehl
Mildred P. Freund
Margaret Wakefield
Dorothy Ducas
Margaret Donaldson
Annie R. Dillingham
Elizabeth Parker
Harlan R. Jessup
Julia Polk
Alexander N. Slocum, Jr.
S. Kathryn Meck
Mary L. Morris
Rebecca T. Farnham
Margaret C. Henckel
Rose Spiegel
Elena M. Fantoni
Harriet Brady
Katrine de Witt
Mary Moore
Margaret B. Johnston
Carolyn S. Magee
Francis C. Barton, Jr.
James A. Benson
Dorothy M. Jones
Jeannette Amzalak
Hyman Greenwald
Frances G. Shattuck
Caroline Everett
Grace Bradfield
Aili I. Lukkarila
Nancy Hull
Carolyn Kaufman
Helen Garrison
Helen W. Sweeton
Virginia Ralston
Ruby Nilson
Irene Crothers
Margaret Mackprang

VERSE

Louise Lee Willing
Jean F. Black
Mary C. Pangborn
Dorothy Zeligs
Idella Purnell
Fanita Laurie
Margaret Jeffrey
Nathalie Childs
Lucile Shanklin
Katharine Chichester

Jack Steiss
Marthedith Furnas
Rudolph Cook
Marjorie Stoutenburgh
Arthur J. Peterson
Anne Waldron
Leonore F. Gidding
Ralph E. Foss
Margaret G. Harper
Francis Gunn
Anne Covington
Edna M. Wellinghoff
Lucile Close
Margaret L. Heckle
Elizabeth Klink
Philip S. Russell
Mary L. Lythe
Lucy Osgood
Wellesley P. Davis
Vincent Saulino
Louis Sanford
Barbara Wells
Alice Hanna
Marion W. Smith
Ruth Beatty
Joel Earnest
Elizabeth Robinson
Daisy Rawyler
Martha E. Hodgson
Alice Moss
Lillian Bubeck
Elizabeth Buckman
Esther B. Langley

Elizabeth Turnell
Elease Weinss
Mary E. Hoag
Marie Mannes
Grace F. Holcomb
Edith B. Gonzales
Kathryn A. Lyon
Catherine L. Spencer
Elizabeth Mouat
Fred C. Rotzoll
Agnes H. Barnard
Marjorie Flitz
Margaret S. McLain
Caroline M. Smith

Edward Bothwell
Helen E. Sanderson
Virginia Tate
Jessie Adkins
Mary Wyckoff
Hélène Flitz

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mary E. Lewis
Helen Hughes
Lydia B. Allen
Hilda Weil
Mary R. Steichen
Harriet Pratt



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS

Eleanor D. Noble
Helen B. Hatch
Charlotte Kudlich
Virginia Earl
Doris E. Rigby
Olive E. Gunn
Lester H. Maxon
Kate Janeway
Ione A. Drake

Helen D. Smith
Elise Popham
Billy Williams
Keith E. Blake
John W. Schmidt
John D. Davis
Samuel Cherry
Lucie Bentley

Fred Floyd, Jr.
Dorothy L. Mausloff
Mary A. Westcott
Carolyn Olmsted
Margaret Lantz
Katherine Welles
Clare Lowenberg
Helen Furst
Lois A. Trimble
Eda McCoy
Betty Higman
Antoinette Boshart
Helen Newcomb
Alicita Burke
Katherine May
Marjorie R. Edwards
Marion C. Greenleaf
Lilian C. Prout
Clara Ophüls
Lucile Grondenberg
Helen M. Rushton
Graciella Bandini
John E. Underwood
Doris Wilson
Priscilla Bullitt
Mary Cullinan
Ruth H. Ling
RomayneWarren
Julia M. L'Ecluse
Nancy Rhodes
Hildegard Kunhardt
Sallie McKenzie
Tirzah Noyes
Marianna Mitchell
Margot Valentine
Dolores Osborne
Mary E. Warriner
Lillian Molton
Laura Norris
Charlotte Steele
Kathryn Ogilby
Harriet Dow
Jean W. Wagner
M. Louise Moore
Lucy K. Cobb
Florence W. Daniels
Emily B. Newman
Marion Clark
Dorothy Carlton
Jackson Darnall
Alice B. Womble
Dorothy M. Punderson



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY SARAH E. NUSBAUM, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dorothy Burns
Marion B. Camp
Irving Freechway
Claire Richardson
Grace S. Lathrop
Hope Garland

Agnes B. Hindman
Beatrice Cantwell
Elizabeth A. Whitman
Emily P. Bethel
Helen H. Foster

J. Sellers Bancroft, Jr.

PUZZLES

Margaret Gilbert Bliss
Alice Bickham
Dorothy Bowen

George Goodyear
Eleanor Waddell
Gwenfread Allen
Edward Russell Stabler
Catherine Sweeney
Helen R. Henshaw
Susan Downey
Emily Pendleton

Grace Van Benthuysen
Dorothy Van Buskirk
Barbara Farr
Lucile Cameron
Lydia A. Cutler
Helen Lehman
Alex B. Hawes

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 223

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 223 will close **May 24** (for foreign members **May 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A-Singing in the Rain."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Battle in the Clouds."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "A Random Shot."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Daily Task," or a Heading for **September.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

THIS report from a pupil of the Mapleton School, Boulder, Colorado, will give our young readers an added interest in the article in this number which tells the story of the "Rocky Mountain Knitter-boys."

THERE are three hundred seventy-five pupils in the Mapleton School, Boulder, Colorado, each of whom is engaged in active Red Cross work. Every pupil is a Junior member, and the school proudly floats its Red Cross service-flag to the breeze.

Since last October Mapleton School has turned out about four hundred and eighty pieces, including wash-cloths, sweaters, scarfs, wristlets, helmets, socks, and eight hospital quilts, one of which was made entirely by the first and second grade children. Two complete baby layettes, three dozen tray-cloths, and three dozen napkins were made by the upper grade girls, while four dozen hankerchiefs were hemmed by hand by the fifth and sixth grade girls. Many of the sweaters were knitted by fifth and seventh grade boys, and the sixth grade boys knitted many pairs of socks. Aside from knitting, the seventh and eighth grade boys have made quantities of Red Cross shipping-boxes.

Besides doing Red Cross work, this school has purchased a one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond with part of the money raised by the sale of vegetables from the school's gardens. There are also about sixty children in the school who own bonds.

All of this work is under the successful supervision of Miss S. M. Lovelace, Principal of Mapleton School.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE STATION, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home address is in London, but the raids are so awful that we have had to move. I thought it would interest you to hear about something that happened to my aunt as she was coming back from Windsor one night. Well, it was a very, very cold night, and my cousin had been down to Eton with his mother; he had been very ill the term before, and, of course, they took an early train home, so that he should not catch cold.

All went well until about seven o'clock, when, just as the train reached Acton (a place outside London), all the lights were put out and the train started to creep along. It was so cold that they had to sit cuddled up to each other in the middle of the car. Soon they heard the most awful noise of guns, and shrapnel began to fall all round them, when suddenly the train stopped. My aunt put her head out of the window to see where they were, and to her horror she saw an aëroplane up in the sky, just near them. It was so low that she could see the airmen lean over the side of the car and drop out five bombs! And as you may imagine she quickly withdrew her head.

Presently the train started to move, but it soon stopped, as the firing began again. This time the guard came to the carriage door and told them to get out; so they got out, and, creeping along the lines, reached a bridge and stood there with a lot of other people. Later on, they crept out from the shelter of the bridge, and, with shrapnel falling all around them, they reached the waiting-room.

After the raid they took the train to London and got home at twelve o'clock. They both got bad colds, but my cousin, being a boy, did not mind it at all.

Your admiring reader,

FRANCES JAMES (age 13).

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps that some of your readers would be interested to hear about my brother Hugh. He thought he was a great "slacker," because he was n't doing anything to help win the war. He is only seven, and he had infantile paralysis three years ago and can't walk at all, so you would not think there would be much he could do. But Mother showed him how to knit, and now he does nothing else. He has made eight mufflers and two sleeveless sweaters, and he wants to do socks, but Mother thinks that is too hard, because you have to use smaller needles. He cannot use his left hand very much, so the big needles are better. I wanted to send you a photograph of Hugh knitting, but there was n't a



good one, so my father, who is an artist, said I might have a little sketch he made one day of Hugh. I wonder if there are many little *girls* no older than Hugh who have made as many things as he has. I know I have not.

I am twelve years old, and some day I hope to be an artist. Sometimes I send pictures to the LEAGUE and I think the people do fine work whose drawings you print. I love ST. NICHOLAS and it does not come often enough to suit me. Hugh loves it, too, and I read it to him very often. I think Mr. Bower's pictures are splendid, and I wish he did more of them. I loved *Prince Beaumain* and *Griflet*.

Hugh sends you his love, and so do I.

MARY E. WINTON.

At the last minute Hugh wants to send you a letter, too. Some of the spelling is funny, but nobody helped him, and it is hard for him to do writing.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you I like your storeys and pitcures my sister shows me. And I like the leter box, too, because I hear about children in very forin places. I hope you will allways come to our house. Your loveing friend,

HUGH MCKENZIE WINTON.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Delaware, Maryland.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. March. 2. Azure. 3. Rural. 4. Crawl. 5. Hello.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

PI. The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
There, where the bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off, over the shoulder of spring.
R. W. BUCHANAN.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, "Paul Revere's Ride." 1. Palette. 2. Antlers. 3. Unicorn. 4. Lantern. 5. Ribbons. 6. Eclipse. 7. Volcano. 8. Ear-ring. 9. Rabbits. 10. Epitaph. 11. Scallop. 12. Rosette. 13. Isthmus. 14. Derrick. 15. Eyebrow.

A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. Bun. 3. Cupid. 4. Nip. 5. D. II. 1. C. 2. Fan. 3. Caged. 4. Net. 5. D. III. 1. D. 2. Pin. 3. Dined. 4. Ned. 5. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Tan. 3. Dared. 4. Neb. 5. D.

OBLIQUE LINES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. G. 2. Ere. 3. Groat. 4. Early. 5. Trout. 6. Spray. 7. Taper. 8. Yearn. 9. Rabid. 10. Minor. 11. Doric. 12. Rigid. 13. Copse. 14. Grasp. 15. Essay. 16. Panel. 17. Yacht. 18. Start. 19. Triad. 20. Tan. 21. D. II. 1. H. 2. Lot. 3. Hover. 4. Often. 5. Lever. 6. Curse. 7. Lucid. 8. Lurid. 9. Dryad. 10. Norse. 11. Doric. 12. Sprig. 13. Tunic. 14. Robin. 15. Token. 16. Tibet. 17. Haven. 18. Cameo. 19. Hazel. 20. Met. 21. L.

CONCEALED NAMES. Initials, Shakespeare. 1. Sarah. 2. Helen. 3. Anna. 4. Kate. 5. Emma. 6. Susan. 7. Pamela. 8. Esther. 9. Amabel. 10. Ruby. 11. Edna.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. Transvaal. Cross-words: 1. Tokio. 2. Brest. 3. Idaho. 4. Maine. 5. Texas. 6. Slave. 7. Miami. 8. Japan. 9. Luzon.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 24, from Olive E. Gunn—Barbara Beardsley—Mabel P. Gilman—No name, Urbana.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 24, from Mary Catherine Hamilton, 11—Alexander Sutherland, 11—Clark Simmons, 11—Alice Poulin, 11—"Allil and Adi," 11—"Thornliebank," 9—Helen Adda Vance, 9—S. Anna's Girls, 9—William George Thwaits, Jr., 9—Charles Walcutt, 8—John M. Pope, 8—Gwenfread E. Allen, 6—Amy Williams, 5—Margaret Weinland, 5—Alwin Mariante, 5—Florence Breck, 4—Elisabeth Freeland, 4—M. Louise Holcombe, 4—Elizabeth Davis, 3—Keith E. Blake, 3—Sarah J. McFadden, 3—Robert B. Ely, 3—Elizabeth Raisky, 3—Mary John Hesse, 2—Robert D. Lehman, 2—Mary Jean Stephenson, 2—J. Melville, 1—L. Watkins, 1—D. Simons, 1—J. N. Hyde, 1—L. Heberton, 1—K. Mercado, 1—F. Babbitt, 1—J. McCoy, 1—F. Clary, 1—B. Hodgkins, 1—M. R. Seibels, 1—F. Cox, 1—M. Martin, 1—K. Meteer, 1—P. Cresswell, 1—H. R. Henshaw, 1—M. H. Lehman, 1—M. J. Grover, 1—H. M. Rushton, 1.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters and another row, reading downward, will each spell one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Blood vessels. 2. An Eskimo snow hut. 3. To recuperate. 4. Sorrow. 5. Interior. 6. A running knot. 7. Dialect. 8. The malicious burning of a building.

CAROLYN M. PRATT (age 12).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Washington, but not in Bonaparte;
My *second,* in Bonaparte, but not in Wellington;
My *third* is in Wellington, but not in Greene;
My *fourth* is in Greene, but not in Washington.
My *whole* was a famous American patriot.

HENRIETTA M. MILLS (age 12), *League Member.*

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell two familiar words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Grows dim. 2. Walks. 3. Needs. 4. Found in every workbasket. 5. Freight. 6. To endure. 7. An autumn flower. 8. Motionless. 9. Fourteen pounds. 10. A groundless fright. 11. Fashions. 12. Boasts. 13. A city magistrate.

C. C. J.

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the eighth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The eight words which form the answer contain from five to eight letters each.

1. To go in. 2. A mistake. 3. A curious and beautiful flower. 4. A simpleton. 5. A quadruped. 6. To expunge. 7. A guard. 8. A feminine name.

DANIEL L. MORRIS (age 10), *League Member.*

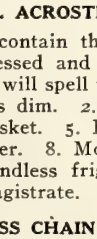
BROKEN WORDS

THE names of ten kinds of schools, or institutions of learning, have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear.

Sem, nor, cial, emy, tri, a, der, i, mal, si, un, lic, i, dus, cad, ten, mer, pub, ry, in, com, ion, na, cal, kin, med, gar, cal, al, clas.

NORAH B. LONGWORTH (age 11), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To entertain. 2. To plunder. 3. Parts of a roof. 4. To turn aside. 5. Trials.

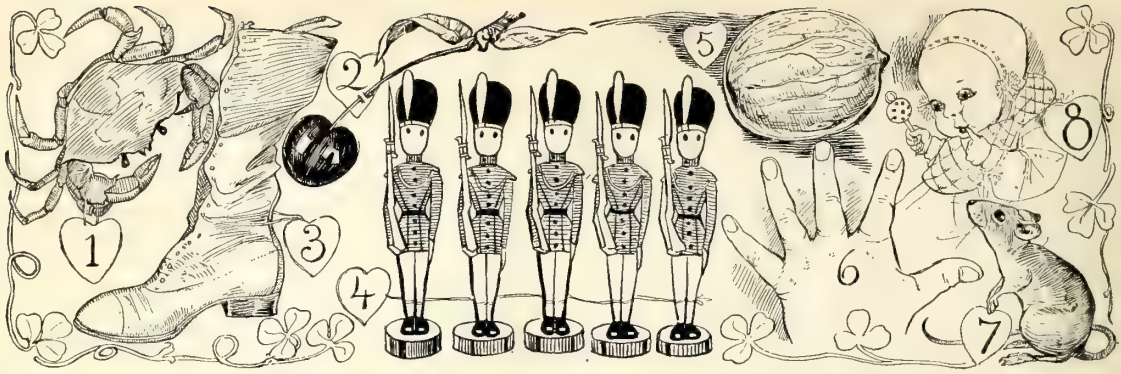
II. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An animal. 2. A number. 3. To procure.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An animal. 2. Bustle. 3. Also.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Corpulent. 2. A feminine name. 3. A color.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A luminary. 2. Employ. 3. A snare.

EDWARD M. WEYER, JR. (age 12), *League Member.*



PICTURED ANSWERS

A NUMBER of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. Hard-hearted, rosy cheeked, petite,
Attractive, dainty, round and sweet.

II. It has a tongue but cannot speak,
But sometimes gives a tiny squeak.
It may have many nails although
It only has a single toe.

III. They form a group for use, not show,
And close at hand they live and grow.
They work and play, are sometimes drest,
And one's opposed to all the rest.

IV. Its body's white, its skin is brown,
Its covering pointed, smooth and hard;
At one end it is bent and scarred,
Its ragged coat hangs loosely down.

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose a fruit, and make to harvest. Answer: Pear, reap.

1. Transpose a repast, and make crippled.

2. Transpose proud, and make a Christian name often given in Russia.

3. Transpose a tiny, perforated ball, and make commanded.

4. Transpose close at hand, and make to acquire by labor.

5. Transpose caution, and make a contest.

6. Transpose plunder, and make an implement.

7. Transpose a heavy cart, and make a measure of length.

When the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words formed will spell what the Allies are fighting for.

BARBARA COOKE (age 13), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. A KNAVE. 2. Agile. 3. Announced. 4. Quoting. 5. To vindicate by punishing a wrong-doer. 6. An account book.

HEYLTJE STEWART (age 14), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters and form a quotation from a patriotic song.

My 16–35–50 is amount. My 11–58–12 is a series. My 21–54–28–3 is a feature of the face. My 40–67–44–31 is a fine powder. My 61–48–43–1 is to please. My 34–63–56–46 is a month. My 18–10–33–65 and my 36–6–23–69–42 each name a point of the compass. My 8–27–60–24–52 is a kind of riding-whip. My 41–19–49–47–15–57–2 is by means of. My 30–4–37–64–51–59–9–25–17–55–22–39 is preliminary matter. My 45–62–7–13–68–29–53 is thoroughwort. My 26–14–20–66–32–5–38 is the name of a famous hymn that is often sung.

DOROTHY WOOD (age 12), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS

(*Gold Badge. Silver badge won January,* 1918)

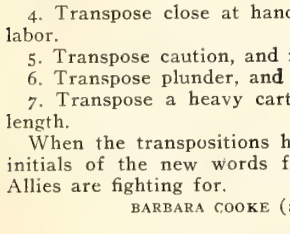
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ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzags from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each spell one or more words made familiar by warfare.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An orchestral composition in which one or more instruments stand out in bold relief. 2. A German title equivalent to marquis. 3. To put in a state of readiness for active service in war. 4. Alone. 5. Ignorant. 6. Sudden fear. 7. The office held by Dryden, Colley Cibber, and others. 8. A tree common in the South. 9. A character in the "Merchant of Venice." 10. A monument erected in honor of a person.

RUTH OVIATT (age 15).

OBLIQUE PUZZLE



IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has eighteen cross-words.

1. In certain. 2. Crude metal. 3. Upright. 4. Applause. 5. Implied but not expressed. 6. A fierce animal. 7. Dogma. 8. Carousal. 9. A kind of joint. 10. Pertaining to a particular region. 11. An imaginary being. 12. Bodily exertion. 13. Gift. 14. To drive back. 15. To reimburse. 16. Burdened. 17. Besides. 18. In certain.

ANTHONY FABBRI (age 16), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* the poor man's dinner makes;
The rich man of my *whole* partakes;
The cowboy hates the smoky town,
He much prefers the prairies brown;
The city streets he cannot bear,
Out West there is my *last* to spare.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO., INC.
NEW YORK


Youth
Health and
Happiness
all acclaim the good qualities of
BAKER'S COCOA
It's purity, delicious flavor, wholesomeness and food value combine to make it a perfect food drink.
Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1780~ DORCHESTER, MASS.



This Tire Makes Bicycling as Smooth as Motoring

Would you like to ride a bicycle that whirls over the road with the smooth buoyancy of an automobile?

That depends on your tires. And bicycle riding comes nearest to motoring when you ride on Vitalics.

The care with which our famous Vitalic De Luxe is built, and the materials that go into it, make it the longest-mileage tire we can build.

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Vitalic De Luxe is a magnificent performer. It has been adopted as standard equipment by the foremost manufacturers of bicycles. It is the choice of the most experienced riders everywhere. You will appreciate its extra-long mileage and its extraordinary freedom from punctures.

The Vitalic line embraces single tube, racer, and clincher types—all leaders in their classes—all worthy the great name Vitalic. All built of carefully selected materials by experienced Vitalic tire-makers. Inspect and test Vitalics today at your dealer's, and compare them with any other tires you have used.

SEND TODAY

for FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

Continental Rubber Works, Erie, Pa.



"Take this to Headquarters"

The boy with a bike is helping to accomplish big things these days. Errands to run, work to do for the Red Cross and Liberty Loans, money to earn for W. S. S.—so many services that require speed of action and "military" promptness.

Especially in demand is the efficient boy—the boy whose wheel is equipped with the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

Millions of energetic young fellows know that there's nothing like it for easy riding. Coasting along on the down grades—no pedalling—your legs are rested for the up-hill climb.

Makes a bike the safest vehicle on the roads — no spills or collisions — you can stop instantly.

When you buy a new bicycle, be sure it has the New Departure Coaster Brake. Or your dealer will quickly attach one to your old wheel.

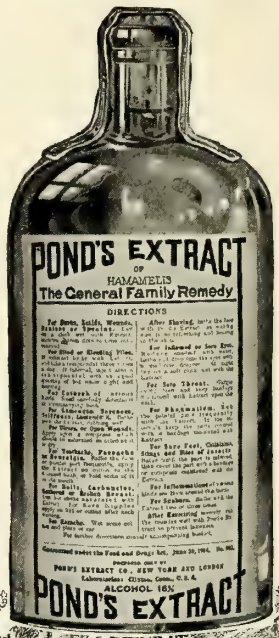
THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
105 Main Street - - Bristol, Conn.

PETER PONDS IN FRANCE

CHAPTER III

WHEN Peter Ponds reached Paris he learned that he would not be assigned to duty for several days. One day he sought an apothecary. "Avez-vous du POND'S EXTRACT?" he asked, and receiving an affirmative nod, added "Je voudrais acheter une boiteille." "How large a bottle?" asked the apothecary in English. "I speak ze English parceque ze soldiers American come here to trade of me." "You speak it very well I think," said Peter kindly. "Do many Americans ask for Pond's Extract?" "Mais, oui!" declared the Frenchman enthusiastically, "most sairtainly."

On his way back to the hotel Peter met several young French officers with whom he had become acquainted. They invited him to accompany them to the town of—(deleted) where they were undergoing instruction in aerostatics, or balloon work. Peter accepted and this led to a further invitation with the result that, a few hours later, he found himself in the basket of an observation balloon two thousand feet in the air and anchored to the ground by a supposedly strong cable. Peter enjoyed the experience in spite of the swaying and rocking of his air boat. But as they were being hauled down and were about to step to the ground the rope snapped and the balloon fairly leaped into the air as if it were a runaway slave seeking its freedom. Perhaps you think Peter was frightened. He was. But the calm attitude of his companions soon restored his confidence. "We shall use the parachutes," they told him. As they rose higher and higher, Peter wondered why they did not do so. Finally one of his two companions took his seat upon the leather strap and dropped off into space. Then came Peter's turn. His companion gave the signal, "Allons!" Peter gasped as he shot down hundreds of feet. The parachute had not opened! Suddenly it flared out and Peter almost "fell off his perch" as he said. The parachute seemed to remain suspended in the air for a moment. Then the ground began to rise to meet him. The next thing he knew he shot through a big oak tree and remained suspended in air about fifty feet above the ground. His hands and face were badly scratched by the branches and he was covered with bruises from head to foot. While an emergency squad worked to rescue him, Peter calmly took his Pond's Extract bottle from his pocket and treated his scratches and bruises in a very matter of fact manner, greatly to the admiration of the French soldiers gathered below. Thanks to the repeated use of Pond's Extract he could soon use his arms and legs "without hearing them creak," as he said:



POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
131 HUDSON ST.,
NEW YORK

(Continued in the July issue of ST. NICHOLAS in which you will learn of Peter's adventure with a German spy. Meantime use POND'S EXTRACT for all your cuts and bruises.)


"Daddy, please bring me some Life Savers"
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
Show this picture to your daddy. Tell him that you like Life Savers so much and they are so good for you that you want him to bring you home a box of Life Savers to-night. Trust dad for the rest. He likes them, too.
Four Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
LIC-O-RICE
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
Mint Products Company
New York
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
5c
Everywhere



Let Their Little Feet Grow *Straight*

DON'T force them into narrow, pointed shoes. "Fancy" looks are no excuse for the future torments of bent bones, corns, bunions, callouses, fallen arches, ingrown nails.

Feet grow straight and strong in Educators, for they "let the feet grow as they should."

Get the whole family into Educators. In buying, look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

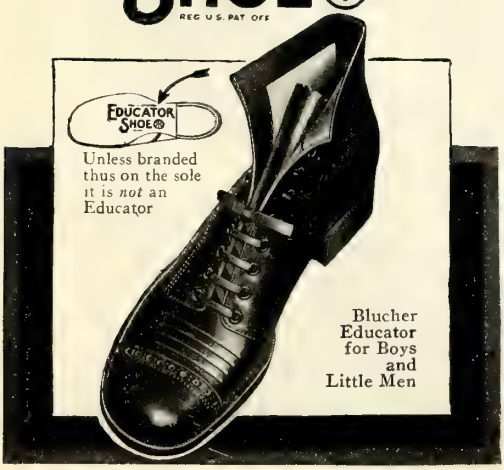
Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," an unusual book. Free.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG U.S. PAT OFF



THINGS TO EAT



HAVE you ever eaten tapioca as a breakfast cereal? It is one of the best alternatives for the days when you are saving wheat. In Florida, where it is grown, the roots are grated and used directly as food. The name of the plant itself is cassava, and it is cultivated in many tropical countries. One form of it is known as farina, which, in Portuguese, means meal. Another is Brazilian arrowroot. This is used very generally as a food for very young children. Tapioca is made from the roots of the cassava, and we know it best as a foundation for various desserts. You see, it is just another of the foods for which we are finding new uses. Try it some morning and see for yourself how delicious it is.

Tapioca Breakfast Cereal

2 cups of water.
¾ cup of tapioca.
1 teaspoon of butter substitute.
½ cup of rich milk.

Put the water on the fire in a deep saucepan; when it boils add the tapioca and cook for ten minutes, stirring all the time. When the time is up, add the butter substitute and the milk, and cook for five minutes longer. Serve with rich milk or cream.

Tapioca can be used for a vegetable course in place of macaroni, and will prove a welcome change.

Tapioca au Gratin

1 pint of milk.
½ cup of tapioca.
1 small onion, chopped fine.
¼ cup of milk.
½ teaspoon of chopped pimento.
½ tablespoon of butter substitute.
½ cup grated cheese.

Heat the water. When it is boiling hard, add the tapioca and other ingredients (except the cheese), and cook for ten minutes, taking care that they do not stick to the saucepan. Turn the preparation into a baking-dish, and sprinkle the grated cheese over the top. Bake in a moderate oven until the cheese is brown.

* * *

Now that warm weather is coming, it is not so very hard to cut down on the meat allowance each day or to go without meat two days

(*Continued on page* 40)

Win a $50 Liberty Bond

by drawing a picture with wax crayons



All you need is a piece of paper 14 inches wide by 16 inches deep and 8 wax crayons in different colors to compete for one of the many prizes in the

"TRADE CRAYOLA MARK" Drawing Contest

—for children under 15 years of age.

—for young people 15 to 18 years of age.

The pictures will be judged for neatness and smoothness, originality and general artistic merit by disinterested judges, including Henry Turner Bailey, Dean of the Cleveland School of Art, and Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the N. Y. High Schools. In drawing your picture we recommend the use of the "Crayola" Box No. 8, shown here.

8 first prizes—Each a $50.00 Liberty Bond.
8 second prizes—Each $25 in War Savings Stamps.
40 Prizes for Honorable Mention.

"CRAYOLA" is the favorite of all wax colored crayons for use at school or in the home. You will find the "Crayola" Box No. 8 an excellent set. To become a contestant, however, it is not necessary to use "Crayola" Crayons and every contestant will be given an equal chance no matter what crayons he uses.

For full details of this contest ask for information at any stationery or department store which sells "Crayola" Crayons or write to our contest department. The contest closes on the 31st of August, 1918. Send in your picture early.

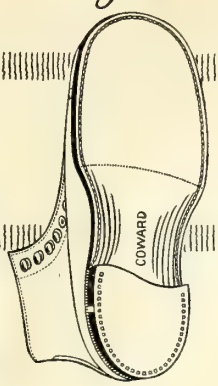


BINNEY & SMITH CO.

81-83 Fulton Street *Makers of "Crayola" Crayons* New York, N. Y.

The Shoe You Need *for*

Hiking
Camping
Bicycling
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WE make this shoe for active fellows—and girls too—who enjoy energetic, outdoor vacation life.

Broad across the toe like the regular army model, flexible, comfortable, without a tight corner anywhere, yet snug-fitting at the instep and ankle to give the right support for a long day on the feet. The extension heel gives you surer balance.

This is just the shoe for the things you want to do this summer. We are experienced in fitting by mail.

James S. Coward
262-274 Greenwich Street, N. Y.
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Sold Nowhere Else *Mail Orders Filled*

The Coward Shoe
"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 38)

of every week. Fresh vegetables, cheese, eggs, and fruit may be made into a surprising number of new dishes that will tempt the appetite and then satisfy it. A very small quantity of meat used with other foods can be made more nourishing and more delicious than the small amount of meat could possibly be by itself. A good-sized family will find that a pound of beef or lamb makes a "main dish" for dinner that is quite hearty enough. Casserole cooking of meat and vegetable combinations is as easy and economical a way as we can think of to keep the rule "eat all you need, but waste nothing." Casseroled lunches or dinners or suppers may be put in a slow oven or the fireless cooker, and will need no attention until it is time to serve them. The casserole is a perfect serving-dish, too, because the contents will keep hot and the container itself is attractive. A substantial dish in the casserole is made of beef and Lima-beans, and the receipt comes from a ST. NICHOLAS reader.

Casseroled Beef with Lima Beans

1 pint of dried Lima beans.
1 pound of chuck beef.
3 small onions.
2 tablespoons of fat.
2 tablespoons of flour.
1 teaspoon of salt.
A dash of mace and one of pepper.

The beans should be covered with a pint of water and allowed to soak over night. In the morning drain and rinse them, and put them in a saucepan with a pint of cold water; let them come to the boiling-point; then put them where they will simmer, and cook them until tender. Cut the beef into pieces about an inch square, and slice the onions; brown them in the fat, then add the flour, salt, mace, and pepper. Drain the water from the beans, and put alternate layers of the meat and beans in a casserole, spreading two cupfuls of stewed tomatoes between the layers. Barely cover the contents of the casserole with boiling water, put in a slow oven, and cook for three hours. If the water cooks away, put in a little more. Keep the contents of the dish moist, but not liquid.

Casserole of Lamb

1 pound of lamb, cut from the leg or neck.
1 cup of carrots, diced.
1 cup of parsnips, diced.
1 green pepper, cut fine.
1 onion, chopped.
½ cup of celery, chopped.
Salt and pepper.
1 cup of water.

Cut the meat in mouthful pieces, being careful to remove all the fat. Flour it lightly and brown in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute. Arrange the vegetables on the bottom of the casserole, saving out the celery and onions. Place the browned meat on top, and sprinkle with the chopped celery and onion. Add the salt, pepper, and water, and cook in a slow oven for three hours.

(*Continued on page* 42)



In Light or Dark the Time is equally clear

WHAT boy wouldn't rather have a whole twenty-four-hour-a-day watch than a half watch that's good only in the light?

The wonderful Ingersoll Radiolite shows the time as distinctly on a pitch dark night as in sunshine. The

Ingersoll Radiolite

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is the watch that 60% of the American soldiers carry—the watch that every real boy wants. Real radium in the substance on the hands and figures assures their lasting luminosity. Ingersolls are made to stand the jars of hard usage and keep accurate time. There's a guarantee with every watch. Examine these models at the dealer's.

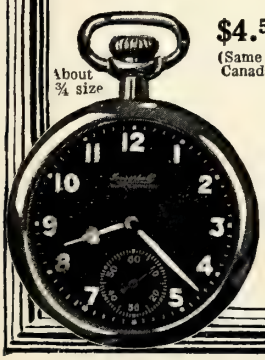
Waterbury Radiolite $4.50
(In Canada $4.50)
A small stylish jeweled watch—a great favorite with business men.

Ingersoll Radiolite $2.25
(In Canada $2.50)
The regular Ingersoll with radium-lighted hands and figures.

The only Radiolite is the Ingersoll Radiolite

$2.25
($2.50 in Canada)

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal



About ¾ size

$4.50
(Same in Canada)

In a high-grade English pigskin strap for the wrist
$5.50





About ¾ size





THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 40)

Ham and Veal in Casserole

¾ pound of veal, cut in eight pieces.
¼ pound of ham, cut in strips.
2 tablespoons of butter or butter substitute.
3 small onions.
1 cup of tomatoes.
1 cup of hot water.
1 cup of celery, chopped,
Salt and pepper.
1 cup of string-beans.
2 cups of raw potatoes, cut in small pieces.

Put the ham, veal, and fat in a saucepan and cook until a nice brown. Take the meat from the fat, and brown the onions in the same pan. When they are a rich golden color, add the tomatoes, water, celery and seasonings. Place the meat in the casserole first; then pour on the vegetables; cover and cook one hour in a slow oven. When the hour is up, add the potatoes, put the casserole back in the oven, and cook until the potatoes are soft. Thicken the gravy with three tablespoons of flour mixed with three of cold water. Just before serving add the string-beans which have been cooked separately. This is an exceptionally delicious dish.

* * *

There is real economy in sour milk, and real benefit, too. The economy is not all in using up the milk, but in the benefit to health as well, for sour milk is really very healthful. Clabbered milk is a satisfying drink, especially in hot weather, either by itself or with a meal. When served as a drink it should be put in a bowl and beaten with an egg-beater until it is smooth and creamy. Three minutes is usually long enough, and the process gives the milk an entirely different flavor from the unbeaten milk, which is distasteful to many people.

Sour milk may be used in many ways for cooking. One of the best receipts we have found is for gingerbread.

Sour Milk Gingerbread

1 cup of molasses.
½ cup of butter substitute.
½ cup of sour milk.
1 egg.
2 cups of flour.
½ teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon.
1 teaspoonful of ginger.
1½ teaspoonfuls of soda.

Put the molasses and butter substitute over the fire and bring to a boil. Remove from the fire and add the milk and the egg, which has been well beaten. Then add the dry ingredients, which have been previously sifted together, and beat until smooth. Bake in a greased, shallow baking-pan in a brisk oven.

* * *

A product of milk which has a very high food value is cheese. A substantial main dish for luncheon or supper is made of cheese and bread-crumbs, with eggs and skim-milk to make it moist and palatable. This dish is equal in food value to a pound of meat and a pound of potatoes.

Does your radiant face cause an exclamation of pleasure?



No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms—a clear, fresh skin.

An authority on the skin has said: "Whatever your difficulty is, you *can* remedy the trouble."

Begin this treatment tonight

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. After rinsing your face with warm water, rub a fresh lather of Woodbury's into your skin, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels just a little sensitive. Then rinse the skin well in warm water, then in cold, finishing by rubbing for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin thoroughly.

Make this treatment a regular habit, and in a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to it. You will find a 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is for sale everywhere in drug stores and at toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for a week's size cake

Send 5c and we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's use, together with the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving many of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Or for 12c, we will send, in addition, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Send today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2005 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2005 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



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For Your May-Party Refreshments

BE sure to have your mother make some nice Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches for your May-Party. My, but they taste good after the games are over and you sit down on the grass to rest!

The reason Beech-Nut tastes so good is because it is made with all the care and cleanliness that your mother uses at home.

Ask mother to get you a jar today. But be sure it's *Beech-Nut,* because that is the kind that contains the best peanuts grown.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Booklet of 101 New Recipes on Request

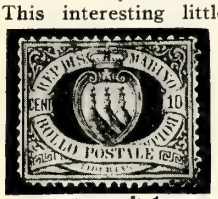
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

SAN MARINO.

ONE of our readers from Virginia has had his curiosity excited by the stamps of San Marino. This interesting little country—one of the very



smallest in the world—has not issued many stamps. And of those it has issued, none is so very expensive as to be hopelessly unattainable. Hence we often hear of collectors who have the country complete, who have in their collections every stamp it has ever issued. Ever so many collectors have Poland complete, but that country issued only one stamp. Then the Ionian Islands issued only three stamps. San Marino has given us more than that—forty-eight regular stamps were noted in the last catalogue. But that is not very many when compared with other countries. Our reader did not say whether he had the country of San Marino complete. But what he did want to know was this —the meaning of the three objects represented in the center of many of the stamps. To him they looked like ink-wells with a feather quill or pen in them. So finally he wrote to STAMP PAGE about it. As the stamps of San Marino are reasonable in price, it is probable that many of our readers own at least one of them; so they, too, may be interested to know the meaning of these strange-looking objects. Here is the explanation. There are two San Marinos. There is the State, or Republic, of San Marino, and there is the city of San Marino, which is the capital and also the principal town. This beautiful town is situated on a very high and very precipitous hill, or really a small mountain, called Monte Titano. This mountain has three peaks, and on each peak there is a fortification or castle. And it is these three peaks or castles which appear upon the stamps. They also figure prominently in the coat of arms of the country.

COLLECTABLE STAMPS.

EVERY year, and every month even, STAMP PAGE acquires a new group of readers. Another class of boys and girls begin stamp-collecting. And this year, we are pleased indeed to say, the class is larger than ever. Never before have we seen indications of so very many "beginners" at the fascinating sport. Naturally, these new collectors ask for information, and, naturally, they ask questions very similar to those of the other groups who in the past years were also beginners. So it sometimes seems wise to write again upon subjects we have mentioned previously on this page. One of the first questions asked by beginners is, "What makes differences in stamps?" They want to know what to look for, what they may expect to find in their efforts to collect stamps. As every beginner has access at once to the more common or current stamps of the United States, his questions may be answered with those in mind. It would be easier to answer, however, if we could use pictures instead of words. But our Government is the only one which prohibits illustrating its stamps. By so doing, it cuts off a source of revenue. Many more beginners would go on and on were they not too easily discouraged by the difficulties in our own stamps—difficulties which could be overcome or greatly diminished by illustrations. All other countries encourage stamp-collectors and the field for revenue which they offer. But this is not written as an appeal for wiser discrimination on the part of our officials. What, then, shall we look for? Differences in value is the first thing. We want a one-cent stamp, and a two, and a three, and so on. Then comes color. Most of the one-cent stamps will be green. But now and then we find marked differences in shades. All these are worth saving. Now and then the beginner will find an old one-cent stamp in blue. Save all differences in color and marked differences in shades. All of these are collectable; they constitute legitimate varieties. Then come differences in the design of the stamp. Most of our one-cent stamps have a numeral before and after the word cent. But some older designs do not have these numerals. Then the "heads," or portraits, on the same value are sometimes different. The one-cent may have the head of Washington or of Franklin. Again the words "U. S. Postage" may be in a straight line across the top, or, in some values, in a curved line. All these should be watched for. The next thing which, as a beginner studies his stamps, will attract his attention will be the perforations—or method of separating the stamps. He will soon notice that while most of the stamps are perforated on all four sides, some are perforated on only two sides, and still others not at all. Those which have perforations on only the sides (or only at top and bottom) are called "part-perforate," while those which have no perforations are called "imperforate." All these should be collected. Now then, for something a little more difficult. As soon as the beginner's attention is drawn to the perforations and he commences to watch these, he notices that they are not all the same size—some are very fine holes cut close together; others are larger and farther apart. All these varieties of perforations are good for specimens in your collection and help to swell the number. When the boy or girl across the street tells you he or she has eleven hundred stamps in his or her collection, you may know that varieties of perforation are counted to increase the number. And it is perfectly legitimate to count them. As the beginner graduates into the class of experienced collectors, he will find other collectable varieties in the way of water-marks and paper. But enough has been mentioned to keep his eyes busy for awhile.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

¶A READER of STAMP PAGE writes us about a stamp from Uruguay which he owns, but which he cannot find described in the catalogue. He says it is blue in color, and the design is like Scott's No. 79. But that is described as orange, and so cannot be his stamp. He is sure it is genuine, because it is canceled and came on a letter to some one he knows. Others have had the same trouble with this stamp, and there is a reason for it. The fault is in the catalogue. It is not often that the publishers of this book are caught in a slip, but this time they

(*Continued on page* 46)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued from page 45

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page* 44)

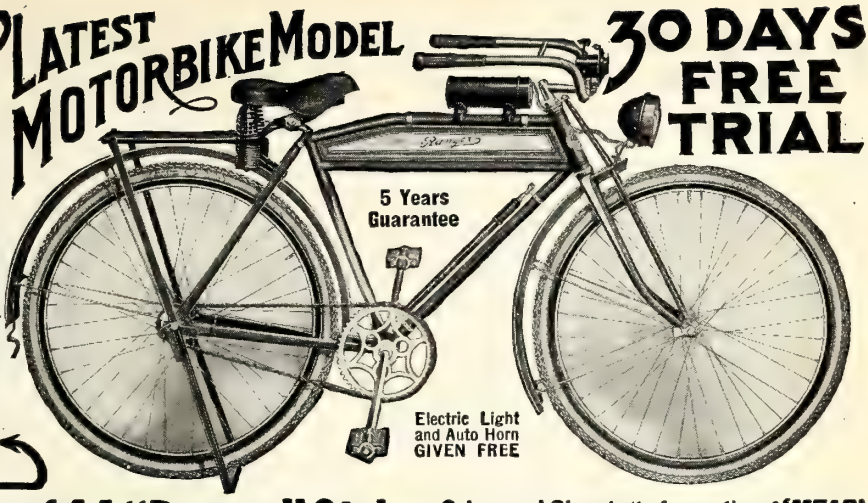
are. Scott describes catalogue No. 149 as ten-cents light-blue. It should read twenty-cents light-blue. Here is the cause of several long hunts by the readers of STAMP PAGE. ¶ The meaning of an eagle upon a stamp varies very materially. Much depends upon the country which issues the stamp. There is, however, a very pretty story, or legend, connected with the eagle upon the stamps of Mexico. In passing, let us notice that he holds in his beak a struggling serpent, and that he is perched upon a branch of cactus. The legend briefly relates that the Aztecs in seeking a permanent home were told by some oracle or prophet to build upon the spot where they should find an eagle with a writhing serpent in his mouth seated upon a branch of cactus. This the wanderers actually saw on the shores of Lake Texcoco, and here they laid the foundations of what afterward became the wonderful city of Tenochtitian in the days of Cortez the Conqueror, and the City of Mexico of our day. The legend has been perpetuated in several series of the stamps of Mexico. ¶ We understand that the building represented upon the new five-peso stamp of Mexico is the post-office building.

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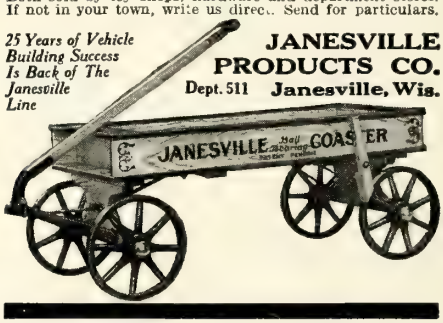
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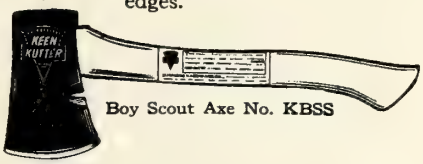
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See Pages 15 to 31



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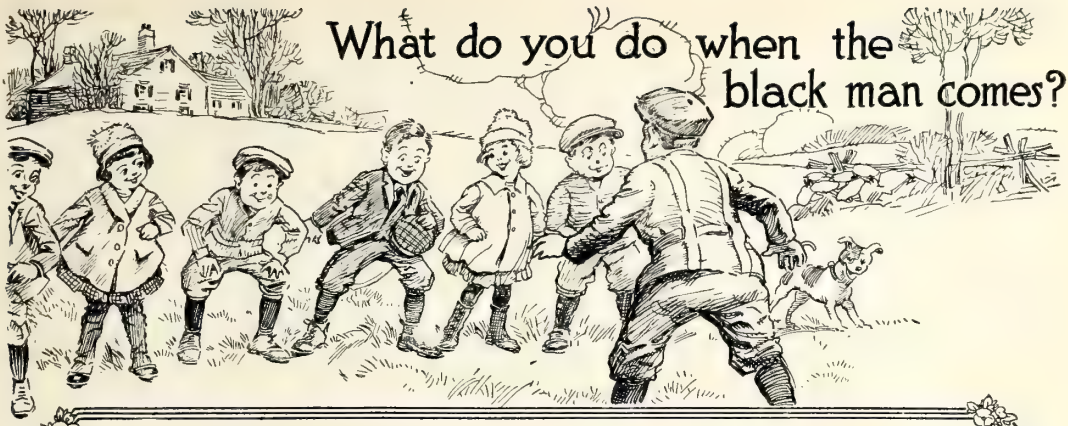
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"Humph!" grumbled Billy, "life is strange. Your hopes are queer, my friend. *You* use your tail for punishment, I use my other end. Well, such is life, and so is *so;* therefore the how and hence—if oysters sneezed, I don't suppose we'd know the difference." With drooping whisker Billy sighed, as Gniffy with a shout cried, "Land upon the starboard bow," and steered the ship about. The crew all hurried to the rail; towards land the good ship bore. What was the trouble they beheld upon the Island shore?

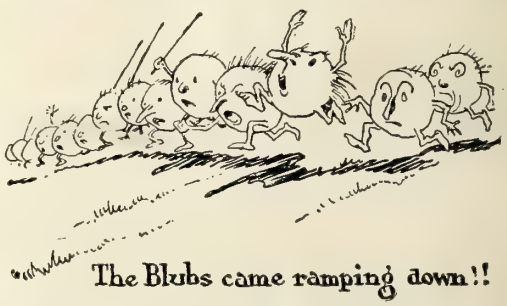


It was a pleasant spot.

Then spake a nice old gentleman—



It was a pleasant island spot with hills and fields of green, and pretty houses painted white with windows bright and clean. But, there were many people who had gathered in a crowd, great was their wild excitement and their weepings long and loud. Our heroes hastened to the land. "Why do you weep?" cried Bill, "if I can butt some butts for you, I can and surely will." Then spake a nice old gentleman,



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THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World."

The American Boy for June also has baseball in its fiction stories—several of them. The most notable of them is a long story by C. H. Claudy entitled "6 to 9, Starred." You never read any baseball story at all like this. For one thing it brings in a great school fire—a tremendously thrilling adventure; and then baseball—the unforgettable game between Radford and Shrane, the game which was "starred."

Another baseball story of a very different kind is "Shorty, the Traitor." There's a circus mixed up in it in a peculiar way—and lots of laughs in the story and pictures.

In "Fighting for Fairview," Mr. Heyliger takes you into the heart of Buddy Jones' hard baseball problem.

But that's not all. Here's almost the best news of all. Clarence B. Kelland is back in The American Boy in June—Mr. Kelland, the Mark Tidd man—you know! His June story (a long one) is called "Uncle Heine"; it's a Decoration Day story and brings in the Great War in an interesting way. The story is gripping—one that you will not soon forget. Remember it is by Clarence B. Kelland.

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There will be still other "stories"; and articles about horses, with fine pictures; Dan Beard's page for Outdoor Boys; the "How to Make" page; a full page of pictures of Novel Inventions and Natural Wonders; all the other departments. And in June the prize-winning cartoons, drawn by boys, will be printed.



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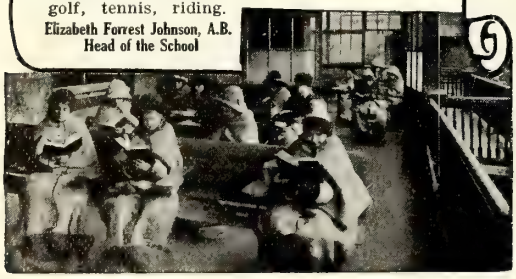
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The Boy's Camp and Its Part in Character Development

By JOHN M. DICK, B. D.

Dr. Arthur Holmes, whose field of research has been psychology, raises play to a new level in his little book called "The Psychology of Character Making." Dr. Holmes makes it clear that when a boy is at play he can be judged accurately and helped effectually because he is in the mood and temper of perfect spontaneity and naturalness. There is probably no other activity that produces this attitude of mind to as great a degree. This being true, then the camp to an extraordinary degree and in an almost unique way is a revelation of the boy as he is and its accompaniment—a place where he can be influenced with the greatest possible results. One of the marked characteristics of boys is their incessant activity. To find a satisfactory means of controlling and regulating this is one of the most insistent and difficult problems of the parent. The common method of repression is not successful from either the point of view of immediate results or of the effects upon character. While there may be a worthy motive back of many a "don't," the ability to say "do" is more effective with boys so far as character building is concerned. There is always a more excellent way than to repress in dealing with boys. The camp offers a splendid opportunity at this point for it provides a life of discipline where regular and well-ordered living is in vogue.

Summer camps are always in the great "out of doors," in the midst of nature undefiled, thus offering to the wise camp leaders splendid opportunities for moral education. By a liberal quotation from Bishop J. L. Spalding's "Education and the Higher Life," I may indicate what I have in mind.

"To run, to jump, to ride, to swim, to sit in the shade of trees by flowing water, to look on orchards blossoming, to dream in the silence that lies amid the hills, to feel the solemn loneliness of the deep woods, to follow cattle as they crop the sweet-scented clover, to learn to know, as one learns to know a mother's face, every change that comes over the heavens, from the dewy freshness of the early morn to the restful calm of evening, from the overpowering mystery of the starlit sky to the look with which the moon smiles upon the earth; all this is education of a higher and altogether a more real kind than it is possible to receive within the walls of a school; and lacking this nothing shall have power to develop the faculties of the soul in symmetry and completeness."

Why I Shall Permit My Boarding School

MY boy came home from public school the other day and said: "I asked the teacher today why they call the Arctic Ocean an ocean when its size and location make it look more like a sea. She told me to sit down and learn the lesson as it was taught."

I do hope this is not typical of the attitude of the average public school teacher toward scholars who are trying to think things out for themselves. But I remember having read of a Canadian lawyer who, in the initial stages of his education, was severely thrashed because he asked *why* two and two make four! Such incidents cause me to wonder to what extent the public schools can develop the individual boy and girl along the lines which study of their individual capacities reveals. I have concluded that public school teachers have little time to analyze their charges and less time to develop them as individuals. Our public schools are doing a great work but they cannot be expected to give that intimate attention for which the American boarding schools were expressly organized.







In ST. NICHOLAS last month there appeared an article which struck home most forcibly to me. Two paragraphs in particular impressed me. An English officer is quoted as saying:

"The world's future is in the hands of our boys of from twelve to fifteen years old. It is our duty to help discipline them and prepare them to meet the responsibilities their gigantic task will demand."

Later on the writer states pertinently:

"To offer your services is one thing; to be prepared is another. For the first time in American history, ability counts for more than position. No longer does the rich man's son have the advantage; no longer can the society debutante feel herself superior to her more humble sister. The first real democracy we have ever known is spreading over our land and no class is responding to it more enthusiastically than the children."

The other day I had a friendly debate with a neighbor who insisted that boarding schools were not as democratic as public schools. But I contended, and she granted my point, that boys and girls away from home rise or fall on their own

Boy and Girl To Go To Next September

merits. In the public school they stand in the light of their parents' social and financial position while at boarding school the standard is entirely personal and individual. Such conditions foster self-reliance and self-respect.

I am convinced that boys and girls are influenced far more by example than by precept and I have ascertained that the type of instructors in the best boarding school is the sort whose influence is of the best.

The fact that the boarding school takes entire control of my boy and girl leads me to expect that they will acquire habits of self-control and regularity which cannot be cultivated in the atmosphere of my own home which in these war days especially is constantly subject to outside demands which prevent systematic regulation.

So I shall permit my son and daughter to go away to boarding school next September. They are eager to go and that is perhaps an additional reason for sending them since they will be equally eager to get everything possible out of what must be a new and broadening experience.







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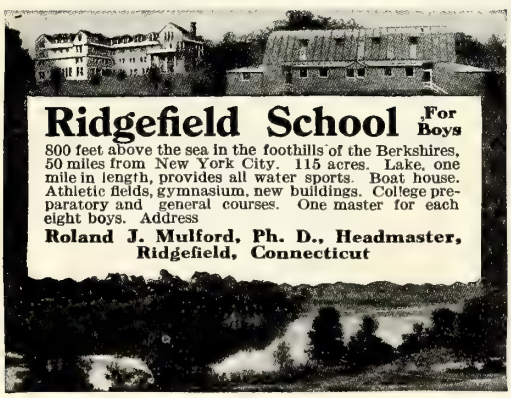
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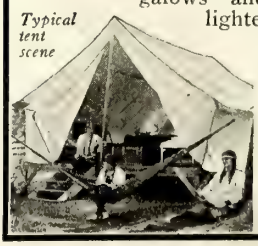


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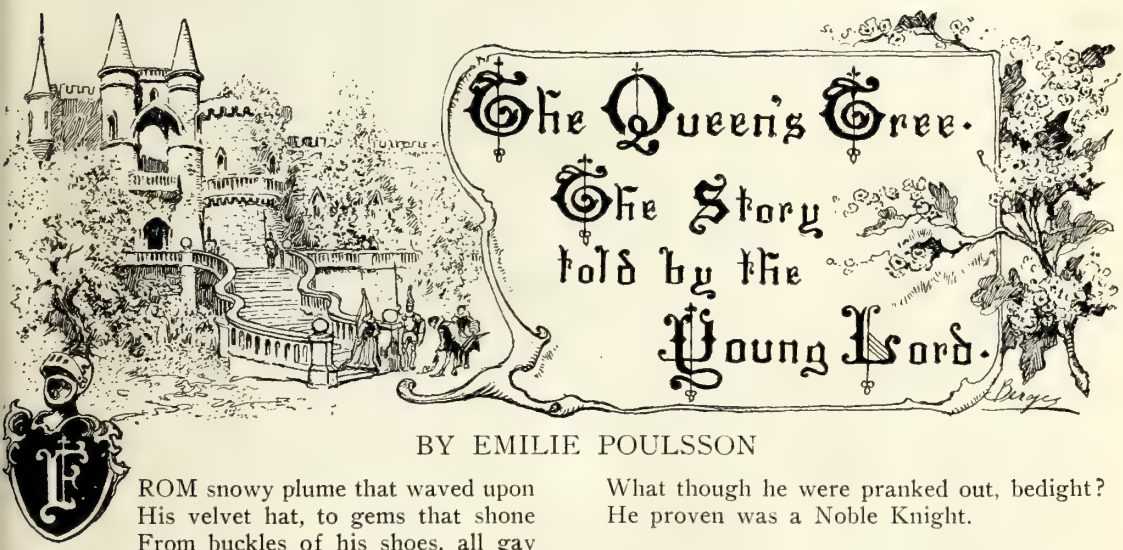
"Grow and keep
my memory green."

The Queen's Tree.

ST. NICHOLAS

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BY EMILIE POULSSON

FROM snowy plume that waved upon
His velvet hat, to gems that shone
From buckles of his shoes, all gay
And costly the Young Lord's array.
Of satin was his doublet made,
His velvet cloak, thrown back, displayed
A crimson lining. Ah, in truth,
A Star of Fashion was the youth.

At first sight of his gay attire,
"Too fine a bird, this," quoth the Squire,
"To flock in with us sober folk!"
But soon of the Young Lord all spoke
In praise, declaring him to be
The very Pink of Courtesy.

For he would listen, hat in hand,
When ladies spoke; would always stand
Till they were seated; everywhere
Served ladies first with gallant care.
What though well-ordered as a girl's
He kept his flowing flaxen curls?
What though he were pranked out, bedight?
He proven was a Noble Knight.

In him bloomed fair each courtly grace.
Well known his ancient house and race,
About which clustered tales and rhymes,
As o'er old walls thick ivy climbs.
This tale from his ancestral lore,
Like one leaf plucked from myriads more,
He chose; and told, with modest mien,
About Sir Geoffrey and the Queen.

FORTH upon a gracious errand
Rode the Queen in majesty
To the manor of Sir Geoffrey,
There to plant a hawthorn-tree.

Heralds, soldiers, lords, and ladies,
With her rode, a gorgeous train,
Splendid as a fairy pageant
Moving over hill and plain.

Oh, a knight of knights was Geoffrey!
Fairest virtues in him grew;
Right he loved and wrong he hated;
Loyal was, and pure and true.

Golden were his house's records;
Sire and son, the long line down,
Lustrous names had left; and Geoffrey's
Shone like theirs with bright renown.



Bold in battle, wise in counsel;
Ever had he served so well
Queen and country that his sovereign
Bade him some fond wish to tell.

"Crave what boon thou wilt, 't is granted,"
Spake the Queen in accents kind;
"Gift of riches, lands, or jewels—
Thy free choice shall favor find."

Answered Geoffrey lowly bending;
"Pardon, O most gracious Queen,
But 't is not for gift or guerdon
I thy willing knight have been.

"Loyalty and love have led me,
Not the thought of any gain."
Then the Queen, "Yet sign of favor
'T is our wish thou shouldst obtain."

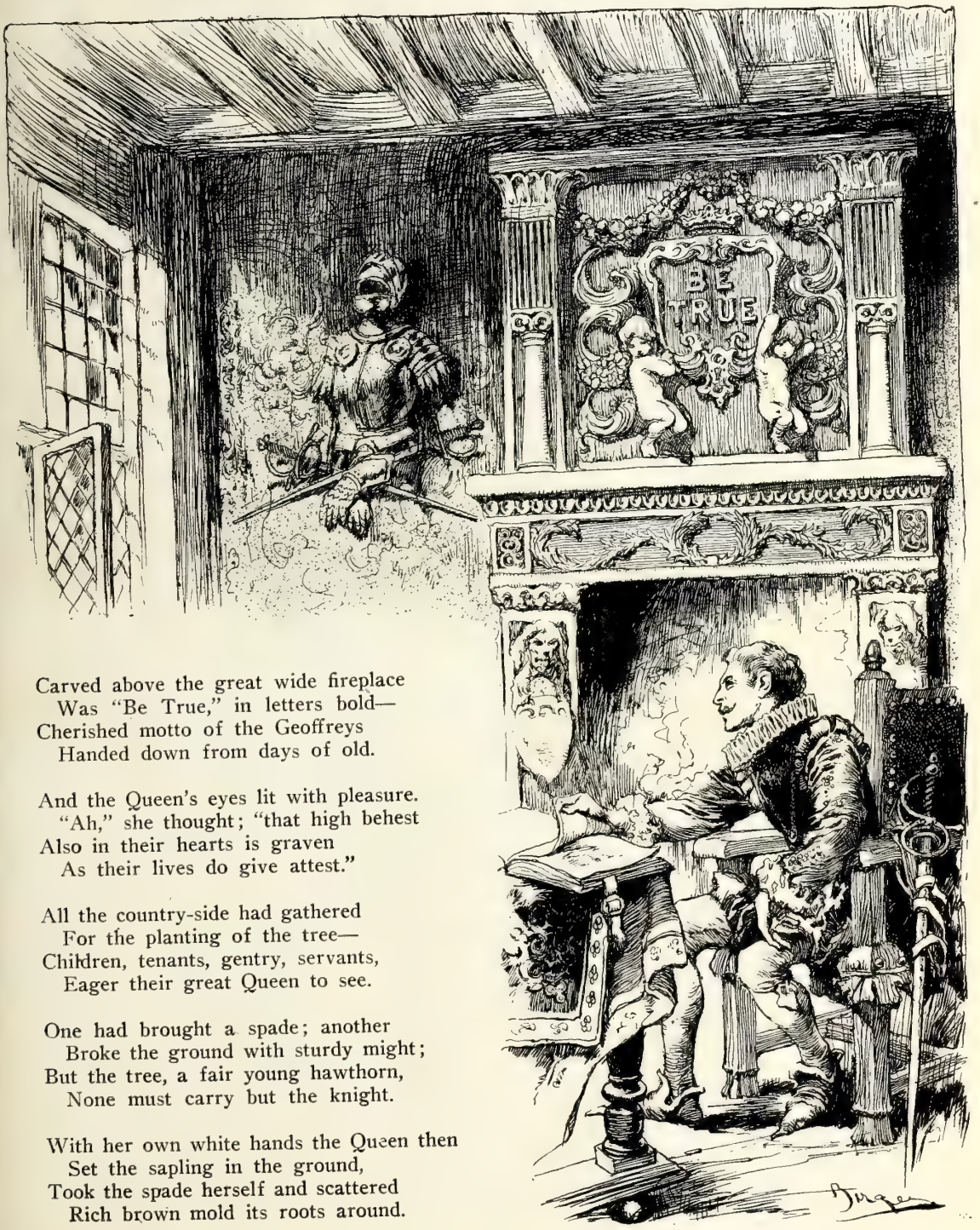
"By thy grace, then," answered Geoffrey,
"This the boon I crave of thee:
Ride I pray thee to my manor;
Plant beside its door a tree."

Oh, then laughed the foolish courtiers!
But the Queen, who knew his heart,
Said, well pleased: "So be it, Geoffrey.
Peerless knight I trow thou art."

Then, by all her train attended,
Forth she fared from London Town;
Came betimes where Geoffrey's manor
Seemed the fair green hill to crown.

Centuries old, its lofty towers,
Chimneys huge, and massive walls;
Black with time the oaken rafters
In its hospitable halls.

"Grow, thou little tree!" the Queen said,
"Day by day and year by year
With thy beauty bless this manor,
Making glad the dwellers here.



Carved above the great wide fireplace
Was "Be True," in letters bold—
Cherished motto of the Geoffreys
Handed down from days of old.

And the Queen's eyes lit with pleasure.
"Ah," she thought; "that high behest
Also in their hearts is graven
As their lives do give attest."

All the country-side had gathered
For the planting of the tree—
Children, tenants, gentry, servants,
Eager their great Queen to see.

One had brought a spade; another
Broke the ground with sturdy might;
But the tree, a fair young hawthorn,
None must carry but the knight.

With her own white hands the Queen then
Set the sapling in the ground,
Took the spade herself and scattered
Rich brown mold its roots around.

"Grow, till Geoffrey's children's children,
Sporting 'neath thy shade are seen.
Little tree, in strength and beauty
Grow and keep my memory green."

Hushed the company had listened
While their royal lady spoke.
Now "God save the Queen! God save her!"
In a mighty shout outbroke.

Years and years have passed full many
Since that gracious deed was done.
Queen and courtiers, lords and ladies,
Humble folk, all, all are gone.

But beside the ancient manor
Of Sir Geoffrey may be seen
Still that cherished tree, the hawthorn,
That was planted by the Queen.



JIMMY THE SLEUTH

BY FRANK FARRINGTON

NOBODY knew how, when, or why Gorsch had come to Pokeville. He was a well-behaved chap, who seemed to spend little money and earn none. He mixed with people and he liked to talk with the boys; but he minded his own business, and if he had had a job or even seemed to be looking for one, nobody would have noticed him much.

Of course, in a small town everybody did notice his idleness and talked about it, and it was natural that mystery should gather about him. He was an active, wiry man, with just a touch of gray in his hair, and evidently he was perfectly able to work if he had wanted to do so. It is not too much to say that folks resented his not working at a time when so many needed more help and could not get it. He was not very popular, except with the boys.

Jimmy Govern had been reading some stories that told about the doings of spies, and those enemies of his country were very real in his mind. He was a thoughtful sort of boy, and he thought about Gorsch and wondered if he could be a spy.

Jimmy was privately determined to be a detective, and he made up his mind to do a little shadowing, and, if possible, discover whether Gorsch was as idle as was believed. But to shadow any one in a small town, when one has no false mustaches or other means of disguise, is quite difficult, and it troubled Jimmy to know how to proceed alone. He concluded that he could succeed only if he could have the help of what the books he had read called a "colleague."

Colleagues of the sort Jimmy had in mind were not easily found. He knew that such a man must be silent, sober, and free from the influence of any other person who might steal his secret. There was no boy Jimmy knew that he believed would make such a colleague.

So Jimmy thought over the older men he knew. He considered in turn the neighborhood grocer, the family doctor, the druggist's clerk in the next block; and, finally, William Ward, the chauffeur of the family next door.

William was a good friend of Jimmy's, and when he was taking the car to the garage or going on errands Jimmy often rode with him, and

had even been allowed to take the steering-wheel a few times under careful guidance.

William was a silent chap. He might have been a brother to that historic William the Silent. He had no bad habits, Jimmy was certain. He had no friends, and seemed to care for none. He went nowhere, and he did nothing not connected with his work. He had come with the Browns, when they had moved there a year or so before, at the time Mr. Brown had come to take charge of the old steel-mill half-way between Pokeville and Southport. Then, too, William was very intelligent, and when Jimmy talked to him about spies and detectives he showed a polite interest, which Jimmy appreciated the more because he had found other older persons inclined to laugh at him when he mentioned such things.

It seemed that William, with the car and with his frequent goings and comings, would be a valuable ally in watching Gorsch; and then William's employer was the only man in Pokeville who controlled a business that could be considered worthy of the attention of the Germans. The steel-mill was beginning to manufacture munitions.

So Jimmy decided upon William as a colleague, and in his mind so regarded him for several weeks before he dared to broach the subject to William himself.

At last Jimmy found it so difficult to watch Gorsch that he was afraid he would be too late to get him "with the goods on him," as his favorite detective was always doing. You see, Gorsch had taken to long walks in the direction of the steel-mill. More than this—Jimmy, from a vantage-point on a knoll back from the road, saw Gorsch going out that way sometimes by the cross-lots way, and sometimes even around through the woods.

It looked to Jimmy as if Gorsch was a dangerous citizen, and he saw the situation getting beyond his control. So he spoke to William Ward.

It was a little difficult to know just how to approach so important a subject. He hung around the Browns' garage and waited for a good opening. He framed up speeches in his mind, but always he lacked the courage to say what he wanted to say.

At last it was Ward who gave him the opportunity. "What are you going to be when you grow up?" he asked Jimmy.

"I 'm going to be a detective," replied Jimmy.

"Sherlock Holmes stuff, eh?" William responded. "Have you begun to practise any yet?"

Jimmy hesitated. This was his chance.

"Will you promise not to tell?" he asked, somewhat embarrassed; and then added, with a little more dignity, "I got to swear you to secrecy."

"I 'll never say a word about it," William promised solemnly.

"Will you—will you be my—a colleague?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes, sure, I 'll be a colleague; but I don't believe I 'm cut out to be a detective."

Jimmy sat down beside William where he was looking through a box of odds and ends to find a cotter-pin. "I 'm on a clue now. You know Gorsch?"

William dropped the cotter-pin behind the bench, and he got down to find it. It seemed to Jimmy that it was unfortunate to have the conversation interrupted just at that moment.

Finally William came up smiling, with the pin. "Yes," he said, "I know Gorsch. What about him? Are you suspicious that he 's a criminal?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Jimmy, trying to be as impressive as the great detective in the last story he had read. "I have more than suspicions. I have seen him going out toward the steel-mill by the back way and through the woods, and he went as if he did n't want folks to see him. I was hiding. I believe he is a German spy."

William was all attention, his cotter-pin forgotten. "You say this Gorsch goes sneaking out that way on the quiet? When was it you saw him going there?"

"I 've seen him several times. The last time was last night, just before dark. Well, it was just a little after you took me out that way and left me—when you went out to get Mr. Brown. Say, William, that was a good joke on you, because when I came home I heard my father say Mr. Brown had gone away for two days, and you went clear out there for nothing. I wish we'd known, and then I 'd have gone with you."

William began looking for cotter-pins again.

"Well, now I 'm your colleague, Jimmy, what are we going to do?" he finally asked.

"Why, are n't we going to shadow Gorsch, and catch him trying to blow up the steel-mill?"

"I 'd like to know who he is," said William, "even if he is n't a spy. Could n't you get acquainted with him, and find out where he came from, and how long he 's going to stay?"

"Oh, I know him already," said Jimmy. "Everybody knows him, because he always says 'Hello' to all the fellows. Maybe I could get better acquainted."

"That 's the thing for you to do. You get acquainted with him, and ask him questions, and find out where he 's been before he came here, and when he 's going away, if you can; and remember everything he says and tell me, and then we 'll decide what to do."

There was a call from the house for William,

and he soon came back, saying to Jimmy: "I 've got to go up on Bridge street on an errand. You get in, and I 'll drop you off above Gorsch's. You can walk past there, and maybe you 'll meet the German spy, so you can talk to him. We 'll just have to watch our chance for you to see him."

Jimmy was left on the street as planned and started back; and sure enough, as luck would have it, he saw Gorsch come out of the boarding-place and start down the street ahead of him. He was walking rapidly, and Jimmy had to run to catch up with him, and it was with a very undetective-like manner that he came up from behind and fell in with Gorsch's pace.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said Gorsch, who seemed to know the names of all the boys around town. "What 's new to-day?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Jimmy. "I was just going downtown, and I thought I 'd walk along with you. You 're in an awful hurry, are n't you?"

"Camouflage, Jimmy, *camouflage!"*

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, don't you know? That 's the latest French for fake."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I thought it sounded like German!" And he looked up to see how Gorsch would act when he said "German"—this being obviously good detective business.

But Gorsch did not start or give any signs that German signified anything to him. He even went on to ask, "Jimmy, there are n't any Germans in this town, are there?"

"Are n't you a German?" asked Jimmy, before he thought, and then he blushed red, only to calm down again as the thought occurred to him that after all it was just such bold strokes that marked the best detectives.

Strange to say, Gorsch did not seem even mildly surprised at the question, but took it as a matter of course, as something he had expected.

"Well, if I 'm as German as everybody around town says I am, I 'm a professional and the kaiser is a class A amateur."

Jimmy could not quite see through this, and he classified it in his mind under the new term of *camouflage.* It seemed to him that Gorsch must have something to conceal. He determined not to give up.

He must ask Gorsch whether he came from Germany, and yet he hardly dared assume the responsibility. He decided to put the burden on the shoulders of his colleague, so he said:

"William told me he thought you came from Germany; did you?"

"Who is William?" asked Gorsch, ignoring the question.

"Why William, don't you know, is the Browns' chauffeur, and he works next door to us, and he 's a great friend of mine. He and I have some business together."

That was telling more than Jimmy meant to tell, but it sounded so important that he could not forego the pleasure of hearing himself say it.

"What is this business in which you and William are partners?" asked Gorsch.

This was getting too close for comfort, and Jimmy began to struggle with a desire to run away to avoid telling his secret. This Gorsch seemed to be a very clever spy.

It was hard to say, without arousing suspicion, that the business was secret, and he did not like to say it was private and so offend Gorsch just as he was getting acquainted with him and more likely to find out something.

Gorsch himself solved the problem by saying:

"Well, you will excuse me for asking. I do not wish to seem to pry into your private affairs, Jimmy. You said this William is a German?"

"No, sir!" said Jimmy, in surprise. "I never said that. He 's a chauffeur, and his name is Ward, William Ward. There is n't anything German about that, and he 's just as—just as American as anybody. There he goes now!" as William went past going home with the car.

"No, of course not," replied Gorsch, not even looking William's way. "I 've got to stop in here. Good-by, Jimmy." And they parted.

Jimmy did a good deal of thinking on the way home, and the result was a belief that Gorsch was going to be hard to catch napping. There was n't much to report to his colleague, and Jimmy was so much ashamed of his lack of success that he determined to achieve something further before seeing William.

For some time Jimmy had been trying to get up his courage to watch at night out at the steel plant. He decided now (it was easy to decide it in the bright sun of noonday) to go out that night and hide himself outside the mill and watch there all night. The time seemed just right, because both his father and his mother would be out to supper and Jimmy could get out of the house without being noticed and perhaps without his absence being discovered even at bedtime.

He got an early supper from the cook, and then went upstairs and fixed his bed with a couple of extra pillows so that at a casual glance in the dark it would look as if somebody were in bed. He allowed his detective imagination full swing and placed his clothes carelessly just where he usually put them when he undressed. He even left the clothes he was wearing and wore others, so the deception would be complete. Then he escaped without being seen.

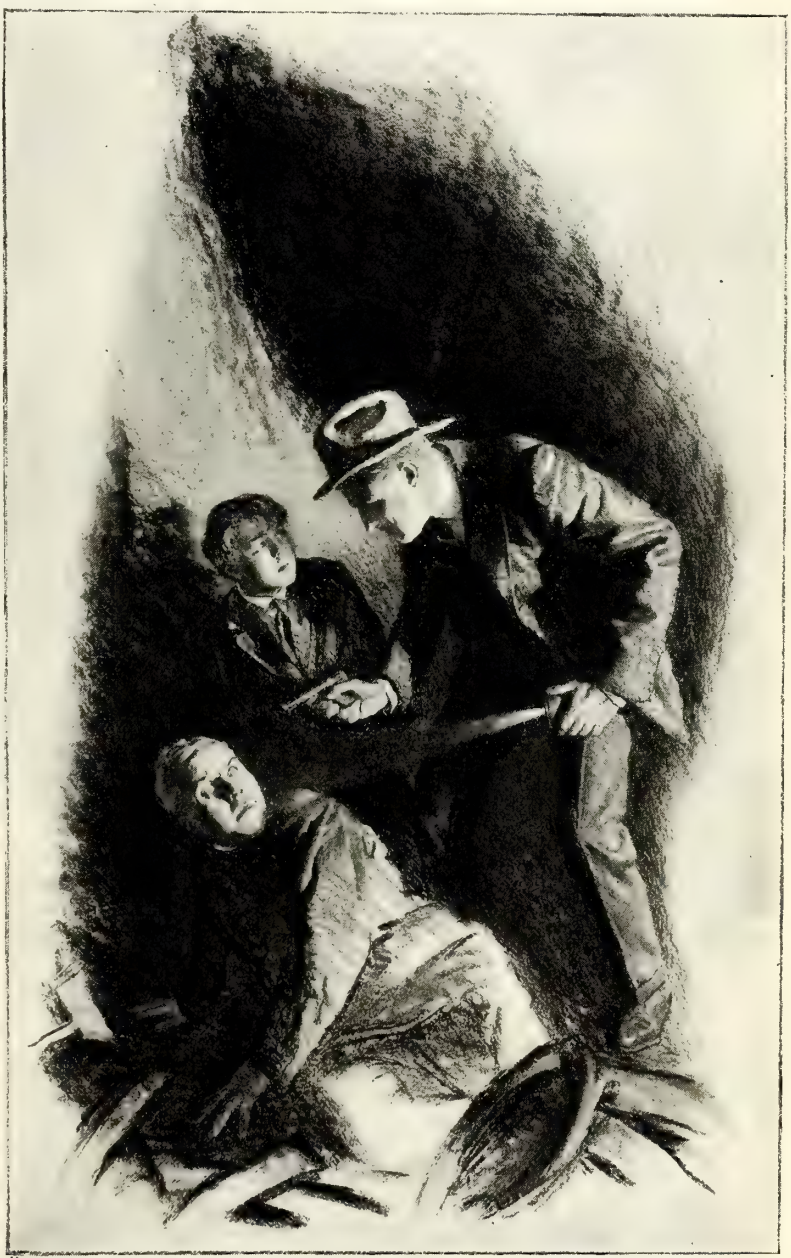
Getting his bicycle, he was soon scudding out of town, and he made short work of getting to the steel-mill. When nearly there he left the road, hid the bicycle, and approached the mill from the rear through some unfrequented alleys.

It was still perfectly light, and the roar of the machinery in the hands of the night shift made him feel safe. Before it was dark he had concealed himself behind a water-barrel that sat at the head of an old wooden stairway leading up to an unused entrance at the deserted end of the mill where munitions were stored and where no work was done at night. Here he felt he was safe, and here he could watch for the possible visit of the spy.

Watching proved to be more tiresome work than he had expected; and when it became dark it was lonesome work, too; but if he had wanted to quit, it would have been worse to go in the dark than to stay in it. So he watched on until he dropped asleep in spite of himself. It was much later when he suddenly found himself awake and listening to a strange noise that came from right below him, under the stairs. He realized that this might be just what he was watching for, and he strained his ears to hear.

The sound was not to be identified, and he carefully arose to his feet and tried to see something over the water-barrel. As he leaned outward to look down he thought he saw indistinctly a figure moving below. He edged around the barrel and leaned out over the rickety railing of the stairway landing

Suddenly there was the flame of a match below, a man's figure bending over something, and Jimmy was startled into jumping back. But as he pushed himself back from the railing, it gave way, and the landing itself, with its decayed supports, sagged, and Jimmy felt the ground dropping from under him. He cried out. The figure below jumped to its feet just as the big water-barrel slipped down what was now an inclined plane and went over the edge!



"WITH A FLASH LAMP IN ONE HAND AND A REVOLVER IN THE OTHER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Jimmy grabbed wildly for something to hold him; but he was unsuccessful, and he followed the barrel, to find himself in a moment on top of

it, and the whole mass on the legs of a man who was silently struggling to extricate himself, while spluttering and gasping in the flood of water that had descended upon him.

At the same time another figure appeared from a fence corner, and came on a run with a flash-lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. By the light of the flash-lamp the newcomer saw Jimmy getting to his feet uninjured, and William Ward lying on the ground, groaning with the pain of a broken leg crushed beneath the now empty barrel.

"Jimmy! You here!" exclaimed the man with the light and the gun, whom Jimmy then identified as Gorsch. "None o' that!" he continued to Ward, who was evidently trying to get his hand to his hip pocket.

Gorsch went through Ward's pockets and removed his revolver before helping him. Then, with Jimmy's aid, the injured man was moved to a dryer and more comfortable position, and Gorsch asked: "What brought you here, boy?"

"I was watching for a spy," said Jimmy, with a downcast look.

"Well, I 'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Gorsch. "I was after a spy myself; and you beat me to it, and captured him by pushing a barrel of water on him and putting out his fuse just in time to save an explosion that would have wrecked this end of the munition-plant and blown you into so many pieces that no one would ever have known what happened to you. Jimmy, you 're a regular sleuth; this is a big day in your life!"

"But I did n't push the water-barrel," said Jimmy, trying to be honest and explain, in spite of a temptation to let Gorsch think he had planned the whole thing.

"I don't care two straws what happened," said Gorsch. "You were here after a spy, and you got him. Results are what count with me and my boss in the Secret Service. You 've done something to-night, Jimmy, and whether you had it all figured out in advance or not, I don't care. But just one question," as Ward groaned aloud and asked if they were n't going to get him a doctor; "how did you know this man was a spy?"

"I did n't," said Jimmy, a little miserably. "I thought you were the spy; and when I heard him, I thought it was you."

Gorsch laughed and slapped Jimmy on the shoulder. "Jimmy, my boy, keep that to yourself and nobody will know you thought I was a spy. Results are what count in my business; you delivered the goods, and you 'll get your reward when I report to the Government that at last I 've caught William Ward, alias Wilhelm Werner, with your help—or rather that you caught him with my help. Now skip around the mill and get a policeman or a watchman while I stay with our friend here. Then telephone your folks. They must be wondering by this time what has become of the family detective."

THE GIANT AND THE GENIE

An Indian Legend with an Unexpected Sequel

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

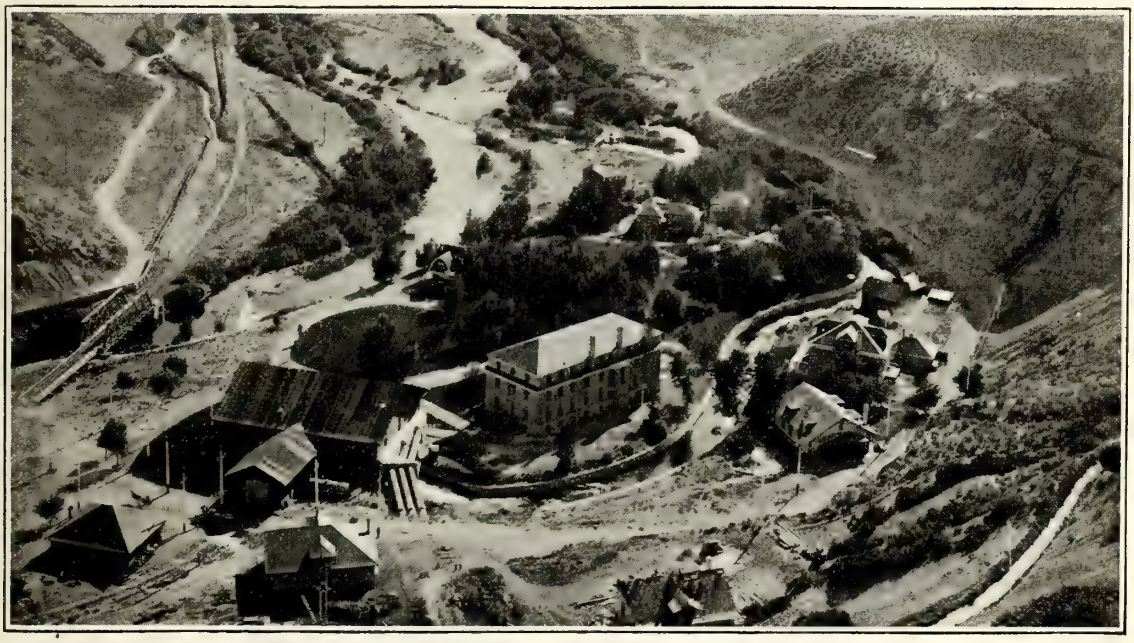
FAR up on the slopes of Mt. Rainier, in Washington, is a waterfall which, according to the legend, was inhabited by a giant of enormous strength—Menuhkesen by name. From out of the East there came a genie possessed of such courage and audacity that when he was warned against the terrible powers of Menuhkesen he laughed lustily and said that he would call forth the surly giant and make him do his bidding. Summoning his afrits, he gave them orders, and they immediately surrounded the falls, some of them peering through strange instruments and making mysterious signs with their hands, while others measured distances and drove stakes, bearing weird symbols, into the river banks.

Then the genie stood on the bank overlooking the falls and shouted: "Ho, afrits! Dig me here a deep hole!" And immediately they went to work with great activity. When they had dug down a hundred feet, the genie commanded them to tunnel under the falls. "We will unearth this giant and prove his strength!" he cried defiantly.

So they dug a tunnel until they reached a great mass of rock underneath the brink of the falls; and here they hewed out a huge cavern, and carried into it strange machines and many wheels, fastening them all strongly. And they hung wires from those machines, stringing them a long distance through dense woods and across ghostly ravines to where many men lived and

worked. When all was ready the genie grasped a great lever and shouted, "Ho, Menuhkesen! Come forth now, and get busy!"

Then he pressed down the lever, and instantly the spirit sprang out of the falls, and leaping upon a wire, rushed along it with such swiftness that no one could see him. The next moment he was many miles away, performing marvelous feats of strength—pushing great street-cars at incredible speed, turning the wheels in mills and factories, and lighting stores and dwellings. In fact, he did whatever the genie ordered him to do, without an instant's delay or any demur.



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE LOCATION OF A MOUNTAIN POWER-HOUSE.

All over these big, resourceful United States, Menuhkesen is found, but the modern captains of industry call him "Electricity." The genii also are with us, graduates of technical colleges or of engineering departments of great factories, who, donning khaki clothes and high-laced leather boots, camp out in the wild mountain fastnesses, or on the weird deserts, or in the dense forests, and invoke the giants they meet everywhere in this wonderful country.

But it is the western mountain regions which chiefly hold the romance, the tragedy, and the gigantic power of the mythical old giant. All up and down the Rockies and the Sierras, and in the network of stupendous mountains which cross the five or six hundred miles between, are mountain torrents tearing down from summits perhaps two or three thousand feet high to the valleys below. Some of them are very small in appearance, but possessed of tremendous force.

Let us trace one of these and discover the giant. We hike, or ride a sure-footed horse, six miles up one of the somber gashes in the mountains, called cañons, arriving at the origin of a stream we have seen growing smaller as we ascended. We find a little spring gushing from beneath a huge boulder and trickling down through the ferns and brush. Soon it is joined by other little streams on the right or left. Presently, as we stumble along down the rocky trail, we see on one side a wide, deep gulch, with walls of sandstone or granite rising almost perpendicularly on either side. And that gulch has snow lying in it, perhaps forty feet deep—the drifts of last winter or slides from the slopes above it.

The snow may then have been sixty or a hundred feet deep, but now, in midsummer, it is dwindling fast, and its water doubles or triples the size of our little stream. Suddenly we see that the wild, rocky, torrent bed has been cleaned out, and that the banks are lined up with rock. The genie has been giving orders.

A few rods farther that torrent bed gives place to a timber flume; and the next moment that flume, instead of keeping on the sharply sloping floor of the cañon, rises on trestles, holding an almost level position. The trestles increase in height as the ground beneath them slopes downward, and cross a deep gulch, still holding the

little torrent running between the wooden walls of the flume.

From our trail beneath we see the flume now skirting round the waist of some stupendous



THE 20-INCH PIPE ABOVE THE HOUSE BRINGS DOWN NEARLY 15,000 HORSE-POWER.

mountain, then crossing other gulches, and soon appearing on the summit of a peak, eight hundred feet above where we are standing. Below, at the foot of that peak, is a small, plain, stone building, and, wriggling down from the summit, is, apparently, a huge black snake, poking its nose into the basement of that house.

The house holds the generators for turning the force of that torrent into electricity. The snake is the penstock—a great black steel pipe, twisting and turning to avoid the huge boulders in its path as it conducts that water from the summit into the turbines in the house.

The turbine is an enclosed water-wheel in which every particle of force in the rushing water is used to turn a great steel shaft. On the other end of that shaft is geared the generator—the wonderful machine with wire-wound arms which makes the electric current. At this particular power-house the little torrent which reaches the summit in a flume thirty inches wide and two feet deep turns out 800 horse-power.

It is the force, not the size, of the stream which gives that power, for water has a pressure of about fifty pounds per square inch for every hundred feet of the height of its source. So this water has a pressure at the turbine of four hundred pounds per square inch—a far greater pressure than that in the cylinders of a great Mogul mountain locomotive.

The little stream, freed from the turbines, whirls furiously round a small basin and rollicks off on a wild, headlong dash through an open sluiceway for a short distance. Then another flume arrests it; and as we hike along down the trail, that flume rises above us, straddling gulches on high trestles, and at two points tunneling through a great mountain.

We get back to the mouth of the cañon, and there see, on the level we have then reached, another power-house, larger than the first. Behind it is another huge, bare mountain of rock; and coming down that, another gigantic black snake, also poking its head into the power-house. This snake—or penstock—is 1600 feet long, and the same stream which developed 800 horse-power at the upper house is now—with the addition of a little water picked up on the way—reeling off 2600 horse-power at this house.

This imprisoned, raging torrent is now released, and flows in a subdued, gentle stream down a natural stream-bed. It is less than eight feet wide and not deep enough to wet our horses' knees as we ford across. But we gaze upon it with the awe and amazement it deserves when we remember that, but a few moments before, it has sent its great power over eleven miles of wire to a small town, is operating several factories, and will, at night, light all the streets and the houses.

And that is only half its work! Before us is a great stretch of orchards and fields, vividly green, although they have not had one drop of water



AN UNFINISHED FOUR-TURBINE POWER-HOUSE.

from the heavens for three or four months. All their health and vigor and wonderful productivity is due to that little stream, which irrigates over three thousand acres of the land.

Within twenty miles of where this is written, at the foot of the great Wasatch Mountains, in Utah, are five such cañons with power-houses—two of them with two houses in each cañon. All over this mountain country, from the middle of Utah to the Canadian line, are hundreds of such mountain torrents, only a small proportion of which are yet harnessed for work.

Some of them are very much larger than the one we have visited. Come with me to one of these larger houses.

It is in a cañon of awful sublimity, so deep and so nearly unapproachable that the construction teams had to haul over eight miles of zigzag trail to make the descent of less than half a mile to the torrent. We scramble down over the rocks and brush; and although the roar of the water reaches us for ten or fifteen minutes before we see it, we are by no means prepared for the astounding scene when it at last comes into view.

Out from the depths of the great ugly building belch forth four, gleaming, horizontal columns of water, big as barrels, with a force, speed, and roar as though the discharge were from giant cannon. Straight across the tail-race they gleam and quiver for a hundred feet, impinging upon a solid ledge of granite, in which they have worn huge caverns. The spray dashes up the face of the ledge for sixty or seventy feet. Up and down the stream, swirling and writhing in a thousand rushing, crowding whirlpools, the water, just freed from its maddening confinement, is seeking to make good its escape. But it is jammed back into the upper race, and for fifty yards you will see it hanging, ledge upon ledge, fighting, snarling, surging, and struggling for its chance to slip beneath those terrific outlet volleys and gain the lower stream and liberty and peace.

The mighty Niagara has no such background of wild beauty, nor does it ever convey such an instant impression of water force. Once I saw a big two-inch plank dropped into one of those furious water columns. It seemed scarcely to touch the water, but flew, faster than the eye could follow, over to the granite ledge and was instantly smashed into ten thousand splinters, and I knew that even before the plank had reached the ledge, the mighty power which hurled it, transmuted into electricity, had already reached, and was operating, street-cars in a city seventy miles away.

Come into the power-house. Look at the four gigantic generators, whirling and humming like leviathan June-bugs—see the wicked, sputtering little blue sparks from the commutators. From the windows at the back of the building we look up a very sharp slope, 1500 feet high, and see the penstocks—twenty-four-inch steel tubes, black, ungainly, and, at twilight, very uncanny.



"GLEAMING, HORIZONTAL COLUMNS OF WATER."

They follow in curves the profile of the rough ground, bringing the furious rush of water from the summit down to the turbines in the lower basement, turning out 26,000 horse-power.

The force of the water in these penstocks is terrific. Tests of a four-inch jet from one of them have been made. A rifle-bullet glances off as from chilled steel; a jet from it, no bigger than a penholder, will drill a hole in sheet steel in a few moments. At the reservoir on the summit a fly-line may be played in the water—at the foot of the penstock no mortal could thrust a bayonet one inch into it.

A United States trooper once essayed, on a wager, to cut a two-inch jet with his sword; a shattered weapon and a broken wrist resulted.

In the harnessing and curbing of these mountain streams the utmost engineering skill and ingenuity has been called into play. Often the power-house has to be situated miles back in such inaccessible wilds that the greatest difficulty has

been encountered in carrying machinery and supplies to the spot. At one point in the Sierras men and material were transported across two yawning chasms by means of wire cables, under which ran a freight-carrier.

The Feather River in California makes a big horseshoe bend twenty-five miles above Oroville, coming within three miles of itself again. An enormous mountain intervenes, but the engineers tunneled that and diverted the water into that tunnel. In the lower end of that black, rushing, underground torrent are placed the great turbines and generators.

The most striking instance of the results of securing a big headway for a small stream is shown in San Juan County, Colorado. The Animus River in its course between Silverton and Durango, a distance of twenty miles, has a gradual fall of about fifteen hundred feet. Although called a river, it is but a mountain stream, tumbling over little falls and through rock-strewn gullies, at no point showing more power than would be sufficient to drive a very small grist-mill. But the genius of science has so cunningly diverted it and concentrated its energy as to develop at last 40,000 horse-power.



CABLE-EQUIPMENT FOR TRANSPORTING MEN AND MATERIAL.

A dam was built a few miles below Silverton, and the water turned into a flume which is only six by eight feet in size. It will be seen that it must be a very small stream whose waters can be run through such a restricted channel. Across fearful cañons and around great mountains, through tunnels and cuttings that flume carries the water for sixteen miles to the edge of a great cliff near Durango. The cliff is over one thousand feet high, and the pipe runs over the edge and makes a perpendicular drop into the power-house below.

From the four-foot steel pipe, nozzles five-eighths of an inch in diameter conduct the water into the turbines, whirling them at a speed of four thousand revolutions per minute. The speed of the jets of water shooting from those nozzles is 25,000 feet, or over four miles per minute.

Note how the wizards of industry further concentrate and control the giant they have evoked. That forty-thousand horse-power making that mighty plunge over the cliff is met by magical machines and switched into a wire but little larger than a lead-pencil. Forty feet of that unyielding steel flume which held the power is a load for a freight-car; forty feet of the wire which carries the power is but a small load for a six-year-old boy.

At one moment the power is in that roaring, headlong, terrific plunge—the next, it is miles away, invisible, noiseless, and mysterious, illuminating great arc-lamps, running heavy cars, and—to come from great to small—whirling dainty fans or cooking an egg.

There are other marvelous power-plants situated on rivers where, although the force is far less than that of the mountain torrents, the volume of water is far greater. Idaho shows the most remarkable of the developments of such water-power, and the astounding ingenuity and determination of the genii are shown as much as in the mountains. The Bear River, which runs through Idaho and Utah, carries a very large flow at an exceedingly rapid rate—for a river. At one point in Idaho no less than six great power-houses have been installed on that river, producing a total of nearly 200,000 horse-power. In order to secure good headway, and the force which this gives, two enormous pipe-lines have been built to take the water from upper reaches of the river, and, while holding that pipe almost to a level, run it across country to a lower reach, where a power-house is built, thus increasing the headway from nothing to two or three hundred feet.

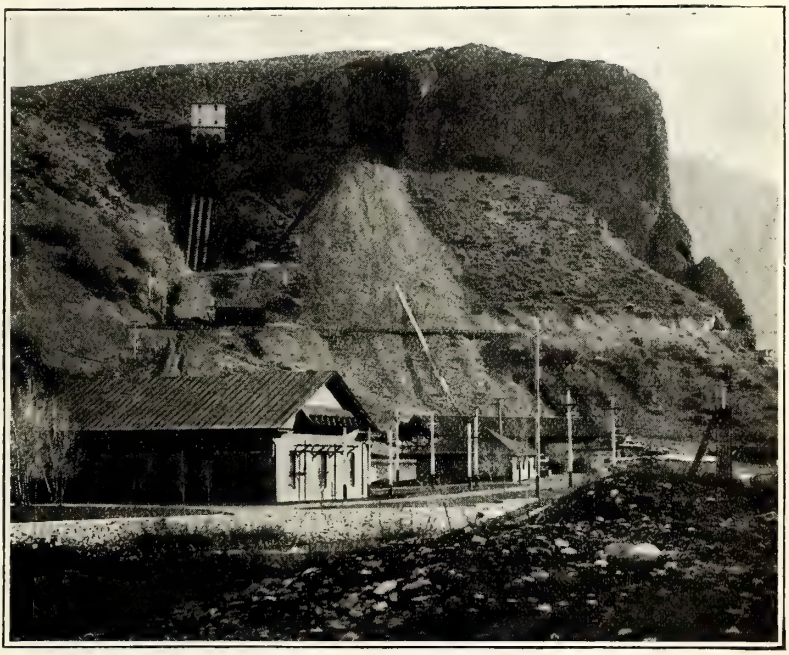
One of these lines is of eleven-foot pipe, nearly five miles long; the other is a sixteen-foot pipe, half a mile long. Almost all of the current pro-

duced at these plants is transmitted by cable to Salt Lake City, 135 miles away.

It has been said by expert engineers of electrical development that it will be but a short time before the intermountain region will use no coal, that all smoke-stacks and chimneys will be abolished and electricity furnish all the power, heat, and light not only to cities and towns, but to farming communities.

We are on the way. There are some districts now where villages, towns, and farms all use electricity for power and for lighting and cooking. This is notably so in Rupert, Idaho, the home of the famous electric high school, described in ST. NICHOLAS in September, 1913.

All through that town the lighting and cooking in even the humblest homes is by electricity. The few small factories use no coal or steam-power. In the mountain region over one hundred cities, towns, and rural communities have electric wires in their houses. All are lighted by them and very many have thrown out coal ranges and cook by electricity.



A POWER-PLANT WITH A SMALL RESERVOIR AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, FILLED BY MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

The region is one of mines everywhere, some of them the largest in the world; and nearly all of them have discarded their gigantic steam-, hoisting-, and pumping-engines for electric motors. There is, it is asserted, more than enough water-power running to waste to do every particle of work now done by steam, horses, and men and women in the region, from impelling the enormous sixteen-wheeled mountain Moguls to rocking the babies' cradles by motor.

Across the northern part of Idaho and Montana, over a wicked country of mountains and cañons, the western division of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad runs all its trains by electricity, as you have read in your last month's number of ST. NICHOLAS, while farther south, across Utah and Colorado, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company completed its plans three years ago for the electrification of its road to Denver; but the scheme of the kaiser to lick the world in ninety days failing, material became too costly to warrant the change from steam to electricity.

But the power is ready or could quickly be made ready. Every year the two great companies which have been formed by the consolidation of numerous small owners of power-plants, are building dams and reservoirs and flumes, getting ready for the not far distant day when steam-engines will have to be looked for in the Museum of Antiques and Curiosities in Salt Lake City.



MODERN PIPE CONDUIT ELEVEN FEET IN DIAMETER AND FIVE MILES LONG, BEAR RIVER, IDAHO.

BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY CHECK

BY GEORGE G. LIVERMORE

"Dads darling," said Barbara Dexter, perching on her father's knee and caressing his cheeks with friendly little pats, "do you realize that day after to-morrow is your daughter's birthday?"

Mr. Dexter gazed at her in well-feigned astonishment. "Bless me, so it is!" he exclaimed. "How old will you be, kitten?"

"Eighteen."

"It is n't possible! Why, only yesterday you used to come toddling in here and want me to play with you; and now you are quite the young lady."

"Don't you like the young lady, Dad?"

"Of course, but you see, it makes me feel old."

Barbara slipped her arms around her father's neck, and laying her head on his shoulder looked up into his face. "You old daddy dear!" she said. "Why you 're only forty-two, and you don't look more than thirty-five at the most—you look more like my older brother than my father."

He bent and kissed her. "Returning to the subject of birthdays," he said, "what is it you want, you little diplomat?"

"Dads mine, there is a perfect duck of a bar pin at Wilson's—two diamonds and a sapphire. I 'll have that, if you please."

"Is n't it a trifle ornate for a young girl?"

"Why, no," and she pretended to pout; "they are very fashionable. And besides, I 'm not a young girl, I 'm a young lady. You just said so."

"Caught fairly!" her father laughed, "I 'll have to give you a check. I am afraid I can't buy it myself. These government contracts keep me on the go every minute nowadays. What 's the price of this trinket, Babs?"

"A hundred dollars."

Mr. Dexter whistled. "Is n't that a lot of money to spend on a pin in war times? Would n't something simpler do as well?"

"Why, Daddy, don't you remember that last year you promised me a bar pin on my eighteenth birthday? All the girls have at least one, and Alice Thornton has three."

"Alice Thornton!" growled Mr. Dexter; "is n't she that over-dressed young person who was here last week?"

"Yes, that was Alice, but she was only wearing the very latest style. I 'm afraid you 're not up to date, Dads. But even if you are an old-fashioned dear, you are n't going to disappoint me and not let me have my pin, are you?"

"No, Barbara, of course not, only I 'd hoped—"

"What?"

"Never mind, dear. Do you want the check now?"

"To-morrow evening will do. Then I can go down town and buy the pin on my birthday." She rose and walked across the room to the fireplace, where, resting one arm upon the mantel, she stood for a minute smiling at him in the full glory of her girlish grace. Then, blowing him a kiss from her finger-tips, she called, "Good night, pleasant dreams!" and was gone.

Her father turned toward the flat-topped desk in the center of the big, handsomely furnished room. From it a sweet-faced young woman, dressed in the style of twenty years before, smiled back at him from a heavy silver picture-frame.

"It 's uncanny," he said to himself, "how much Barbara looks like Eleanor!"

He unlocked an upper drawer and drew out some papers, which he spread before him on the desk; but his eyes wandered back to the photograph and at last, with a sigh, he pushed the papers away and leaned back in his chair.

"She 's the perfect image of Eleanor," he thought; "but has she Eleanor's character? She needs her mother!" And he sighed again. He feared that Barbara might be growing superficial. He noticed that she seemed to care more and more for extreme fashions, and that her dearest friends were girls whom he mentally classed as having more money than brains. Her lack of interest in the war also disturbed him. As far as he could judge, she apparently regarded it only as something that interfered with her own good times. Only the evening before he had heard her bewailing the fact that there would be no more dances at the country-club, as though that were a calamity of tremendous magnitude.

For some minutes he sat looking wistfully at the photograph of his wife, while a tender smile played around his lips. Then, pulling his papers toward him, he bent over them and worked far into the night.

The next morning, as Barbara was coming out of her dressmaker's, a big man in the uniform of a major in the Quartermaster Corps ran squarely into her, almost knocking her down.

"Beg pardon, I 'm sure!" he apologized breathlessly; and then recognizing her, added, "Why, bless my stars, it 's Barbara! How are you, Babs dear? I have n't seen you in a blue moon."

It was Mr. Howard, a partner and lifelong friend of her father, who had accepted a commis-

sion at the beginning of the war and whom she had not seen since.

"Uncle Ted!" she cried gladly, when she recovered her breath and from her astonishment, for she was very fond of this big handsome man, in whom she had always found a true friend and, in earlier days, a playmate ever ready for a lark.

"Where have you been, you bad man?" she said, trotting along beside him to keep up with his tremendous strides.

He smiled down upon her. "France. Got back a week ago. Am stationed here now. I tell you, Babs, it 's good to be home again. How have you been, little girl, and how is your father? I have n't had a chance to look him up yet."

"Dads is fine, and so am I. But tell me, Uncle Ted, where are we going in this awful hurry?"

He stopped and, looking down at her, laughed: "Why, Babs dear, I had forgotten that you 're not a mind-reader. My car is waiting around the corner on King Street to take me down to Battery Wharf where a Canadian troop-ship filled with wounded docked this morning. I have to arrange for railroad transportation with the chief surgeon. Want to come along? I 'll bring you back afterward."



"'WHY, DADDY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOU PROMISED ME A BAR PIN ON MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY?'"

"Of course," she said simply; and tucking her hand under his arm, they hurried along to where his car—a big dark-blue one with plates on the front and back bearing the letters Q. M. C., U. S. A.—was waiting. He helped her in, spoke a few words to his soldier chauffeur, and they rolled off, weaving in and out among the traffic which grew more dense as they neared the water-front.

"Now tell me, little girl, what have you been doing? Busy with Red Cross work, I suppose?" asked Major Howard, leaning back in the seat.

"Well, n—no, I—I 'm not," said Barbara, slowly, "I tried it at first—every one did—but I did n't like it very much, and then Mrs. Leighton, the head of our chapter, is a regular old bear."

"Scolded you when you made mistakes?"

"Yes, I did n't always get things just right, but she need n't have found fault right out loud—before every one. Then, too, it interfered with my dancing class."

"Your what?"

"A number of us girls have been taking lessons

in ancient Greek dancing this year. It is really lots of fun."

"And your Red Cross work interfered with it, so you gave up the Red Cross work. Was that it?" There was something almost stern in the tone of his voice, and he did not smile as he looked at her.

"Oh, Uncle Ted," she wailed, "please don't scold me. And when I have n't seen you for so long!"

"I won't scold you," he said, "but think it over just the same, little girl—you owe it to yourself. Here we are at the dock! Do you want to wait in the car or come aboard ship? I shall have to leave you on deck while I talk to the surgeon."

"I 'll go on board and walk around while you are below," said Barbara; "perhaps I shall see something interesting."

Major Howard parted from her at the gangway with strict instructions to meet him there in just half an hour. Barbara, left alone, walked to the bow of the vessel and stood for a few minutes looking over the rail toward the harbor, where a tug was bustling about a dreadnought like a mother hen fussing over a giant chick. At length the tug arranged matters to its satisfaction, for a white feather of steam shot into the air from its whistle, and then, moving away in a graceful sweep from its big charge, it headed back up the harbor, while the warship plowed along on her way to the open sea.

Barbara had turned from the rail and started toward the gangway before she saw that during the time she had been watching the tug and the dreadnought the deck behind her had filled with men in uniform. She hesitated and then stopped, when a pleasant voice behind her said: "Don't mind them. They 're just a lot of boys out for a bit of air."

Barbara turned and looked into the clear gray eyes of a girl who seemed little older than herself and who was dressed in the simple uniform of a Red Cross nurse.

"Those are the walking wounded," continued the girl, with a wave of her hand toward the men who were strolling slowly about or standing talking in groups; "the bad cases are on the other side of the ship. Come with me and I will show them to you."

Now Barbara had no particular desire to see a lot of badly wounded men. She abhorred suffering in any form, and had always striven to avoid coming in contact with it; but when the nurse said: "Come!" she followed.

As they turned a corner of the superstructure and started down the deck on the other side of the ship, Barbara saw a long row of men, wrapped in khaki-colored blankets, lying in deck-chairs. Most of them lay perfectly still, staring straight ahead as though trying to read what the future held in store for them, others were asleep, and a few were reading. As Barbara and her companion passed along the line, the nurse was greeted everywhere with, "Hello, sister!" "Good morning, nurse!" One merry-faced boy, for he could not have been more than eighteen, pulled off his cap and shook it gaily at them as they passed.

"See that boy?" said the nurse. "He got the Victoria Cross for capturing single-handed a machine-gun and eight Germans at Vimy, but—poor chap—he 'll never walk again."

"He seems cheerful enough," said Barbara.

"They all are. Our men have been perfectly wonderful. They are so patient, and grateful for what one does for them, and never complain when things go wrong. I consider I 've had a great privilege in having been allowed to nurse them."

A gong clanged loudly on an upper deck. "Gracious!" exclaimed the nurse, "that 's my signal. I am wanted below. Sorry to leave you in such a hurry, but I must. Colonel Hodge is a martinet; but our unit has lost fewer cases than any other," she added, with an air of pride. "Good-by!" and she went scudding up the deck.

Barbara, left alone, continued to walk forward, and, as she passed them, many of the men smiled at her, and she could not help smiling back, for there was such a wistful, friendly look in their eyes. At the end of the line a little fellow was hunched up in his chair reading a book, which he dropped to the deck as she approached. Leaning over, he tried to pick it up, but was unable to reach it. He made three ineffectual attempts and then sank back with a sigh. Ordinarily, Barbara might have passed on, but now she picked up the book and handed it to him.

"Thank you, Miss," he said.

"Not at all; I am very glad to help you," replied Barbara, stiffly, suddenly self-conscious.

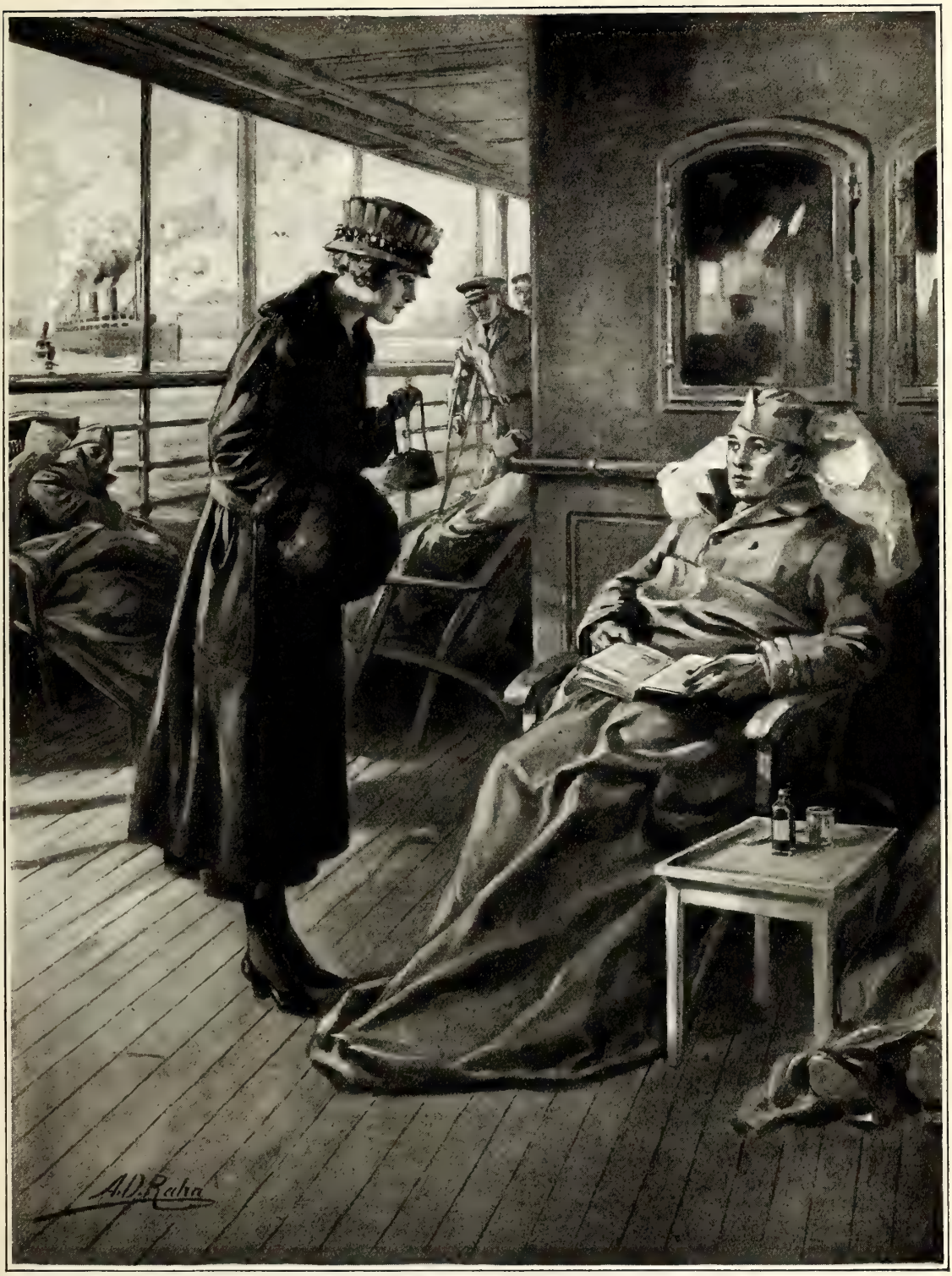
"Did you ever read it? It 's an awfully good story," he said, holding it toward her.

Barbara stooped and glanced at the title. It was "The Swiss Family Robinson." "Why, yes," she said, "years ago. It *is* a good story, but don't you find it rather young for you? It 's really a child's book, you know."

The man's face clouded and a look of sadness crept into his eyes. "I suppose it is," he said; "but you see, I never had much of a childhood. I started selling papers on the East Side in New York when I was seven."

"How perfectly terrible!" exclaimed Barbara.

"Yes, p'raps it was—still it might have been worse. I had a good mother—that helped a lot."



"'PLEASE TELL ME HOW YOU CAME TO ENLIST IN THE CANADIAN ARMY!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"You said you lived in New York. Are you an American?" asked Barbara.

"Yes, I am an American; but I have not lived in the United States for four years. My mother died when I was fifteen, and I wandered out west, working at all kinds of jobs until I finally settled down in Wisconsin. There I met my wife—she worked in the same factory I did. Excuse me, Miss, I did n't mean to bother you with my entire history."

"Oh, but you 're not doing that!" cried Barbara; "please tell me how you came to enlist in the Canadian army!"

"Well, it was like this. Neither my wife nor I liked working in a factory, so, after we were married, we heard that the Canadian Government was offering land free to settlers. The idea of owning our own place appealed to us; and as we had saved a little money, we took up a hundred acres in Saskatchewan. The Canadian Government more than made good—it not only gave us the land, but it lent us money with which to get started. We were doing fine when the war broke out, and in another two years would have been able to pay back all we had borrowed.

"When the call for volunteers came, men all around joined up, but my wife never suggested my going until one night at the end of a recruiting-meeting in the village. 'Well, Jim, this country has been pretty good to us,' was all she said.

"'Yes, Mary, I 'm going,' I replied; 'can you get along without me until the war is over?'

"'I can and I will!' she answered, and so I went and signed up."

"I think that was perfectly splendid of her, and of you, too," said Barbara, when he finished. "But how glad you must be to be going home."

"You bet I am—I 'm just crazy to see them," he replied, fumbling at the button on a top pocket of his tunic. "There," he said, "look!" And pulling out a little leather note-book, he took a photograph from between its well-thumbed pages and handed it to her.

It was a shiny, glazed print of the very cheapest kind; but the man's manner as he touched it was that of the keeper of a priceless treasure; and well he might be, thought Barbara, as she looked at the likeness of a serene-faced young woman who held a chubby child in her arms.

"I 've carried it with me ever since I 've had it," he said; "it 's never left me once. Went over Messines Ridge, and in the hospital the nurse let me keep it under my pillow. Is n't Lou the fat little rascal, though? She 's just two."

"Yes," said Barbara, very softly.

Then she looked up and saw Major Howard coming toward her, and handing back the photograph, she said, "I must go now. I wish you and your family the very best of luck always, and I 'm proud to have met you."

The man blushed at the compliment. "Thanks, Miss, good luck to you," he answered.

"Been making friends with the Tommies?" asked the major, as they walked to the car.

"No, only with one of them," Barbara replied.

"Well, they 're a fine lot," said the major. "By the way, Babs, where do you want me to leave you, or shall I take you home?"

"You may drop me at the Red Cross headquarters on Tenth Street if you will, please, Uncle Ted. I think they have some work there for me."

"Good girl!" said the major, reaching out and patting her on the arm.

Late that evening Barbara stole quietly into the library. Her father was sitting at his desk poring over some plans of the new standardized ship his firm was to start work upon the following week. Softly she crept up behind him, and clasped her hands over his eyes.

"Guess!" she said in a deep voice.

"Bridget!"

"No," with a giggle.

"Well—kitten, then."

"Right!" said Barbara, uncovering his eyes, and settling herself on the arm of his chair.

"Where were you this afternoon, daughter?" he asked, looking up at her. "I came home early, thinking we might go riding."

"Red Cross work, Daddy mine. I 've taken it up again. Fact is, I 'm ashamed I ever stopped; but now I 've signed up to work every afternoon."

"Good! I 'm glad to hear it. You 'll never regret it, Babs."

"I know I never shall; but what I came in here for was to remind you that you were going to give me my birthday check this evening."

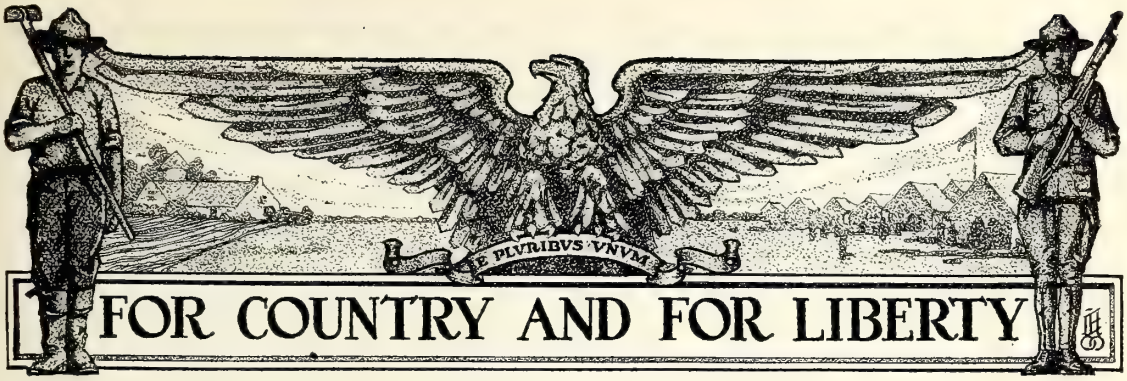
"Why, of course!" said her father reaching for his check-book.

"Make it payable to the Red Cross, Daddy dear, they need the money more than I need the pin."

Her father turned in his chair to face her. "That 's very decent of you, Babs," was all he said; but she knew from the tone of his voice that he was greatly pleased.

Barbara kissed him, took the check, and walked to the hall door. "Thank you ever and ever so much, and pleasant dreams, Dads darling."

When the portières closed behind her, Mr. Dexter turned to the photograph of his wife, smiling at him from the silver frame on his desk, and with misty eyes whispered softly, "She 's your daughter after all, Eleanor!"



THE LAND ARMY TO THE FRONT

With a million boys and girls enlisted in the U. S. S. G. A. (the United States School Garden Army of the federal Bureau of Education), with over three hundred thousand boys lined up in the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve, and with another million youngsters enrolled in the Four-H clubs of the Department of Agriculture, the year 1918 is decidedly a food-producing year for Young America.

And this says nothing of the Junior Red Cross Farms, the new enterprise in community gardening in which the Junior Red Cross hopes to interest a goodly portion of its five million members during the summer vacation months.

But these are official, governmental enterprises only, and only the larger official movements.

And in addition to these there are state and municipal farming and gardening organizations for the young, and the food-production activities of such excellent private organizations as the Boy Scouts of America with its gardening slogan, "Every Scout to Feed a Soldier," the Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, Y. W. C. A., and Y. M. C. A.

Only a rash person would undertake to estimate how many young Americans are raising food this year, but the number is vast.

The best part of it all is that the eager young army now at work in the furrows of the No Man's Land of back yard and vacant lot is to a considerable extent a veteran army. Last year the embryo gardeners undoubtedly suffered many a tribulation in their efforts to make seeds multiply into abundance, but out of these trials came an experience which is counting this year. And next year, if the war lasts that long, even better results may be expected, for then almost the entire garden corps will possess the agricultural knowledge gained in a whole growing season.

The Boys' Working Reserve, under the management of the federal Department of Labor, is one of the branches of the food army which has profited mightily by a year of experience. The preliminary steps in the organization of the Reserve were taken after war was declared and after the farming season in most sections of the country was well advanced. Although the results in 1917 somewhat disappointed the high hopes of the Reserve's founders, they were, nevertheless, surprisingly good.

But the Reserve has started out this season with a nucleus of veteran troops and a smooth organization which covers every State in the Union as well as Hawaii, the boys of which dreamy island took the initiative in asking admission to the Boys' Working Reserve.

Organization is what tells. As this article was written, the enrollment of high-school boys for the Reserve was still going on, but the early returns were running as follows: Ohio, 18,000 boys enrolled; California, 22,000; Wisconsin, 14,000; Illinois, more than 25,000. These were the banner States along with Indiana, whose detailed report showed 18,845 young Hoosiers in the Reserve. Then there were such preliminary estimates as: Tennessee, 4,200; Louisiana, 6,000; Massachusetts, 5,000; and Maine, 2,500.

The Reserve is just what its name indicates—a reserve of boy volunteer farm-laborers, not to be called upon until their services are required. For most of them this means that the call to the colors will not come until harvest-time, and many of them have taken advantage of this to cultivate gardens at home.

The training-camps for Reserve boys have been greatly expanded in number this year. Pennsylvania is training boys in 140 such camps, Massachusetts has 30, Connecticut has 20, there are a large number in Wisconsin, and some in New York and New Jersey.

The spirit of the United States School Garden

Army is voiced in a song, a parody of "Over There," composed by Joe Lee Davis, of the Junior High School of Lexington, Kentucky:

Johnnie, get your hoe, get your hoe, get your hoe;
Mary, dig your row, dig your row, dig your row;
Down to business, girls and boys,
Learn to know the gardener's joys.
Uncle Sam's in need—pull the weed, plant the seed;
While the sunbeams lurk do not shirk, get to work—
All the lads must spade the ground,
All the girls must hustle round.

CHORUS

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the lads are hoeing, the lads are hoeing,
The girls are sowing ev'rywhere.
Each a garden to prepare.
Do your bit, so that we all can share
With the soldiers, the gallant soldiers,
Who will not come back till it 's over over there.

One of the U. S. School Gardens at Louisville, Kentucky, is planted in the court-house square.

Uncle Sam has organized the U. S. S. G. Army somewhat along the lines of the National Army. There is a draft age,—nine to sixteen inclusive,—although volunteers outside of these ages are accepted. A company consists of from ten to one hundred and fifty garden soldiers. Upon enlistment each soldier signs an obligation card agreeing to raise one or more food crops and to keep complete records of his or her work. Each soldier receives from the Government a bronze service-bar with the initials U. S. S. G. in the angles of a crossed rake and hoe. A second lieutenant wears the same bar with one star in the border; first lieutenant, two stars; captain, three. In addition to these officers, each company has an instructor.

President Wilson himself has publicly urged boys and girls to join the United States School Garden Army, while Mr. Lane, the enthusiastic Secretary of the Interior, has been active in promoting it. Recently, in a letter to Milton and Carroll Timberman, two boys of New York City, after expressing a fine patriotic sentiment with reference to school gardening, Mr. Lane suggested that these boys name their school's garden after some soldier of their acquaintance who has gone to France. This idea has been taken up generally by the U. S. S. G. A. as a capital plan for honoring the men of America's forces.

Above all the U. S. School Gardens floats the service-flag—the insignia of the organization in blue upon a field of white with a red border.

The Junior Red Cross Farm was designed to enlist boys and girls in garden work this year in communities not organized for gardening by the Four-H Clubs or the U. S. S. G. A. Under this plan the chief distinction of the farm, or community garden, is that all the products be sold—to the families of the gardeners and to outsiders—and the proceeds devoted to the local Junior Red Cross school fund. If any company of the School Garden Army or any Four-H Garden Club votes to give its cash receipts to the Red Cross, the members are entitled to display in their garden the Red Cross emblem and a sign with the legend: JUNIOR RED CROSS FARM.

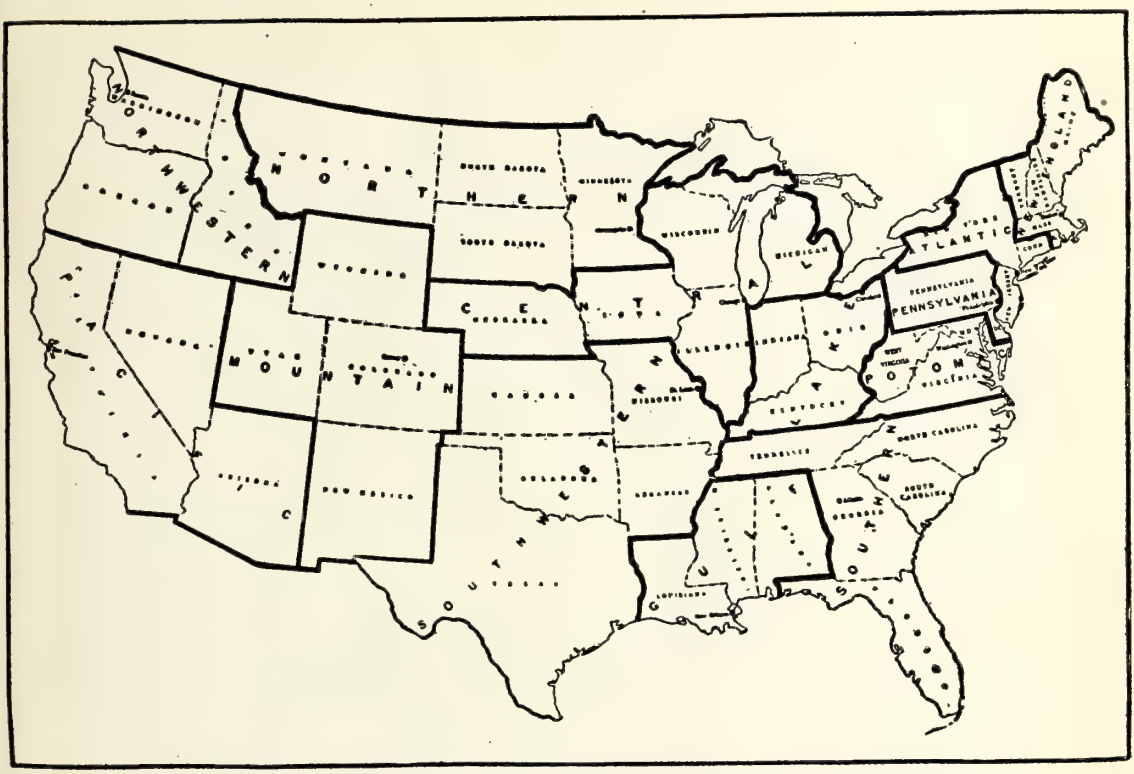
25 QUESTIONS IN JUNIOR RED CROSS GEOGRAPHY

IN order to acquaint the millions of new members of the Junior Red Cross with the fundamentals of the American Red Cross organization, Dr. H. N. MacCracken and his assistants at headquarters in Washington have prepared a list of thought-stimulating questions to be answered by members of the junior body. The answers to the questions may be found by consulting the Red Cross divisional map of the United States, late editions of school geographies, and newspaper almanacs.

Any boy or girl who finds the answers will acquire at the same time a good working knowledge of the structure and scope of the great war-service society.

ST. NICHOLAS is glad to publish both the map and the twenty-five questions in the hope that they may be used in school auxiliaries of the Red Cross reached by this magazine. In working out the answers students may find useful the following table of Red Cross statistics:

Division	Population	Red Cross Membership
Atlantic	14,740,000	3,811,000
Central	15,365,000	5,000,000
Gulf	6,198,000	470,000
Lake	10,466,000	3,134,000
Mountain	2,041,000	346,000
New England	5,988,000	1,450,000
Northern	4,268,000	781,000
Northwestern	2,905,000	748,000
Pacific	3,404,000	600,000
Pennsylvania	8,875,000	2,102,000
Potomac	5,370,000	406,000
Southern	10,219,000	542,000
Southwestern	13,854,000	3,785,000
Totals	106,673,000	23,475,000



MAP OF THE DIVISION ORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS, DECEMBER, 1917

The Fourteenth—or Territorial, Insular, and Foreign—Division, not included in the table, has 75,000 members.

The foregoing figures are approximate.

The following are the twenty-five questions:

1. How many Red Cross Divisions are there?
2. How many are within the boundaries of the United States?
3. What is the Fourteenth Division?

(The divisions in the United States)

4. In what division do you live?
5. Name the other divisions in the United States.
6. What States are in each?
7. Which is the largest division? Which the smallest?
8. Why is there such a big difference in the size of these and other divisions?
9. What is the population of the Southwestern Division? Of the Pennsylvania Division?
10. Which of the two has the larger Red Cross membership in proportion to its population?
11. Which of all the divisions has the largest Red Cross membership in proportion to its population?
12. In what city is the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross? Why is it there?
13. In what city is your Divisional Headquarters? Where are the headquarters of the other divisions?
14. Why are the Divisional Headquarters situated in large cities?
15. Why are some of the divisions such funny shapes?
16. Do mountains and bodies of water help to determine the boundaries of divisions?
17. Draw in the lines of the principal railroads on the divisional map.
18. How far must your division send its supplies in order to reach Europe?
19. What divisions have to send their supplies a less distance? A greater?
20. Why is the Red Cross limited in the supplies it may send abroad?
21. What kind of war supplies—food, manufactured articles, and the like—does your division send to Europe?
22. Which divisions help most in producing wheat? Meat? Coal? Ships? Factory-made articles?
23. How can each division do its full share of Red Cross work?

(The 14th—Territorial, Insular, and Foreign—Division)

24. Into what languages should Red Cross news be translated to reach the members of the Fourteenth Division?
25. How can Americans living in England, Persia, Turkey, Cuba, Syria, Peru, Chile, or Brazil help the American Red Cross?

These questions are designed to put a task upon one's ingenuity and judgment, as not all of them are explained by the Red Cross map and the table of statistics. Questions 18 to 23 inclusive deal with the division as territory and not as the Red Cross organization within that territory.

SAVING LONDON'S RAID-SHOCKED CHILDREN

THE German air-raider comes over London at night. In the relative security of the upper gloom he looses bombs upon the swarming, helpless city below,—drops them blindly, because in the dark he cannot see the military objectives which, he claims, he set out to destroy.

If he is lucky, he returns to his own country. And then, if his hits have been very destructive, he receives from his emperor the iron cross.

The air-raider leaves behind him a toll of the maimed and dead. This is the news of the raid. The cables are interested in this part of it, and in our press we read the numbers, so many killed, so many injured. The severity of the raid is gaged by these figures.

In our security and our inexperience of this phase of "frightfulness" we in America suppose that death or permanent physical injury is the worst that can come to the victims of the attack from the air. But they are not the worst; there is something more dreadful than either. The worst hurt of all is a mental hurt, and it comes not usually to adults or even to older boys and girls, but to little children of tender age, children three, four, five, and up to eight or nine years old.

As a result of the continued aërial raids, there is in London a growing class of children known to the busy British physicians as "the raid-shocks." It has become a definite malady in the districts of London subject to frequent attack. And of all the child victims of the war there is no class more to be pitied than those, for their injuries are not physical but mental; yet if their wounds are not healed, they lead to asylums and institutions for the feeble-minded.

In short, whenever an enemy aviator launches a bomb over London, he is not only killing and crippling people and destroying their homes and loved possessions, but he is plunging bright baby minds, perhaps permanently, into darkness.

It appears that a child may become a victim of raid-shock and still never have been near an actual explosion. On nights that are favorable for the attacks, people take their children from the flimsy tenements and seek shelter under the stone arches of bridges or in the underground railroad. There may be no raids on these nights, but the terror of the little children, taken from their beds to these dark shelters, is nearly the same as if there were.

The children of the wealthy in London are in many cases now living in rural districts remote from danger; but the child of the tenements has no such refuge. He is trapped in the dangerous zone.

What a terror the night raid must be to the impressionable little mind that has lived in hourly apprehension of the air, once so friendly, now so wicked, hostile, and deadly! With the shrieking of siren whistles and other warnings to take shelter, search-lights sweeping the sky, the thunder of the barrage from the anti-aircraft guns, the rain of steel from bursting shells, and now and again the heavier shock of the exploding bomb, the natural protectors of the little ones are often too panic-stricken to comfort their children.

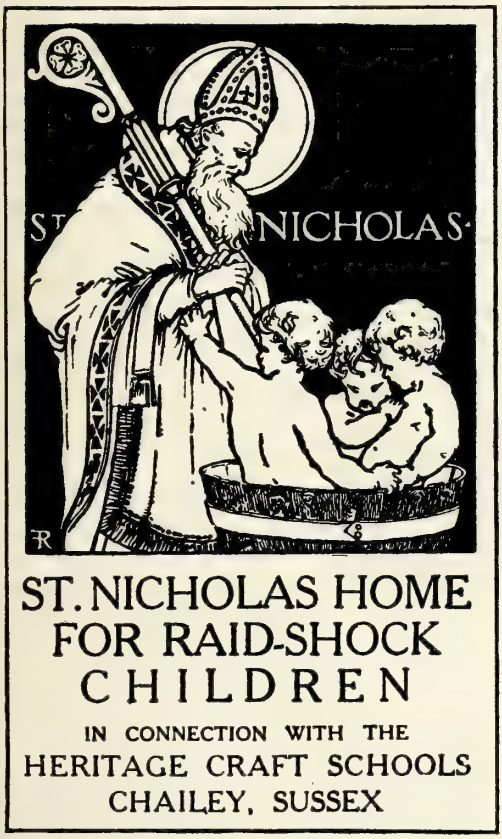
Now there would be no excuse for such a picture of fear and suffering in ST. NICHOLAS if nothing could be done about it, if there were no hope for these little victims of the air-raids. But there is hope, and some of the readers of this magazine can help to make that hope brighter. It has been discovered lately that if the raid-shocked children can be removed from London to some quiet, safe spot in the country, there, under scientific treatment, they can be restored to normal condition nine times out of ten.

Such a refuge has been provided for them. At Chailey, a picturesque spot in Sussex, England, is the St. Nicholas Home for Raid-shock Cases among school-children of London. It was founded last year, named for the patron saint of all little children, and started off with a continuing grant of money from the National Relief Fund of Great Britain and with the support and endorsement of a number of well-known men and women of England. Its name, moreover, peculiarly commends it to the attention of those who read and love our ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

A dozen or more years ago a devoted English woman saw the need of an institution which should take cripples and educate them in callings within their physical powers so that they should no longer be dependent upon the charity of others. Out of the efforts of this woman, Mrs. C. W. Kimmins, grew "The Guild of The Brave Poor Things,"—a name that is almost inspired,—and the guild expanded until it had branches in the principal English cities, and had training-schools, known as the Heritage Craft Schools, at Chailey.

The war came and brought a new work for the Heritage Schools, for now the crippled soldiers were returning from France, many of them despondent, feeling in their new infirmity that life was over for them in their youth. These the Guild of The Brave Poor Things welcomed, and at Chailey the armless and legless soldiers saw boys who had been cripples almost from birth working at skilled trades, and cheerfully, even joyously, preparing to engage in the battle of life on equal terms with those sound in limb and body.

And now this fine institution finds itself faced with a second war-duty, that of reclaiming to sanity and cheer the minds of the small victims of raid-shock. The home built at the Chailey



center has already been enlarged to take care of one hundred children, but it ought to be much larger than that. For every child killed or injured in the London raids, hundreds are shattered in nerves. And for these the only help is to take them from the scenes of fear to the quiet and security of the smiling English countryside.

So the St. Nicholas Home needs money, and this is a frank appeal for money, written in the hope that some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who can afford to do so will contribute something to this work which, up to the present, has received little or no attention in the United States. In addition to the British Government's grants and the gifts of those who established the institution, this home for Raid-Shock Children needs five thousand pounds, nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, to put its work above financial anxiety.

Here in America the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense is forwarding the appeal of the St. Nicholas Home. In England Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Cyril L. Burt, and Lieutenant General Sir Francis Lloyd are among the prominent persons who have taken up the work at Chailey with intense interest, while Mrs. Humphry Ward, Rudyard Kipling, Lady Henry Somerset, and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie appear in the list of patrons of the Heritage Schools. The famous British publication "Punch" has made a special protégé of the raid-shock home. And *Mr. Punch's* appeal "For The Children," printed recently, can here do service for ST. NICHOLAS as well:

> Mr. Punch ventures to plead on behalf of the pitiful case of those poor children who are suffering from air-raid shock. For every child that has been wantonly killed by the Huns, many score have suffered terrible injury to their minds and nerves. For these innocent victims of cruelty a home has been opened at Chailey, in the lovely Sussex Weald. It is named after St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. Here they are given the chance of recovering strength, courage, and happiness. In fine weather they learn gardening and nature study, and indoors they sing and dance and have stories told to them. Mr. Punch is confident that many of his readers, if only out of gratitude for the greater safety which their own children enjoy as compared with poorer ones in humble and more exposed conditions, will generously respond to his appeal.

Owing to the fact that ST. NICHOLAS has to be made up far in advance of the date of publication, it will not be possible to acknowledge remittances in the magazine; but subscriptions sent to The Century Co. will be acknowledged by mail and forwarded to the Honorable Treasurer of the St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shocked Children at Chailey, Sussex, England—to whom, if preferred, contributions may be sent direct.

JUNIOR RED CROSS PROGRESS

THE Junior Red Cross has awarded first prize for the design of furniture for the Red Cross convalescent houses at the army cantonments and training-camps to George Metz, a student at the Industrial Arts School, Mount Vernon, New York.

For draftsmanship in the preparation of plans, first honorable mention went to Henry L. Morris, of Hume Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee; second to Carlyle Farahow, of Durham City, North Carolina; third to Paul Gangewere, a high-school student at Chattanooga, Tennessee; fourth to L. G. Bassett, New Haven High School; fifth to Willis B. Lincoln, Hume Fogg High School.

For design, first honorable mention went to

George Metz; second to A. Hyatt Mayer, of Princeton, New Jersey; third to Lillian Woods, Industrial Arts School, Mount Vernon, New York; fourth to Allan Sheldon, New Rochelle, New York, High School.



HIGH SCHOOL BOYS MAKING CUTTING-TABLES FOR THE RED CROSS.

Reports received at the national headquarters of the Junior Red Cross at the beginning of May indicated that the great task of making garments for refugees in Europe was well beyond half completion and that the girl Juniors would undoubtedly turn out the enormous order by the end of the school year.

Late in the winter the National Red Cross appealed to the girls of the junior organization to buy the materials, cut, and sew up two hundred and fifty-five thousand garments for women and children in Europe who needed new clothing. In detail the requisition was as follows:

Thirty thousand children's black sateen or galatea pinafores; thirty thousand children's capes with hoods; eight thousand boys' short trousers, preferably corduroy; five thousand boys' shirts; ten thousand girls' dresses; thirty thousand women's and girls' chemises; thirty thousand women's house-gowns; thirty thousand women's skirts; seventy thousand shoulder-shawls; and twelve thousand bath- and hand-towels.

Although, two months after the junior membership enrollment campaign in February, many districts had not yet reported the results of that drive, the Junior Red Cross roster in Washington stood well above five million at the end of April. It seemed then safe to say that five million boys and girls of America joined the Red Cross in those ten days between Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays. The enrollment, however, is continuing, and will go on when school begins next fall; so that it would not be surprising if half the nation's twenty million young folks were Red Cross Juniors by the end of the present year.

With far less publicity to spur them on, the boys and girls of America in a short period have joined the Red Cross in larger proportions than have adults in a whole year. The success of the junior membership campaign showed the wisdom of the Government in enlisting the zeal of young people for the civilian work of the war.



SURGICAL-DRESSINGS TABLE, MADE BY RED CROSS JUNIORS.

HOOVER'S YOUTHFUL AIDES

HERE is an epigrammatic essay on saving sugar written by a high-school girl, Frances Nett, of Chewelah, Washington. It has been posted on the bulletin-boards of the public libraries of the State of Washington, where, no doubt, it has impressed its pungent lesson upon thousands of adult readers: Remember this in your coffee: One lump of sugar is patriotism, two is slackerism, three is desertion, and four is treason.

There may be in this some pardonable exaggeration for emphasis' sake, yet it would be hard to compress the sugar-saving message more vividly into twenty-one words.

A collection of posters done by students of the art classes of the Michigan high schools decorated the walls of one of the Food Administration's corridors in Washington for several weeks during the past winter, attracting the admiration of all who viewed them. Some of these drawings impressed Mr. Hoover's art department so favorably that they were used in the general propaganda issued by the Food Administration.

The best of the Michigan posters now form a traveling collection which visits various public libraries. Several other States have adopted this plan of library exhibitions. The best school essays preach their sermons from the library bulletin-boards. Essays and posters have made for themselves now a definite place in the Government's food-saving campaign.

The Junior Red Cross has taken up poster drawing in a national way. The young artists in the school auxiliaries of the Red Cross are competing this spring for a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal offered by the United States Food Administration for the best three food-saving posters submitted through the Junior Red Cross.

The competition for these medals is in three sections—first, the Chapter competition; second, the Division competition, or semi-finals; and third, the National Contest.

Each school auxiliary entering the contest was privileged to submit to the Red Cross chapter to which it is attached the best three posters drawn by its members. From all of those submitted to it by all of its junior auxiliaries the chapter chose the best three posters and awarded prize certificates to the winning artists. This phase of the contest was finished early in May.



A POSTER MADE BY A HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT.

The chapter, in turn, sent its three winning posters to Divisional Headquarters, where the best three drawings produced within the division were selected from the entries and prize certificates awarded to the three young designers. By the time this is published, this part of the contest will be over.

Early in June each of the thirteen Red Cross Divisions will, in its turn, send its best three posters to the Junior Headquarters in Washington. There will be a public exhibition of these posters, and the art department of the Food Administration will select the best three and award the medals.

The comic artist has a free rein in this contest, because the subject chosen for the poster must be some idea associated with the well-known phrase, "F.H.B." ("Family Hold Back"). We in America are the family, but the food supply is limited and we must curb our own appetites in order that our table-guests, Belgium, Italy, France, and England, may have enough to eat.

The Food Administration plans to make a wide use of the winning posters in case they come up to expectations.

AS IT WOULD BE NOW

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye.
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked into a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to say:
"You know it 's wrong to eat a pie
Upon a wheatless day."

H. R. FORD

THE SANDY McGREGOR CLUB FOR DOGS

BY HARRISON RHODES

Sandy McGregor is a big, good-natured, Airedale terrier, who lives in the pretty little Floridian city of Daytona. Like so many big, good-natured people, until America had been at war a whole year he had no idea how much he could help her, or her allies. He had, it is true, learned, as tricks, to growl angrily if you asked him if he was a German, and to fall like a dead dog to the floor if you put it to him straight, what would he do for his country? But for the most part he was content to run and bark and swim—and scratch. He still does all these, but he has done his bit.

Sandy's mistress and some friends of hers had been raising funds to help little French children whose fathers had been killed in battle. Through a well-known organization, *The Fatherless Children of France,* money is sent across the seas, and thirty-six dollars and fifty cents ($36.50) enables one to "adopt" a French orphan, for this sum, added to what the Government at Paris can give, enables the child to live at home with its mother. Sandy McGregor has adopted four orphans!

One of his friends conceived the idea that the



"HERE COMES A KIND-LOOKING PERSON."

dog, who was already a favorite in the town, should collect money for these unhappy, far-away French children. It was quite suitable, since the Scotch have always been friends of the French.

Sandy was gaily decked out in the tricolor of our gallant ally, a broad band like a saddle-girth about his waist, and a collar around his neck with a gay red-white-and-blue satin rosette. On his back was a box with a slit to drop money into, while hung over his chest was a placard, plainly lettered, which read:

Please Help the French War Orphans.

This is not an equipment calculated to please a dog, ordinarily; but Sandy somehow seemed to



"I BELIEVE HE 'S GOING TO GIVE SOMETHING."

know that this was no ordinary day. He went with his friends to a little table placed in front of the chief jeweler's in the main street, and soon he was rattling the money in his box in an engaging manner when any one who looked kind approached him.

The friends with him explained to the people who passed by that the dog wanted to adopt a French orphan. It was not easy to be gay about it, for it was during those black early days of the German's spring drive, and they knew that each hour was making more little French children fatherless. But Sandy made the answer which every one of us should make to the foe—he made his own little spring drive. And that night he had collected more than enough to adopt one orphan. It was decided he should go out another day and try to adopt a second.

It was exhausting work. But after a morning's rest, Sandy seemed to understand and to be ready the next afternoon when he saw the tri-color.

He was kept on a leash, partly because he sometimes got angry with other dogs, who were not doing their duty by collecting, and would have

been glad, so it appeared, to fight them, and partly because there are foolish human beings who do not understand dogs and object to being jumped upon and kissed by them. So his mistress led him, and during almost a week he worked on the streets and visited people's homes and took a turn through the hotels, for Sandy's city is a winter resort and shelters many tourists.

The local newspapers printed little articles about Sandy's campaign—the amount he had collected was telephoned in every night. And when it was all over, the papers printed for him what they called a "canine card of thanks" to the public. Almost everybody in town had helped, and almost everybody seemed glad when he won his second and third, and finally (oh, almost unhoped-for triumph!) his *fourth* orphan! People are very kind if you give them half a chance.

It was n't really asking much of folks—they mostly gave five- and ten-cent pieces or quarters. Of course, some gave more; there was one gentleman, surely with a heart of pure gold, who put a five-dollar bill in Sandy's box. Paper money, people ought to remember, is of course easier for a dog to carry.

It would not be quite the truth to say that Sandy spoke to people, but it seemed close to it when he snuggled his face into their caressing hands, or "sat up" the better to show his placard. There was one grumpy man who said Sandy "did n't seem an overly handsome-faced dog," but most people agreed with his mistress that he was an "angel of beauty." At any rate, his photograph, here reproduced, will tell the truth.

Sandy worked odd afternoons and evenings, when his friends could help him, for about a week, and collected in his box $153.13. Four little fatherless children of France have been allotted to him, two boys and two girls; and already, in their far-off homes, four widowed mothers are thanking God for America and for one rough, rollicking dog over there.

Four of the dog's friends have been duly appointed his secretaries, and are to write for him to France to explain to the children how it is that a dog has become their helping friend.

What dog has done, dog can do! If all the good-natured, friendly, nice dogs of America would don the tricolor and the collecting-box and adopt an orphan or two or three or four, there would not be so many uncared-for orphans in France nor so many anxious mothers as there are now.



"THERE! WE 'VE BOTH DONE OUR BIT!"

It is proposed, with the aid of ST. NICHOLAS, to start a "Sandy McGregor Club for Dogs." Eligible to it are all dogs who are 100 per cent. American in patriotic feeling, whatever their origin (dachshunds excepted), and who wish to help our brave allies. Some dogs, as every one knows, are working at the front, almost in the trenches, helping to detect the skulking enemy or to bring in the wounded. Now let the civilian dogs, the stay-at-homes, do their part.

Your dog is a member of the club just by your deciding that he shall be. Airedale terriers are no more eligible than others, though you may find a certain notable pride in them, due to the fact that the president of the club for this year is of their breed. Yes, Mr. McGregor—that is, Sandy—is president this year. But he will not lose his head over this honor, as a man might. When next June comes he is intending to relinquish his office to whatever member of the club has adopted the most French orphans.

Enroll your dog, put on his tricolor, and gird on his collecting-box. Send the money you have collected to ST. NICHOLAS, marking it for the "Sandy McGregor Club." It will be forwarded to Mr. A. J. Hemphill, Treasurer of the New York Committee, Guaranty Trust Co., New York City. If you have raised enough to adopt an orphan (it costs only $36.50), the committee of *The Fatherless Children of France* will assign you and your dog a child, boy or girl as you choose. Indeed, it will assign you as many orphans as you and your blessed dog can afford to take. And it will forward you their names and addresses and you can play secretary to your dog and write to your god-children in France, saying that we Americans are coming; that we know what their country has done for us and that we are going to do everything we can for them. Tell them we want every French child to be happy, and that every American child is going to work for that end.

If you do not raise enough to adopt an orphan, or if you adopt one and have some money left, send it all in. These odd sums will be put together, and to these children—adopted piecemeal as it were—a letter will go from the club telling this same story. And if they, children and sad mothers, are happier in France, shall we not be happier here?



"LUNCH IS EATEN IN THE FIELDS AT THE NOON HOUR." (SEE PAGE 704.)

THE FARMERETTE'S BATTALION

BY NANCY WOODS WALBURN

A NATION-WIDE Woman's Land Army, and its appeals to girls for their vacation. Being a "farmerette" means hard work and plenty of it, but lots of fun and patriotism. For the girls who are eligible, it is the only equivalent open to them of the United States Boys' Working Reserves. Several high schools are to form their own Units.

IT was in New York, riding atop the bus to enjoy the fragrant spring air, that I heard her. "Lots of girls are leaving school already to join the army," she said, adding, with a deep sigh, "but only those who have passed above seventy-five in everything can go before vacation. In most subjects I could have pulled through, but oh, my Latin! And I was crazy to go with our first unit!"

When our bus turned with its customary jolt at Fifty-seventh Street, I took a sly peep behind me at the speaker, a pretty school-girl, curls flying about her face despite the dignity of a rose-bordered toque. When the tall boy beside her unsympathetically suggested that the war would still be with us when vacation came, her little tale of woe ended with, "Yes, and my farm things will be all packed the day school closes!"

What is this "Woman's Land Army?" Of course, like you and everybody else last summer, we heard of "farmerettes"—girls who enlisted to work in the fields just as boys are doing in the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve. But somehow my little bus neighbor seemed more fitted for basket-ball, which, however strenuous, is soon over, than eight hours' toil every day even for Uncle Sam. Would she really "stick," and like it?

So although last summer I had visited and carefully watched all the developments at Bedford Village, New York, where the first unit of girl "farm-hands" in this country was located, down to the New York office of the Woman's Land Army I went. As I waited, a young college girl came in, and, as her loyal bit, in the most matter-of-fact way, signed up for the entire sum-

mer's work. I was so surprised! No quibbling or evasive "first to see how she liked it." Both her mother and her aunt took the idea of separation in the same patriotic spirit. The sole stipulation was that, if possible, she should not be sent so far from New York, but that occasionally, on Sundays, they could motor up to see her. And strong, rosy, and buoyant with health, she was an ideal recruit for Uncle Sam.

Before we follow this college-girl recruit out on the farm and see the actual conditions under which she will work and live, let us take a survey of this Woman's Land Army. In the first place, it is a national "drive" for city women and girls to go out to farm and to help the farmer till his fields as a patriotic endeavor to increase our food-supply. Already launched and organized in twenty States as early as February of this year, the army, which works with government assistance and supervision, has set out to win thousands of recruits for this "land service." In England the number of women and girls doing farm-work as their bit has been given as 258,300 strong! Yet to the American farmer the women "hired hands," or farmerettes, of last year, came as a brand-new idea.

Everywhere at first they encountered opposition and ridicule. "Humph! once these city girls hoe potatoes all day, the novelty of being a farmerette will wear off pretty quick!" said a farmer's wife; while her husband chuckled: "They don't know what hard work is! Just you wait till aching backs and blisters thin their



SOWING THE SEED.

ranks!" Yet on the contrary, these same farmers themselves called upon the units so often to labor in their fields, and employed them so regularly, that units were increased in size again and again. The girls proved such loyal, hard workers, keeping at monotonous labor with such vigor and grit, that they could n't keep up with the farmers' demand for their labor at two dollars apiece a day!

Now as to the actual living conditions to which our boarding-school and college recruit, accustomed to luxuries, is pledged. This is the unit plan, which at once solved what otherwise might



"WE'RE JUST POSING, FOR WE REALLY HOED THIS CORN AGES AGO."

be a stumbling-block. The army is sent out in squads or units of six to sixty or more, according to the size of the farm or the work to be done in the region. Instead of living with the farmer's family, they live independent of the farmhouse. Often there is an unused building which they use; otherwise they camp out in tents. All their cooking and buying is on a coöperative basis, under the charge of the unit supervisor. The class of women volunteering for this phase of patriotic work are generally school-teachers, principals, or other mature women of means and judgment. These supervisors are responsible not only for the housekeeping and farm-work done by the unit, but the personal supervision, health, and chaperonage of the farmerettes themselves. In this way, mothers may be assured of the rigid care given their daughters in isolated regions.

The personnel of each unit also includes one or more dietitians, who do the cooking. Last summer these were generally college women who, having specialized in domestic science, were glad to apply their knowledge in this practical way. In some small units, the cooking was done, turn about, by the girls themselves. Others hired a cook, of whose wages each paid a share.

There are two methods of payment and busi-

ness arrangement. One is going out to work for one farmer, on his land only, by the month or season. The other is to establish a camp or unit subject to call and going out by the day or week to any farmer in the region.

Payment is always two dollars a day for an



ONE OF THE TENTS.

eight-hour day. Again, however, there are two possible methods of paying it. One is direct to each member of the squad or unit, out of which she then pays her share of the coöperative housekeeping; under the other arrangement, payment of wages by the farmers is made to the unit supervisor, who runs the camp, pays all expenses, including board and laundry for each girl, and fifteen dollars monthly (soldiers' pay, as the girls proudly call it) to each girl. The last arrangement is most popular.

Camp units which serve a region require cars for transportation. Many young women who long to drive an ambulance in France have loyally signed up, with their cars, for this food-army service at home.

The start for the fields is made shortly after the half-past-six breakfast. Lunch is carried along and eaten in the fields at the noon hour. As half-past nine is closing time at the camps, there is no chance for the Land Army to burn the candle at both ends. Yet in between are eight hours crammed with arduous labor, at which the public once thought women would falter, yet at which, instead, they are pluckily enthusiastic! They hoe, plow, wield a scythe, pitch hay, weed and plant, milk cows, prune trees, pick fruit—and grow strong and husky on it! Farmers say they prove far quicker and more conscientious than men. As for the girls themselves, they grow inordinately proud of their newly acquired skill, developing, as only girls can, a wonderful spirit of comradeship and enthusiasm at the work. For information in detail apply to the National Headquarters of the Woman's Land Army, 32 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



A SQUAD OF FARMERETTES EARNING THEIR TWO DOLLARS A DAY.

LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

Chapter XVI

THE SKELETON IN THE SAND

Advancing on tiptoes, Tempest stretched out his hand to gain possession of the revolver, and his fingers were almost closing on it when one of the flooring boards creaked. Flagg, who had evidently been slumbering lightly, stirred uneasily. Casting caution to the winds, Tempest reached forward impulsively, bumping against a table as he did so.

With a startled exclamation, Flagg half raised himself in his bunk, but by that time the weapon was in the other man's hand, and the muzzle was pointing straight between Flagg's eyes.

"Don't move an inch!" Tempest said in a voice which carried conviction. "Jim, fasten that door. We 'll bottle up the other Kanaka till this gentleman has thoroughly grasped the situation."

"That—that thing 's loaded," gasped Flagg, beginning to regain his self-possession after the shock of being so rudely awakened.

"I suspected the fact," said Tempest. "And just because it is loaded, you will be more reasonable."

"Well, don't point it at me. It might go off."

"It not only might, but it will if you make a move. Jim, see if you can find any more rifles or six-shooters around."

Jim turned out lockers and ransacked pockets, but was unable to find anything except a box of cartridges, of which Tempest immediately took possession.

"Now," said the latter, "the game is up, as far as you are concerned."

If looks could have killed, Tempest would have been a dead man. Flagg, however, had wonderful control over himself, and his expression altered.

"We 've all come on a fool's errand, Tempest," he said, in tones that were intended to be ingratiating. "There may have been treasure here at one time, but there is n't now."

"All the more reason why you can scoot back to Washington Island at top speed with an easy mind," was the uncompromising reply.

"Of course, there 's always a chance, if we searched long enough—"

"You 've had your chance, Flagg, and you took it dishonorably. You won't get another until we have had ours."

"But could n't we all work together? It 's a bigger job than you seem to think." The man still, apparently, cherished the hope that the *Hatteras* treasure might be located.

"Listen to me," said Tempest. "I did intend, if ever I got this opportunity, to give you the biggest hiding you ever heard of. You deserve it—and worse. I 'm not sure I should n't be doing a kindness to you by teaching you a lesson. You 're a sneak, Flagg, a low sneak-thief. I have felt like punching your fat head until you cried for mercy. But now that you are where I can do it, I won't soil my hands on you. A bullet is more the sort of medicine you need," he added, suddenly warming up and pushing the muzzle of the revolver within an inch of the man's forehead.

Flagg squirmed. For a moment fear showed in his eyes.

"Bah!" said Tempest. "You 're a chicken-hearted old scoundrel, after all, when it comes to a pinch, and when you are n't holding the gun. See. I 'll give you ten minutes to clear out. Jim, take the dory ashore, and bring off the Kanaka. You need n't be afraid of leaving us alone. I 've got something here that will keep our friend quiet."

Jim rowed to the beach and there found Dave standing on guard over his prisoner, with a stout piece of driftwood in his hand. The man had recovered, but was lying still, evidently realizing that the boy had him at a disadvantage.

"What 's happened?" Dave asked eagerly.

"Meester Flagg going for a li'l trip," Jim replied. "He take this feller with him."

Dave ordered the prisoner forward and the trio pushed off again in the dory. They found Tempest, as Jim had left him, still master of the situation.

"Say good-by to Mr. Flagg, Dave," Tempest observed quizzically. "He is just about to take a sea voyage for his health, and you may not see him again."

"Sorry he can't stop," said the boy, dryly. "Why, we were just beginning to like him! Say, Tempest, I don't want to interfere with the program, but the sooner I get some grub, the sooner I shall begin to forgive him."

"Righto. A pleasant journey, Flagg. And let it be clearly understood that if we see you hanging around here again, I 'll shoot in dead earnest. Savvy?"

Flagg had been lying on his back, apparently

accepting the situation now as one in which he was hopelessly beaten. Neither his cunning nor his tenacity, however, had deserted him. As a last desperate resort he made a sudden grab to wrest the revolver from Tempest's hands, knowing that if the move succeeded he would turn the tables again. His wrist was powerful, but fortunately the other man was half expecting some such trick. He bent the weapon down, involuntarily tightening his pressure on the trigger as he did so. There was a deafening explosion, and a bullet bored its way through the bottom of the bunk, missing Flagg by the breadth of a finger.

Flagg sank back limply.

"I give in," he murmured. "Let me get out of this."

"You 'd better," said Tempest. "If that had killed you, it would have been your own fault. Jim, Dave, hop into that dory. Take the rifle with you. Now, Flagg, you 're to make a start as soon as we get off this boat, see? If you don't, I shall begin boring holes in it."

But Mr. Flagg was thoroughly subdued, and the sails of the *Firefly* began to flutter without the slightest delay.

"I don't think he will come back, somehow," Tempest commented as the craft passed through the channel and into the open sea. "All the same, we must keep our eyes skinned. But for the love of Mike, let 's get something to eat."

Nothing had been disturbed in the *Nautilus*. Even Dave's cherished binoculars were exactly where he had left them. In a few minutes the trio were ravenously devouring a meal and regaling themselves with steaming cups of coffee, after which they took turn and turn about in keeping watch until dawn.

As soon as it was light, Dave and Tempest paid their first long-deferred visit to the *Hatteras*, and the boy's face fell as he scrambled onto the ruins of the bark. The ravages of time had not left much of her framework. Her hull was more or less intact, being embedded deeply in sand which had silted around her. In places her deck had caved in, and most of the woodwork had either been rotted or washed away. Flagg had evidently been breaking away timbers in the neighborhood of the poop, endeavoring to reveal any locker which might contain the platinum, but the task did not seem to have been a very promising one.

Tempest scratched his head and pulled a wry face.

"It 's no use spoiling the ship for a penn'orth of tar," he said lugubriously. "Now that we are here, we might as well finish the search; but it 's pretty clear that this is n't where we get rich quick, eh, Dave?"

Though their hopes had now dwindled down to zero, they worked hard throughout that day and the following one without the slightest encouragement. With an immense amount of labor they dug into a cavity which appeared to have been the captain's cabin, and cleared it of tons of sand. They came across sundry half-decayed articles, and tore away the covers of one or two lockers, the contents of which had all nearly rotted.

By the end of the second day it was obvious that there remained no reasonable prospect of recovering the lost platinum from the wreck.

"It 's no good," said Tempest, taking a seat on one of the ship's old ribs and lighting his pipe. "We 've had a run for our money, and that 's about all we can say. I 've no regrets, and I hope you have n't either, Dave. It was a sporting chance, and a good one at that, so far as we could judge. You don't get a good sporting chance every day of your life. Poor old Jim, here, gets the thin end of it, because we can't pay him any wages at all. I 'm sorry for that, because he has been a brick."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. He did not seem to feel that the others were under any obligation to him.

"Well, we 'd better make a move for Washington Island, I suppose," Dave observed lugubriously. "We can't spend the rest of our lives here."

Jim was scanning the sky and the horizon carefully.

"Better stop here to-night," he said. "Pretty rough bimeby. Big wind coming."

"Bother you, Jim! No, I won't say that. You are a great weather-prophet, though how in thunder you know there 's going to be a storm without looking at a barometer is more than I can tell. I guess you feel it in your bones. The sky certainly did look a bit angry as the sun went down, but nothing very special. Let 's get back to the *Nautilus*. Good-by, *Hatteras!* Sorry there 's nothing doing, but you certainly have provided us with an interesting trip, if not a particularly profitable one."

Dave looked back regretfully at the old wreck as he left her for the last time. He was disappointed, not so much on his own account as on that of his father, whom he had so much hoped to cheer with visions of wealth. With Tempest, the matter seemed to have been already forgotten. He was laughing as gaily as though such a thing as a treasure-hunt had never been suggested to him.

Before it was time to turn in for the night the storm that Jim had prophesied began to put in an appearance. Dark clouds raced across the sky, and sudden gusts of wind screamed through the rigging of the *Nautilus*.

"No need to keep a lookout for Flagg to-night," Dave commented, with mingled emotions. "He could come and camp here as long as he liked now, so far as we are concerned. If he has n't got back to Washington Island yet, he will be having a rough night."



"'SAY GOOD-BY TO MR. FLAGG, DAVE,' TEMPEST OBSERVED QUIZZICALLY."

"Plenty more wind coming," declared Jim.

"If that is so, I 'm glad I 'm not out on the open sea in a twenty-five-foot boat," observed Tempest. "A lagoon like ours is a blessing under such circumstances. Dave, I have a fancy for a stroll on the shore to-night. Coming? It will be the last time we shall tread on Tai-o-Vai."

They all three dropped into the dory and paddled to the beach. There was no rain, and the great camel's back sheltered them from the wind. They had not landed five minutes, however, before the gale switched round with startling suddenness, and a fierce blast, coming straight in from over the lagoon, nearly knocked them off their feet and enveloped them in a whirl of fiercely driven sand.

"Gosh!" Tempest shouted, endeavoring to wipe some of the grit out of his eyes. "Now who 'd have expected that? It 's a regular typhoon. Looks to me as though we were going to have some difficulty in getting back to the *Nautilus*."

"Plenty more wind bimeby," said Jim, impassively.

"If it gets much worse, it 'll blow the blooming island away," complained Tempest. "Ouch! Here comes another dose of sand!"

The storm burst on them this time with all its force, and they staggered in the overwhelming cloud of fine sand which beat savagely on their backs, filled their hair, ears, mouths and clothing, and left them temporarily blinded, although instinctively they covered their eyes with their hands. Dave stumbled and fell, but Tempest dragged him to his feet again. Grasping the boy's shoulder, and keeping his own back to the force of the blast as much as possible, he pushed his way in the direction of the trees. It was like moving in a nightmare, for he could only guess vaguely in which direction that shelter lay. He called hoarsely to Jim, but his voice was swallowed up in the roar of the gale. Sometimes falling, himself, and regaining his feet with difficulty, he pushed grimly on. It seemed a long while before he felt the low bushes on the outskirts of the wood brushing against his legs. They gave him renewed hope. Unable to see a thing, he made his way under the trees, dragging Dave, and at length, having struggled a little way into the timber, sank down panting, and choking with sand.

They lay there well over an hour before the

strength of the storm decreased, and then, having recovered somewhat, began to shout for Jim. Presently they heard an answering call, and the Kanaka came toward them through the trees. As soon as he had lost sight of the others he, too, had sought shelter.

"For goodness sake, don't say it 's going to blow harder soon, Jim," said Tempest.

"Pretty near finished," replied the Kanaka. "Fine again quick."

Like most sudden tropical storms, it died down rapidly, and before long the island was bathed again in radiant moonlight, without a breath of air stirring. Only the thunder of the surf on the outer reef, and curious shallow cavities dug in the silvery sand by the whirling wind, remained to show how terrific had been the force of the storm. In places, whole stretches of beach had been scooped away, to be piled up further on like drifts of snow.

Dave and Tempest surveyed this strange effect of nature in her angriest mood.

"Gee, but it is a wonder we came out of that alive!" said Tempest, thankfully.

Dave did not answer for a moment. He was leaning forward a little, with his eyes fixed on an object which protruded though the sand in one of the excavations left by the gale far above high-water mark, at the edge of the trees. The object gleamed like a streak of silver in the moonlight. Prompted by curiosity, he stepped down toward it. An instant later he called to his friend, his voice sharp with restrained excitement:

"Tempest! Come here! It 's——it 's a skeleton!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE PRIZE IS WON

"THAT 's queer!" Tempest exclaimed, coming to his side and prodding aimlessly into the bank of sand with his foot. "It must be some poor beggar who died here after the *Hatteras* came to grief."

"Sure to be," agreed the boy, quietly. "I wonder if he—if it happened when he was alone. Why, there 's a piece of timber—a beam!"

He scooped the sand away with his hands, and revealed another beam running parallel with the first one.

"It looks like a hut that has been covered over with sand," said the boy.

"That 's it, sure enough," agreed Tempest. "I wonder how long this chap existed after he was marooned. Ugh! It 's gruesome. Let 's get back on board."

They found the *Nautilus* had dragged her anchor in the storm and nearly been beached; but she was unharmed, and they soon had her back in her old moorings. Shortly after midnight the trio were asleep, with only the moon to watch peacefully over the dead, the living, and the scene of Tai-o-Vai's unsolved mystery. Dave slept fitfully, however, the events of the last few days crowding into his brain every time he awoke. He tossed and turned in his narrow bunk, thinking of what might have been the fate of Flagg in the storm, wondering when he would set foot in Brooklyn again, guessing what secret the skeleton might reveal if it could but speak, and above all trying to imagine what could have happened to the treasure that had vanished from the *Hatteras,* for vanished it obviously had. At last, weary in mind and body, he dozed off, and did not awaken until broad daylight.

It was a rather subdued party that sat down to their last breakfast in the beautiful lagoon of Tai-o-Vai. Jim was, as usual, apparently immersed in his own thoughts and uncommunicative. The reaction after the recent excitement had left even Tempest quiet. He kept casting a professional eye at the sky, and seemed engrossed only in the thought of their long run back. Dave glanced occasionally in the direction of the silvery beach. His grey eyes were thoughtful. This was the end of their adventures, and the least satisfactory part of them because it involved failure. And failure was a thing which rankled in the minds of all the Hallards. Like his father and his grandfather, Dave hated to be beaten, whatever object he had set his mind on.

"You look mighty pensive, sonny," Tempest observed, dipping a hard biscuit into his coffee and munching it. "Always remember there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"It 's not the size of the fish I am concerned about, so much as losing it," the boy replied. "Tempest, I 'm really sorry now that I ever mentioned this rotten treasure to you. You 've been fine right through. I do wish you could have got a fortune out of it."

"A fortune!" said his friend. "I 'd be as miserable as a yellow pup with a tin can tied to its tail if I had a fortune."

"Well, half of what we might have found, anyway," said Dave.

"That would have depended on the amount of the treasure," mused Tempest. "If I had a lot of money, I should be unhappy till it was all gone except about five thousand dollars. That 's the share of the treasure I should have taken—just enough to let me settle down on a small farm in South Carolina where I was reared. I would n't have touched another penny, not only because I

should n't want it, but because I should n't feel I had any right to accept more. You see, I 'm only one of your crew, the same as Jim, really. However, that 's neither here nor there now. When you 're quite ready we will make a move. There 's a fair breeze."

Dave, however, was not inclined to hurry away. "I can't get the idea of that hut out of my mind," he said slowly.

"What about it?"

"Well, suppose some of the people off the *Hatteras* got ashore here, don't you think they would have made an effort to fetch the platinum off the bark as soon as they had a chance?"

"Why, yes, I suppose they would," agreed Tempest, wrinkling his brows. "I 've thought of that already. Even at this minute it may be buried somewhere on Tai-o-Vai, but we 're not out exactly on a mining expedition. You are not proposing digging all over the island, are you?"

"No, Tempest," said Dave, seriously; "but I surely would like to see exactly what there is in that hut. It would n't take us very long to dig it out, would it?"

"Certainly not. I 'm game. Let 's take the shovels ashore and get to work."

Tempest had not much faith in the new venture, and he worked more to satisfy the boy's curiosity than anything else. Prior to the storm, sand had evidently sifted over the hut to a considerable depth, but the upheaval had made the task of the treasure-hunters easier. The roof of the hut was now covered with only a couple of feet of sand, and this they cleared off quickly. The next problem was to find the entrance, and this involved much hard work, but eventually they found an opening. For over an hour they delved steadily, gradually emptying the place, after digging a hole and placing the skeleton in it.

There was but little to reward their search—a few rusty tins, the handle of a knife, and the case of a silver watch, blackened with age.

"It looks to me like a place built for one man," commented Tempest, during a momentary pause in their labors.

"It may have been the man who owned the platinum," said Dave.

"More than likely. I can quite imagine that if he did land with the stuff, and the crew wanted to make Christmas Island in an open boat, he might prefer to stop on dry land with his blessed treasure until they sent to pick him up."

"If that 's what did happen," said Dave, "the dory they went off in must have been lost, and that accounts for nobody ever hearing what happened to the *Hatteras.*"

" 'Pon my word, Dave, you 're getting me quite excited about the thing again!" declared Tempest. "It 's only a theory, but it fits in with the facts perfectly. I don't know who the chap was who died here, but I do wish he 'd been considerate enough to leave a message of some sort corked up in a bottle, giving us instructions how to find his old treasure."

"Perhaps he did," said Dave. "Anyway, let 's go on till we get the cabin emptied of sand. If we don't find anything, then we will chuck it."

Again they plied the shovels vigorously, until nothing remained within the bare walls.

"That settles it," commented Tempest, at last. "Now are you satisfied, Dave?"

"I suppose so," said the boy, ruefully, straightening his back and resting on his shovel. "There 's nothing more to be done, is there?"

"No, I 'm afraid this is the finish. Not even the message in a bottle to lure us on."

"But," Dave exclaimed, with a touch of impatience, "what the dickens can the man have done with the platinum? He could n't eat it."

"Buried it somewhere, I guess. People generally do bury treasure, you know."

"Maybe he buried it under the floor here," said Dave, casually digging his shovel deep into the sand. There was a metallic click as the steel struck something hard.

"Gosh! That 's funny!" the boy exclaimed, looking round at his friend as he lifted out the sand on the shovel. "Tempest, do you suppose—"

"Rock, I expect," said Tempest, not waiting a second, however, before he too had his shovel at work on the same spot.

"Rock be hanged!" shouted Dave, a moment later, as the unmistakable sound of metal striking metal reached their ears. "Tempest, it can't be—it can't be—"

"Can't it, though!" replied Tempest, joyously. "It 's a metal-bound box, or my name 's Joe Flagg. Now don't get so excited. Wait a minute till we get it out."

Dave was excited, however—wildly excited. He and Tempest fell on their knees and tugged at the box, but its weight was considerable, and they could not lift it out until Jim gave them a hand. It was a small chest made of oak or some other hard wood, encircled with solid bands of iron which had almost rusted through in places. The woodwork was in a fair state of preservation.

"It 's the treasure—it 's the treasure!" Dave sang out gleefully.

"Well, if it is n't, it ought to be," said Tempest, trying in vain to prize off one of the metal bands with his shovel. "Jim, streak to the *Nautilus* for an ax—a couple of axes—a dozen before I burst!"

The Kanaka shot across the water in the dory, and returned in a few minutes.

Even with the aid of an ax it was not easy to burst the chest open, for there were hinges and a lock to force, besides the iron bands.

At last, with a creak, the lid was lifted, and Dave and Tempest stared at the contents of the box, fascinated.

Lying neatly stacked in rows were bars and bars of silvery-white metal which, in spite of their long burial in the sand, shone as brightly as when placed there years before by the man who had mined and molded them.

Tempest laughed at the Kanaka's comical expression of disappointment. He had evidently expected something much more exciting. Dave stooped and took one of the small bars in his hand with a curious thrill.

" You don't suppose it 's just—just lead or something like that?" he asked anxiously. "It 's frightfully heavy!"

"It would be," answered Tempest, striving to keep the excitement from his voice. "It 's platinum all right, and it 's worth a fortune, Dave."

"A fortune!" repeated the boy, gazing down in awe at the serried rows of silvery bars. "Yes, it must be, for it 's worth more than a hundred dollars an ounce. Tempest, we—we 're rich!"

"*You* are," said Tempest. "All I 'll accept is that five thousand for my little farm in Carolina. Gee! I never saw anything that pleased me so much in all my life!" He weighed the bar in his hand. "There 's a good sixteen ounces in that, I fancy: maybe more," he added. "Let 's see how many bars there are."

With trembling fingers they laid the metal out on the sand, counting as they did so.

"Twenty-seven!" they said at last in chorus.

"Over four hundred ounces, sure as you 're alive!" Tempest added. "I reckon it must be worth between forty and forty-five thousand dollars altogether if it 's worth a cent!"

"Goodness!" Dave exclaimed. "Enough to buy back my dad's place ten times over."

THREE pairs of eyes were staring from the



"TEMPEST LAUGHED AT THE KANAKA'S COMICAL EXPRESSION OF DISAPPOINTMENT."

Nautilus at an old tramp steamer which, two days later, had overhauled the little sailing-boat in a dead calm.

"That 's a stroke of luck," said Tempest, while the vessel was bearing down upon them. "Somehow, I don't fancy Mr. Cresswell will ever get his *Nautilus* back after all."

"What are you going to do?" Dave asked.

"Do? Why, I 'm going to heave this treasure on to that tramp steamer and sit on it till we reach civilization."

"What about the *Nautilus?*"

"Let her go adrift. She is n't worth much, anyhow, and Mr. Cresswell will be the surprised-est man living when he receives a check for four hundred dollars—or make it five hundred, if you like. We owe him a debt of gratitude."

The steamer was now within a cable's length of them, with her engines stopped. A dozen faces appeared over her rail. "You look lonely there. Want any help?" called a deep voice.

"Glad of a passage," Tempest replied, as a rope ladder was slung over the side. "Lower a rope, will you? There 's a box here I 'd like to take along with me."

The crew of the *Seven Seas* stared with curiosity as the trio scrambled on board. One sees strange things in those waters, but not often such a strange thing as two men and a boy at the mercy of the waves in a cockle-shell of a boat.

"Been on a little pleasure trip?" asked the captain, coming forward with a smile.

The engines had already started again, and the *Nautilus,* left to her doom, was dropping astern.

"Shipwrecked," Tempest replied briefly. "Much obliged to you for picking us up, Cap'n. May I ask where you are bound?"

" 'Frisco the next stop. We 've got a pretty full crew, but I don't doubt we can keep you busy till we hit America."

Tempest exchanged glances with Dave, and laughed. "I think, sir," he said, "we 'll enjoy the luxury of being passengers, if it 's all the same to you. We 've had rather a rough time, one way and another, and just at present there 's no shortage of funds. But that 's another story. I 'll tell you all about it later. Meanwhile, if you could oblige us with a decent square meal, we 'd appreciate it a whole lot."

"Sure!" said the captain, turning to one of the hands. "Slip below and tell Bill Barnes to fix these men up with something special as a treat."

"Barnes!" repeated Dave, with a puzzled look. "He does n't happen to be a comical-looking chap with one tooth and bushy eyebrows, does he?"

"I guess that 's his photograph," said the skipper, amused. "Do you know him?"

Dave, hardly waiting to reply, dived after the sailor to the galley, and astonished his old friend of the *Pacific Queen* by bursting in upon him.

"Great Mackerel, kid! Sha' n't I ever get clear of you?" exclaimed that worthy, wiping his greasy hands as he came toward the boy. "Who in thunder would have thought of this? Jerusalem! but I am glad to see you! What d' you mean by bobbing up out of the sea like this?" His face had grown red with astonishment, and he was performing gymnastics with his eyebrows.

"Been treasure-hunting, dear Barnsey," said Dave. "Come on, pour out some of that stew. We 're starved. Have n't had a proper sailor's meal since goodness knows—"

"Treasure-hunting!" spluttered the cook, as he filled a dish with savory-smelling stew. "Have n't you learnt yet to stick to your job? Treasure-hunting, indeed!" he snorted.

"Wait till we 've finished dinner, Barnsey," said Dave, "and then I 'll tell you something that will make you sing a different tune!"

•

Nearly four weeks later the *Seven Seas* entered the Golden Gate, and deposited Dave, Tempest, and the Kanaka at San Francisco, where Tempest immediately took steps to turn the platinum into money. He found that he had slightly underestimated its value. After deducting the five thousand dollars for his farm, he placed the balance in a bank in Dave's name, and it was a proud moment for the boy when he made out one check for Mr. Cresswell, one for the passenger-money on the *Seven Seas,* and one for current expenses. Jim was arrayed in bright colors, such as gladden the hearts of his kind, and his cup of joy was filled when Dave and Tempest showed him the sights of the city in a fleet taxicab. He soon grew weary of city life, however, and on the second day insisted on joining an outward-bound steamer for China.

"Tempest," the boy said when they had seen him off, "I 'm going to ask a favor of you. We 'll be traveling together as far as Chicago, anyway. Won't you come on to New York and stop a few days with me before you go south? Dad will want to see you, and—and I want you to meet him; and Aunt Martha, too. Will you?"

"Well, it 's a long time, Dave, since I 've mingled in polite society," replied Tempest, with a smile; "but I 'd like mighty well to see your folks, and so, if you think they won't mind entertaining a tramp—"

"Tramp!" Dave exclaimed indignantly. "Don't be silly! And anyway," he added, laughing, "tramps don't buy five-thousand-dollar farms!"

"That 's so," replied Tempest. "After this I 'm a regular farmer. And you 're a—a—what are you, by the way, with all that money in bank?"

"I 'm—" Dave hesitated. Then, "I 'm just your chum," he finished shyly. "Come on, let 's beat it for the train!"

THE END.



GIRLS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Now do you remember, Nancy,
That June day, when school was done,
We were loitering in the sun,
And had such a pleasant fancy
Of girls and flowers as being one—
This girl a lily, that a rose,
Each of them like some flower that blows
Within a sheltered garden-close?
That day, as I came in, a troop
Of girls stood in a rosy group
About the teacher's desk—sweet Nell
And Katharine, Charlotte, Isabel
And Blanche and Marion and Tess,
Each in her gay and pretty dress,
In white and green and pink and blue,
In lavender and scarlet, too,
With brown and black and golden hair;
And all so young and all so fair,
They seemed a cluster of bright flowers
Of sunshine born and sunlit showers,
The lovely things of leafy bowers.

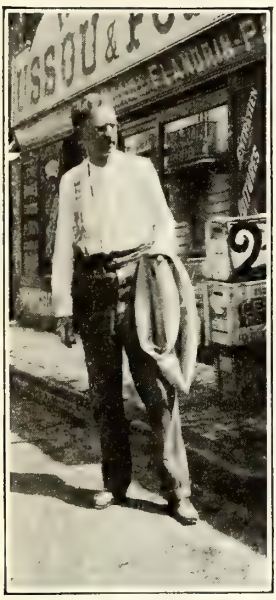


"A ROSY GROUP ABOUT THE TEACHER'S DESK."

MOTORING THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Boy's Life of Mark Twain"



"SHE MADE ME STAND IN THE SUN"

It was a July morning when we got away from Tours — one of those sweltering mornings—and I had spent an hour or two at the garage putting on all our repaired tires and one new one. It was not a good morning for exercise; and by the time we were ready to start, I was a rag. Narcissa photographed me, because she said she had never seen me look so interesting before. She made me stand in the sun bareheaded and hold a tube in my hand, as if I had not enough to bear, already.

But I was repaid the moment we were off. Oh, but it was cool and delicious gliding along the smooth, shaded road! One can almost afford to get as hot and sweltering and cross and gasping as I was for the sake of sitting back and looking across the wheel down a leafy avenue facing the breeze of your own making, a delicious nectar that bathes you through and cools and rests and soothes—an anodyne of peace.

By and by, being really cool in mind and body, we drew up abreast of a meadow which lay a little below the road, a place with a brook and overspreading shade, and with some men and women harvesting not far away. We thought they would not mind if we lunched there, and I think they must have been as kind-hearted as they were picturesque, for they did not offer to disturb us. It was a lovely spot, and did not seem to belong to the present-day world at all. How could it, with the homes of the old French kings all about, and with these haymakers, whose fashions have not minded the centuries, here in plain view to make us seem a part of an ancient tale?

Chenonceaux, the real heart of the royal district, is not on the Loire itself, but on a small tributary, the Cher. I do not remember that I noticed the river when we entered the grounds, but it is a very important part of the château, which, indeed, is really a bridge over it—a supremely beautiful bridge, to be sure, but a bridge none the less, entirely crossing the pretty river by means of a series of high foundation arches. Upon these arches rises the rare edifice which Thomas Bohier, a receiver-general of taxes, began back in 1515. Bohier did not extend Chenonceaux entirely across the river. The river, to him, merely served as a moat. The son who followed him did not have time to make additions. Francis I. came along, noticed that it was different from the other châteaux he had confiscated, and added it to his collection. Our present-day collectors cut a poor figure by the side of Francis I. Think of getting together assortments of coins and postage-stamps and ginger-jars when one could go out and pick up châteaux! It was the famous Catherine de Medici, daughter-in-law of Francis I., who finished the palace, extending it across the Cher, making it one of the most beautiful places in the world.

We stopped a little to look at the beautiful façade of Chenonceaux, then crossed the drawbridge, or what is now the substitute for it, and were welcomed at the door by just the proper person—a fine, dignified woman, of gentle voice and perfect knowledge. She showed us through the beautiful home, for it is still a home, having been bought by M. Meunier, of chocolate fame and fortune. I cannot say how glad I am that Mr. Meunier purchased Chenonceaux. He did nothing to the place to spoil it, and it is not a museum. The lower rooms which we saw have many of the original furnishings. The ornaments, the tapestries, the pictures, are the same. There is hardly another place, I think, where one may come so nearly stepping back through the centuries.

We went out into the long wing that is built on the arches above the river, and looked down on the water flowing below. Our conductor told us that the supporting arches had been built on the foundations of an ancient mill. The beautiful gallery which the bridge supports must have known much gaiety; much dancing and promenading up and down; many gallant speeches and some heartache. The Joy wanted to see the dungeons, but perhaps there never were any real dungeons at Chenonceaux. Let us try to think so.

Orleans is on the Loire, and we drove to it in the early morning from Meung, where we had spent the night. I do not know what could be more lovely than that leisurely hour—the distance was fifteen miles—under cool, outspreading branches, with glimpses of the bright river and vistas of happy fields.



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX, ON THE RIVER CHER.

We did not even try to imagine, as we approached the outskirts, that the Orleans of Joan's time presented anything of its appearance today. Orleans is a modern, or modernized city, and, except the river, there could hardly be anything in the present prospect that Joan saw. But it was the scene of her first military conquest, and added its name to the title by which she belongs to history. That is enough to make it one of the holy places of France.

It has been always a military city, a place of battles. Cæsar burned it, Attila attacked it, Clovis captured it—there was often war of one sort or another going on there. The English and Burgundians would have had it in 1429 but for the arrival of Joan's army.

Joan was misled by her generals, whose faith in her was not complete. Orleans lies on the north bank of the Loire; they brought her down on the south bank, fearing the prowess of the enemy's forces. Discovering the deception, the Maid promptly sent the main body of her troops back some thirty-five miles to a safe crossing, and, taking a thousand men, passed over the Loire and entered the city by a gate which was still held by the French. That the city was not completely surrounded made it possible to attack the enemy from within and without, while her presence among the Orleanese would inspire them with new hope and valor. Mark Twain, in his "Recollections," pictures the great moment of her entry.

> It was eight in the evening when she and the troops rode in at the Burgundy gate. . . . She was riding a white horse, and she carried in her hand the sacred sword of Fierbois. You should have seen Orleans then. What a picture it was! Such black seas of people, such a starry firmament of torches, such roaring whirlwinds of welcome, such booming of bells and thundering of cannon! It was as if the world was come to an end. Everywhere in the glare of the torches one saw rank upon rank of upturned, white faces, the mouths wide open, shouting, and the unchecked tears running down; Joan forged her slow way through the solid masses, her mailed form projecting above the pavement of heads like a silver statue. The people about her struggled along, gazing up at her through their tears with the rapt look of men and women who believed they are seeing one who is divine; and always her feet were being kissed by grateful folk, and such as failed of that privilege touched her horse and then kissed their fingers.

This was the twenty-ninth of April. Nine days later, May 8, 1429, after some fierce fighting, during which Joan was severely wounded, the besiegers were scattered. Orleans was free. Mark Twain writes:

> No other girl in all history has ever reached such a summit of glory as Joan of Arc reached that day. . . .

Orleans will never forget the eighth of May, nor ever fail to celebrate it. It is Joan of Arc's day—and holy.

Two days, May seventh and eighth, are given each year to the celebration, and Orleans in other ways has honored the memory of her deliverer. A wide street bears her name, and there are noble statues, and a museum, and church offerings. The Boucher home, which sheltered Joan during her sojourn in Orleans, has been preserved—at least, a house is still shown as the Boucher house, though how much of the original structure remains no one of this day seems willing to decide.

We drove there first, for it is the only spot in Orleans that can claim even a possibility of having known Joan's actual presence. It is a house of the old half-timbered architecture, and if these are not the veritable walls that Joan saw, they must, at least, bear a close resemblance to those of the house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, where Joan was made welcome. A few doors away is a fine old mansion, now a museum, and fairly overflowing with objects of every conceivable sort relating to Joan of Arc. Books, statuary, paintings, armor, banners, offerings, coins, medals, ornaments, engravings, letters—thousands upon thousands of articles gathered here in the Maid's memory. I think there is not one of them that her hand ever touched, or that she ever saw, but in their entirety they convey, as nothing else could, the reverence that Joan's memory inspired during the centuries that have gone since her presence made this ground sacred. Until the revolution, Orleans preserved Joan's banner, some of her clothing, and other genuine relics; but then the mob burned them, probably because Joan delivered France to royalty. We were shown an ancient copy of the banner, still borne, I believe, in the annual festivities. Baedeker speaks of arms and armor worn at the siege of Orleans, but the guardian of the place was not willing to guarantee their genuineness. I think Narcissa, who worships the memory of Joan, was almost sorry that he thought it necessary to be so honest. He did show us a photograph of Joan's signature. She wrote it "Jehanne," and her pen must have been guided by her secretary, for Joan could neither read nor write.

We drove to the Place Martroi to see the large equestrian statue of Joan by Foyatier, with reliefs by Vital Dubray. It is very imposing, and the reliefs, showing the great moments in Joan's career, are really fine. We did not care to hunt for other memorials. It was enough to drive about the city, trying to pick out a house here and there that looked as if it might have been standing five hundred years, but if there were any of that age—any that had looked upon the wild joy of Joan's entrance and upon her triumphal departure, they were very few indeed.

It is a grand, straight road from Orleans to Fontainebleau, and it passes through Pithiviers, which did not look especially interesting, though we discovered, when it was too late, that it is noted for its almond-cakes and lark-pies. I wanted to go back, then, but the majority decided against me, and in the late afternoon we entered the majestic royal forest, and by and by came to the palace and the little town and to a pretty hotel on a side street, that was really a village inn for comfort and welcome. There was still plenty of daylight, mellow, waning daylight, and the palace was not far away. We would not wait for it until morning.

I think we most enjoyed seeing palaces about the closing-hour. There are seldom any other visitors then, and the fading afternoon sunlight in the vacant rooms softens their garish emptiness, and seems, somehow, to bring nearer the rich pageant of life and love and death that flowed through them so long, and then one day came to an end, and now it is not passing any more. It was really closing-time when we arrived at the palace, but the custodian was lenient, and for an hour we wandered through gorgeous galleries, and salons, and suites of private apartments, where kings and queens lived gladly, loved madly, died sadly for about three hundred years. Francis I built Fontainebleau, on the site of a mediæval castle. He was a hunter, and the forests of Fontainebleau were always famous hunting-grounds. Louis XIII, who was born in Fontainebleau, built the grand entrance staircase, from which, a hundred years later, Napoleon Bonaparte bade good-by to his generals before starting for Elba. Other kings have added to the place and embellished it; the last being Napoleon III, who built for Eugénie the bijou theater across the court.

It may have been our mood, it may have been the tranquil evening light, it may have been reality that Fontainebleau was more friendly, more alive, more a place for living men and women to inhabit than any other palace we have seen. It was hard to imagine Versailles as having ever been a home for anybody. At Fontainebleau I felt that we were intruding—that Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, or Eugénie might enter at any moment and find us there.

The apartments of the first Napoleon and Marie Louise tell something, too, but the story seems



JOAN OF ARC ENTERING ORLEANS.

Painted by H. Scherrer

less intimate. Yet the table is there on which Napoleon signed his abdication, while an escort waited to take him to Elba, and in his study is his writing-table; and there is a bust by Canova; but that is marble, and does not encourage the thought of life.

For size and magnificence the library is the most impressive room in Fontainebleau. It is very lofty, very splendid, and it is two hundred and sixty-four feet long. Napoleon III gave great hunting-banquets there. Since then it has always been empty, except for visitors.

The light was getting dim by the time we reached the pretty theater which Louis Napoleon built for Eugénie. It is a very choice place, and we were allowed to go on the stage and behind the scenes and up in the galleries, and there was something in the dusky vacancy of that little playhouse, built to amuse the last empress of France, that affected us almost more than any of the rest of the palace, though it was built not so long ago and its owner is still alive. It is not used, the custodian told us—has never been used since Eugénie went away. I believe nothing at Fontainebleau gave more delight to Narcissa and the Joy than this dainty theater.



THE LAKE AT FONTAINEBLEAU AND THE MINIATURE SHIP.

From a terrace back of the palace we looked out on a pretty lake where Eugénie's son used to sail a miniature, full-rigged ship, large enough, if one could judge from a picture we saw, to have held the little prince himself. There was still sunlight on the tree-tops, and these and the prince's pretty pavilion reflecting in the placid water made the place beautiful. But the little vessel was not there. I wished, as we watched, that it might come sailing by. I wished that the prince had never been exiled, and that he had not grown up and gone to his death in a South African jungle. I wished that he might be back to sail his ship again, and that Eugénie might be young and have her theater once more, and that Louis Napoleon's hunting-parties might still gather in the painted ball-room and fill the vacant palace with something besides mere curiosity and vain imaginings.

WE had meant to go to Barbizon, home of the artist Millet, but we got lost in the forest next morning, and when we found ourselves, we were a good way in the direction of Melun and concluded to keep on, consoling ourselves with the thought that Barbizon is not Barbizon any more, and would probably be a disappointment, anyway. We kept on from Melun, also, after buying some luncheon things, and all day traversed that beautiful rolling district which lies east of Paris and below Rheims, arriving toward evening at Épernay, center of the champagne district. We had no need to linger there. We were anxious to get to Rheims.

We were still in the hills when we looked on the valley of the Vesle and saw a city outspread there, and in its center, mellowed and glorified by seven kindly centuries, the architectural and ecclesiastical pride of the world, the Cathedral of Rheims. Large as the city was, that great central ornament dwarfed and dominated its surroundings. Thus Joan of Arc had seen it when, at the head of her victorious army, she conducted the king to Rheims for his coronation. She approached the fulfilment of her mission, the completion of the great labor laid upon her by the voices of her saints. Mark Twain tells of Joan's approach to Rheims, of the tide of cheers that swept her ranks at the vision of the distant towers.

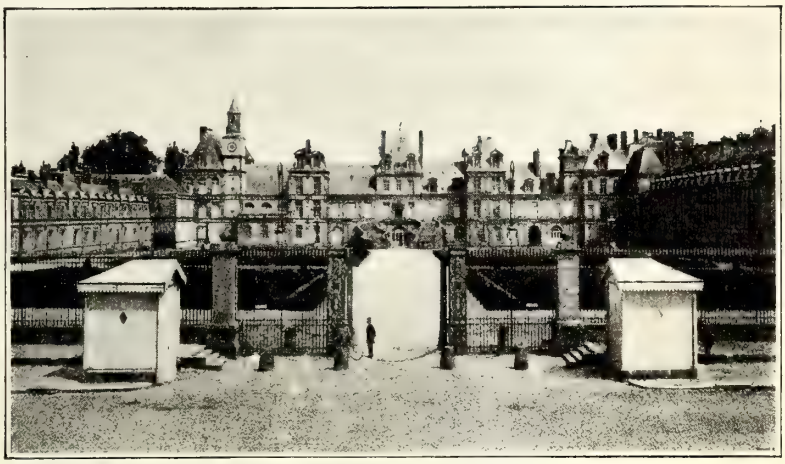
It was the sixteenth of July that Joan looked down upon Rheims, and now four hundred and eighty-five years later it was again July, with the same summer glory on the wood, the same green and scarlet in the poppied fields, the same fair valley, the same stately towers rising to the sky. But no one can ever feel what Joan felt, can ever put into words, ever so faintly, what that moment and that vision meant to the Domremy shepherd-girl.

Descending the plain, we entered the city,

crossed a bridge, and made our way to the cathedral square. Then presently we were at the doorway where Joan and her king had entered—the portal which has been called the most beautiful this side of paradise. How little we dreamed that destruction and disfigurement lay only a few weeks ahead!

It is not required any more that one should write descriptively of the now vanished glories of the church of Rheims, it has been done so thoroughly and so numerously by those so highly qualified for the undertaking. Fergusson, who must have been an authority, for the guide-book quotes him, calls it, "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the Middle Ages."

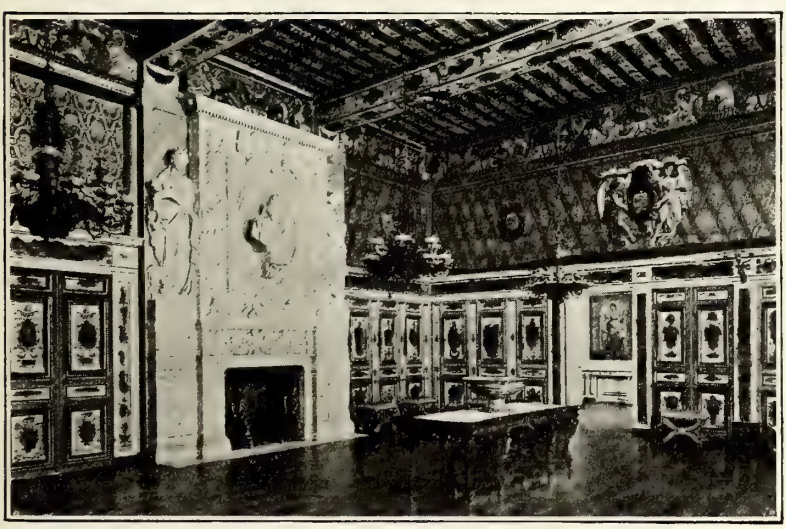
The cathedral was already two hundred years old when Joan arrived in 1429. But it must have looked quite fresh and new, then, for nearly five centuries later it seemed to have suffered little. Some of the five hundred and thirty statues of its wonderful portal were weatherworn and scarred, to be sure, but the general effect of beauty and completeness was not disturbed.



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Clovis had been baptized nearly a thousand years before.

It was a mighty assemblage that gathered for the crowning of Joan's king. France, overrun by an invader, had known no real king for years—had, indeed, well nigh surrendered her nationality. Now victory, in the person of a young girl from an obscure village, had crowned their arms and brought redemption to their throne. No wonder the vast church was packed, and that crowds were massed outside. From all directions had come pilgrims to the great event—persons of every rank, among them two shepherds, Joan's aged father and uncle, who had walked from Domremy, one hundred and twenty miles, to verify with their own eyes what their ears could not credit.



ONE OF THE SALONS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

We are told that the abbot, attended by the archbishop, his canons, and a deputation of nobles, entered the crowded church, followed by the five mounted knights who rode down the great central aisle, clear to the choir, and then at a signal backed their prancing steeds all the distance to the great doors.

Many kings had preceded Joan and her sovereign through the sacred entrance. Long before the cathedral was built, French sovereigns had come to Rheims for their coronation. Here

Very likely the cathedral at Rheims had never known such a throng until that day, nor heard such a mighty shout as went up when Joan and the king, side by side and followed by a splendid

train, appeared at the great side entrance and moved slowly to the altar.

I think there must have fallen a deep hush then —a petrified stillness that lasted through the long ceremonial, while every eye feasted itself upon the young girl standing there at the king's side, holding her victorious standard above him—the banner that "had borne the burden and had earned the victory," as she would one day testify at her trial. I am sure that vast throng would keep silence, scarcely breathing, until the final word was spoken and the dauphin had accepted the crown and placed it upon his head. But then we may hear, borne faintly down the centuries, the roar of renewed shouting that told to those waiting without that the great ceremony was ended, that Charles VII of France had been annointed king. As in a picture we seemed to see the shepherd-girl on her knees saying to the crowned king: "My work which was given me to do is finished: give me your peace, and let me go back to my mother, who is poor and old, and has need of me."

But the king raises her up and praises her and confers upon her nobility and titles, and asks her to name a reward for her service, and we hear her ask that Domremy, "poor and hard-pressed by reason of the war," may have its taxes remitted.

Nothing for herself—no more than that; and in the presence of all the great assemblage Charles VII decreed that by grace of Joan of Arc, Domremy should be free from taxes forever.

There within those walls it was all reality five hundred years ago. One did not study the interior to discover special art values or to distinguish in what manner it differed from others we had seen. For us the light from its great rose-window and upper arches was glorified because once it fell upon Joan of Arc in that supreme moment when she saw her labor finished and asked only that she might return to Domremy and her flocks. The statues in the niches were sacred because they looked upon that scene, the altar paving was sanctified because it felt the pressure of her feet.

Back of the altar stood a statue of Joan unlike any we had seen elsewhere, and to us more beautiful. It was not Joan with her banner aloft, her eyes upward. It was Joan with her eyes lowered, looking at no outward thing, her face passive—the saddest face and the saddest eyes in the world —Joan the sacrifice of her people and her king.

It may have been two miles out of Rheims that we met the flood. There had been one heavy shower as we entered the city, but presently the sun broke out, bright and hot, too bright and too hot for permanence. Now suddenly all was black again, there was a roar of thunder, and then such an opening of the water-gates of the sky as would have disturbed Noah. I turned the car over to the side of the road, but the tall, high-trimmed trees afforded no protection. Our top was a shelter, but not a complete one—the wind drove the water in, and in a moment our umbrellas were sticking out in every direction and we had huddled together like chickens. The world was blotted out. I had the feeling at moments that we were being swept down some great submarine current.

I don't know how long the inundation lasted. It may have been five minutes or thirty. Then suddenly it stopped—it was over—the sun was out.

There was then no mud in France,—not in the highroads,—and a moment or two later we had revived, our engine was going, and we were gliding between fair fields—fresh, shining fields where scarlet poppy-patches were as pools of blood. How peaceful it all was then, for there is no lovelier land than the Marne district from Rheims to Châlons and to Vitry-le-Francois. Yet it has been often a war district — a battle-ground; it has been fought over time and again since the ancient allies defeated Attila and his Huns there, checking the purpose of the "Scourge of God," as he called himself. It could never be a battle-ground again, we thought—the great nations were too advanced for war. Ah me! within two months from that day men were lying dead across that very road, shells were tearing at the lovely fields, and another stain had mingled with the trampled poppies.

Châlons-sur-Marne, like Rheims and Épernay, is a champagne center and seemed prosperous. There are some churches there, but they did not seem of great importance.

It was in July when we were on the Marne. In an earlier chapter I have told how, only three weeks later, when we had reached Vevey, Switzerland, the "great upheaval" came, and with what disturbing consequences. We did not leave Europe with the early rush. For a time we hesitated about leaving at all. But then uncertainties increased. With Italy planning war, the possibility of not being able to leave when we were ready was not comforting. So in October at last we got a military pass to take the car out of Switzerland, and on one of the last days of the month set off up the Rhone Valley, down which Cæsar's armies once had marched, and drove to Brigue, and the next day crossed the Simplon Pass—up and up more than six thousand feet, where the snow was flying, and where there are

no villages any more, but only a hospice, and here and there a wayside shelter. Then through a wild, savage-looking land—down and down, into Italy, arriving in the rain at Domodossola, glad, oh so glad, for safe shelter and food and beds!

I will not tell here of our month's wanderings in Italy. But one day our reliable car was loaded on a vessel for home, and a little later we were aboard the same ship, breasting such storms as made it seem impossible that only a little while before we had been in a sunny land, gliding smoothly over a solid surface that did not heave, and toss, and roar, day and night, without end; then by and by a day came when we were gliding once more over smooth solid ground—this time in our own land, far from the quaint villages, the bright rivers, the ancient castles, the sunny slopes, and perfect roads of France.

Yet America is not without its glories. And though it has fewer quaint villages and no ancient castles, it has at least as fair scenery, as fertile lands, and its roads are growing better and more numerous every day. Our wayside inns will improve, too, I am sure of it, until America, like France, may become another paradise. Narcissa and the Joy were patriotic enough to be gladdened at the sight of New England shores and hillsides, and, as Narcissa says:

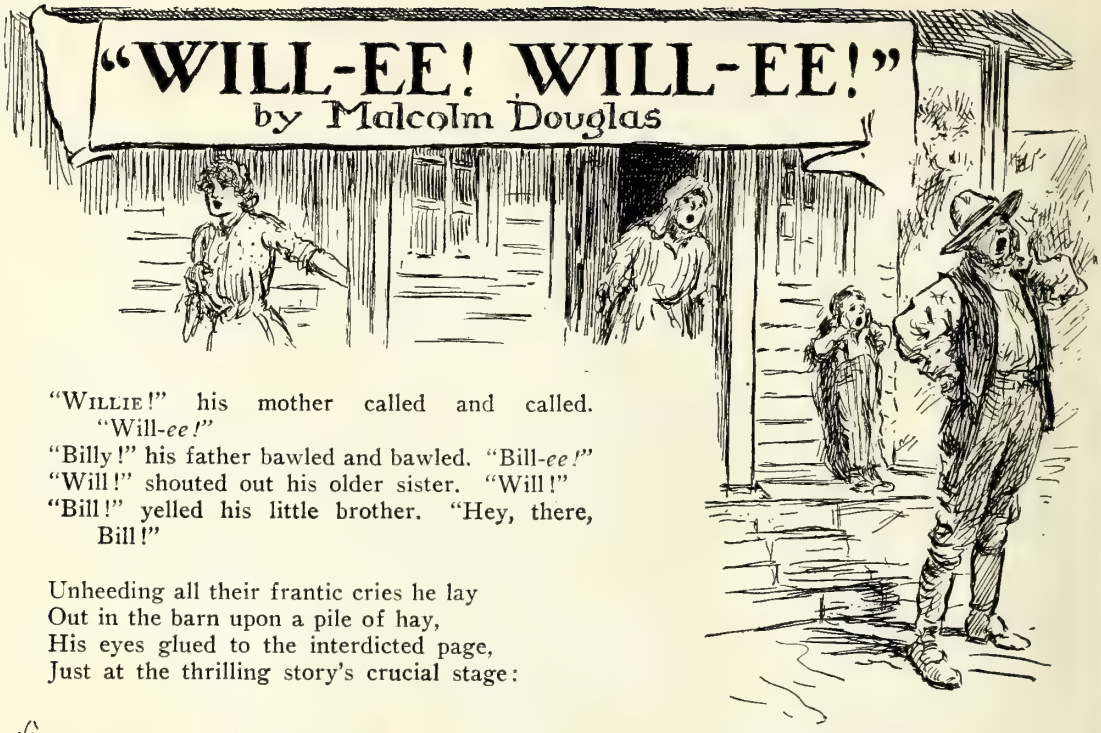
"Well, if we did n't see America first, we 'll probably have plenty of time to see it now."



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—"PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE PRODUCED IN THE MIDDLE AGES."

"WILL-EE! WILL-EE!"

by Malcolm Douglas



"Willie!" his mother called and called.
"Will-*ee!*"
"Billy!" his father bawled and bawled. "Bill-*ee!*"
"Will!" shouted out his older sister. "Will!"
"Bill!" yelled his little brother. "Hey, there, Bill!"

Unheeding all their frantic cries he lay
Out in the barn upon a pile of hay,
His eyes glued to the interdicted page,
Just at the thrilling story's crucial stage:



"The Indians, with tomahawks upraised,
Advanced upon the dauntless youth, who gazed
Unflinchingly upon them; not a trace
Of fear was on that young and handsome face!"

"Willie!" his mother called and called. "Will-*ee!*"
"Billy!" his father bawled and bawled. "Bill-*ee!*"
"Will!" shouted out his older sister. "Will!"
"Bill!" yelled his little brother. "Hey, there, Bill!"

"With wild war-whoops the savage band came on;
It seemed for that brave youth all hope was gone!
'Well!' cried he, grimly, 'if I must, I must!'
Ping - ping - ping - ping! — four redskins bit the dust!"





"The odds were far too great; he could not hope
With those wild aborigines to cope.
At sight of them the stoutest heart would quake.
They seized him and they bound him to a stake—"

"Willie," his mother called, "the table 's spread!"
"Will," cried his sister, "I 've made raisin bread!"
"There's waffles, Bill!" his younger brother said;
But little heeded he, as on he read:

And then—
A stern voice cried, "Give me that book!"
Deep horror filled him as his father took
The cherished volume; horror grew apace
When it lay scattered all about the place!

And did the youth escape the painted crew?
He hoped so; but alas, *he never knew!*



A "CARRY" ON A CANOE TRIP.

JOYS OF A HIKE FROM A GIRLS' CAMP

BY ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

"GOING on any of the trips?" an "old" girl asks Hilda, as they meet at breakfast the first morning in camp. But Hilda is so taken up with the new surroundings that she has not begun to think about trips. Before many days have passed, however, she finds herself thinking more and more about them, especially if she is a girl who is strong enough to stand three or four days on the mountain or a canoe journey down-stream. And as time goes on and she hears the others talk, the trips loom large on the summer's horizon.

One trip that hundreds of girls, encamped "somewhere in New England," look forward to each year, involving from two to four days on the trails of the Presidential Range, with the nights spent in mountain huts, is the climb up Mount Washington. Any girl who has been fortunate enough to take this trip has gained something from her summer to last the rest of her life. The opportunity comes about the middle of the season, after the campers have been tested by the short tramps near camp as well as some shorter climbs. A party is made up, of ten or a dozen girls, with a councilor or two and a guide—perhaps the swimming-master. These lucky individuals are called together the night before to confer about food, the time for starting, the proper foot-gear for guarding against blisters, and other little details. By this time the whole camp is carried away by their enthusiasm.

Next morning, near dawn, as Betty is dreaming lightly, tucked away in her cot on the hillside, she feels a stealthy whack across her covers and starts up with a thrill, knowing it is the signal to get up and get ready to start. She hops out of bed and proceeds to dress quickly, and with as little noise as possible for fear of wakening her tent-mates. Down along the line she can see the others going through the same motions in their tents—diving into trunks for clean middies, scrambling up to the swinging shelf overhead for sweaters, and rummaging through their tent-mates' things for hair-pins. She tiptoes about cautiously, but why is it, when you are trying to be so careful, you are bound to stumble over somebody's trunk, or drop the mirror on the floor? By and by she gives her hair a final pat before the glass, gathers up her sweater, slips out of her tent, and runs down the path to where an early breakfast is waiting and where some friends with true camp spirit, who have been up since dawn buttering sandwiches, are stuffing the last oranges into bulging knapsacks.

Breakfast is choked down in great excitement; and before the last knapsack is buckled on, the bugle routs out the rest of the camp, who come running from every direction to say good-by.

Some of the girls are fully dressed, others—well, not so fully. But what does it matter so long as one gets there in time to get into the fray? Everybody helps it along—jostling and crowding, embracing their tent-mates, and calling and shouting good-by. And when the party finally breaks away and starts out on the run in sheer self-defense, the stay-at-homes line up and sing



STARTING OUT IN THE EARLY MORNING.

to them until they are away down the road and out of sight.

The party sets out in good camp costume—that is, all just alike. Each girl wears a clean white middy and spotless white duck hat; bloomers and tie in true camp color; and pinned to her blouse somewhere with a huge safety-pin, a tin cup and a tooth-brush. A song which comes from a camp in New Hampshire describes them:

When you wore a tin cup and I wore a knapsack,
And each wore a tooth-brush too,
We 'd scarcely a penny, and troubles not any,
For we went out for a view.

Thus equipped and in high spirits, they swing along the road to the station, and, with the aid of passing automobiles or their own good muscles, reach there in time for the train, which is soon bearing them far away from camp and every-day scenes into a new world of rare and wonderful experiences.

It is noon when they reach the little station at the foot of the great mountain, and they lose no time in finding a place beside a brook, where they lighten the knapsacks for the first meal. After that, a few minutes to stretch out on the grass, and the long climb begins.

Perhaps you have heard about that long climb up the steep trail on Mount Madison, where, in spite of your brave start, your steps soon begin to lag, and you develop a longing for a cool drink, that increases with each half-mile; how you toil on, with a camper's dogged determination, dragging one weary foot after another, until at last, with parched throat, you come to a place

that looks like the end, only to find that it is the sign-post that marks the half-way point of the trail. This trip, we are told by a seasoned camper from one of the older White Mountain camps, affords a good opportunity to develop character. Perhaps so. At any rate, it serves to bring out the hidden qualities of a camper as many weeks in camp might fail to do. To be sure, the trail is hard. But which one would think of going back, or of wishing she had not come? And as for the unfailing good humor we hear about, it is just such occasions as this that call it forth. In fact, the greater the discomfort, the funnier the situation. So right here somebody's sense of humor is sure to rise to the occasion, and the effect is irresistible. It is even reflected in the song taken back to camp.

Moreover, that quality called "camp spirit" inevitably comes to the fore and impels you to think of the other fellow—the one who is having a harder time than yourself. Perhaps the others are getting far ahead, but you wait for your tent-mate, who cannot acquire your pace. Or one of the stragglers is having trouble with the loose ground, and you wait to help her over a hard place. By and by you reach the spring, but here, alas! your good judgment and self-control forbid you drinking enough to quench your thirst. Yes, it calls for camp spirit, a sense of humor, and a grim resolve to be a good sport. But who has ever failed on a mountain trip?



A LUNCHEON FROM THE KNAPSACKS.

Then at last, late in the afternoon, you emerge from the scrubby bushes and find yourself on the rocks of Mount Madison. When you first turn to look, you are held entranced. So far, your eyes have been on the trail; now you look out on a scene of vast wonder and beauty. Standing on the bare top, you look down on an immense gulf, with a great ravine which opens out into a valley beyond. Far, far down below, in the world from which you came such a short time ago, are miniature fields like little green patches, and the lakes are tiny pools of water. Away out beyond, vast mountains circle you and stretch on and on, away to the horizon. Just across the way, and facing you, is a gigantic mountain, a craggy peak with queer black rocks and enveloped in gray mist. It is all wild and eery, as though peopled by hidden giants and Titans, who might at any time stride across the opening and seize you.

Strange to say, you are not at all tired now. You linger over the view until the sun sets over an ocean of mist, and then make your way, with a feeling of exhilaration, down to the Madison Huts. These huts of the Appalachian Mountain Club are built of native stone near the top of Mount Madison. Hundreds of tourists each year enjoy their hospitality through the courtesy of the club. One hut contains sleeping-quarters, the bunks, filled with balsam, being surprisingly comfortable after the trail. The other contains the dining-room and kitchen. Oftentimes the hut is crowded, when two or three camps, besides some tourists, arrive on the same night. But what if the crowd is bigger than the accommodations? Who should be better qualified to meet the emergency than a lot of rugged campers out for a lark? Up here on the mountain one is thankful for half, or even one third of a bunk; and as for food, you find yourself fairly gloating over a two-days-old sandwich or a charred piece of bacon.

After supper, your spirits revived with food and the exhilarating mountain air, you climb up over the rocks once more. The tourists may prefer the fireside, but you want to take in all you can of the cold strange beauty of the great mountain. So, in spite of the chilly air, you linger on to watch the moon light up the valley below, until at last the councilor insists upon going to bed.

"We did not sleep much," one girl writes home, "for every one was having too good a time." But the fact is, you sleep more than you realize,—the councilors can prove it,—and the next morning finds you up, bright and fresh, scrambling once more over the rocks. Were there ever so many rocks deposited in one place as there are up here on the mountain-top! Just rocks and mountain peaks in every direction! In fact, that is all you see that day; for after breakfast, cooked over an open fire, you start on the journey—around Adams, both John and Quincy, along by the Great Gulf, around Jefferson, where you have the unique experience of "caching" your name in a little cylinder which is kept hidden away in the ground, and over Clay, where you make the stop for lunch from the fast-dwindling supplies in the knapsacks.

Then at last you strike the trail that leads up the slopes of Washington, and follow the lead of the little engine on the cog railway. Nobody is tired now. You begin to feel all the physical exhilaration of the climb and the inspiring views.

If you were on the top in clear weather, you carried away impressions of wide sweeps, of superb views, extending far down to the fields below. But have you ever looked down from Mount Washington on the clouds—clouds all around, so full and white that they seem like the sky? Over yonder you can see what looks like the outlines of an Aladdin's palace. While you watch it, with a growing fascination, it slowly rises out of the mist and becomes a mountain peak. And it is not above you at all, but straight ahead on the horizon. There is another whole line of these; and obscured by the mist, the suggestion is far more enchanting than the bare outline. As you stand gazing at it, you have a new feeling of physical power and achievement that has been growing all the while. You might say, a whole new outlook on life. One girl said, when she looked off from the top of this mountain, she felt as though she "could never again say anything mean."

Down on the side of Mount Washington, near the Lake of the Clouds, is another A.M.C. hut, a very popular place for the second night. Besides the attraction of a hot supper prepared by the hut-masters, the berths here have real springs. On the whole, a night at the Lake of the Clouds is a fine experience, especially if you climb to the top of Mount Monroe after supper to sing camp songs and watch the moon rise. Better still if, in place of the moonlight, there is a thunder-cloud moving about below, which in turn gives place to brilliant northern lights, as one party had the good fortune to witness.



ONE OF THE MADISON HUTS.

Next morning, after a dip in the Lake of the Clouds for the more ambitious, comes the beginning of the end of this wonderful trip. Yes, just when you are having the finest kind of a time, you have to say good-by to the rocks and the views and the kindly hut-masters and start down the Crawford trail, in order to catch the noon train for camp. That is, unless you happen to be fortunate enough to have an extra day and make the excursion into Tuckerman's Ravine, or return home some other way. But yet the trip is not over. For have you not enough to carry away to last forever—the wide sweeps, breaths of exhilarating air, the wonderful clouds, and, best of all, the good old friends, grown dearer through the days together on the mountains? And although the dusty roads and smoky trains make you long for the top, still you are not unwilling to go back to your camp home and the good friends awaiting you there. In fact, you keep growing more and more impatient to get there and see them all again. The fact is, the welcome prepared by the stay-at-homes is a fitting climax to the whole glorious experience. But that would require another story.

Another trip that is a close rival to Mount



VIEWING MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM MOUNT JEFFERSON

Washington in some New England camps is the climb up Mount Moosilauke, including a visit to Lost River, the Flume, Agassiz Basin, and the Old Man of the Mountain. The campers usually climb by the beautiful Glen trail, and spend the night on top, where there are entrancing views in every direction—on one side, the broad fields of the valley of the upper Connecticut, with that winding stream in the foreground and the Green Mountains beyond, and on the other the lofty peaks of the White Mountains. From Moosilauke's broad summit one can see into four States, and away beyond to the Adirondacks and Canada. The night at the Tip Top House, with the wind howling by, has been written up in many a camp log, as well as the gipsy days that follow, down on the other side of the mountain, exploring the mysteries of Lost River's spooky caves, sliding down over the slippery rocks at the Flume, and walking the long miles to the Old Man of the Mountain—that strange face chiseled out of the topmost rock,—while the tourists hail you from luxurious automobiles with, "Have a good time, girls!"

One of these days we shall hear, also, of the trips of the campers in the far West, over precipices and into deep cañons in Colorado; or from one of those younger camps in Wisconsin, where their trips take them out to explore new lands, while they live like trappers, with a branch camp as a base. From a camp in the south we have an account of a unique trip, taken by the campers in Kentucky from their camp home on a farm in the Blue Grass country to their cabin in the mountains.

The start is made in a big launch, into which they pile the provisions, blankets, and the whole camp besides, for every soul goes along. This launch trip of eighty miles up the Kentucky River lasts about three days. They take an easy pace and have a royal good time on the way. Each day's program includes a swim, and the campers do their own cooking over an open fire on shore. At night they camp out—on clear nights on the river bank, and when it rains, in a hay-loft. When they reach the end of the river trip they leave the launch and start across the mountains on mule-back, a ride of twenty-five miles. A few make the trip in the wagon which carries the baggage and provisions. They all arrive at the cabin in time for a hot supper, prepared by the mountaineer cook, named "Red

Moll." This is the country about which John Fox, Jr., has written several short stories. During their stay the campers make excursions into the mountain country, one of which is to Hellfer-Sartin Creek. The campers in their bloomers are as much of a curiosity to the quaint mountaineers as they themselves are to the camp girls.

Another trip that appeals to camp girls everywhere is the canoe trip. Everybody who has passed the swimming tests and demonstrated her ability to handle a canoe signs up for this. The start is made in the early morning, when the canoes are taken to the bank of the stream by wagon, shoved over the bank, and loaded with blanket-rolls, food, and campers, then shoved out into midstream and started down with the current. It is the most care-free day of the summer, that first day on the river. Each canoe has a councilor and at least two good paddlers. The rest of the crew settle down on the blanket-rolls on the bottom, and the seasoned camper pulls her hat down over her head and gives herself up to the hours of pure enjoyment ahead. For it is pure enjoyment to feel yourself floating on and on down-stream, now passing grassy banks with white farm-houses and with cows in the distant pasture; now skimming along in the shade by the bank and watching the turtles or a sly musk-rat slide into the water below, now out again in midstream, drifting close to the other canoes in order to read aloud or to sing camp songs. The gleam of the paddles in the sun, the open sky, the cool breeze as you round the bend, and the deep pools and shady banks, leave impressions that come back to you months later with the first hot days of spring.

At noon you leave the canoes for a grassy bank near a spring, where you have lunch and a good romp; then, with a new set of paddlers, you start out on the last stretch in order to reach the camping-place before night. Now and then a party has the good fortune to pass a crew from another camp on the way, and the canoes stop to exchange friendly greetings.

The late afternoon finds you at the island, where the canoes are drawn up on the beach and unloaded, and preparations are made for supper, which is cooked over a beach fire. Then, after sunset, a big camp-fire, with songs and stories and all the good friends, adds a finishing touch to the picture, and you go back to tell the camp that it was the "best time in all your life!"

We will leave it to your imagination to picture the long cruise which the girls take at the sea-shore camps. The moonlight nights on deck or on the beach, the dinners of fresh sea-food, and the ever increasing fascination of sailing on and on over inland waters, are some of the charms the trips hold for the campers. We will tell you about them some other time.



"YOU LOOK OUT ON A SCENE OF VAST WONDER AND BEAUTY."

BUILDING A MILITARY OBSERVATION-TOWER

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

All this took place in a camp where they are always trying experiments—that is, the boys are trying experiments themselves, and the folks in charge try experiments on the boys!

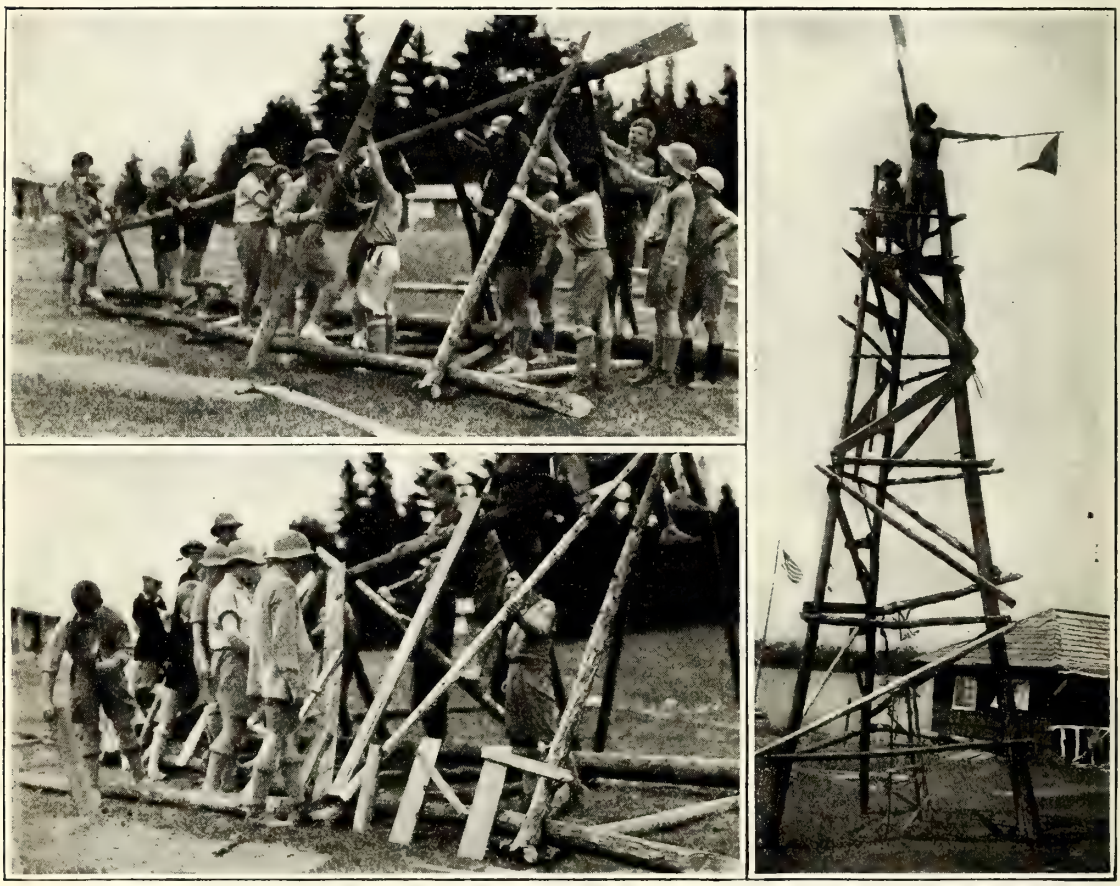
Last summer they wanted to find how quickly and how well boys could accomplish different kinds of construction work, and you may remember reading in St. Nicholas for last November about the barracks some of those lads built.

This concerns a tower; and as you may want to build one yourself, one of these days, I will tell you all the details carefully.

The boys concerned—they were twelve and thirteen years old—were shown a little model of a tower about four feet high. It was put together, step by step, just as though it were a real one over twenty feet high. In this way they all got a grasp of the construction of it. When the little tower was complete, and all knew how it was done, they were told to build a full-sized one themselves, at least twenty feet high, and that they would be timed with a stop-watch!

Well, you should have seen those boys go scurrying off in all directions. Some rushed to a near-by woods and soon returned with long timbers—about twenty-five feet long. Others ran to piles of discarded lumber and came back with odds and ends of boards, small pieces of timber, and the like. An ax, a buck-saw, and a box of spikes were ready at hand.

First they placed two long timbers on the ground, their heavy ends about eight feet apart and their upper ends about three feet. Then they nailed pieces of board or light timbers



1. PUTTING THE THIRD TIMBER IN PLACE. 2. FRAMEWORK WITH DIAGONALS IN PLACE. 3. COMPLETED TOWER.

cross-wise, ladder-like, from one long timber to the other till, in fact, the whole thing actually looked like an immense ladder, with the rungs about five feet apart. Then between each pair of "rungs" they nailed diagonal pieces, the bottom diagonal going from upper right to lower left and the next diagonal, in the space between the next two rungs, from upper left to lower right. When this was done right up to the top of the ladder, the whole thing was turned over. In the upper picture it is lying on the ground after being turned over. You can see the rungs and catch a glimpse of the diagonals between them.

Now for the hard job! They lifted up a third timber the same length as the side pieces of the ladder, and held it in the air right over the middle of the ladder, the upper end being about three feet from the ground and the butt-end about seven feet from the ground. While some held it in this position, others hurried to nail timbers or boards up from each side of the ladder to the timber the boys were holding, until finally these boards held it securely on both sides and the boys could get from under it. Photograph number one shows this timber just after the boys have nailed the first supports to it and are nailing in others. You see, we are to have three ladders, all joined together. When all the new rungs were in place, the boys nailed diagonals between them as shown in the lower photograph, while along the ground in the same picture you can see small pieces of board nailed to the frame—small pieces evidently standing on end. These are to be the real ladder for actual service in climbing to the top. You can't see it in this photograph, but across the next to the last rungs near the top they have nailed boards on which to lay a platform, while the last rungs will make a railing around it.

When this was done they all got under the upper end and pushed it up. When it was at arm's-length they used poles and kept on pushing while some of the heaviest of the workers took hold at the base and pulled with all their might. That tower arose easily as could be, and stood straight and strong—so strong, in fact, that a grown man could not shake it when he climbed it.

Immediately a small boy galloped to the top and began signaling. The job was done!

Then all the boys promptly crowded about that stop-watch. How long did it take? Several hours? Not at all! *Exactly fifty minutes from the time they started for the lumber!* And that, you will find, is a mighty good record for boys. I have a suspicion that regular army men would have a hard time beating it.

In the third photograph you see the tower complete, with a thirteen-year-older signaling; and the little model I told you about standing inside the big one.

The boys also built the very fancy bungalow behind the tower—but that 's another story!

ARETHUSA

BY ADALENA F. DYER

When strolling through the pines one day,
By ferny brink,
I found a slipper small and gay—
A lady's slipper, by the way—
Of softest pink.

I reasoned—surely it was right
To reason so—
That some poor fairy in her flight
Had lost it there, through haste or fright,
In mosses low.

So, following the path she fled
To limpid pool,
I found a pitcher veined with red,
And over it a sunshade spread
To keep it cool.

I 'd found her pitcher and her shoe
And sunshade bright;
And so she must be near, I knew—
The pitcher still was filled with dew
And stood upright.

And searching with an eager air,
Whom did I see
But Arethusa, slim and fair,
In rose and ermine decked with care,
As nymphs should be.

So if some day your eyes should fall,
In mossy glade,
Upon a shoe, or pitcher small
Protected by a parasol,
Look for the maid.

THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Chapter III

THE PORTRAIT OF MYSTERY

January 21, 1914. To-day we saw "Monsieur" for the first time, and had the shock of our lives, besides. There had been a big fall of snow last night, and Carol and I were out this afternoon shoveling a path in front of our gate, when we saw Louis come out of his house with Monsieur all muffled up in a great fur coat. He was evidently out to get some exercise and fresh air. He seemed to be about seventy years old, I should think, and walked with a slight stoop, keeping his hands clasped behind him. He had an eagle-like nose and very white hair and mustache, and altogether seemed extremely foreign and distinguished looking. He kept close to Louis, and paced back and forth a long while in a sunny sheltered part in front of the house. But though Louis looked over to us and waved and shouted, Monsieur never appeared to notice us at all. It was just before he went in that we received the shock.

The Imp came racing up from the village, and to our complete amazement, when she passed Louis's place she waved her hand and called out, *"Bon jour, monsieur!"* And he actually bowed, the most wonderful bow, and answered, *"Bon jour, petite Mademoiselle Hélène!"* You could have knocked Carol and me down with a feather! Later, we discovered that the little wretch had made his acquaintance several days ago when he had been out for an airing with Louis. She had chattered to him in French, and he had complimented her on her accent, and told her he preferred to call her Hélène, instead of Roberta or Bobs, as we always do. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to her, and she 'd never told us a thing about it! If that is n't just like the Imp!

January 24. Louis came over to-night to see Dave about some studying they 're doing together. Dave happened to be out with Father when he first came in, so he sat with us in the living-room. The Imp, for once, was n't there. Thank goodness for that! Louis seemed awfully upset about something, and finally burst out and told us all about it.

It seems that this Monsieur has been acting very queerly toward him. Louis says sometimes Monsieur treats him as if he, Louis, were the "Grand Lama of Tibet" and Monsieur his humble slave. Then, at other times, he gets so dictatorial about the way Louis spends his time, or about his studies and his work, that it nearly drives Louis crazy. He never seems to want Louis to do a stroke of work with his hands, yet he won't say why, except simply, "It is not fitting!" Which Louis declares is n't any reason at all. Yet, in spite of it all, Louis says he can't help but like and admire him a lot. But to-day something happened that made him as "mad as a hatter"—Louis, I mean.

He says that he 'd gone out to the barn to work on that motor-boat he and Dave are building, for the first time since Monsieur's arrival. And before he knew it, Monsieur had come sauntering out to see what he was about. When he realized what Louis was doing he suddenly grew furious with rage, for some inexplicable reason, and stamped around the place muttering, "The blood of that mechanic—always—always!" Then suddenly he raised his cane and hit the boat an awful whack with it right across the hull. Louis says he "saw red" then, snatched the cane from Monsieur, and threw it right out of the window, smashing the glass, and shouting, "How dare you! how dare you!" The next minute he was ashamed of having acted so, but it had the strangest effect on Monsieur. From being brick-red with anger, he suddenly went perfectly white, drew himself up in a sort of military way, as stiff as a poker, then bowed very low and said, "I beg a thousand pardons, Monsieur! I am deeply sorry."

Louis was simply astounded at the sudden change and at the almost abject apology. He wanted to ask what it all meant, but Monsieur never said another word. He just turned and walked away and went to his room, and Louis has n't seen him since. He says he 's completely at sea about what the old gentleman is driving at, and is awfully sorry he treated him as he did. But he will *not* endure this silly interference with his affairs, and is going to make that plain to Monsieur at the first opportunity.

After Louis had gone, Carol said to me again: "What did I tell you, Susette? Am I right in that theory of mine or not?"

I guess she must be right.

March 17, 1914. I have n't written in this journal for a long while, because I sprained my wrist early in February, and could n't use my

hand; but it 's all right now. The most singular thing has happened, however, and if we thought affairs at Louis's were mysterious before, they 're a hundred times more so now. To begin with, Louis had an awful accident himself about the last of February. He cut his foot terribly with an ax, while he was trying to chop down an old tree that had nearly blown over on their fence. The ax was rusty, and he had the narrowest kind of an escape from losing his foot, if not something worse.

When the accident happened, Monsieur, who appeared to be nearly frantic with anxiety, insisted that Louis be carried up to his (Monsieur's) room and put to bed there, and Monsieur himself sat up with him night after night, even when they had a trained nurse. But when Louis was well enough to see folks, we were asked to come over and make him a short visit, and it was then that we had another startling surprise. Dave and the Imp went the first day, and Carol and I the second. Louis looked simply awful, lying there in Monsieur's big brass bed—so wasted and thin! I could scarcely bear to do more than glance at him.

But when we were leaving the room, and saw for the first time the wall that faced the bed, I almost stopped short and gasped with amazement. There were three large pictures, apparently, hanging in a row. The middle one was of a little boy,—a pretty, graceful child of about six or seven, I should think,—dressed in clothes of some long-ago period. He had a kind of jeweled star on his coat and a little riding-whip in his hand. There was something sweet and appealing about his face that made you want to stare and stare at it. I could hardly take my eyes from the picture.

But the other two pictures were the strangest things! The frames were the same size as the middle one, but you could n't get any idea of what was inside of them, because they were completely covered with some heavy, dark, silk material through which not a thing could be seen. Was ever anything so strange as to have such a thing in one's bedroom? What can be the meaning of it?

When Louis got well enough to be around, we asked him about those queer pictures; but he was n't much wiser than the rest of us. He said Monsieur seemed to think a lot of them, especially the middle one of the boy. And once he had asked Monsieur who the boy was, but the only answer he got was that it was one of the world's "heroic martyrs," and that that was all he could be told at present. Louis says it is just another of Monsieur's eccentricities, and he has



"I COULD HARDLY TAKE MY EYES FROM THE PICTURE."

a lot of them. He said, too, that often when Monsieur thought he was asleep and he was really only dozing, he would stand and gaze at the portrait of the boy, and then come over and gaze down at Louis. And once he heard Monsieur mutter something about the "temple look." But Louis could n't make out what it all meant; and he said he was glad to get out of that room at last and forget all about it.

The thing that puzzles us most, however, is that Carol declares there is something familiar about that picture of the boy, yet she can't think what it is—whether she 's seen some one like him, or seen the picture before, or what. She has racked her brain to discover and can't. It is very provoking.

Strangely enough, neither Dave nor the Imp mentioned a thing about the pictures. Either they did n't see them at all, or did n't think them worth noticing. Carol and I have decided not to speak about the matter to any one, so we did n't ask them.

March 18. The Imp is up to something queer. We 're sure of it. We saw her in the library to-day, in the reference-room, busily hunting up something in an encyclopedia. She slipped it back on the shelf when she saw us coming, and would n't say what she was after. As she never even enters the library if she can help it, we can't help wondering what in the world she 's up to.

March 19. I *knew* the Imp was up to something! To-day proved it. Carol and I were coming out of Anita Brown's house, and we saw the Imp and Monsieur walking up the street together just ahead of us. Carol was for hurrying along to join them, but I said no, we might just as well keep to ourselves, for they probably did n't care for our company, anyway. So we kept on behind them, and they were talking so fast and hard that they did n't even notice us.

Presently the Imp did a queer thing. She opened her school-bag, took out a book (it was n't a school-book, either!), opened it at a certain page, and showed something to Monsieur. Whatever it was, it had the strangest effect on him. He gave just one look at the page, then stopped stock-still in the road and stared at the Imp, making a queer sound in his throat, as if he were trying to clear it and did n't succeed very well. Then he said something in French which we caught the sound of, but could n't understand. But the Imp was evidently so excited that she forgot to speak in French, for we heard her say in English:

"Then I 'm right, Monsieur? It 's the same? I was sure it was!"

And he answered: *"Oui! oui! petite mademoiselle!"* (Which I know enough about French to translate as "Yes! yes!")

The Imp went right on, after that, to chatter in French. But by this time we 'd made up our minds that it was high time *we* were let into that little secret, so we hurried to catch up with them. But the Imp saw us and shut the book, slipping it back in her school-bag; and by the time we had joined them, they were conversing sedately in English about the weather.

When we got to our own gate the Imp went off about her own devices and said never a word about the queer performance on the street. But Carol and I made up our minds that we 'd manage to take a peep at that book in her school-bag. So when she had gone upstairs for a while we opened the bag, which she had flung down on the couch in the living-room.

But when did we ever manage to get ahead of the Imp? She had spirited that book away, and it was nowhere to be found! I remember noticing that it was a very thick book with a light-green cover; but there was nothing even faintly resembling it anywhere about, so far as we could discover. What she could have done with it, or when she could have taken it out without our notice, beats me. But leave it to the Imp to accomplish that sort of trick!

Of course, we saw plainly that there was nothing we could do then except question her, and we debated the longest time about whether to do that or not. It 's such a hopeless performance, if she has made up her mind beforehand that you 're not going to find out anything from her. Carol suggested that we ask her right out and out what she had discovered that Monsieur was so interested in. I told her that there was only one kind of answer to expect to *that*, so what on earth was the use.

But I thought I had a better scheme. The Imp has been wild, for a long time past, to have a fountain-pen like the one I bought in Bridgeton two months ago for a dollar. I was going to save up and give her one for her birthday. But that 's a long way off yet. So I suggested to Carol that I offer to let her have mine, and then buy a new one with the dollar Uncle Ben gave me at Christmas. She said it was an awful waste of a good pen, and might not accomplish what we want, anyway, but that I could try if I liked.

So a little later, when the Imp came in where we were studying, I began to open the subject—but very carefully, so that she would n't suspect something right at the start and spoil everything. After she had settled herself to read (one of my books, by the way!), I began:

"You and Monsieur seemed to be having a

good time, coming up the road this afternoon. Does he think you speak good French?" The Imp glanced at me warily, but replied in an amiable manner:

"Oh, yes! He says I 'm the only one he 's met here in America, except Louis and his folks, who has a decent accent."

Then she went on reading. It was plain that *she* was n't going to give us any opening if she could help it.

"Do you *always* talk to him in French?" I went on cautiously.

"Oh, yes, always! He likes it best," she answered, without looking up again.

"But we heard you say something to him in English this very afternoon," I ventured.

For a wonder, she said what I hoped she might:

"I did n't! I don't remember saying a word in English!" This was just what I had suspected —she was so excited at the time that she *had n't* remembered.

"Oh, but you *did!*" broke in Carol. "We heard you say, 'Then I 'm right? It is the same? I was sure it was.'"

"I think that 's horrid!" burst out the Imp. "Always tracking me around and eavesdropping. You accused *me* of that once, but I think the tables are turned now!"

"Look here," I said,—and I felt downright mad,—"you know perfectly well we were n't doing anything of the kind. We happened to come out of Anita's house right behind you, and we did n't join you at first because we knew you did n't want us. We could n't help it if you talked so loud that we could hear what you said."

She calmed down at that, so I seized the advantage and determined on a bold stroke.

"Bobs, dear," I said, in as friendly a way as I could, "we know you 've discovered something about Monsieur, or Louis, or some one, from what you said and did this afternoon. Won't you tell us about it, too? You know we 're awfully interested. And just to show you that we want to be perfectly fair, I 'll give you that new fountain-pen of mine if you care to have it."

Her eyes fairly sparkled for a moment at this. Then she shook her head, saying: "I can't do it, girls, much as I 'm crazy to have that pen. Honest, I can't! I 'm not teasing you about it this time, either. I really *have* discovered something quite important, and it just happened by accident, too. But Monsieur was so upset about it, and asked me so politely not to say anything to any one, that I just feel it would n't be right. I think I took him terribly by surprise. I don't know what it all means yet, myself. There 's something awfully mysterious about things over at Louis's. And, really, you 've been so decent to me lately that I 'd tell you if I could, even without the pen!"

Well, that was too much for me. I knew she really meant every word she said. And I could understand, too, why she felt she could n't tell us. So I just gave her the pen, anyway, and she seemed so happy and grateful. She said:

"It 's all right, girls. You 're trumps! And I 'll do something for you yet, never you fear!"

"Tell me just one thing, Bobs," said Carol. "I 've had a theory all along that Louis was perhaps the descendant of a count, or something like that, over in France, and that this Monsieur is perhaps the family lawyer who has come over to restore him to his title and a fortune. Maybe his ancestors had a quarrel and one of them came over here, and now they want to make it all up? Do you think it 's anything like that?"

The Imp just sniffed scornfully. "Oh, rubbish! You 're about a million miles away from it!" was all she would answer. So that smashes Carol's theory.

March 31. I can hardly write in this journal to-night, I 'm so excited. Carol stayed late at school to-day and I came home by myself. At five o'clock she rushed in, all out of breath, to say she was going out with her mother, but she just had to tell me this:

"You 'll never believe me, Susette, but I 've discovered *who the little boy of Monsieur's portrait is!* I won't have time to tell you till to-morrow." And she was gone.

This is simply awful—to have to wait over night to hear! I don't see how I 'll ever stand it.

Chapter IV

Carol Makes a Discovery—and Louis Springs a Surprise

"Susette, it 's the queerest thing in the world, the way I happened to make the discovery!"

It was the following afternoon, and the two girls were sitting shivering in the little den in Carol's barn. She had insisted that they wait till this time, and had chosen this place for making her important disclosure. She said it was the only spot where they could be safe from the Imp.

"Yes, it 's the queerest thing!" she went on. "I *knew* I 'd seen that picture before, or one something like it, somewhere; but for the life of me I could n't think where. Then, all of a sudden, yesterday afternoon it came to me! Down at Mrs. Chatwell's in the village, where Mother and Aunt Agatha took me to call once, I saw on the table a book with a lot of portraits in it that

some one had painted. While they were talking I was looking it over, and came across one that quite interested me. I did n't know who it was, but I remember now that it was the same picture as the one in Monsieur's room, or at least a copy of it, or something like that. So on the way home from school to-day I stopped in there and asked if I might borrow the book. Mrs. Chatwell was surprised, I guess, but seemed very glad to lend it. Here it is."

Sue had listened with avidity to this breathless and rather incoherent explanation, and eagerly grasped the book that Carol suddenly presented to her. It fell open of its own accord at a picture, and Sue gasped with wonder to behold the self-same portrait of the attractive boy smiling up at her. Underneath the portrait were the words, "The Dauphin of France."

"Carol, what on earth is a dauphin?" was all Sue could manage to stammer.

"I looked it up in the dictionary," answered Carol. "It said: 'The eldest son of the king of France. The heir to the throne.' It also said there is n't any such title in France any more."

"But which dauphin *is* it?" questioned Sue. "There must have been a lot of them. And what book is that?"

"It 's the 'Memoirs of Madame Lebrun,'" answered Carol. "I skimmed it most through last night, trying to find out. She was a French artist, and painted a lot of portraits at the French court about the time of the French Revolution. But I could n't seem to discover a thing about this portrait. I suppose it must have been the dauphin who was living at that particular time. See here! Why not tell the Imp about this? She has evidently found out a lot of things on her own hook, and she even said she might tell us about them sometime, if she could. Perhaps we 've got ahead of her on this. I 'd enjoy getting ahead of her, just for once! Do go and find her."

It was now Sue's turn to demur, but Carol was so insistent about it that she finally went out to hunt up her sister. It was, perhaps, with just a tiny touch of patronage that Sue at length led the Imp to the den in the loft, promising her the surprise of her life when she got there. But to their intense chagrin, the two girls found, as they had discovered so many times before, that they had, so to speak, to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of the Imp.

"Look!" cried Carol, pointing to the portrait. "What do you think of that?" The Imp gave it only one disdainful glance.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "Are n't you a little late in the day? I discovered the same thing over a week ago in the same book, or one just like it."

The two sat staring at her in stunned silence. Then Carol glanced at the book.

"It 's so, Sue," she murmured. "It 's the very same kind of book we saw her showing Monsieur that day. Look at the light-green cover!"

It was indeed the same. But the Imp had had her triumph, and now she could afford to be magnanimous.

"I 'll tell you how I happened across it," she said. "It was one my teacher, Miss Hastings, brought to school with her one day, and at recess she allowed me to look at the pictures. I almost jumped out of my shoes when I came across this one. And I went straight off to the library and found another copy of the book and borrowed it. That 's the one I showed to Monsieur."

"But who is this dauphin?" demanded Carol. "Did you find that out?"

"Why, the son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. of course," answered the Imp, opening her eyes in surprise. "You *are* stupid if you have n't discovered *that* yet!"

Carol reddened with chagrin, but plunged on: "Well, what else did you discover?"

"A good deal more that I 'm not at liberty to tell you. So by-by!" exclaimed the Imp; and she skipped down the haymow ladder before they could so much as lay a detaining finger on her.

APRIL 12. Well, we 've found out all about that "dauphin" at last by hunting it up at the library, and an exhausting piece of work it was! I never waded through so much history at once in all my life before. But it was worth the effort. To begin with, there is n't a shadow of doubt that this portrait is of the dauphin who was the son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. at the time of the French Revolution. They seemed to be having a pretty mixed-up and awful performance in France, just then, and everybody "had it in" for the royal family generally and all the nobility. The common people got control of things, somehow, and put the king and queen and their children in prison, and finally killed off the king and queen. The dauphin was a little boy of six or seven at the time, and they did n't kill him, but kept him a prisoner for three years in a place called the Temple Tower, till at last he died in 1795.

It made us just wild to read how shamefully they treated the poor little fellow. They gave him in charge of a horrible, cruel cobbler named Simon, who beat him and ill-used him abominably, just because he happened to be the child of a king; and then afterward they shut him up in a room by himself where he never saw a single soul for six months, and they even handed him

his food through a small hole in the door. By that time they appeared to be a bit sorry for the way they 'd acted, and let him come out into a decent room, and tried to take a little better care of him. But it was too late, for he died soon afterward, as I should think he would after standing that kind of thing for three years!

Carol and I got so worked up over the thing that we almost cried. We felt so awfully to think that a poor innocent little chap should be treated that way by people who were fighting for liberty and justice, as the French were. It did n't make any difference if he *was* a king's son. He had just as much right to be fairly treated as any one, and *more,* because he was so little and helpless. I don't wonder Monsieur said he was one of the world's heroic martyrs. One book said he was always so sweet and gentle and winning. His pretty manner at times softened the hearts of even some of his cruel jailors.

Well, that 's the history of the dauphin. He would have been Louis XVII. if he had lived to become a king. The portrait of him must have been painted before all the trouble broke out. The poor little fellow could not have dreamed at the time what was coming. It 's well he did n't know.

What puzzled us most of all, however, was the question of what all this had to do with Monsieur—or Louis. Why should Monsieur have this picture in his room? Why should he value it so? Why bring it over all the way from Europe, as he must have? We simply could n't think. Then we decided to tell the Imp what we had discovered, and see what she had to say. We were quite sure we must have found a lot more facts than she had, because we 'd gone into the thing so deeply, and we felt rather proud of ourselves. We were absolutely disgusted to have her remark after we 'd finished:

"And has n't this given you a single idea about the state of things over at Louis's? Well, you children are the most hopeless I 've ever come across!" (She always calls us "children" when she wants to be particularly patronizing and unpleasant.) "There are three things you know about that you simply have n't connected with this business at all. Why don't you use your brains



"MONSIEUR SUDDENLY RAISED HIS HAND AND GASPED IN A LOW VOICE, 'STOP!'"

and your memories? You think you have discovered so much! Why, if you had unearthed half of what I have, you 'd be completely dumfounded!" And not another word would she say on the subject.

May 1, 1914. . . . And now it 's Louis who has given us the surprise of our lives. We 've all noticed that he 's been away at Bridgeton a good deal of late, but never suspected the reason. Tonight he told Carol and the Imp and me. We were amazed and—well, just horrified!

He says he 's going to be an *aviator* some day —that he 's been tremendously interested in the thing for a number of months and has spent a great deal of time with a fellow named Page Calvin over at Bridgeton, who owns and runs a biplane. He 's studied the machine till he knows it by heart, and yesterday Page actually took him up for a flight, to see if he could stand it. Some people can't. He stood it all right, he says, and now he 's determined to go into the thing seriously as soon as he 's finished high school. Meantime, he and Dave are planning to get to work right away to build a model biplane, for the sake of studying the parts.

But he says he dreads telling the Meadows and Monsieur about it, especially Monsieur, because he supposes they 'll have an awful fit. He is going to tell them, however, at the earliest opportunity, and get it off his mind.

This news has made me perfectly sick. Why *could n't* he have chosen something less dangerous to go into!

(End of journal extract)

IT was the day after Louis's great "surprise," and being Saturday, he was out in the barn putting the finishing touches to the motor-boat, which was to be launched on the river during the coming week. Carol, Sue, and the Imp had also drifted over to admire the "toot-and-scramble," as the Imp insisted on pronouncing Louis's favorite French expression, *"tout ensemble."*

"Won't it be jolly, having our first picnic up the river in her!" remarked the boy, stopping to glance critically at a stroke of varnish he had just administered. "Do you know, I really began this boat just to get my hand into that kind of mechanical work, but I believe we 're going to have a lot of fun out of her, too. However, just you wait till I begin my biplane—"

At that moment a shadow fell across the doorway, and the figure of Monsieur entered unexpectedly behind the group.

"Bon matin—" he had commenced, then he asked suddenly and sharply in English, speaking to Louis, "What is that you say?"

"Good morning!" said Louis, politely. "I have n't seen you since yesterday, or I would have told you what I have been telling the girls. I hope you 'll be pleased." And with a visible effort (for in reality he greatly dreaded this revelation to Monsieur), yet simply and directly, he told the old gentleman what he had done on the previous day.

The result was as unexpected as it was distressing. Not one of the listeners but had been fully prepared to see the excitable French gentleman rage and storm and attempt to forbid Louis to engage in so dangerous an undertaking. From all they had heard of him they could imagine no other course of action. They were entirely unprepared for the strange quiet with which he received the news. It was not till Louis began to tell of his yesterday's flight that Monsieur suddenly raised his hand and gasped in a low voice:

"Stop! A chair, if you please. I—I feel very —ill!"

Not till then did they notice the strange gray pallor that had crept into his face. Louis hurried into the main part of the barn and came back with a rickety chair. When he had placed it, Monsieur sat heavily down, and, groaning slightly, pressed his hand to his side.

"Hurry in — to — Mademoiselle Yvonne!" he panted. "Tell her—bring my medicine. My heart—it—it has been weak for years."

Louis dashed out of the barn toward the house, and Carol dashed after him, glad to get away from the sight of physical suffering. But the Imp and Sue stayed with the old gentleman, the Imp steadying him in his chair with her strong young arm, for he seemed to be slipping down, and Sue fanning him frantically with a newspaper. It seemed as if the other two were gone an age, and in fact they *were* gone longer than would have been expected, for Miss Yvonne was not about the house and had to be hunted up in the big garden.

Before they came back, however, Monsieur appeared to grow a trifle easier. But the only word he said was just before the others came back with Miss Yvonne.

"It is useless!" they heard him whisper. And the Imp bent over and asked him what he had said and if they could do anything. But he seemed hardly conscious of her presence, and went on murmuring something in French. Then the others returned bringing Miss Yvonne, breathless and excited, but carrying a bottle and spoon. A few moments after taking the medicine, Monsieur seemed better, and, with the help of Louis and Miss Yvonne, managed to get to the house.

"It 's all right now," Louis told the girls. "He

says he will go to bed and rest, but the worst of the attack is past. Don't worry!"

The three girls wandered back across the green, subdued and upset by what had happened, even the Imp apparently forgetful of her past grievances toward the others.

"I wonder what he was trying to say?" marveled Sue, as the three roamed out toward Carol's barn, aimlessly. "Did you catch it, Bobs? You were nearest to him, and I think he spoke in French."

"Yes, I caught it," said the Imp, turning to them suddenly. "And look here, girls, I believe I might as well tell you the whole thing now, if you care to hear. I 'm getting tired of the worry of carrying this thing around all by myself."

If she had exploded a bomb in their midst, she could not have startled them more.

"Gracious! what has made you change so?" demanded Sue, wonderingly.

"Well, I 'm kind of upset by what has happened this morning," admitted the Imp, "and so I feel like getting this thing off my mind. Do you know what he was muttering in French, as he sat there? It was this: 'It is useless longer to try to keep the secret! I must tell him—at once!'

"So you see, if he tells Louis," she went on, "there 's no reason that I can see why I should not tell you—*now*. Come up into your den, and I 'll tell you all I know."

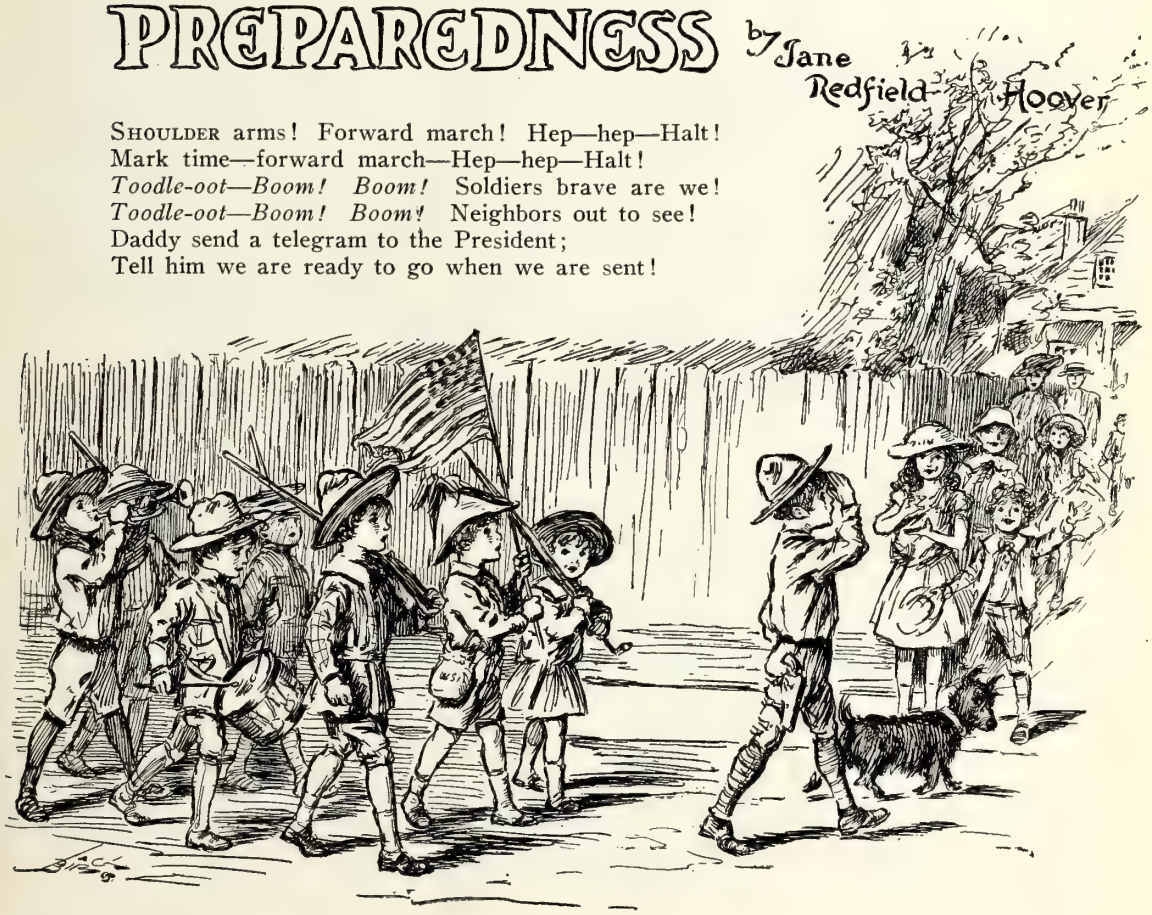
She started to climb the ladder to the haymow and the two followed her, silent with amazement.

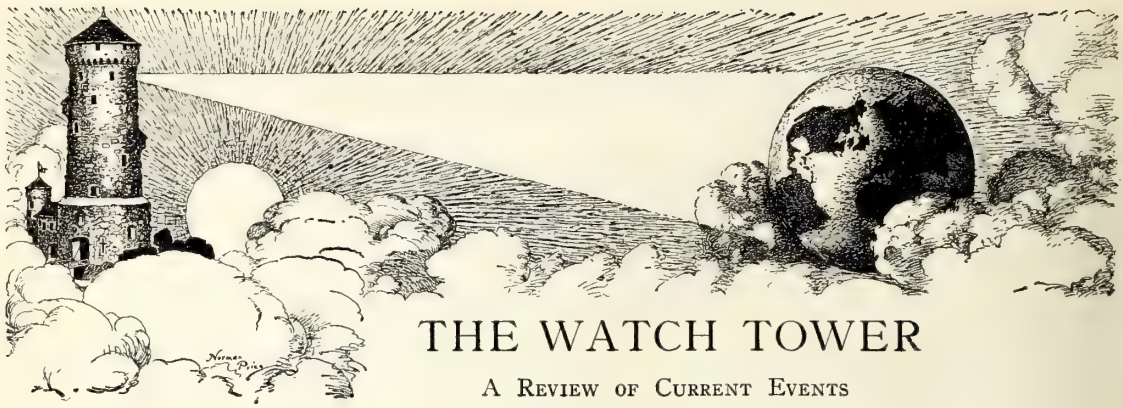
(To be continued)

PREPAREDNESS

by Jane Redfield Hoover

SHOULDER arms! Forward march! Hep—hep—Halt!
Mark time—forward march—Hep—hep—Halt!
Toodle-oot—Boom! Boom! Soldiers brave are we!
Toodle-oot—Boom! Boom! Neighbors out to see!
Daddy send a telegram to the President;
Tell him we are ready to go when we are sent!





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE WEST

The last great forward drive by the Allies before the beginning of the Germans' grand offensive carried them up to the wooded heights of Cambrai, and left them established in a line that ran through Queant and St. Quentin, out in front of Bapaume and Peronne, with a sharp salient projecting toward Cambrai. It was just before dawn on March 21 that the German armies started their thrust toward the coast. The story of the virtually continuous fighting of the following weeks might be told in several different ways, but none of them shows the nature of this tremendous conflict more interestingly than to trace its course day by day in the head-lines of a newspaper file, thus:

"Germans attack British on 50 mile front; Haig's line is pierced at several places; greatest of offensives rages unabated.—Germans smash British front, drive in four miles; 1,000,000 Germans engaged; shells dropped into Paris.—British driven back; Germans capture Peronne, cross Somme.—Bapaume taken.—Counter attacks checking German drive.—Enemy halted after capturing Albert; their losses estimated at 400,000; Lloyd George calls on United States to rush men.—Germans extend drive to 55-mile front; great French counter offensive begun; fresh British troops holding enemy back.—German drive halted on ninth day of great battle; Paris bombarded again, 75 are killed in church.—Germans renew attack on 70 mile front; French lose six towns; British hold line."

And in April: "Allies throw Germans back on wide front; retake six towns, threatening foe's flank; 100,000 picked U. S. troops sent to battle.—Counter attacks win ground for French.—Foe prepares new drive; masses troops between Somme and Montdidier.—British regain Ayette, repel foe at Fampoux; French lines extended.—Germans resume attack.—Allies win ground in new attack; drive for Amiens seems balked.—Enemy crosses Oise after forcing French back.

"Germans gain five miles in drive for Paris; British recover ground in heavy attack.—Germans drive French back again.—Germans strike new blow at La Bassée, British and Portuguese lose four miles, French also yield on Ailette sector.—Germans launch new attack in Ypres sector.—British thrown back six miles in Ypres sector.—British again forced back; retirement must end, Haig tells troops.—British line holding firm in Flanders; Haig gains; four strong German attacks repulsed.—Essential points held by hard fighting.—Haig holds enemy in day and night of furious battle.

"Entire British line in imminent danger; Germans capture most of Messines Ridge; Ypres threatened.—British retire to new positions.

"Attacks begun by French east of Amiens; Germans driven back at several points; British holding against fierce assaults.—Allies break down all enemy assaults.—Germans prepare to renew battle on Lys; U. S. troops, forced back, recover ground.—British drive enemy from advanced positions on the Lys.—British prepare to combat great turning movement."

The German object was to separate the French and British armies and get through to the coast—and to Paris, where the German leaders had promised the German people their armies would be in April. If the Huns had gone through to Calais,—if they had driven a wedge between the British to the north and the French to the south,—if they had captured Paris, they still would not have won the war. The spirit of the French and British would have remained un-

conquerable, and America would have remained to be reckoned with. But in making this prolonged and costly drive the Germans gave the Allies an opportunity to win what may prove



Press Illustrating Service

GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH.

to be equal to a decisive military victory, for, united under the supreme command of Gen. Foch, the Allies achieved at last that genuine and effective unity which is the most vital factor in the success of allied armies.

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

THREE members of the upper house of the national legislature, Senator New of Indiana, Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, and Senator Wadsworth of New York, are prominent advocates of compulsory military training after the war. In April Senator Chamberlain spoke in behalf of the project. Like a good many other important questions, this one has two sides, with some pretty weighty arguments on each.

If England had been better supplied with trained soldiers and experienced officers when the war began, she would not have suffered such heavy losses in the first year or two of fighting. But if Germany had not had so many, the war would (perhaps) never have happened at all!

Compulsory military training would be physically beneficial to our young men. It would also teach them useful lessons of discipline and teamwork; though some folks do profess to believe that army discipline lessens a man's power of initiative. It would be a help to our democracy, for all alike would have to prepare for possible service. And it would, of course, protect us to some extent from the evils of unpreparedness in case of war.

Opponents of the plan sometimes declare that military training on such a scale would encourage among us the very militarism against which we are fighting. Its friends reply that knowing how to load, aim, and fire a gun, how to march and manœuver, and how to pitch and keep a camp would not necessarily turn our young men into an organized horde of Prussian bullies.

The millennium was not yet clearly in sight in April, though we did seem to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord. And this is not the time for a fight in Congress about our military policy after the war. Probably it will be better for the country if both sides will wait a while and leave the matter open for calm and fruitful discussion later.

PROGRESSIVE PROHIBITION

PROHIBITION advanced fast and far in the spring of this year. The amendment to the Constitution was ratified by a number of the States; and many cities, rather than wait for final enactment of the national law, held local elections. The "Drys" sent their "shock troops" in waves against the "Wets'" defense, and the tide of battle moved steadily in their favor.

The amendment, as passed by Congress, was not altogether satisfactory to the constitutional lawyers, but the country evidently did not care to wait while repairs were made in its wording. The best thing about the spring campaign was that instead of an "agitation," the prohibition movement assumed the form of a great and serious national purpose.

The war is largely responsible for this pleasing development. In the first place, it has made America stop and think more seriously than its custom was. In the second place, it has affected material conditions so profoundly that the manufacturers of alcoholic drinks are greatly handicapped. It is not patriotic to use for something else machinery and materials needed for war purposes. Thus the moral and the material factors have been working together to the one end.

"FORCE WITHOUT STINT OR LIMIT"

ON APRIL 6, the first anniversary of the entrance of this country into the war and the opening day of the Third Liberty Loan campaign, President Wilson, at Baltimore, spoke America's last word to Germany. The day, he said, was the anniversary "of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free." His purpose in speaking was not to urge the loan, but to help the American nation to a clearer conception of its necessity and object.

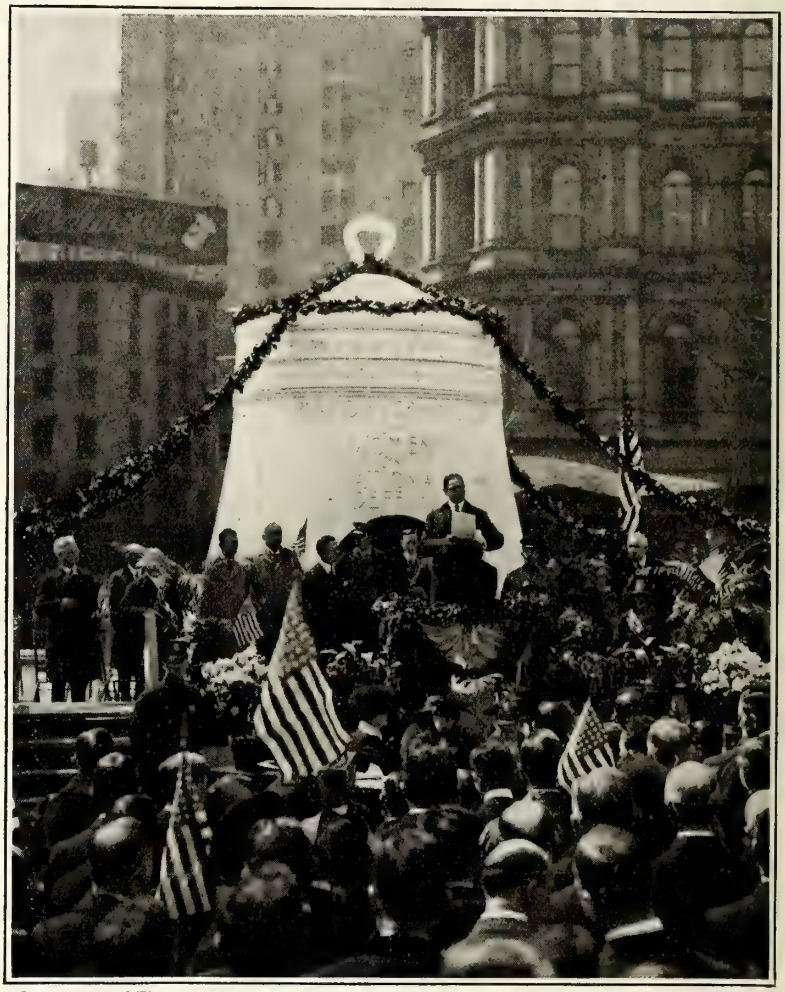
The issues, he said, were now fixed too sharply for further discussion. We have no hatred for the German people, we are guilty of no injustice, no aggression. We are and have been ready to "deal justly with the German power as with others."

But the German leaders have avowed, in unmistakable terms, that they seek not justice, but "dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will."

The rulers of Germany are not her statesmen, but her military leaders. The German chancellor has said "in phrases that often seem to deny their own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent," that peace should be based upon the principles which the American nation, through its President, had declared would be its own in the final settlement. And at Brest-Litovsk the civilian delegates of Germany spoke in similar terms. But in all matters of decision and action the "military masters proclaimed a very different conclusion."

They who wield the German power have belied every promise given in the name of the German people, Mr. Wilson said; therefore Germany cannot expect the world to place any faith in assurances coming from them as spokesmen for Germany.

If their program of conquest continued, the President went on to say, America would have to continue fighting, in the cause of freedom, against the German power for the mastery of the world. We have told Germany that we are ready to discuss a "fair and just and honest peace" whenever it shall be *sincerely* proposed, but the answer of the German leaders is only a renewed challenge.



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OPENING THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN IN FRONT OF A PLASTER REPLICA OF THE LIBERTY BELL, CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

We accept the challenge, said Woodrow Wilson, speaking for the American people:

> "Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

Every word in that address is a soldier in the army of freedom. Incidentally, it may well be used by young folk as a model for the study of good English and forceful utterance. We hope a great many Germans back of the gray lines that fight against civilization will have an opportunity to study it. America is fortunate indeed in having, in her President, so eloquent and powerful an exponent of her ideals and her purposes.



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OPENING THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN IN PHILADELPHIA BEFORE THE CITY HALL IN FRONT OF A REPRODUCTION OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

In the Third Liberty Loan campaign the nation went "over the top" again in great style, with almost twenty million subscribers. A memorable incident of the campaign was the exchange of emblems by Philadelphia and New York,—the "Liberty Bell" and the "Statue of Liberty,"—as shown in our illustrations.

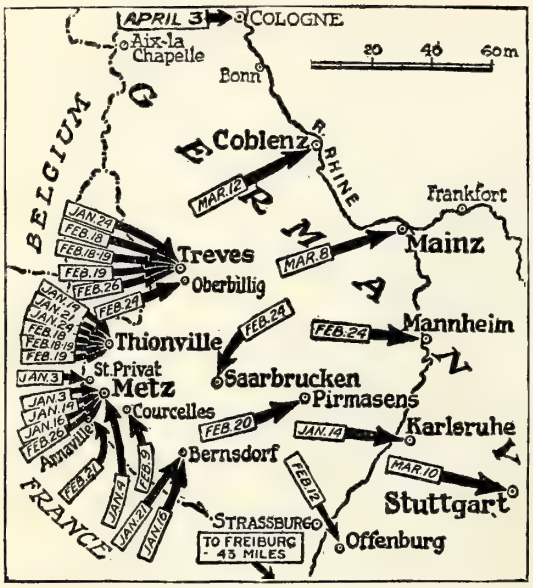
RETALIATION FOR GERMAN AIR-WARFARE ON NON-COMBATANTS

FRIGHTFULNESS, or *"schrecklichkeit,"* as the Germans call it, is a very important part of the Teuton scheme of warfare. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was done for "moral effect." The air-raids over London and the coast towns of England are intended to shake the courage of British civilians. They have done more damage, both to life and property, so well-informed visitors to this country tell us, than has been reported in the newspapers. But in this, as in other matters, we see the result of characteristic German stupidity, for every air-raid, with its bombardment of churches and hospitals and its death-roll of non-combatants, exempt from attack in all honorably conducted warfare, has served only to harden the splendid resolution of Britain.

Naturally enough, as these German atrocities continued, there developed a deep and growing demand for retaliation, and at last England adopted a policy of reprisal. ("Retaliation" is a better word, but the expression "air-raid reprisal" has been popularized.) British air-raids in Germany are strictly defensive measures. German frightfulness is a confession of what the German mind fears most, and direct retaliation is the only adequate defense of British unfortified towns against the Boche air-squadrons.

No arguments of reason can penetrate the Teuton understanding, but when it becomes clear to German minds that every aërial bombardment in Britain is bound to be followed by one in Germany, there will be a falling off in the appetite for *"schrecklichkeit."*

Mannheim, Mainz, Coblenz and Cologne, cities on the Rhine, have been bombarded by British airmen. So have Offenburg, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Pirmasens, Saarbrucken, and other towns.



From the "Daily Mail."
BRITISH AIR-REPRISALS.

Treves was bombarded six times in January and February; Thionville seven times, and Metz four times. All these cities are either supply bases, or engaged in the manufacture of war munitions.

British air-raids in the Rhine valley are about as "unjustified" as the use of a walking-stick as a weapon by a man held up by thugs.

A NOTABLE EVENT IN CONGRESS

After weeks and weeks of debate, the Overman Bill was passed by the Senate, April 29, by a vote of 63 to 13. The vote, more than 80 per cent. favorable, indicated a strong belief among the senators, if not in the absolute desirability of the measure, at least in the advisability of giving it a trial.

The bill had been previously outlined in The Watch Tower. In a word, it gave the President authority to reorganize the administrative agencies of the Government for war work. It gave him full power and full responsibility. Its passage was welcomed with a feeling of relief, for it was seen that if the Government had been really efficient, this measure could only increase its efficiency; while if it had been blundering, the new arrangement would expose the blunders clearly to view and lead to popular protest and so to correction of the defects. It cleared the air for both the supporters and the adverse critics of the Administration.

The vote in the Senate was expected to be followed quickly by a favorable vote in the House.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Not least among the contributions of America to the winning of the war is our Government's consent to the Allies' request that our soldiers be brigaded by battalions with British and French troops. In this way much time that would have been needed for organization of a separate army has been saved. This is a genuine sacrifice of an honorable American ambition, made in behalf of the complete unity which alone can make us speedily victorious. America is placing duty and victory ahead of glory.

The Dutch Government protested against the seizure of merchant ships by the Allies "with all the energy of its conviction." Its "convictions" against the action of the Allies seem to be more "energetic" than those against the Germans, who, instead of taking the ships and giving a fair return for their use, would probably have let the submarines take care of them. Yet, at the end of April, there were some indications that Holland might break with Germany.

When the newspapers told about the British navy's bold exploit in bottling up the "subs" by sinking old hulls loaded with concrete in the entrances to Zeebrugge and Ostend, persons a little older than the readers of the Watch Tower recalled the days of the Spanish War, when the American warships were lying off Santiago, Cuba, while Admiral Cervera's fleet lay in the harbor there. A young American officer, Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, tried to sink the dismantled collier *Merrimac* across the channel, and "bottle up" the Spaniards. The vessel, however, missed the channel, and the fleet came out later, and was destroyed by Admiral Sampson's ships.

Loyalty carried the day in Wisconsin, and the Hon. Victor Berger won't bring the troops home from France after all. Minnesota profited by Wisconsin's experience, and the opponents of Senator Knute Nelson and Governor Burnquist, candidates for reëlection and patriots of approved quality, took no chances with the pro-German forces.

The National German-American Alliance, accused of pro-Germanism, dissolved in April by act of a congress of state representatives at Philadelphia. The funds of the Alliance were donated to the American Red Cross. A good ending!



THE CAMELS AT AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TRAINED ANIMALS

One always feels rather sorry for animals that have to spend their days in cages or small enclosures. Not a few creatures will mope and even become really ill, largely because they have not enough to occupy their attention. It is all the more interesting, then, to tell about a collection of animals where the greatest amount of freedom possible is given. This is to be found at Ampthill, Bedfordshire, England, and is the property of Mr. Anthony Wingfield. Still further, every creature is trained to do something, and in this way its life is rendered infinitely more happy and healthy than if it were idling about doing nothing all the time.

The present writer spent a very happy day with a camera among the Ampthill animals, and he came away more firmly convinced than ever that for four-footed creatures, as well as for men, it is much better to have some occupation. Many creatures which have been regarded as untamable have been rendered gentle and willing. And this has all been done by kindness. Mr. Wingfield has made a special study of wild animals, and he has come to the conclusion that the reason why creatures do not yield to the control of man is because they are afraid of him. Once an animal's confidence is gained, it is willing to do almost anything within reason.

For example, zebras have been considered difficult to tame, yet in the Wingfield collection are several fine specimens that are ridden or driven daily. They seem in all respects to be as tame



"THE ZEBRAS ARE AS TAME AS HORSES."



THREE ZEBUS AND A YAK USED AS STEEDS.

and willing as horses, and they are certainly very handsome to look at. Even such timid beasts as llamas soon understand that a kind keeper does not mean to do them any harm. When once their confidence is secured, they can be ridden about as easily as donkeys. It is rather interesting to note that the llamas shown in the photograph played an important part in an election for a member of Parliament. During the contest these animals were ridden about the roads bearing round their necks the photograph of the man for whom they wanted the people to vote!



SOME OF THE UNUSUAL MOUNTS SEEN AT AMPTHILL.



THESE LLAMAS AND THE GUANACO CAN BE RIDDEN AS EASILY AS DONKEYS.

Another curious animal at Ampthill that is perfectly under control is the zebu. This little creature comes from India and China, and it is not unlike a miniature ox, save that it has a humpy back. In spite of their small size, zebus are very strong and can carry a full-grown man without any trouble. Some other unusual mounts which are to be seen at Ampthill are boars, goats, and sheep of various kinds. One of the most intractable of all the creatures is a huge Barbary goat, with immense curly horns. Although he will submit to a rider, he is very anxious to do what he likes, and when the writer was going to take his photograph he suddenly started to charge the camera! Happily, a disaster was just averted.

Camels, of which there are quite a number at Ampthill, have, of course, been used by man as beasts of burden for many centuries. Mr. Wingfield has proved that these creatures do not deserve the reputation of being ill-tempered, which every one gives them. Certainly they have strong wills, and on this account have suffered a great deal of ill-treatment. This has tended to make them resentful, which is not surprising. But the behavior of the camels in this novel zoo is above criticism. They show the greatest affection for their kind keepers, and are willing to give any one a ride.

Another attractive group of animals at Ampthill are the donkeys. Mr. Wingfield has made a special study of these animals, and has collected different kinds from India, Egypt, Africa, and other places. Here again it is astonishing what kind treatment can do to soften a stubborn nature. One really wonders whether the average donkey is not made spiteful on account of the fact that he is expecting to be badly used whether he is doing his best or not. Anyhow, Mr. Wingfield's donkeys all have excellent dispositions. They are quite willing to do their share of the world's work, and are not at all likely to turn round suddenly and try and bite any one who happens to be standing near.

S. Leonard Bastin.

TRAINING CARDINALS

"How in the world do you get those cardinal redbirds to come when you call?"

That question has been asked me so often within the last five years that I believe some of the readers of St. Nicholas may like to know the answer.

First, keep away cats and sparrows.

Second, have a feed-table close to your window and feed sunflower seeds and cracked corn three times daily in winter and twice daily in summer.

Third, have a short special call or whistle and repeat this often while you are putting the food out and while the birds are feeding, but sit quite still at about six feet distance from the closed window. It is not easy to do these three things, but it pays to keep on trying. Cardinals are very

hungry birds and will come to any feeding-place, but, without special training, they will not be friendly.

Cats are the greatest trouble. At one time some years ago, a neighbor had six cats, and I saw the mother cat kill two young robins within twenty minutes. This neighbor was persuaded to reduce her cats to two. After she moved away, the new neighbors in that house were bird friends, but other cats come from two blocks away and from a greenhouse upon the hill behind my house, and the summer birds have learned that, by shrieking on my porch, they can get me up at four A. M. and out on the porch with stones and "scats," the latter being more effective than my stone-throwing. I have kept up continual war on cats and have used persuasion on cat owners, until now there are only a couple of resident cats in the near neighborhood, and their owners apologize for them on the ground that they destroy the rats that come from a near-by stable.

There are some wandering cats that give me trouble, but the sparrows give far more. I have risen from my sewing or writing twenty-two times in one morning to chase sparrows from the birds' table. I used to know they were about by their *"jee-jee";* but then they learned to come without making a chirp. The pecking of a dozen bills soon betrays them, however, and in two minutes a flock of twelve or sixteen eat as much as the cardinals eat at three meals. I have a toy spring-gun that carries only about twelve feet and hurts no one; but several times I have knocked a sparrow off the porch railing, from an open window in the next room, so that, for the old sparrows, it is enough for me to show my gun. But every July there are a lot of impudent young ones to be trained.

Sparrows are the only birds I have known who have the despicable character that considers it fair to fight ten to one. Any two bluebirds or redbirds can defeat any two sparrows, but I have never seen less than eight sparrows attacking two decent birds or tearing down half-built nests of robins and going off with the material so carefully collected by these and other industrious birds. It is a reward for all my trouble to see the decent birds, the cardinals, downy woodpeckers, hairy woodpeckers, nuthatches, titmice, robins, and catbirds, go on with their feeding while I am shouting fiercely to the sparrows who have swarmed around the table. But the sparrows come back the instant I leave the window, and they keep a sentinel on the porch roof to tell them when I have sat down; a friend who watched this from an upper window said she would just give up! The cardinals make a hissing sound at the sparrows, who, however, will not leave until I hear the hissing and come. Then the cardinals have a droll air of saying, "Aha! I *told* you she would be along in a minute."

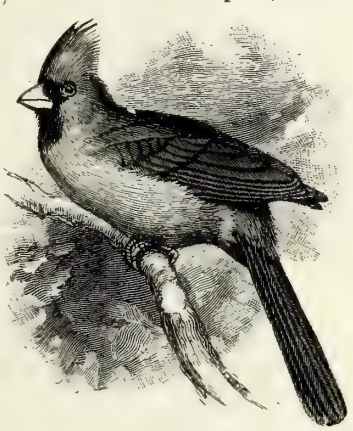
Visitors come to see my bird table, and tell me that they have had feed of all kinds put on their porches and window-ledges, but that "nothing comes but sparrows." And sometimes these visitors bring to my house a restless small child, or a dog that leaps at the window! These go away "so disappointed," for not a bird comes to dine! My own small relatives know how to keep perfectly still, and have even "seen the babies fed" and the handsome father cardinal flutter his wings to make me hurry with the food. It is really a funny performance.

I am sometimes a little late in serving meals on purpose to have him come to the table and call. Then he goes to the pantry window, and back again he goes to the table as soon as he has seen me reach the small tin measure into the large glass jar of feed on the pantry shelf. But usually I open the window at the right hour, whistle my short call, an operatic scrap, and say: "Dinner ready; hurry up!" and there is a flash of red wings. The ladies of the family call me and follow me about, but they never flutter their wings as the gentlemen do, who have all a man's impatience at delayed meals.

The law of nature that both parent birds must not feed together, so that both may not be killed, leaving starving young, is broken here. After a seed or two, the father bird either calls, or goes after, his mate. His call for her is not quite like his call for food, but many short notes, which may mean "food here." Often she comes first and then goes for him after she has had a bite; and in nesting time he arrives looking so ruffled as to feathers that it is plain he has been "tending baby." The strong short bills crack the sunflower seeds, and then the tongue throws out the hulls on each side, a very neat performance, reminding one of a repeating rifle. In spring the male hulls a seed and then feeds his mate, or gracefully removes from her bill the hulls of the seed she has just cracked; but all through the autumn and winter this pretty attention is neglected; he eats first, and steadily, before calling her.

The babies eat the smaller bits of cracked corn, as do the song-sparrows, but all cardinals prefer sunflower seeds to anything else, so I am obliged to confess that my dear beauties are not of much service to the Agricultural Department, in whose interest I have been studying birds for many years. There are, however, some favorite beetles. Last year a cardinal brought a huge stag-beetle

to show me, and though I praised him, I had to turn away my head while he was dissecting the creature. Some days later I found one under the porch, and putting it on the table, called him, to his joy and puzzlement, for he had supposed I could only provide seeds. Now, I don't want to be accused of "nature faking," but truly, he brought to table last week some large green thing. As he called loudly, I went to see. He looked at me and then commenced to devour his prize, which seemed to be a luna moth; but I did not open the window-screen, and so could not see clearly. He finished it out on the path, and I wondered if he brought it to show me as a sample of what he would like me to provide! I can imagine no other reason for his bringing it to the birds' table.



CARDINAL REDBIRD.

This oldest cardinal had been with me for four years, and had always chased away his sons and grandsons, according to the bird law that one pair of each kind of bird is enough for one small garden. But one year, in May, he being elderly—for a cardinal—his son beat him and tore out half his tail feathers. He was horribly ashamed of his appearance and I was not able to comfort him. Now it is his turn to peep around the corner and fly when the young one comes! In July he got new, bright feathers in his tail far ahead of molting time, and now I don't know what he is going to do when the regular time comes. Maybe he will have to wear those July feathers all winter and next spring. He has not forgiven that son, and when the grandchildren come to table he drives them off. He has only one baby, and it is large and rather spoiled. A few evenings since, I was sitting on the porch, about eight feet from the table, and a neighbor called, "Will those birds eat while you are there?" I told him I was keeping peace in the family, because of the grandfather's very ungrandfatherly conduct.

Now I wish it to be understood that I never try to *tame* birds. It means death to them. Some years ago, I heard an *almost* pet baby-robin shriek, and found him in a boy's hands. "That 's my baby!" I exclaimed, and the boy let it go, saying, "Well, he just came right at me." When I speak in clubs or schools, I try to make it plain that birds should be befriended and trained to know where to come for help, but never be made tame enough to trust any one. My cardinals will not let me touch them; if I even open the window they fly to the tree close by and chirp reproachfully. But they and the robins and catbirds and song-sparrows always come to tell me if cats or owls or squirrels are worrying them.

All the birds enjoy the bath, a concrete basin four feet in diameter, sloping in from the edge to a depth of two and a half inches. I keep it very clean, and there is a tall jardinière in the center, with drooping geraniums in it, that give an effect of privacy, so that two kinds of birds bathe at the same time. A shining wet cardinal is a fine sight, but an oriole bathing is a wonder. He looks, as he splashes and is reflected, like an omelette with truffles, gold and black.

My winter birds are cardinals, tufted and crested titmice, juncos, downy and hairy woodpeckers, nuthatches, brown creepers, and wrens; and all but the cardinals and juncos prefer suet to seeds, so I rank them as valuable protective birds, who destroy insects. On my winter table I put suet cut into very small bits; but on a post, in a piece of poultry-netting folded like a bag, I put large pieces of suet, and this is best for the larger woodpeckers, who hate to stoop down over food, though I have seen them trying to adapt themselves to the unusual position. In early spring the robins and catbirds feed on the suet, and one late spring an oriole came. The early robin-babies are fed on suet in the nests, and, if the cold days continue, their parents bring them to table. But I have never seen a cardinal eat suet. If any one has seen that, he or she may rank the cardinals with the protective birds, valuable to the Forestry Department; and, of course, I know that in summer they eat some beetles and worms. But for me, the cardinals are such a joy, winter and summer, that I don't care whether they are useful or not. There are stag-beetles to their credit, at least.

EVELYN MULLER.

AMERICAN BIRD RESERVATIONS

THERE are now seventy bird reservations distributed over our country, from the gull and tern refuges on the coast of Maine, to the egret asylums in Florida. A line of these reservations extends along the great migratory route of the Mississippi; an immense one has been established in the Yukon delta of Alaska; there is a famous one in the Hawaiian Islands; and one has been established in the Canal Zone.

IN SUMMER-TIME



In summer-time, out on the farm,
How glad we are to be!
There are so many things to do!
So many things to see!



In summer-time, on meadow pond,
With sail-boats we can play.
If there's a breeze they may capsize!
Or gaily sail away!



In summer-time, beneath the trees,
We take our lunch to eat
And if the squirrels visit us,
They're sure to get a treat!



In summer-time, down by the sea,
What fun to play in sand!
And though the ocean's very wet!
We can keep on dry land.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THIS is one of the LEAGUE'S banner months, for abundant interest and charm were manifest in every department of the work—verse, prose, photographs, and drawings. You will enjoy the spirit of cheer and the "high lights" which, like the glow of a June day, illumine most of the pictures, whether by pencil or camera; and you will acclaim the verse writers as genuine artists, also, in the sweep and rhythm or the true poetic sentiment and fine lyric quality of their clever stanzas.

But for ingenuity, range, and variety the *prose* offerings of the competition have seldom been equalled in the history of the LEAGUE. The subject "A Great Discovery" brings to mind, of course, the leading triumphs of science and invention; but our alert young writers were not satisfied to tell merely of Newton and Columbus, of steam, electricity, and the telephone. These, naturally, received due recognition, as well as many another less familiar triumph, such as Lavoisier's discovery of the properties of oxygen, and Dr. Carrel's recent astonishing researches in the field of surgery. It was good to see boy and girl writers paying just tribute to these great deeds and names; but it was pleasant also to note how many youthful aspirants roamed far afield from the beaten track of a narrow definition and brought the words "A Great Discovery" home to all of us by means of a story—true or fanciful or amusing—of everyday life. Several of these will be found in the following pages; but there were many others. For instance, in an account of the discovery of maize, were two interesting legends about Indian corn, while a city midget suddenly discovers that "apples grow on trees"! Of a serious and timely interest were (1) a mother's "discovery of the joy of sacrifice" when she becomes reconciled at last to give her son to the service of his country; and (2) the secret discovery by a nine-year-old boy that a mysterious parcel received by his elder brother contained a suit of khaki, and the subsequent revelation that the whole family was proud of Jimmy's discovery. One young historian claimed that the discoverer (or *a* discoverer) of petroleum, which made many other men millionaires, himself died in the almshouse. And from another we have a romance about a certain high-school girl, named Bab, who longed for college and at last "struck oil" on her mother's farm, whereupon she asked, "Will I be able to go to college now?", and received the reply from her parent, "I think we can manage it"! Still another tells us how a young porcupine suddenly discovers that he can roll himself up into a ball when attacked by a dog and be perfectly safe—"a great discovery" which the dog often does n't discover in time. Etc., etc., etc. And, last but not least, we must not fail to record an ardent young reader's discovery (for which our hearty thanks!) that "life would not be worth living without ST. NICHOLAS."

PRIZE-WINNERS, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, JUNE, 1918

PROSE. Gold badge, **Rosamond Castle** (age 13), District of Columbia. Silver badges, **Gertrude Bodwell** (age 13), Iowa; **Rebecca T. Farnham** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Henri M. Esquerre** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Edwin J. Howard** (age 16), Michigan; **Helen Garrison** (age 17), Idaho; **Elizabeth Whitson** (age 13), Maryland: **Jean Mac Leod** (age 13), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Virginia Clay Hamilton** (age 15), Kentucky; **Edith Vernon M. Simmonds II** (age 16), New York. Silver badges, **Dorothy Rogers** (age 11), Michigan; **Elizabeth Thomas Nelson** (age 11), Virginia.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Dorothy S. Kendall** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Katherine Stein** (age 15), New York; **William Howell Wells** (age 16), New Jersey; **Berniece Davis** (age 17), Nebraska.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Joseph T. Resor** (age 15), Ohio. Silver badges, **Dorothy Dixon** (age 15), New Jersey; **Emily Keyes** (age 15), New York; **John C. Carlisle** (age 14), Michigan; **Charles Noyes De Forest** (age 12), South Carolina; **Eleanor M. Havre** (age 11), California; **Marjorie B. Stoutenburgh** (age 15), New York; **David S. Ludlum, Jr.** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Willa Chapline** (age 11), Georgia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Waldo Girdner** (age 14), D. C.; **Dorothy Wood** (age 12), N. Y.



BY DANIEL ROSENBAUM, AGE 9.



BY KATHALEEN ROLLS, AGE 14.

"BUSY."

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY VIRGINIA CLAY HAMILTON (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November,* 1917)

In the red dawn of time's beginning,
From abysmal darkness hurled,
Flashed a molten sphere of Hate and Fear—
And lo! it was the world!

Eons of unmarked time passed by,
And the boundless sea did spawn
With slimy things, bearing claws and wings—
And Hate and Fear ruled on.

A million years,—or a billion years,—
And man in his primal state
Stalked forth to kill what crossed his will,
Ruled only by Fear and Hate.

We think we have left him far behind—
We 've abandoned club and spear,
Yet we still war on with brain and brawn,
Moved mostly by Hate and Fear.

The happiest hour since time began,
When it comes,—for come it must,—
Will see war's end and man, man's friend,
Ruled only by Love and Trust.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY ROSAMOND CASTLE (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February,* 1918)

At a certain training-camp in the South respect due to the flag was a specialty. After being taken down at sunset, it was always carefully placed on a shelf. The flag was then covered by a piece of canvas to keep it clean.

One morning when the color-sergeant came to get the flag, he was dismayed at the sight that met his eyes. The canvas, covered with mud, was lying in a mess, and the flag itself in a crumpled heap in the



"BUSY." BY CAROLINE HOUGHTON, AGE 14.

middle of the floor. Quickly the sergeant hurried and reported to Captain P— of A Company, in whose barracks the flag was kept. The captain went to see the flag himself. He bent over and picked it up. Besides being dirty and crumpled, a large piece was gone. Captain P— then called together Company A and asked each man individually if he knew anything about it. The answer was always, "No, sir!"

That afternoon there was a meeting of all the officers to discuss the matter. A secret-service man was called in on the suggestion that some soldier was a spy. The secret-service man advised Captain P— to confine Company A to barracks for the time, a thing which that worthy man promptly did. In the middle of the meeting a knock was heard. Corporal J— entered.

"Could every one come with me a minute?" he asked. He led the way to a tiny greenhouse. He opened the door so every one could see. Lying there on some straw, fast asleep, was Vic, the regimental mascot, and between his paws was a piece of dark-blue cloth with stars on it.

"Gosh!" was all the secret-service man said as he hurried back to headquarters to report, "False alarm, sir."



"BUSY." BY DOROTHY DIXON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY GERTRUDE BODWELL (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Jamie came home from school one afternoon with his eyes shining with excitement. He had just entered school six weeks before, and he had not got over the excitement of everything that took place there.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried. "I have made the greatest discovery!"

"What is it, Jamie?" asked his mother, as she hung his coat in the hall.

"Why, Miss Brown told us, and I think it is the greatest discovery. She said that there is a kind of stamps that you can buy, and the money goes to help win the war. These stamps are called 'Thrift Stamps,' and they only cost twenty-five cents apiece. When you buy your first stamp you are given a folder to paste them in. If you fill your folder this June, you only have to pay seventeen cents besides the stamps, and then you get a five-dollar stamp. In five years the Government will give you five dollars for your large stamp, which you only paid four dollars and seventeen cents for. Is n't that fine, mother?"

"Yes," agreed his mother.

"But the best part of it all is that I shall be helping our country win this war. I never dreamed I could help much, but I can. You have n't said I may buy some yet, Mother. May I?"

"Why, certainly you may, Jamie. I am only too happy that you want to," replied his mother.

"Mother, you know the dollar I saved since Christmas? I am going to spend that for Thrift Stamps, and I 'm going to save every penny I can, too."

"Oh, Jamie, that will be fine!" exclaimed his mother.

And so it happened that Jamie made his great discovery and is helping "to make the world safe for democracy."

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY EDITH VERNON M. SIMMONDS II (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1917*)

Down by the sea, the rolling sea,
With the sky and the wayward winds so free,
And naught but the sea-gull's cry, and the long
Slow roll of the billows' eternal song.
There oft on the sunny sands I lie
And watch the clouds drift in the sky,
Like great white ships at the wind's command
They are driven over the sea and land.
And I love the salt sea spray in my face,
Or with wind and waves to run a race,
Or to lie on the ocean's heaving breast,
And rise with the spray on the billows' crest.
Down by the sea, the rolling sea,
Ah, those are the happiest hours for me!



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HELEN JOHNSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY REBECCA T. FARNHAM (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

To some of our western readers who have not felt so seriously the shortage of coal it would, no doubt, be a very strange sight to see what the inhabitants of a certain New England town see every day, for I am writing in February.

Upon going out on some of the coldest days of winter, one is met by dozens of people, old and young, dragging their sleds to and from the coal-yards, where they are allowed one hundred pounds each day. Here is a little girl not more than ten years old, dragging on her once cherished sled the allotted amount in a burlap bag. Here is an old man with white beard who stops at intervals to rest from the unaccustomed toil. There are quantities of boys, of course, with large dry-goods boxes and bags. But strangest of all, perhaps, to the passer-by is the large number of women who, from sheer necessity, bend themselves to the task which before this time they would have considered far below them. Women with the stamp of toil upon their care-worn faces, others whose dainty complexions show no care nor sorrow; some with shawls tied about their heads, and some dressed in the very height of fashion—all are here for the same purpose.

To many of these people it might be considered a great hardship, as indeed it is. But others may realize it as a great discovery. For in this time of hardship people have discovered that they can stoop to the most menial task, if necessary to existence. It is only one of the great revelations which have taken place during this war for peace and democracy.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY HENRI M. ESQUERRE (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was a very hot day in June. Jimmie and Ed were lying on the grass in front of their house. They began talking, and Jimmie said: "Gee, but I wish I could discover some money so we could get some ice-cream! I feel so hot I could eat all the ice-cream in the world."

Then Ed said: "My, but you 're cheerful! You might just as well wish that it would get to be about one hundred and sixty below zero for all the good it is going to do us."

"Say, Ed, let 's have a wrestling-match!" cried Jimmie. "What do you say?"

"Oh, no, it is too hot!" complained Ed.

"Oh, come on, and be a sport!" coaxed Jimmie. "We have had a long rest in the shade, and you 're not as hot as all that!"

"Oh, all right," replied Ed; "but you 're too easy!"

"Humph! Try me once, and I will show you!" cried Jimmie.

After a hard struggle on the lawn they rolled down into the street. First Jimmie grabbed Ed by the neck and rolled him over; but just as he was about to force his shoulders to touch the ground, Ed gave a sudden jerk that made Jimmie roll off of him. Then they went at it again. This time, after rolling Jimmie up to the curbstone, Ed managed to make his shoulders touch the ground. Then he got up and walked away, saying, "I told you, you were too easy."

To Ed's surprise Jimmie answered, "Thanks ever so much for rolling me on a quarter."



"THE LESSON." BY DOROTHY S. KENDALL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"What!" yelled Ed; "you don't mean to say you discovered a quarter!"

"Sure I did," replied Jimmie. "Come on up to the store and we will get some ice-cream." While they were eating their ice-cream, Ed said: "Remember when you said you wished you could discover some money?"

And Jimmie answered, "That quarter sure was a great discovery!"



BY LETITIA R. McKENRICK, AGE 12.



BY EMILY KEYES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN C. CARLISLE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CHARLES N. DE FOREST, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR M. HAVRE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARJORIE B. STOUTENBURGH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET H. MANNING, AGE 14.



BY WENTWORTH BROWN, AGE 12.

"BUSY."

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY KATHERINE GAUSS (AGE 13)

As I wandered through the forest
On a summer eve of June,
I came upon a fairy scene
All lighted by the moon.

They were dancing and were laughing
As they did in days of old,
With dresses white as moonlight
And hair of sparkling gold.

As I stood and watched them spellbound,
While they danced among the trees,
Just dancing, dancing, dancing
To the music of the breeze,

A squirrel near me started,
And I trembled like a flower
For fear that he might frighten them
And spoil my happiest hour.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY KATHERINE STEIN, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY EDWIN J. HOWARD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THERE are many men in France who have made great discoveries. Some of these discoveries have resulted in the destruction of thousands of human lives, and others have been the means of prolonging life and mitigating the horrors of war. Alexis Carrel, French surgeon and biologist, who has lived in America since 1905, has made many truly startling discoveries in the field of surgery. He has found that various parts of the human body may be removed from one body and made to grow in another. For his work in this field, Dr. Carrel was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1912.

At the beginning of the war Dr. Carrel started experiments with a view of finding a sure method for healing wounds. As he was associate member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, he was assured of an ample supply of money. After a number of experiments the apparatus now used by him in his hospital in France was perfected. It consists of a tank and a rubber tube. The free end of the tube is subdivided into a number of smaller tubes. These are worked into the wound of the soldier and every half hour the wound is flushed, or irrigated, with the antiseptic solution in the tank. The solution is, perhaps, the most important part of the system. It had to have good antiseptic properties, to be of a mild, non-irritating nature, and inexpensive, as large quantities would be used in the healing of a wound. The answer to the problem was found at last in a kind of salt that was chemically pure.

And it is to the discovery of this substance that the wonderful results are due, for with it gangrene, the enemy of soldiers since wars began, has been conquered.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY HELEN GARRISON (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

"OH, Ellen! Come here! Let me read you something."

"What is it, Betty?"

"I have the best letter from Grant. Just listen—

"'Somewhere in France.

"'DEAR BETTY:

"'Last night I went to our hut to find something to read. I had read the few magazines there and hoped something new was in. A package had just arrived, and I made a *great* discovery. I had dug around a bit and there, near the bottom, was a ST. NICHOLAS. It was a sure-enough new one, too. Talk about glad—I was ready to shout! I remembered about your name on the 'Honor Roll' in the LEAGUE department, and there it was! I showed it to Vic, and do you know, that boy said he used to be a member of the LEAGUE and had won both a silver and a gold badge on some poems he had written. Another fellow found a puzzle by his kid brother in the puzzle department. It seemed the nearest thing like home we had seen in a long time. Then Vic read a lot of it aloud to a bunch of us fellows. As soon as you can separate yourselves from the next number, please send it right off—or no, keep yours and buy a new one at the stand and send it to us.



"THE LESSON." BY WILLIAM H. WELLS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"'Now was n't that the greatest discovery?'"

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY DOROTHY ROGERS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE happiest hour for us will be
When our brave boys, from land and sea,
Come back to us with victory;
Back to the land that gave them birth,
Back to the greatest place on earth,
Back to the land where men are free,
Back to the land of Democracy!

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY ELIZABETH THOMAS NELSON (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

When the shades are drawn and candles lit,
And before the blazing fire I sit,
I lean my head on my mother's knee,
And wondrous stories she tells to me;
Of giants fierce and knights so bold,
Who lived in the gallant days of old;
Of lovely ladies with golden hair,
Who wicked enchantments had to bear;
Of the noble soldier who *earned* his fame,
And made a famous and stainless name;
All these and more are told to me
As I lean my head against her knee.

And before us in the blazing fire
Troop countess and maiden, knight and squire.
And pictures come and pictures go
In the dancing shadows, to and fro.
And I lean my head 'gainst mother's knee—
This is the happiest hour for me!

A GREAT DISCOVERY

(*A true story*)

BY ELIZABETH WHITSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Johnny was visiting his grandfather on the farm. He was a little boy about ten years old, but very active, and he loved outdoor adventures.

One day, a week after his arrival at the farm, his grandfather came in to dinner and said to his wife: "Stella, those hens have been laying, because I have heard them cackle; but I can find very few eggs, and I will eat my hat if there is n't some one stealing them! I will give something pretty to the fellow who finds the thief."

Johnny said nothing, but as soon as he finished his dinner he stole out unnoticed from the house and ran across the yard where the chickens made their nests. He climbed up into the loft, and hid himself in the hay to watch.

It was a warm afternoon, and the barn was so stuffy that Johnny could hardly breathe; but he stood bravely to his post.

Four hours passed, and just as Johnny was about to give up, he heard a noise; and looking over to a nest



"BUSY." BY DAVID S. LUDLUM, JR., AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

which had five eggs in it, what did he see but five large rats, squeaking and nodding in a most business-like manner! Finally, after a great deal of investigating, one rat lay down on his back and took an egg up in his four paws, and the other four caught him by the tail and hauled him away. In great amazement he followed them, and what did he find but a nest, fully six feet higher in the mow, and so deep in the hay that no hen could have got there. He found in the rats' storehouse one hundred and twenty eggs, all good.

Running to his grandfather, he told of his discovery. He felt proud of his reward—a bright silver dollar.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY HOLLIS HEDBERG (AGE 14)

It was the first day of Spring. There had been other nice days that year, but they were as nothing compared to this one. They had come only between periods of cold and snow, and the live things of Nature had known enough not to show themselves. But this morning was different. There was something in the air which seemed to say to every living thing, "Wake up! Wake up! I 've come at last." And the sun shone and shone, covering everything with a pleasant warmth.



"THE LESSON." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 15.

Out on the very end of a long branch of a great tree, there was a tiny bud. It had lain wrapped up in its winter bed for days and days, and now it joyfully heard the voice outside which seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere in particular. So it cautiously pushed its little green head out of its little gray house, and such a delightful feeling it had never before experienced! It felt the bright warm sun shining down upon it, and saw for the first time how beautiful the world was. It was no wonder that it told the gentle little breezes of its discovery, and bade them tell all the other living things. So that, before it was out of its own house, tender blades of grass had pushed through the earth, insects had awakened from their winter sleep, and other little buds on other long branches had taken their first peep at the world; each one making its own great discovery. *Spring had come at last!*

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Soon a mighty people of this world is going to make a great discovery. It is true that we discovered the same thing long, long ago; but even though it has been discovered before, it is a great discovery.

Yes, indeed, it will be a great discovery when the German people discover how much better than a kingdom is a republic; how much better than the rule of one or a few is the rule of all; how much better than autocracy is democracy.

Perhaps some of them have already discovered it! Yes, perhaps they have; but this must be discovered by all, rather than by a few, as other discoveries are usually made. Whether they have discovered it yet or not, they have not made it known. But, they will, —they cannot help it,—and when they do, it will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the greatest of all great discoveries.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

(A True Story)

BY ROSE ELEANOR BENTON (AGE 13)

IN the year 1810 my great-great-grandmother was invited by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, to drive from Utica to Albany, a distance of about one hundred miles.

On the second day they had passed through Schenectady and hoped to reach Albany that night; but with evening came a blizzard which forced them to seek shelter at a tavern.

The landlady stood near them, and, when she thought herself unobserved, greedily fingered the beautiful fur coat which my grandmother wore.

Mr. Griffith noticed this. When she was called from the room for an instant he took occasion to say in a low voice to his wife:

"This is a bad place. We must get away immediately without arousing suspicion. Sit here quietly until you hear my sleigh-bells, then make a dash for the door." Saying this he went out.

In a few moments, that seemed hours to the two women, they heard sleigh-bells. As they rushed out, the landlady screamed and clutched at them. Several rough-looking men appeared at the door of the tavern, and then started after them.

The women jumped into the sleigh. Mr. Griffith struck the horses with the whip. The team started on a wild gallop as a man grabbed at their heads, but missed them. A pistol-shot rang out. A bullet whizzed by. But the travelers tore down the road through the dark pine-trees, trusting themselves to the fury of the blizzard rather than the unknown dangers of the tavern. When they were out of danger, Mr. Griffith said:

"We have discovered one of the much dreaded robbers' dens, and have been very lucky to escape with our lives."

Upon his arrival in Albany Mr. Griffith reported his adventure. The place was raided, and the skeletons of many victims were discovered, together with much stolen treasure.



"BUSY." BY ALICE E. HULSCHER, AGE 14.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY VIRGINIA POWELL (AGE 13)

ONE summer day in 1665, in a garden in Woolsthorpe, a young man lay on his back under an apple-tree, dreaming. Suddenly an apple fell and hit him on the head. This set him to thinking, and he wondered why the apple did n't fall up instead of down. He also wondered what it was that drew it to the earth. He thought and figured until he discovered what he called the law of universal gravitation, of which the fall of heavy objects to the earth is an instance, but the farther away an object is from the earth, the smaller is this attraction. This all-prevading power of gravitation holds in place the planets and the stars.



"THE LESSON." BY ROBERT FINK, AGE 12.

It was with reference to this great discovery that the poet Pope suggested the epitaph which should be graven on the tomb of the great thinker:

"Nature and Nature's laws were hid in night;
God said: 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY DOROTHY MAY PHIPPS (AGE 12)

MRS. HEN was very busy pecking around the yard, and she did not notice Bridget the cook go into the chicken-coop and steal away her precious eggs. But when she discovered the unfortunate affair she ran around excitedly, trying to find *her husband*. He was the one who always soothed her when she was overwrought.

At last she found him, and with a loud "cluck! cluck!" they both ran back to their abode. To his surprise, Mr. Hen found only one egg left, whereas when he went out in the morning there had been five.

He pecked at the egg in such a way that Mrs. Hen knew that he was angry.

"What is this, my dear?" he asked. "This is not a real egg. Why, just tap at it yourself!"

"True," said Mrs. Hen, "it must be a glass egg." And with that she strutted indignantly away.

THE HAPPIEST HOUR

BY JEAN F. BLACK (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

ALL day long we 're each so busy
(Meaning Mother, Dad, and me)
That we scarcely have a second,
As my Daddy says, that 's free;
But each night just after supper,
And before I go to bed,
Daddy calls, "Come on a-riding,
And I 'll race you, little Ted!"
Then I jump upon my charger
(Which is really Daddy's knee),
And he jounces me 'way up and down
(That 's galloping, you see).

When, at last, the race is over
(Daddy always seems to lose),
Mother picks up a story-book
And asks which one I choose;
And I cuddle down into her arms,
To listen while she reads
Of Princesses in lovely towers
And Knights on gallant steeds.
And although like other children,
I am very fond of play,
Yet this hour with Dad and Mother
Is the happiest of the day.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

BY JEAN MAC LEOD (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

I AM a big boy,—four and a half years old,—but at the time I am going to tell you about, I was just a baby. It was my first birthday. Now, before I tell you my story, I must say that I had never known how to use my legs, the way my Mama and Papa did, but I had always wished I did know how.

Well, to begin: I was standing beside the sofa, with Mama and Papa, and lots of other people looking at me. I happened to look across the room, and there, sitting in a chair, was another little boy, not as big as me and dressed like a soldier. I got quite bold, and the first thing I knew I was on the middle of the floor, with no chair or anything to catch hold of, making straight for that baby. I went quite well until I began to think, and then I got more and more scared. "Would n't that chair *ever* come?" Why, it seemed as though I had gone *miles!* Then I began to laugh; and the first thing I knew, I bumped right into it and stood looking into the glassy eyes of the baby! (Afterward I found out it was only a doll!) Everybody was clapping their hands, and Mama kissed me, lots more than I liked, and Papa said, "Well done, little man!" I really began to feel *very* big.

I soon got tired of my dolly friend, because he could n't talk or do anything real boys should do. He could n't even *walk* and *I* could, so I marched off to try my new stunt again. I soon became quite a good walker, and if I did fall sometimes, it did n't hurt me much. So, even if you are scared, everybody knows how smart you feel when you first make the great discovery of using your legs.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Helen A. Murphy
Mary L. Morris
Ellen Cook
Patricia Riddile
Isabel Semple
Dorothy Hottel
Howard Wilson
Bianca M. Leale
Dorothy D. Bartlett
Brian Doherty
Jessie Hughes
Elizabeth D. Abbott
Mignon Rittenhouse
Elsie Lowenberg
Madeleine Edwards
Ellen Lindenmeye
Evelyn Fenlon
Florence Nightingale
Louise H. Portes
Ellen C. Crawford
Hugh L. Willson
Agnes Read
Louise Birch
Donald F. Robinson
Charles H. Fishback
Janetta W. Schoonover
Isabelle M. Craig
Marie Mirvis
Anna R. Lay
Lillian A. Beck
Aina Keistinen
Josephine H. Riddile
Francis Russell
George R. C. Wiles, Jr.
Margaret Mackprang
Dorothy M. Pratt
Dorothy Chamberlin
Mary Gentry
Nelly F. Baxter
Dorothy W. Applegate
James Reynolds
Genevieve C. Jackson
Jennie Sottarcli
Alice S. Waterman
Daisy Rawyler
Hildegard Weisberg
Pauline Burstein
Charlotte D. Eddy
Margaret Brown
Doris C. Sylvester
Margaret Fisher
Katharine Dukitt

VERSE

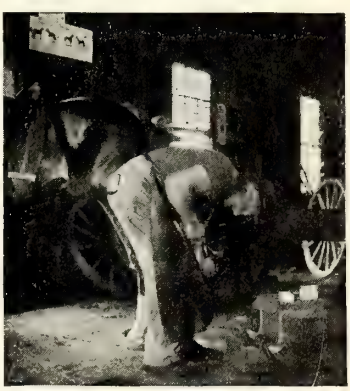
Katherine Spillane
Adline Moravia
Francis Glynn
Geoffrey Finley
Marion Cleveland
Margaret Stern
Helen Franc
Travis Milliken
Keith E. Blake
Marion W. Smith
Ruth Beatly
Margaret Bergan
Marion West
Caroline Rankin
Elizabeth Hart
Elizabeth Williams
Margaret Du Bois
Eleanor C. Slater
Catherine Parmenter
Elizabeth Clarke
Esther Langley
Harold Murphy
Edith Clark
Martha E. Hodgson
Emily L. Weed
Leonie de Milhan
Lavina De Freest
C. Rosalind Holmes
Charles G. Bennett
Renée Moën
Aline Fruhauf
Marion Wadsworth
Veronica Parker
Charles Arnhols
Wilhelen Edge
Betsey Phasants
Benjamen Krantzor
Rosa K. Morris
Alice H. Hammel
Eleanor C. Wolf
Hester L. Hawes
Ruth Clevenger
Mary E. Mason
Elsie M. Graham
Luther Monsarrat
Emily B. Monsarrat



BY JOSEPH C. SMITH, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY WILLA CHAPLINE, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOSEPH T. RESOR, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1917)

"BUSY."

Hannah H. Richardson
Katherine Fawcett
Mary E. George
Beryl Heinke
Emma C. Kelly
Geraldine Rouault
Nadine Morley
Ethel Bill
Katherine Ryan

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fred Floyd, Jr.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY RHODA B. RICHARDSON, AGE 15.

Dorothy Davis
Alice W. Moss
Marian Eaton

DRAWINGS

Jean Potter
Aimée Ellis
Catherine L. Spencer
John W. Schmidt
Marion M. Neu
Elease Weinss
Kathleen Renick
Christine Bacheler
Grace F. Holcomb
La Vanche M. Russell
Margaret Mitchell
Virginia Tate
Hope Garland
Claire Richardson
Helen A. Baird
Dorothy Doane
Margaret J. Sanders
Esther H. Stocks
Charlotte Kudlich
Pearl Ng
Mary B. Stacker
Nancy E. Norton
Ruth Clement
Mary E. Matlack
Mary X. Ferguson
Eugenia Hamlin
Samuel A. Biggin
A Evelyn Bowie
Harriet Matthews
Marian E. Davis
Jessie Adkins
Gladys Eldridge
Lilian Harding
F. B. Fox
Helen L. Brandt
Freda M. Armstrong
Hale Pugh
Marguerite K. Easter
Caroline M. Smith
Ruth F. Powers
Nancy Riggs
Janet Rock
Olive F. Penniman
Muriel Schoff
Emily D. Pierce
G. E. Brook
Margaret M. Kendall
Virginia P. Hill
Lucy Hunt
Teresa R. Rankin
Carolyn Olmsted
Julie Ripley
Anne Tusten
Mary E. Thompson
Charles E. Lytle, Jr.
John E. Underwood
Margot Valentine
V. E. B. Fuller, Jr.
A. Farbstein
Mary O'Connor
Ronald Waterhouse
Lydia B. Allen
Gertrude M. Lynahan
Edward L. Malone
Louise W. Howitz
Thomas C. Betts
Leonore F. Gidding
Janet Cooper
Sidney Liebes, Jr.
Eunice C. Resor
Hulda Poole
Madeleine Awy
Mary E. Freeman
Clyde Geerlings
Lucile Close
Perry Baldwin
Lurena Black
Lucy Cobb
William Holton
Mildred Mackay
Lisbeth Parrott
Elizabeth Frothingham
Alice H. Speed
David Tod
Dorothy Burns
Mary A. Westcott
Dorothy Warren
Arno J. Walther
Mary H. Abbe
Cornelia Keith
Clara Guignard
Theodora Machado

PUZZLES, 1

Olive E. Gunn
Natica Nast
Ruth Oviatt
Asaph Churchill, Jr.
Mona Morgan
Marion Kilbourn
Edward F. Dana
Elizabeth T. Nelson
Barbara Beardsley
Lillian Bronstein
Alice M. Cox
Susan Downey
Virginia Vogell
Mary Green
Alexander C Sutherland
Barbara Cooke
John Hough
Annabelle McAllister
Emily Pendleton
Gwenfread E. Allen
Alice Ferree Hayt
James C. Cooley
Mary C. Pangborn
Margaret M. Horton



"THE LESSON." BY BERNIECE DAVIS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Ira G. Haas
Betty Purviance
Elizabeth Dillingham
James M. Straus
Mildred Natwick
Richard Dahlem, Jr.
Eva Curtis
Priscilla Martin
Margaret Olmsted
Sally Robbins
Roberta E. Flory
Walter Hunter
Esther W. Haines

PUZZLES, 2

Florence Bucher
Marion S. Neff
Caroline Stanton
Harriet Howard
Myra Ast
Helen A. Niles
Jean Macwatty
Sally Wund
Katharine Steele
Lois Zimmerman
Ellen Blair
Anne Wayland
Eleanor Cranz
Genevieve Bender
Suzette Gagan
Lowell D. Hubbart
Susan E. Lyman
Annie Grekis
Marion B. Upham
Agnes M. Pearce
Charles C. Morfit, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 224

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 224 will close **June 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **June 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Signal."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Volunteer."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "A Summer Picture."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On Wheels," or a Heading for **October.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A STORY OF MUSIC

BY GRACE WILLIAMS VAN CLEVE



Once, long ago, in the palace of King Horatio a little niece of the king was talking to her royal uncle.

"Well, Gwendolen, my child," said the king, "how do you like my kingdom?"

"It is very beautiful," she answered; "indeed, there is only one thing I would change."

The king looked as if he would like to know what that thing might be; so in answer to his look, she told him her thought.

"The breeze blows, but I cannot hear it. The birds do their work, but they do not sing. The brook flows, but it makes no noise. I love the music in nature, and miss it when it is gone."

At this the king looked very grave.

"We all miss these things," he said. "I will tell you why they are not here. Once, many years ago, a king of this land tortured an animal in the royal park; so, because it was a king who did the deed, and because it was done in the royal park, Mother Nature said that she must punish the people of this land for that crime. At first she could not think of any way to do it, but after a while she decided to hush her voice from the hearing of mortals, so she whispers no more in the breezes, she laughs no more in the brook, and she sings no more in the bird. Years have passed since then, and now one of my wise men has told me the remedy. To-morrow is the anniversary of the day on which the crime was committed. Therefore, to-morrow we will go into the royal park and make the sweetest music that is within our power, for in this way Mother Nature may let us hear again the sound of her voice."

The next day was clear and bright and beautiful, and expectancy filled the ten-year-old heart of Gwendolen, for she sat in a magnificently decorated coach beside her uncle, and they were bound for the royal park. As they drew near, her brown eyes grew very large and bright, and her little inquisitive nose seemed more tip-tilted than usual in her excitement. The crowd of onlookers was larger than any she had ever seen before, and the ladies were more beautiful. Finally they reached the park, and the band began to play a national air. Everybody stood up; men took off their hats; horses pranced; children fairly squeezed themselves in ecstasy. Then, all of a sudden, a hush fell over the crowd, for the king rose to make his address. He told them why they had come together that day, and with what a hope, and ended with these words:

"We have decorated the park to the best of our ability, and we mean to have the best music that the most gifted of our land can furnish. If then we do not accomplish our purpose, I know not what to do."

When he had finished, every one kept silent, for all knew the truth of what he said. The park was beautiful indeed. Red and white and pink roses nestled among the richest foliage, the grass was as soft and velvety as a carpet, and just opposite to the royal coach a dais was built amid a bower of loveliness. In a few minutes the first number was announced. Then, from far in the distance, a flute was heard. It grew louder and softer; it ran up and down like fairies at play in the moonlight.

Then all the people listened and listened for the song of a bird, which was to be the first sign that they had won, but no such sound was heard. Next, a fine lady sang many songs, but even this did not bring the longed-for response. When the king saw that his plans had failed, he rose from his seat and asked if there was no one in all that multitude who could make some new kind of music; but not a person answered his call, for no one felt that he could do as well as those who had already failed.

In the midst of the crowd, far away from the royal people, two children stood on tiptoe to see and hear all they could. One was a girl who might have been the age of Gwendolen, the other was her baby brother. The little fellow was growing restless, and it required all his sister's tact to keep him quiet. Once she thought he was all right, and dropped his hand to put a pin in her calico dress. When she looked down her charge was gone. She looked into the open square, and there was the little boy making his uncertain way toward a flower that the soloist had dropped. When he reached the prize he stooped, and managed, after some difficulty, to get it. Then he looked up, and at the sight of so many strangers his lips puckered into mournful lines; but when he turned around he saw his sister, and in his joy he threw back his curly head and laughed aloud. Then, far away, but coming nearer, the people heard the song of a robin. Next the breezes began to whisper, and, if mortals had been able to understand, they would have heard the murmuring leaves say:

"The sweetest music in the world is the unconscious laughter of a little child."

TO THE SAINT'S GRADUATING CLASS

If this brief salutation ever reaches the boys and girls who read St. Nicholas, it will be because the Editor has granted the request of one who "joined" 'way back in '86 (and whose four small boys are now members of the St. Nicholas clan) to be allowed the pleasure of sending a very special message to a very special part of the magazine's large and happy family. It is addressed to the older ones among the Saint's boy readers.

St. Nicholas, once that friendship is established, never says good-by to a boy until he is coming out of his teens. Then, as the boy begins to be occupied with other things, and, leaving school with its jolly memories, goes off to college or to work, the magazine pats him friendliwise on the back, so to speak, and bids him godspeed. And you would be surprised—or perhaps you would n't—to know how often the youth comes, secretly perhaps, back for a little visit with the old Saint! And when he gets along to middle age, he fills many an hour with pleasant renewal of old associations, reading the magazine—"just to keep in touch with the kiddies, you know!" Yes; just as he runs "Junior's" mechanical toy almost to pieces on Christmas day, without once confessing that *he* is getting fun out of it!

The point is, that St. Nicholas never regards its friends as too old, too grown up, for a good time together—a good time, and a wise and friendly word or two. And it feels particularly friendly, this month, toward those young Americans who are graduating from its happy school-room just now. Yes, school-room! For St. Nicholas, as some of you may have suspected now and then, has fooled you right along by making you think he was only giving you a good time, when really he has been teaching you also—in the best way—the best of lessons.

Well, here are our boys of 1918 becoming our men of 1919—and who knows what perils they are to meet, what works they are to do! We shall not be solemn, but we cannot help being pretty serious, as we think of it. We shall not dwell upon any distressing possibilities. We shall think only of the glorious opportunities, the opportunities of service.

You fellows are going out into the world at a time of unparalleled opportunity. You are American citizens whose day America will remember with such honor as she pays to the memory of her patriots of '76; a day of great men and great deeds. In one way or another, you are all going to serve America. It may be in the field, it may be in the offices of Government, or it may be in the quieter, but equally necessary and important, ways of ordinary civil life. But you are to be part of the "man power," the brain and brawn, of the America of to-morrow! You carry the nation's future, and you will guard it well—as, surely, none knows better than the old Saint who has helped to prepare you for your part in America's great work.

What he wants to say to you now is to be said in the spirit of strong men. It does not need many words, only a simple, heartfelt "God bless you!" and a reminder that St. Nicholas has sought, in every story, every article, every picture and poem that he has laid before you, to show you that truthfulness and courage and perseverance and kindly interest in the joys and sorrows of others make a man happier, stronger, braver, and more useful in the world. And St. Nicholas wants—oh, more than he has words with which to say it!—to have all you fellows as happy and strong, as brave and useful, as a chap just starting out in life can possibly be!

And at this time, of all times, he cannot let you go without wishing you, "right out in meeting," like this—Good luck and success! He is proud of you now, and expects to be prouder still when he hears of what you are doing "over there"—or wherever America's work is being done.

E. N. T.

THE LETTER-BOX

London, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: An artist friend of mine one time was traveling in Normandy. He saw some cows feeding out of a box, and, going closer, he saw that it was a hand-carved oak chest. He bought it from the farmer for a few francs, and later on he found out that it was a fine old oak chest, taken from a French château in the French Revolution.

Robert Morrison (age 9).

New York City, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Glancing through the various letters written to you from all the fortunate boys and girls who have won prizes and medals for some interesting contribution to St. Nicholas, reminds me of the joy I once witnessed in the faces of some wounded heroes of France when they received the *Croix de Guerre*, and I thought of giving you a little description of my visit to the Invalides in Paris.

One November day we were invited by the Portuguese ambassador in Paris and his party to witness the distribution of medals conferred upon the wounded.

It is customary every second Thursday to award these medals to the wounded soldiers; in many cases the medals are given to the relatives of the dead heroes.

It is a most thrilling, but depressing, ceremony, and I had a lump in my throat and tried to swallow down my tears the entire afternoon. Yet I shall never forget the joy that lit up the face of one sad, helpless hero

who was brought into the court of the Invalides on a stretcher, and was only able to lift his head when the officer, amid the sound of cheers from the visitors in the gallery and the strains of the "Marseillaise," pinned the medal on his breast and gave him the customary kiss of admiration. That hero's name was Lieutenant Gressier.

Very sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA SIEGMAN (age 13).

DARIEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In going over some old copies of ST. NICHOLAS I found in that of August, 1909, under NATURE AND SCIENCE, an article about a pink ribbon being used in a cocoon. This reminded me of an odd experience I had last summer. I was collecting caterpillars to raise to moths, and our next-door neighbors helped me. One day one of them found a large green caterpillar, which she put in a box in her sister's room. The box having no cover, the caterpillar escaped, and that evening, when my friend looked for it, she could find no trace of it. Then she went to put her bureau in order, on the top of which was a red silk necktie. On picking it up she found it heavy, and there was the missing caterpillar! It had made its cocoon there, and was completely enveloped in it, except a little strip about an eighth of an inch long, the length of the cocoon. Fearing to lose a specimen, as the moth could not emerge, I removed the necktie. The cocoon is half normal and half a dull red, and I think it is a *Telea Polyphemus*.

Yours sincerely,
WALLACE NEILSON (age 14).

JENKINTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much interested in your article by Minna Noyes on Haddon Hall in the November number for 1917. I am interested in Elizabethan architecture, and note that in "Shakespeare's England" in J. Alfred Gotch's article on architecture, volume 2, page 62, he says, "There is a fine example of a long gallery at Haddon Hall, now misleadingly called the 'ball-room'." I see it is called the ball-room in Miss Noyes's article.

I have read Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" but did not know that the tower formed a part of Haddon Hall.

Your interested reader,
H. JUSTICE WILLIAMS.

RENO, NEV.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for a good many years, I have never yet written to tell you how much I think of you. Undoubtedly, you are the best magazine for boys and girls published.

I always read the patriotic contributions first each month, but I like the stories—everything, in fact, especially THE LEAGUE. I am myself a member of it, and I agree with Charles Schauffler, in this February number, when he says that the girls are getting ahead of the boys in LEAGUE work. There are some months when nearly all of the contributions published in THE LEAGUE are sent in by girls.

I see in FOR COUNTRY AND FOR LIBERTY what some of the schools over the country are doing to aid the Government. I don't think any of them have done better than the schools of Reno. One school here, the Mary S. Doten, gave, in a little more than three weeks, over one thousand dollars for Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps, and the enrollment at that school is only about three hundred and sixty. Another school, where the enrollment is not so large, purchased five fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds of the Second Liberty Loan. I think the boys and girls of this city are doing very well.

I have two brothers in the Army. One is a private at Camp Fremont, in California, and the other is a captain at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. I want to enter Annapolis, as soon as I am old enough.

Just one year ago this month was published the finest poem that ever appeared in the LEAGUE pages—the poem "A Marching Song," by Beatrice Caldwell. I hope you won't think the LEAGUE members are getting too much praise.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
FRANK G. VANCE.

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you for three years, my brother John, my sister Christine, and myself. I love you very, very much; you are the nicest magazine I ever had. Your stories are lovely! I loved "The Sapphire Signet," "Beatrice of Denewood," and "The Lost Prince." I also loved "The Boarded-up House," and "The Girl Next Door" was so fascinating I thought it an endless time before next month's copy came. "Under Boy Scout Colors" was lovely, too, and so is everything else in you. THE LETTER-BOX is very nice—I always like to see what the other girls and boys think of you.

I am a girl-guide here of the First Cambridge Company of the Thistle Patrol. We get our war-service badges by going to a hospital about once a week for two hours; we run messages, clean windows, and do other things for them; it is lovely fun. Our uniform is a navy-blue blouse and skirt, a green tie, a belt with a trefoil on the front, and a blue hat. Most of the companies have pale-blue ties, so our captain chose green for ours to distinguish us more easily. I got my second-class badge about two weeks ago. My, I was pleased!

Christine loves the "Patty" stories and the other tales for little folk. Whatever I am doing when you come, or when I am told you have come, I always leave it off to read you. I love you and read you over and over again. I love reading more than anything. It is quite fine here just now, and our garden is lovely. Our only pet is a hedgehog, whom we never see.

Wishing you an everlasting life, from
ISABELLA M. LAUGHTON (age 11).

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if anybody in the world knows how much I love you. Is n't that a funny way to begin a letter? I have started many letters to you, but I have never sent any of them.

I enjoy all of your lovely stories so much that it is hard for me to say which ones I like the best. I am very much interested in THE RIDDLE-BOX, and I also like to read the letters in THE LETTER-BOX.

Last winter we went to Florida. I wanted very much to take you with me, but there was no room in the trunk for you. My older sister, seeing my great disappointment, said: "Why don't you smuggle it along? I will help you. First you will carry it under your coat, and then I will carry it under mine, and then, after we are on the train, you can show it, for it would be too late to make you take it home again."

We did this, and found it a very exciting game. When my second turn came, Mother noticed my peculiar action, and our great secret was then found out! To my surprise, Mother said, "It's all right, dear; I did the same when I was a little girl like you."

Your affectionate reader,
EUGENIA WUERTZ (age 13).

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your wonderful magazine for three years and think it is dandy. I am at a military school learning to be a soldier. This is my first term here and I like it very well so far. I like to drill as we have a dandy drill field, also a good drill teacher.

My real home is in Portland, Oregon, the land of rain and snow, but I like it very well just the same.

I like to read your nature-study best of all. Then comes all the stories of boys, dogs, and horses. My father and his sisters took you when they were my age. We have some copies of you in the school library.

Your loving reader,
CADET VAN SCHUYVER.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come here from Lake Forest, which is a little less than thirty miles north of Chicago. I have never been south before, but I like it and am glad to get away from the cold north.

My father has been across the water since November, 1917, in Y. M. C. A. work, first in France and then in Italy. He is now assistant secretary for starting the Y. M. C. A. work in Italy. I have also an uncle in Italy who is captain in the Red Cross work. He was in ambulance work for the first two years and a half of the war, and won the *Croix de Guerre* for bravery on the battlefield. He had been living in Italy for five years before the war.

I also have an uncle at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia, who is a major. He had been in the Philippine Islands for two years before being ordered home, and has only been home for a month. He has two boys, and I would give a lot for all the experience of traveling that they have had. The reason we came to Columbia was because Mother is directress of a hostess house here at Camp Jackson. It is run by the Y. W. C. A., and is for the women relatives of the men at the camp to have a place to meet their friends and relatives. It is nicer than standing in the company streets. There is a cafeteria connected with it, where they can get their meals. I am trying to help in this great war by knitting, and yesterday I rolled bandages. I think every girl of ten and over ought to knit. My little sister is knitting and she is only seven.

My favorite stories in the magazine are "The Girl Next Door" and "Cinderella's Granddaughter." I like the advertisements almost as much as the stories. I am sure I shall always like you.

Sincerely yours,
ANNA B. NOLLEN (age 10).

HIGH ROLLS, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from New Mexico in your magazine, so I thought I would write you one.

I have taken you a little over a year, and I cannot tell you how much I like you. My favorite stories are "Lost Island" and "Cinderella's Granddaughter."

I ride to school two miles, and I am in the fifth grade. I have taken you to school many times for our teacher to read.

We claim to have the finest all-year-round climate in the United States. We are six thousand feet high in the Sacramento Mountains. It is cool in summer and warm in winter. It is always green with pine, balsam, and juniper. This is a very beautiful country, with many fine little farms which raise fruit and vegetables. Some day we expect this to be the greatest health resort in the world when it is known better.

Your devoted reader,
MARION ELIZABETH BECK (age 12).

CHESTER, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the seventh year that I have taken your dandy magazine, and I love you better each year. A dear old lady gave you to me for a Christmas present when I was six years old, and my mother has given you to me ever since.

I have been in high school for two years. There are about eighty pupils in my school, and we have formed a Junior Red Cross.

Several weeks ago we gave a circus to raise money for it. We had four main performances, consisting of a parade, selections from a kitchen-orchestra, a gipsy dance, and a dialogue which came off at half-hour intervals. There were three side-shows, with a strong man, a bearded lady, a snake-charmer, a mermaid, and other "circusy" attractions. Peanuts, popcorn balls, ice-cream cones, and pink lemonade were on sale.

The circus certainly made a hit. Every one came, and we cleared about ninety dollars. It was n't as much work as getting up a play, and I think people liked it better because it was something new.

Your most devoted reader,
ROBERTA STEVENSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You most wonderful magazine, how *could* anybody get along without *you!* I have bought you each month for four years. I live in Washington, a beautiful city with trees, trees, trees! My favorite stories are "The Sapphire Signet," "Silver-heels," "Understood Betsy," "Under Boy Scout Colors," and "The Girl Next Door." I love THE LETTER-BOX!

Last summer I visited Luray Caverns. Oh, they are beautiful, with some of the most wonderful formations! The rocks have all different shapes. There are stone rooms, statues, dance floors, towers, animals, and chasms. There is water so clear that to convince people that it is there, guides often have to stir it with their fingers. The cavern is lighted by electricity, but just as we went into it the lightning struck the wires, so we had to use candles to go through.

The cave has many unexplored places and quicksands. There are a few quagmires.

I have a cat whose name is Billy. He is nearly five years old and as playful as a kitten. I love all pets and especially horses. But, oh, my! I have written too much already! So, good-by.

Your devoted reader,
ELEANOR COOLEY (age 10).

IT may interest many of our readers to hear, or to be reminded, that ST. NICHOLAS is one of the periodicals indexed regularly and cumulatively in the "Readers' Guide," which may be found in public libraries everywhere. By its aid one can promptly be directed to any special subject in any leading magazine or periodical.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Virginia; third row, Illinois. Cross-words: 1. Veins. 2. Igloo. 3. Rally. 4. Grief. 5. Inner. 6. Noose. 7. Idiom. 8. Arson.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Hale. (Nathan.)

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Decoration Day. Cross-words: 1. Fades. 2. Steps. 3. Lacks. 4. Spool. 5. Cargo. 6. Stand. 7. Aster. 8. Still. 9. Stone. 10 Panic. 11. Modes. 12. Brags. 13. Mayor.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Ent-er. 2. Err-or. 3. Orch-id. 4. Idi-ot. 5. Ott-er. 6. Era-se. 7. Sentin-el. 8. Ell-en.

BROKEN WORDS. 1. Seminary. 2. Normal. 3. Public. 4. Union. 5. Classical. 6. Medical. 7. Commercial. 8. Kindergarten. 9. Academy. 10. Industrial.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Treat. 2. Reave. 3. Eaves. 4. Avert. 5. Tests. II. 1. Dog. 2. One. 3. Get. III. 1. Cat. 2. Ado. 3. Too. IV. 1. Fat. 2. Ada. 3. Tan. V. 1. Sun. 2. Use. 3. Net.

PICTURED ANSWERS. I. Cherry. II. Boot. III. Fingers and thumb. IV. Walnut.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Liberty. 1. meal, Lame. 2. vain, Ivan. 3. bead, Bade. 4. near, Earn. 5. care, Race. 6. loot, Tool. 7. dray, Yard.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Rascal. 2. Active. 3. Stated. 4. Citing. 5. Avenge. 6. Ledger.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS. From 1 to 2, Camouflage; 3 to 4, "Over the top." Cross-words: 1. Concerto. 2. Margrave. 3. Mobilize. 4. Solitary. 5. Untaught. 6. Affright. 7. Laureate. 8. Palmetto. 9. Gratiano. 10. Cenotaph.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE. 1. E. 2. Ore. 3. Erect. 4. Eclat. 5. Tacit. 6. Tiger. 7. Tenet. 8. Revel. 9. Tenon. 10. Local. 11. Naiad. 12. Labor. 13. Dower. 14. Repel. 15. Repay. 16. Laden. 17. Yet. 18. N.

CHARADE. Mush-room.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24, from Rosamond Tucker—Mildred V. Dorset.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24 from Margaret McCloskey, 8—Barbara Beardsley, 8—Clark Simmons, 8—William G. Thwaits, Jr., 8—Florence S. Carter, 8—Helen H. McIver, 7—Miriam Janet Stewart, 7—Alice Poulin, 7—Beatrice Wolcott, 7—Virginia C. E. Ball, 6—Gwenfread E. Allen, 5—Betty Westcott, 4—Arthur Knox, Jr., 4—Katherine B. Hyde, 4—Harriet T. Brown, 4—Julian O. Phelps, 3—Mabel Wilbrandt, 3—Alice L. Dent, 3—Mary K. Newman, 3—Bertha Bongzinner, 3—Margaret B. Lee, 3—Loraine Graham, 3—W. Jackson, 2—M. C. Thompson, 2—M. J. Stephenson, 2—N. Johns, 2—E. D. Bunting, 2—M. L. Roberts, 2—M. V. Brooks, 2—P. S. Parker, 2—E. C. Morris, 2—E. Wherry, 2—C. Seitz, 2—M. Hayden, 2—R. L. Sharpe, 2—M. Lull, 2—C. A. Rucker, 2. One puzzle, V. W. F.—R. B. L.—C. and J. F.—B. H.—E. L.—M. M.—K. H.—M. L. P.—E. C.—G. A.—N. R.—R. J.—C. N. H.—M. L. S.—A. S.—M. L. E.—K. S.—V. S.—J. C. B.—M. J.—E. B.—L. S. J.—S. C. C.—R. R. L.—D. H.—C. L. —T. W. J.—V. C. R.—C. B.—S. R. P.—D. D.—M. B.—S. L. B.—H. G.—L. A.—M. B. U.—H. E. W.—M. C.—E. C.—. R. P. S.—B. E. MacG.—E. W. H.—C. B.—K. G.—R. D.—R. S.—A. D. L.—W. M.—M. I.—M. D.—E. T. N.—S. E.—E. S.

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous king.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A league. 2. A woman who tends sheep. 3. Profane. 4. Drivers of chariots. 5. The quality or state of being similar. 6. To reëstablish. 7. A dressmaker. 8. Checkered. 9. A lawyer whose practice is petty, or mean and tricky. 10. Conquering, or rising above. 11. To cause to agree in time.

WALDO GIRDNER (age 14).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a President of the United States, and another row of letters will spell the name of another President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To frisk. 2. A dried grape. 3. A kind of tea. 4. A depression between hills. 5. Used for rubbing out pencil marks. 6. A thing valued for its scarcity. 7. Pupils in a military school. 8. Raised. 9. Fit to be eaten as food. 10. A flight of missiles. 11. To engage for military service. 12. To deplore. 13. On every side. 14. To contract. 15. Dismal.

ANKER WINTHER (age 12), *League Member.*

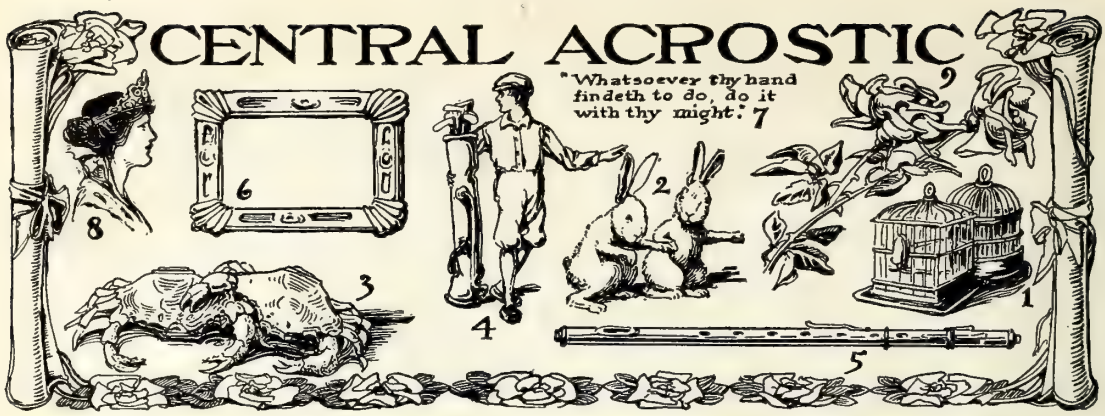
A MILITARY PUZZLE

*	11	•	24	2	6
*	18	12	19	•	10
*	16	9	3	•	21
*	8	5	23	20	•
*	17	15	•	7	4
*	•	14	1	22	13

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The adjective our soldiers bestow on good tobacco. 2. Shining. 3. Over there. 4. To pass time indolently. 5. A quaint object. 6. A rogue. When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initial letters (represented by stars) will spell the name of a military camp. The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 4, from 5 to 9, from 10 to 14, from 15 to 19, and from 20 to 24 will spell the names of five other camps.

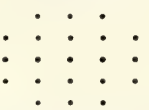
JANET SCOTT (age 15), *Honor Member.*

CENTRAL ACROSTIC



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects have been rightly named and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell certain important persons who may be seen during June.

OCTAGON



Cross-words: 1. Always. 2. Part of an amphitheater. 3. Barm. 4. To follow. 5. Devoured.

ALONZO CHURCH (age 14), *League Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first two are in hay;
My next two are in stay;
My next two are in wings;
My last two are in stings.
My *whole* was a famous battle.

DOROTHY V. JEALOUS (age 13), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and finals will each name a person occasionally seen in the month of June.

Cross-words: 1. To be the property of. 2. A beam supporting the roof of a house. 3. A blue dyestuff. 4. A robe worn as a disguise. 5. A symbol.

MARION WOOD (age 13), *League Member.*

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRANSPOSITIONS

Example: Doubly behead to please and make to equip; transpose, and make to injure. Answer, ch-arm, mar.

1. Doubly behead to mingle and leave finish; transpose, and make a masculine nickname.
2. Doubly behead a pointed weapon and leave part of the head; transpose, and make a common verb.
3. Doubly behead to move suddenly and leave skill; transpose, and make a sailor.
4. Doubly behead a sudden burst of light and leave a tree; transpose, and make possesses.
5. Doubly behead to defraud and leave to corrode; transpose, and make devoured.
6. Doubly behead meager and leave an emmet; transpose, and make a masculine nickname.
7. Doubly behead a heavy linen cloth and leave a tree; transpose, and make owns.
8. Doubly behead the arch-fiend and leave a color; transpose, and make an insect.
9. Doubly behead to wander stealthily and leave a bird; transpose, and make base.
10. Doubly behead argillite and leave consumed; transpose, and make to corrode.

When the above changes have been rightly made, the initial letters of the ten final three-letter words will spell the name of a splendid American patriot who was born in June, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

KATHARINE BROOKS (age 14), *League Member.*

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When these words are rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a well-known writer whose stories have been published in St. Nicholas.

Cross-words: 1. To abolish. 2. Beneath. 3. To protect from danger. 4. To overturn. 5. Mournful. 6. To whirl round. 7. To change. 8. A sweet substance. 9. A weapon. 10. Senior. 11. To lessen. 12. An example for imitation. 13. Foreign. 14. Uproar.

FLORENCE M. SURPLESS (age 12), *League Member.*

TEN FLOWER CHARADES

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: My first is a spice, my second to mistake. Answer, clove-err, clover.

1. My *first* is a feminine name,
   My *second,* a precious substance.
2. My *first* is a cooking utensil,
   My *second,* a letter of the alphabet.
3. My *first* is a royal personage,
   My *second,* a drinking vessel.
4. My *first* is saccharine,
   My *second,* a masculine name.
5. My *first* is a masculine nickname,
   My *second,* a lodging place;
   My *third* is an article;
   My *fourth* is found in church.
6. My *first* is to contend;
   My *second,* a letter;
   My *third* is to permit.
7. My *first* is very precise,
   My *second,* a feminine name.
8. My *first* and *second* are each a letter,
   My *third* is part of the body.
9. My *first* is a common animal;
   My *second,* to slide.
10. My *first* is to crack,
    My *second,* a fabulous animal.

DOROTHY WOOD (age 12).

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Borden's EAGLE BRAND

Conscience and Cornbread

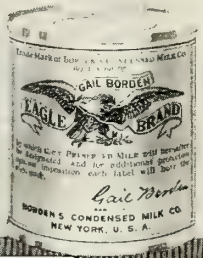
When the corn bread tastes so good that he doesn't care whether school keeps or not—he just *must* have one more, even though he sees a mental vision of his mother hurrying him off to school—it's safe to say that Eagle Brand was used in its cooking.

Eagle Brand makes "war bread" taste like "more bread". It fact, in all cooking where both milk and sugar are required, it is the trifle that makes perfection.

Let us send you our booklet, "Borden's Recipes".

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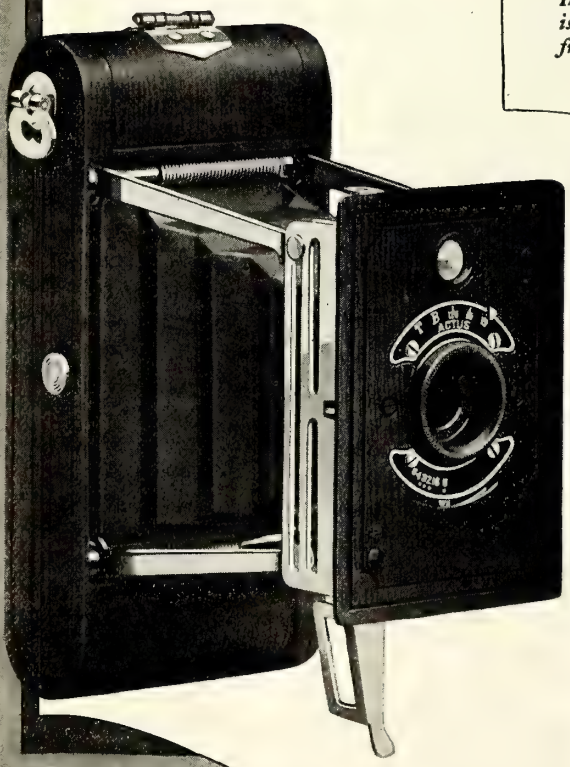
This Camera Gets the Picture on the Jump

See the button on the side? When the camera is closed, you press the button and the front jumps out, ready for action, just as the illustration shows it. The Ansco V-P No. 0 is the only self-opening camera made.

The V-P No. 0 is so light that you will want to carry it all the time as you do your watch. The 1⅝ x 2½ inch pictures it takes are sharp and clear and make dandy enlargements.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

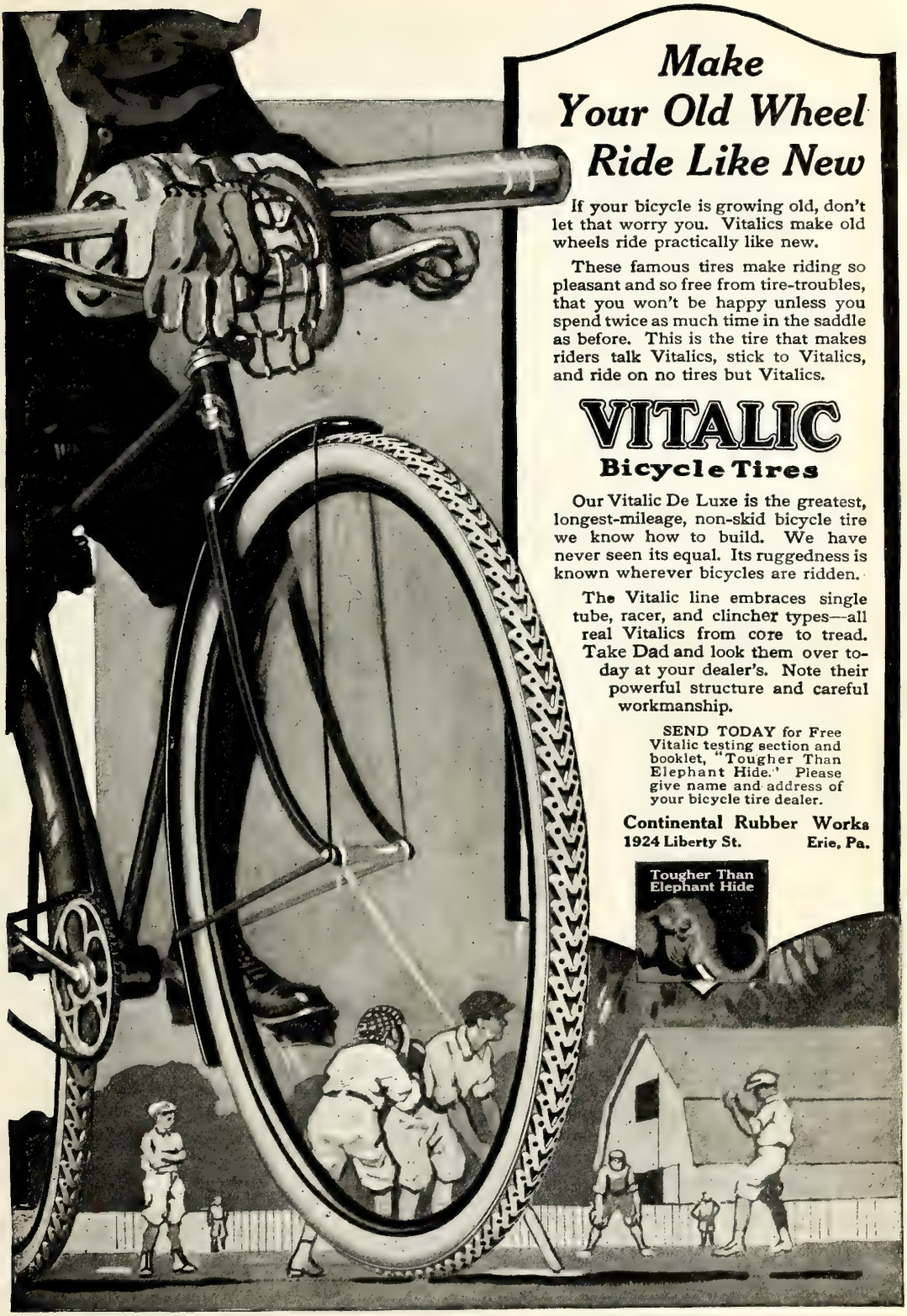
In finish and workmanship, the Ansco V-P No. 0 is a beauty. It is made in three models, priced from $8 to $25.00, depending on equipment. Other Ansco Cameras, $2.75 up.



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Send us your name and address for a fine 5 x 7 enlargement "The Old Swimming Hole"—*absolutely free* Get your request in quickly. Thousands of boys will write for this picture.

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VITALIC
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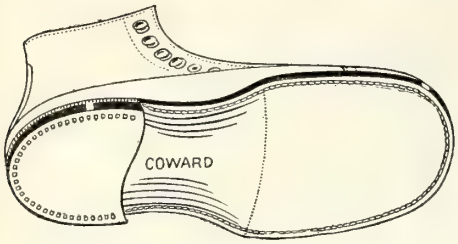
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1924 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

A Vacation Shoe



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Things You Do In Summer

This shoe will be a help to you through every active day of vacation.

It is so shaped that the last step of a long, 'cross country hike is as comfortable as the first. A broad toe of the army type; flexible, long-wearing sole, and an extension heel that makes you more sure-footed. It is a shoe for young people who do things in the open air and want to get the most out of summer holidays.

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Sold Nowhere Else *Mail Orders Filled*

The Coward Shoe
"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

THINGS TO EAT



One St. Nicholas reader asks that we put some special hot-weather receipts in this column this month, and we are filling it with "soups, salads, and sandwiches."

Our first war-time recommendation is, never throw away the water in which rice, barley, or vegetables have been boiled. The most delicious soups may be made of it, and the most nourishing. For instance:

Rice or Barley Soup

1 quart of rice- or barley-water.
2 cups of vegetables, cooked.
Carrots, diced.
Peas.
String beans, cut.
Chopped parsley, celery, and onion.
Salt and pepper.

Put the rice-water in a saucepan, add the vegetables, which have been previously cooked, season to taste, and let all simmer gently until the vegetables are quite soft. Serve with small squares of bread which have been browned in the oven, or with crackers.

This will serve four persons.

Cream-of-carrot Soup

Carrots, six of medium size.
2 tablespoons of butter substitute.
2 tablespoons of flour or corn-starch.
4 cups of milk.

Wash and scrape the carrots, and cook them in a pint and a half of salted boiling water until they are tender. Take them from the fire and mash them through a coarse sieve. In another saucepan, cook the corn-starch and butter substitute until they bubble. Add the milk and cook until the mixture is slightly thickened, stirring all the time to keep it from being lumpy. Lastly add the carrot pulp, season to taste, and serve. You can make a cream soup with green peas, asparagus, or spinach by making a cream sauce by the receipt given and adding the water in which the vegetables have been cooked. Some of the vegetables may be mashed and added to give the soup a rich color and flavor.

Rich Onion Soup

4 large onions.
2 tablespoons of salad-oil.
Salt, pepper, and grated cheese.

Peel the onions and slice them very thin, then fry

(*Continued on page* 36)

Your skin is changing every day

How to make it as attractive as you would love to have it



Every day, as old skin dies, *new* forms in its place. This is your opportunity. See what the following treatment will do to make this new skin clear and radiant.

Lather your wash cloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently, and before long your skin will begin to take on that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

You will find a 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for this time. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for a trial size cake

For 5c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last a week, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which gives you the proper treatment for all the commoner skin troubles. For 12c we will send in addition samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2006 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2006 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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"The Best Thing at the Picnic"

IT'S that great big plate of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches!

Make them yourself, right at the picnic. Carry along a loaf of bread and a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Slice the bread, spread on the Beech-Nut, and you have a delicious, fresh sandwich in a minute.

Ask mother to get a jar today. Be sure it's *Beech-Nut*, because Beech-Nut is the kind that is so smooth and creamy.

Booklet of 101 New Recipes on Request

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



A Verse and Letter from Betty

The finest teeth that e'er were seen
Remain so if you keep them clean—
To have a treasure none can rob
Keep Dr Lyons on the job.

Dear Dr. Lyon's Company:

My dentist says that the whole story as to preserving good teeth is in this little verse of mine. I think he's fine.

Visiting him twice a year prevents any cavities from getting a start, and my teeth are in perfect order.

He is very strict about my cleaning them twice a day with Dr. Lyon's—the Powder in the morning and the Cream at night. My teeth were straight anyway, but he says that while the jaws are flexible they can be expanded or contracted and the teeth guided into even rows. Having your teeth regulated this way is the thing to do. No one cares to see their children have crooked or defective teeth any more. It's bad form since Dr. Lyon's "made fine teeth fashionable."

I know all the names of the teeth now—the cuspids—the incisors—the molars, etc., and I can pick them out on my personal chart that the dentist showed me. It's great fun.

Yours faithfully,

Betty

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder Cream

P. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated

Dear Betty:

We are more than pleased to see that you take so much interest in the proper care of the teeth, and we commend your remarks to everybody.

The first step in "good teeth keeping" is to send for a sample of Dr. Lyon's.

Yours with sincere appreciation,

I. W. LYON & SONS,
527 West 27th Street,
NEW YORK.



Sample of Powder or Cream sent for 6 *cents*

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 34)

them in the oil until they are a light brown. Add three cups of boiling water, and, after covering the saucepan, set it on the back of the stove, where it will just simmer, and cook for an hour. Add another cup of boiling water, season to taste with pepper and salt, and the soup is ready to serve. Pass the grated cheese at table, or sprinkle it over each plate just before serving.

Potato Soup

4 large or six small potatoes.
1 large cup of milk.
1 tablespoon of flour or corn-starch.
1 tablespoon of butter substitute.
1 tablespoon of chopped parsley.
Salt and pepper.

Peel and boil the potatoes. They should be covered with a quart of water and boiled rapidly for thirty or forty minutes, according to the size. Mash them through a sieve, being careful to have them entirely free from lumps. Add the salt and pepper to season properly, and let the mixture cook for five minutes. Make the flour, butter substitute, and milk into a cream sauce, as directed in the receipt for carrot soup, add the potato and parsley, let it come to a boil, and serve.

* * *

There is nothing more delicious or healthful at any time or for any meal than green food. This is particularly true during the spring and summer months. Fresh water-cress or radishes add a welcome dish at the breakfast-table. They need only salt for seasoning. For luncheon a salad of crisp lettuce-leaves with tomatoes, string-beans, beets, or carrots, served with thin bread and butter or crackers will invite the most lagging appetite. When beets, beans, or carrots are used they must be cooked and chilled thoroughly before being made into salad. With these vegetable salads a French dressing should be used. It is made as follows:

French Dressing

3 tablespoons of salad-oil.
½ tablespoon of salt.
½ tablespoon of mustard.
½ tablespoon of pepper.
1 tablespoon of vinegar.

Mix the dry ingredients and stir them thoroughly into the oil. Add the vinegar drop by drop, beating all the time with a silver fork. A little onion or sweet pepper, chopped very fine, may be added if desired.

For fish or chicken salad use a mayonnaise dressing, made according to the following directions.

Mayonnaise Dressing

2 raw egg-yolks.
½ teaspoon of salt.
A pinch of paprika.
A few drops of onion-juice.
1 cup of salad-oil
2 tablespoons of lemon-juice or vinegar.

Have the egg-yolks thoroughly chilled. Beat them

(*Continued on page* 38)



$600 in prizes

8 First Prizes—Each a $50 Liberty Bond
8 Second Prizes—Each $25 in War Savings Stamps
40 Additional Prizes for Honorable Mention

"CRAYOLA" Drawing Contest

—for Children under 15 years of age
—for Young People 15 to 18 years of age

It's fun to draw a picture with colored wax crayons. It's more fun when you enter your picture in the "Crayola" Drawing Contest.

The pictures will be judged for neatness, smoothness, originality and general artistic merit by disinterested judges including Henry Turner Bailey, Dean of the Cleveland School of Art and Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the N. Y. High Schools.

In drawing your picture we recommend the use of the "Crayola" Box No. 8, shown here.

"CRAYOLA" TRADE MARK

is the favorite of all colored wax crayons for use at school or in the home. They are sure to give perfect results. In competing for these prizes, however, it is not necessary to use "Crayola" Crayons. Every contestant will be given an equal chance no matter what wax crayons he uses.



For full details of the contest ask for information at any stationery or department store which sells "Crayola" Crayons, or write to our Contest Department. The contest closes August 31st, 1918. Send us ***your*** drawing early.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
Makers of "Crayola" Crayons
81-83 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.



On the Wings of the Wind

You can sure travel like a breeze on an Iver Johnson. The military camp, the big ball game, the swimming and picnic places are often too far away to walk. But on an Iver Johnson you can crowd a lot of fun into an afternoon and get back in time for dinner, too.

Truss Bridge Frame—Drop Forgings—Two-Piece Crank—the finest Bearings money can buy—these are a few of the features that make an Iver Johnson Bicycle wear well and ride well for years and years.

Write today
for free and interesting bicycle book "B"
Six Boys' Models, $22.50 to $27.50; Adults', $37.50 to $55.00

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
358 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. **San Francisco: 717 Market St.**

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 36)

well, and add the salt, paprika, and onion-juice. With a silver fork beat in the cup of oil, dropping it very slowly, and when these ingredients are well blended add the lemon-juice, a drop at a time. If the acid is added in this way the dressing will not curdle, and when ready to use will be thick and creamy.

A hearty salad, and one that is very attractive to the eye, is made of lettuce, tomato, string-beans or asparagus, and a cold poached egg. Put the lettuce-leaves on the plate and on them place a thick slice of ripe tomato: on this put a thin layer of cold, cooked string-beans or asparagus, and put the egg on last of all. The egg should be trimmed neatly so that the white forms a nest for the yolk. Serve French dressing, which may be poured on the salad before serving or passed at the table.

Another salad that is delicious for the noonday meal is Waldorf salad.

Waldorf Salad

4 medium-sized apples. ½ cup English walnuts.
Celery.

Pare and core the apples and cut them into small dice. Cut into very fine pieces enough celery to make an equal quantity. Chop the walnuts. Mix all these together and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce-leaves. This salad should be prepared immediately before it is sent to the table so the apples will not turn dark.

* * *

Sandwiches are always the chief thing in the picnic-basket. They are popular, too, for afternoon tea, and are fast becoming a part of the luncheon and supper menu. Here are some rather unusual ones, as well as some that many of you may have tasted and perhaps served. They are all good. If crackers are used, the sandwiches must be prepared as they are eaten or their crispness will be lost.

Cheese-and-olive Sandwiches

Crackers. Olives.
Cream-cheese. Mayonnaise dressing.

Spread a cracker with cream-cheese that has been worked soft with a silver fork. Cover it with finely chopped olives, spread a thin layer of mayonnaise over the olives, and press another cracker over the filling. Press very lightly so the cracker will not break.

Cheese-and-walnut Sandwiches

2 tablespoons of butter. ¼ pound of grated American cheese.
A pinch of cayenne.
A dash of salt. ¼ pound of chopped walnuts.

Cream the butter, add the salt and cayenne, then the grated cheese gradually, and the walnuts. Spread the mixture on thin slices of brown bread, and lay a second slice on top. You will not need to butter the bread.

(*Continued on page* 40)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of ST. NICHOLAS
published monthly *at* New York, N. Y.
For April 1, 1918

STATE OF NEW YORK } *ss.*
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. MORGAN SHUSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *President* of The Century Co., publisher of ST. NICHOLAS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of	*Post-Office Address*
Publisher, THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor, WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE	
Managing Editor, NONE	
Business Managers, NONE	

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Owners, THE CENTURY CO.,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stockholders: W. Morgan Shuster, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; William W. Ellsworth, New Hartford, Conn.; Geo. L. Wheelock, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Robert Underwood Johnson, 327 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Donald Scott, 9 East 9th Street, New York, N. Y.; C. C. Buel, Ridgefield, Conn.; Edith True Drake, 17 East 8th Street, New York, N. Y.; W. F. Clarke, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie Louise Chichester, 501 West 120th Street, New York, N. Y.; The Pennsylvania Company, Trustee for Josephine Kern Dodge, Philadelphia, Penna.; Beatrix Buel Smith, 480 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Roswell Smith, 92 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Annie G. Smith, 92 William Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.).....None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner: and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CENTURY CO.
(Signed) W. MORGAN SHUSTER, *President,*
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1918. PAUL F. WOLFF,
[Seal.] Notary Public, No. 274, New York County.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)



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BALL BEARING
Coaster

HE will declare it "a peach of a present!" Makes the wagons of all the other boys 'round about "look cheap." Made of seasoned ash and steel. Extra big—extra strong—extra durable. And *speedy? Why,* its *wheels are fitted with ball bearings, just like an automobile!* Steers almost like an auto, too. It means fun and health for the youngster. Gives him "oceans of fun" out in the fresh air. Gives *you* satisfaction, because it is *built to last.* This—or the

Skudder Car
no-dead-center
BALL BEARING

makes a splendid kiddies' plaything. Goes like the wind. Any kiddie can operate it 10 to 12 miles per hour. Just by shifting weight of body from one foot to other.



Both should be on sale at your local toy store, hardware shop or department. If not, write us direct. We will see that you are supplied.

Janesville Products Co.

25 Years of Vehicle Building Success is Back of the Janesville Line

Dept. 611
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Going Away to School?

Turn to pages 7 and 12. Show them to your father and mother, Tell them St. Nicholas will gladly help in the selection of the best boarding school for you.



Boys — here's a *real* vacation chum

— a knife that will stand up and cut for you through thick and thin.

KEEN KUTTER Blades won't fail you, because they're *forged* from the highest grade crucible steel, the kind that take and *hold* sharp edges. Springs are carefully fitted to hold blades firmly and still work easily.

No matter what you pay — if only 25 cents — this high quality is guaranteed in every KEEN KUTTER.

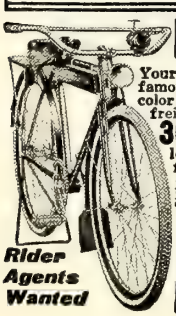
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"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered --E. C. Simmons

How many THRIFT STAMPS

will you have on the FOURTH OF JULY?

See page 48 and read what it says there



Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of **44 styles**, colors and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. **It's free.**

Rider Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. D-15 Chicago

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 38)

Green-butter Sandwiches

2 tablespoons of butter.
2 cups of spinach, cooked.
1 tablespoon of finely chopped parsley.
4 anchovies.
1 tablespoon of finely chopped olives or capers.

Press the spinach through a fine sieve, cream the butter, and add to the spinach. Remove the bones from the anchovies, press them through the sieve, and add with the parsley and capers to the spinach mixture. Blend them well and spread between slices of lightly buttered bread. The mixture should be well chilled before being made into the sandwiches.

Sardine Sandwiches

Equal parts of yolks of hard-boiled eggs and clear sardine-meat.
A dash of tabasco sauce.
Lemon-juice.

Rub the egg-yolks and the sardine-meat to a paste. Season to taste with a few drops of tabasco sauce and lemon-juice. Spread on thinly buttered bread or crackers.

Salmon Sandwiches

½ pound of salmon.
1 cup of mayonnaise.
2 tablespoons of chopped capers.

Free the salmon from skin and bones, chop it fine, add the capers, and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Beat well, and spread between thin slices of bread and butter.

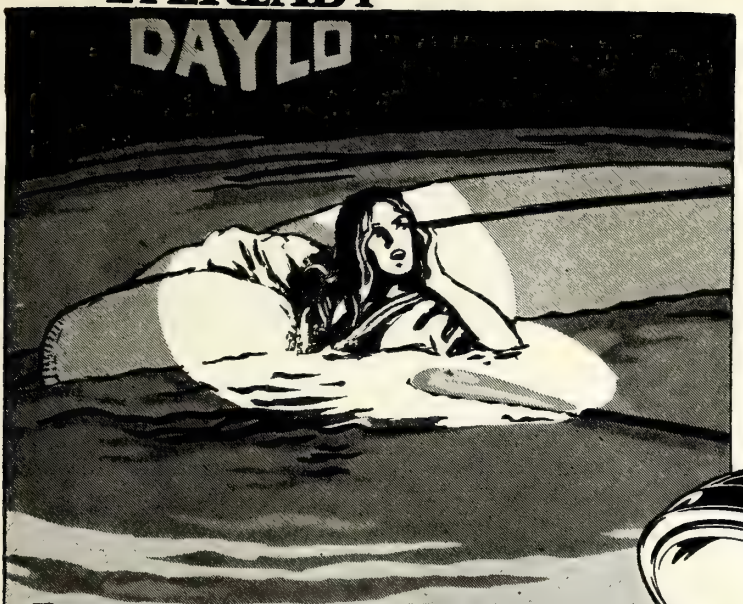
Figs, dates, raisins, and jelly make delicious filling for sweet sandwiches, using oatmeal bread for the cover.

* * *

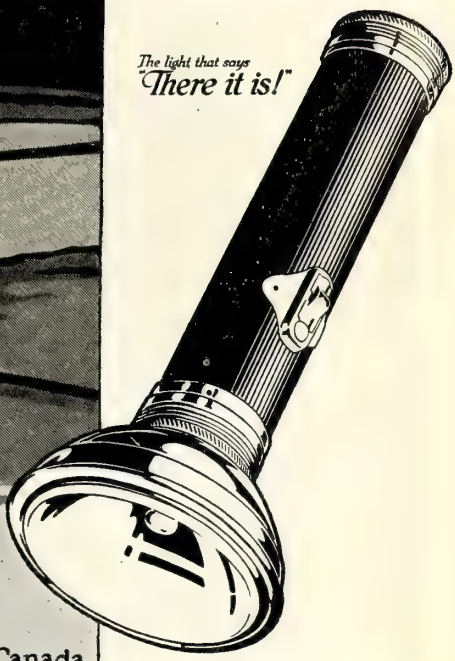
Cocoanut is a product which may be used in many more ways than we have realized until now, although in many tropical countries it has been one of the principal foods of the inhabitants. We have known it best as an addition to candy or cake, but since it has become necessary for us to save fats, we have been using all kinds of nuts as part substitutes for meat and butter. This has led to the discovery that cocoanut can be used for main dishes on the menu, as well as dessert dishes. The cocoanut-palm, which was originally grown in India and the South Sea Islands, is now cultivated successfully in Florida, and you can buy moist, unsweetened cocoanut canned in its own milk. This cocoanut can be used in muffins, bread, and griddle-cakes, and for stuffing vegetables. It adds greatly to the flavor and nutritive value of cereals, helps in the making of meat croquettes, and is a great addition to soups. The milk can be used in receipts calling for ordinary milk, using half of each kind.

(*Continued on page* 43)

EVEREADY DAYLO

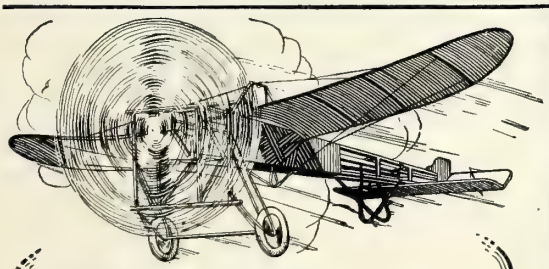


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Be an Amateur Aviator with your own Amateur Aeroplane. Learn how Aeroplanes are built; how they fly, climb, dip, dive and volplane down to earth. Build and fly your own Training Plane, and learn the principles of construction, operation and control. With IDEAL **Accurate** Scale Drawings, and Building and Flying Instructions, you can build a perfect duplicate of a War-famous Aeroplane; a 3 ft. Model Aeroplane that will rise from the ground by its own power and fly like a big one. Build one now, and fly it.

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Each Style Fitted With The Oblong Rubber Button

For Men—The famous Boston Garter (Velvet Grip)—the standard of the world. 25, 30, 35, and 50 cents a pair.

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For "The Littlest One"—The "Baby Midget" Velvet Grip Hose Supporter yields to every movement of body and limbs. Highly nickeled clasps have smooth rounded corners and edges. Lisle, 10c., silk, 15c.

Velvet Grip Supporters are sold everywhere or sent by us postpaid on receipt of price.

George Frost Co.
MAKERS
BOSTON





Unless branded on the sole it is *not* an Educator

Who's to Blame?

IF your children grow up to suffer from corns, bunions, flat feet, ingrowing nails or other of the many foot miseries—who's to blame? Who let them start wearing narrow, pointed, bone-bending shoes which are the cause of all such suffering?

Guard against future foot trouble by putting your children into Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should." Made for

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Look for the name EDUCATOR on the sole when buying. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

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You'll find surprising information in our free book "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Send for it today.

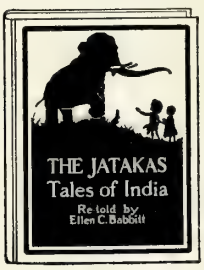


Button Educator for Children



THE BOOK MAN

Do you know the Jataka Tales? They are among the most fascinating stories ever written, and perhaps the greatest folklore stories we have, and there is an edition of them published by The Century Co. ($1.00) with silhouette illustrations by Ellsworth Young which is so delightful that I want to tell you something about it. Incidentally, I am having one or two of these illustrations reproduced on this page, because Mr. Young has so perfectly caught the spirit of the tales and reproduced the simplicity of their charm.



What are the Jatakas? Fables about animals, ostensibly, and little children find them the best of all animal stories. They are so short, so crisp, so direct, and the points are so easily grasped. But then they have other meanings, too, not the "inner meanings" that you sometimes find it so hard to catch when you are expected to look for them, but other meanings that are just as close to the surface as the meaning that little children grasp and that make them what I can only call *iridescent*. You know how it is with iridescent glass. When you look at it in one light it looks blue, in another green, in another red, and so on. So it is with the Jatakas. Every one of them is at the same time one story and several stories, so that without losing their simplicity they appeal to you in half a dozen ways at once, and never lose their interest no matter how old you grow.



The Jatakas have a very interesting history. They are many hundreds of years old; indeed they date back to a period long before the European civilization we know. They are of

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Write for your copy today. An early reply will receive a beautifully colored bird picture suitable for framing, *free.*

Song birds save millions of bushels of grain, fruit and vegetables every year. They destroy the insects that attack all kinds of crops. You should furnish song birds with safe homes in which to raise their young and they will return to your gardens year after year to gladden your heart with their beauty and song. There is a

DODSON BIRD HOUSE

for every kind of bird. No grounds are quite complete without the song birds. You can attract the very bird you want by simply putting up the right kind of Dodson House. Dodson Bird Houses awarded Gold Medal at Panama Exposition, San Francisco.

My 28 apartment (32 in. x 27 in.) Purple Martin House, $12

JOS. H. DODSON President, American Audubon Association

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Dodson's Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these grain-eating pests. Price $6.

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Write for samples and send 2c stamp for "Dog Culture"

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We sell on the INSTALLMENT plan. 200 head to select from. Herd established 1891. Send 10c. for contract and price list. Address **Dept. S. The "Shadyside" Farms, North Benton, Ohio.**



IF

you want some help in selecting exactly the right pet, write to The Pet Man, St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Ave., New York.

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 40)

Cocoanut Muffins

1½ cups of flour.
1 cup of milk.
1 egg.
1 cup of cocoanut.
1 teaspoon of baking-powder.
½ teaspoon of salt.

Sift the flour and baking-powder together, add the cocoanut and salt, and mix them well. Add the milk gradually, then the egg, which has been well beaten. Put in greased gem-pans and bake for twenty-five minutes. This makes eighteen muffins.

Stuffed Peppers

6 green peppers.
1 cup of cooked rice.
½ cup of grated cocoanut.
½ cup of chopped ham or chicken.
Salt and pepper.

Cut off the stem end of each pepper, take out the seeds, and let them stand in boiling water for ten minutes. Mix the rice, cocoanut, and meat together, season to taste, and moisten a little with cocoanut milk. Put some of the filling in each pepper, put the peppers in a baking pan with just enough water to cover the bottom of the pan, so they will not stick, and bake for fifteen minutes.

Are the announcements of your school in St. Nicholas?

The best schools place their announcements in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS. They do this because they know that for forty-four years under one editorial management, ST. NICHOLAS has been cultivating in its boys and girls that initiative, independence, self-reliance and self-respect, which form the only foundation upon which the private schools may build the leaders of to-morrow.

The duty of boarding schools is to train young people to lead. ST. NICHOLAS offers them a wonderful opportunity to form the acquaintance of young people whose families want them prepared for such obligations.

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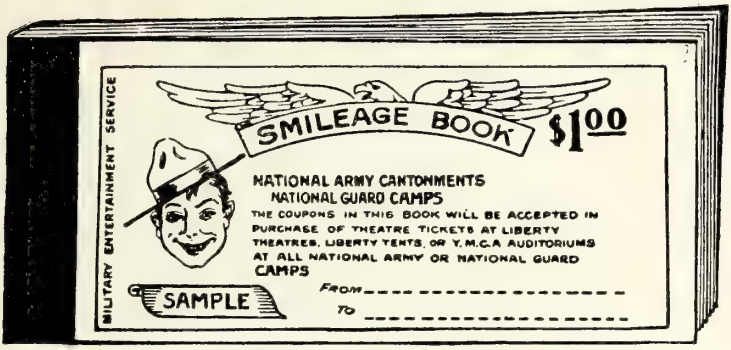
East Indian origin and together they form one of the sacred books of the Buddhists. You know that Buddhists hold as one of their religious doctrines that the human soul undergoes what is called transmigration, that is to say, passes through many existences and is incarnated at various times in the bodies of different animals. Now, the Jatakas tell the adventures of Buddha himself in his former existences, the best character in each story being identified with the Master. Some one animal in every tale behaves in such a way that you like him and respect him better than the others, and thus, taken as a whole, the stories set forth a complete system of good behavior, or morals, which the reader finds irresistibly attractive. That is why the Buddhist teachers used these stories, introducing them into their religious discourses in such a way as to make their pupils really enjoy the kind of actions that make for the happiness and welfare of all.



Now, you know, of course, that most of our civilization is descended from that of these ancient Oriental teachers. That is why some of the stories will strike you as vaguely familiar when you read them. Chaucer and Boccaccio used some of them, and the other day I ran across one of them in "Uncle Remus." That is because from time immemorial they have been part of the folk wisdom of the peoples of Europe and America and have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation in almost every language we know. You have often heard that the human race is, after all, just one great family; the Jataka Tales show you how literally true that is.

But perhaps you are not interested in history! In that case I hope I have not made the Jatakas seem forbidding or over-serious. That would be a great pity, for no stories were ever so entertaining. Just try "The Monkey and the Crocodile" as a sample, and then see if you can resist the others!

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2. Smileage Books are issued by Military Entertainment Committee, under supervision of War Department.
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5. Smileage books are on sale by local Smileage Committees everywhere throughout the country.
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

LIBERIA

LIBERIA has always been a joy to the young stamp-collector. Even the original issue had about it something of a fascination which belonged to nothing else, unless perhaps the dearly loved "triangular" stamp of Cape of Good Hope. Then, in 1892, came Liberia's first pictorial issue—a beautiful one-cent stamp with a lone star upon it. This was soon in every collection. And what of the four-cent green, with a particularly vicious and terrible-looking elephant upon it? Was it not a joy, indeed, to own such a stamp? Issue after issue still seemed to rejoice the hearts of collectors. Now comes another issue, which certainly loses nothing in comparison with any or all of the previous efforts of Liberia. How these stamps will particularly delight those collectors who seek only stamps with animals upon them! Here is, indeed, a chance for them, as well as for all others who like to see their collections grow in number and in interest. The series runs from one cent to five dollars, both regular and official stamps. The officials, however, while in different colors, are of the same design as the regular stamps, except that they are over-printed with a script O.S., like the illustration in Scott's Catalogue at the head of the 1906 issue. A description of the regular series will do for both of them. First, the one-cent stamp. This is truly startling. It is a large, upright stamp, a forest of vivid green palm-leaves, and pushing through the leaves is the black figure of a deer with queer-shaped horns (lyre-horned antelope). He seems as astonished to see you as you to see him—looks as if he were about to turn tail and run away back into the deep forest again. We just love this stamp. The two-cent is rose-pink in color. Here the black animal looks like a lovely chow dog, but is really a civet (palm civet). He looks like a big, good-natured bear. The three-cent is more conventional and so less interesting, though we must admit it is very pretty. The color is bright blue, the central design is shield-shaped—an ocean view, with rising sun and a ship, while in the foreground is a palm tree and a ploughed field. Over the ship is a dove bearing a letter; below the shield, inserted in the design, are these words: "The love of Liberty brought us here." This is the coat of arms of Liberia. The ten-cent stamp, dull green, is also the dullest stamp of the series. It has no picture, is all one color. The design is a large numeral 10 in an engraved lathework pattern. The fifteen-cent has a black frame and a green center, making a very striking stamp. The central design is a tall and beautiful palm-tree (oil-palm) which fills the foreground, while in the distance other palms may be seen—a very pretty and interesting stamp. The twenty-cent (maroon and black) suggests Greece more than Liberia. The central design is a full-length figure of Mercury—the messenger of the ancient gods. We have had on other Liberian stamps the head of this figure, which we believe is drawn from some statue there. Can any of our readers tell us more about it? The twenty-five-cent value is printed in two shades of green, and is triangular in shape. The central design shows the fanlike "traveler's palm," the one which will furnish a drink of water to the thirsty traveler (if he knows how to get it). The thirty-cent value is in purple with a black center, showing a big black-and-white bird with a very dangerous-looking beak (a vulture or fishing-hawk). But the weirdest of all is the fifty-cent stamp, blue and black. Do look at the illustration and see the queer-looking thing in the center. Is n't he a strange creature? He is called a "bommi fish," and he looks as if he should be called something like that. The higher value of the stamps are also interesting, but perhaps not so much so to our readers as to the grown-ups whose pocket-money for stamps is more liberal. These consist of a seventy-five-cent value (natives and hut), one-dollar (coast scene), two-dollar (a college building) and five-dollar (figure of Liberty).



Liberia has recently issued a large and varied number of surcharges, even the old 1880 issue remainders being brought out and surcharged with new values. Some of these were full of errors and inverted surcharges, evidently purposely made. Indeed, the whole series seems to be utterly unnecessary.

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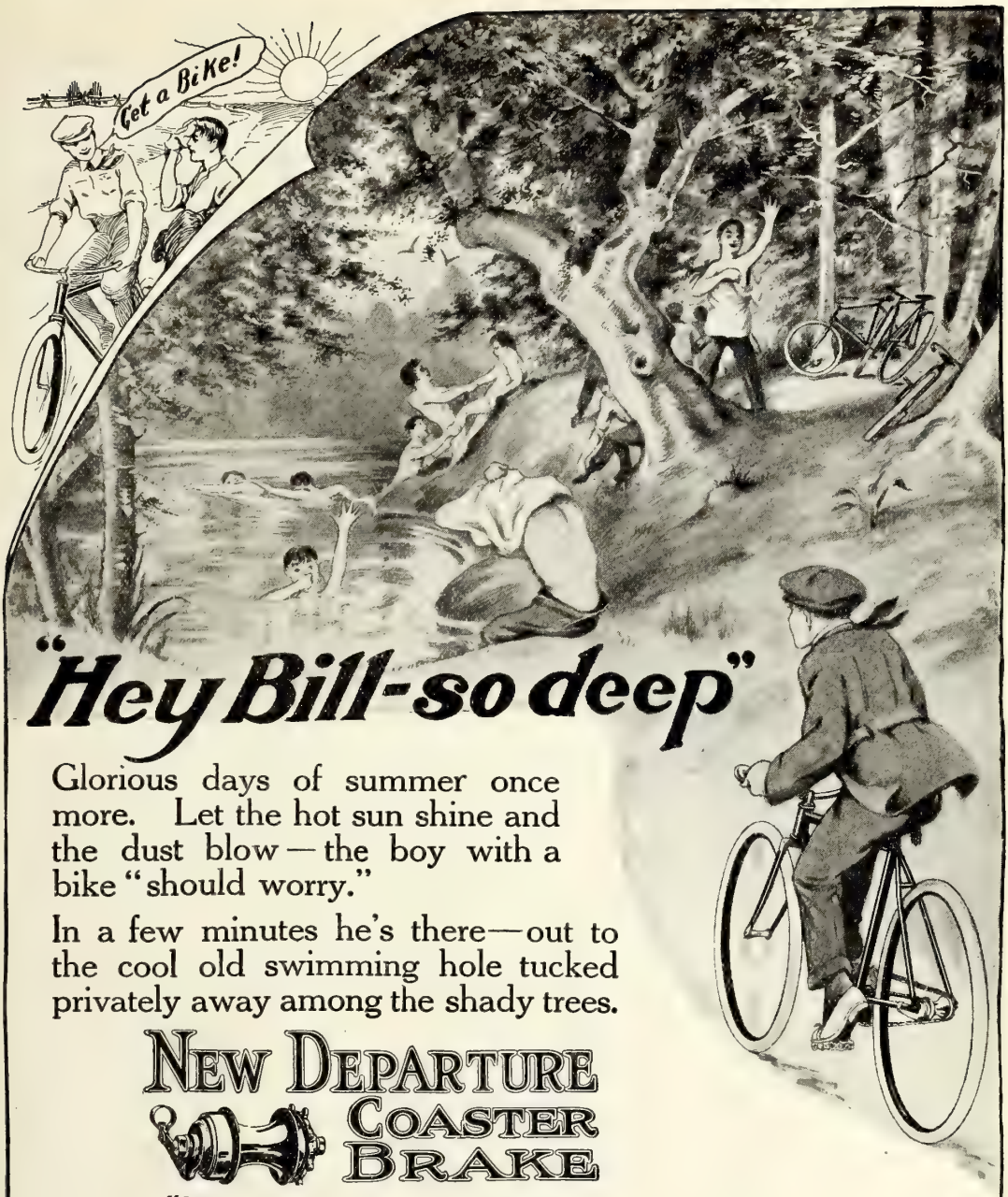
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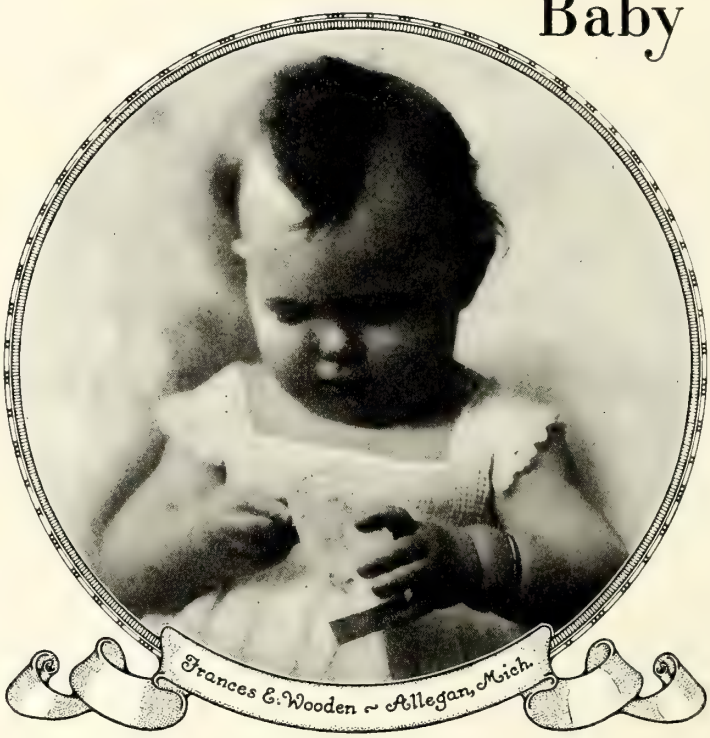
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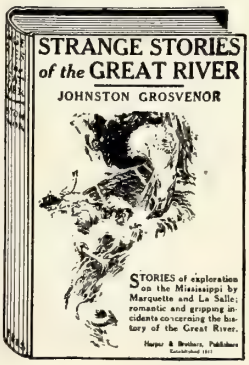
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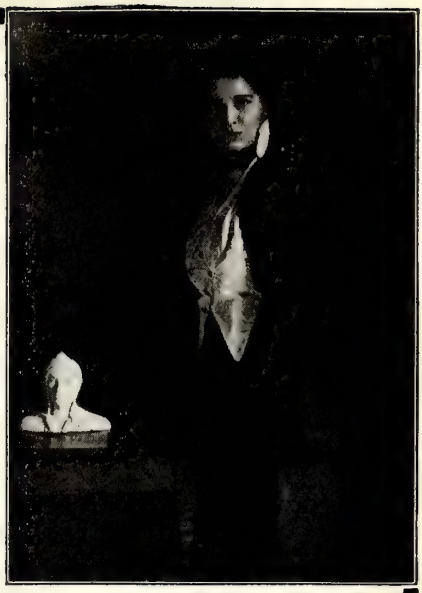
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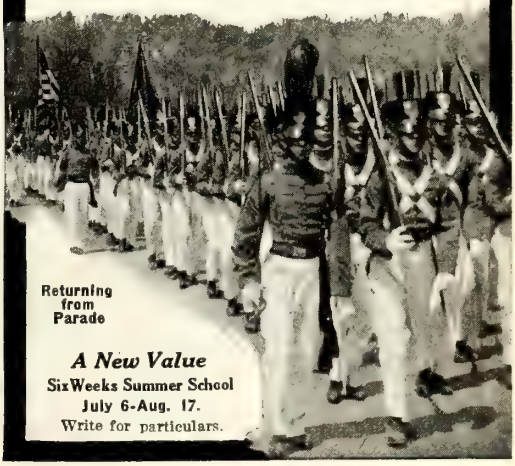
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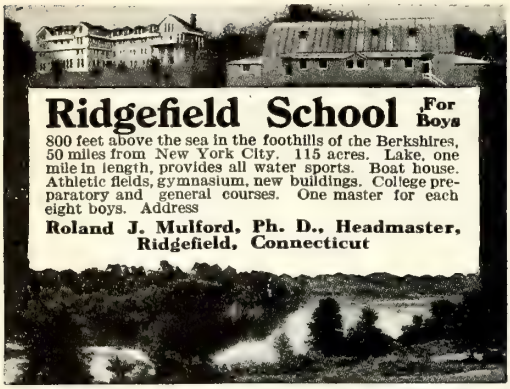
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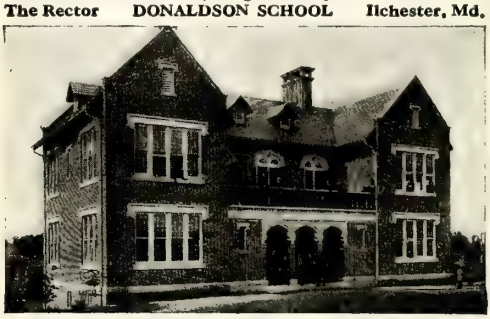
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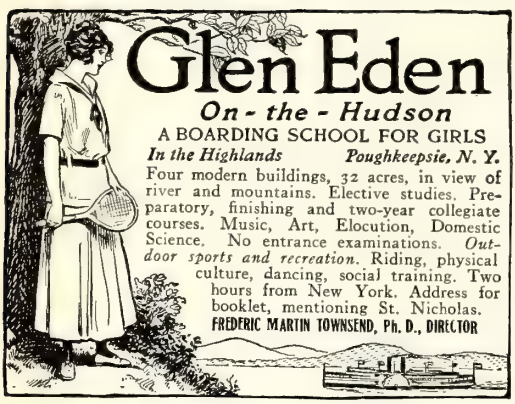
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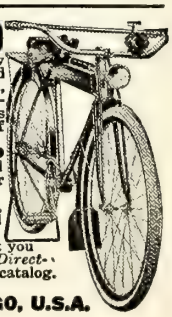
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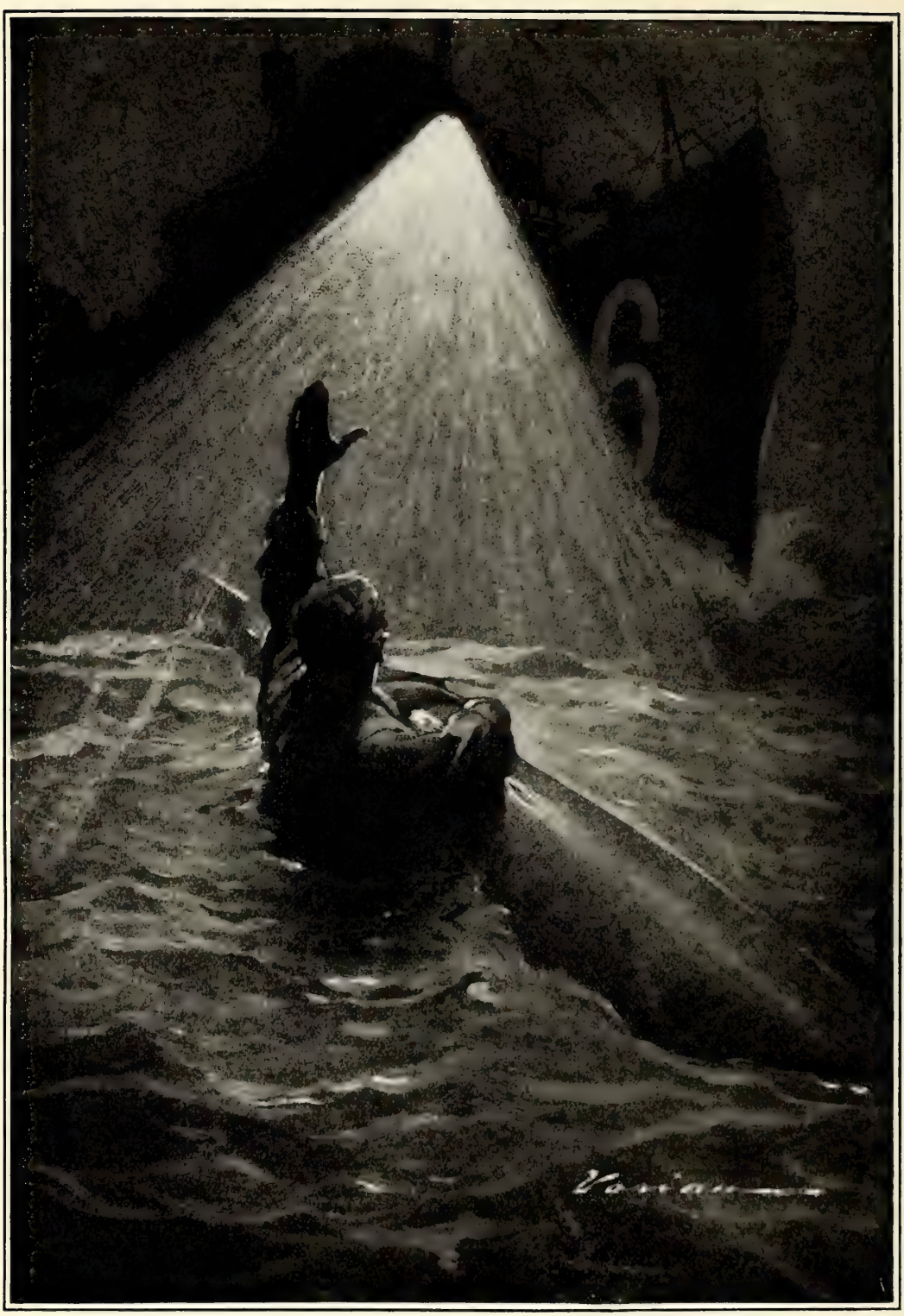
STERLING

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NEW YORK

WORKS—PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK



"'HI, YOU!—GO EASY! THIS THING 'S LOADED'" (SEE PAGE 774)

ST. NICHOLAS

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"IN A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN OCEAN"

BY C. H. CLAUDY



A RECRUITING POSTER, BY RICHARD BABCOCK.

WHEN you first go on lookout, it 's black, black sky, black sea, black space. Your eyes, coming from the lighted mess-hall below decks, are not open wide enough for the little light that comes from—where? The stars, perhaps, hidden behind the clouds, the phosphorescence of many white-capped waves, some hidden ray of moonlight unable to break through the sky pall, but filtering down, a slender illumination, to make fearsome shapes of wave tops and periscopes of every shadow on the water.

Jacky Smith stared into the blackness from the bow of the U. S. Destroyer *New York*. Of course, his name was n't Smith, and we do not name destroyers after States, reserving that honor for battle-ships. Nor can it be said that it was the Atlantic. It was a "certain well-known ocean," and the lad whose name was n't Smith stood in the bows of a destroyer the name of which was n't *New York* and looked for a black shadow which was n't there, but which, if it were there, could be named in print without running contrary-wise to the behests of the Committee on Public Information or the powers that be of the Navy Department. He was looking for submarines, and so were a hundred other pairs of eyes on the *New York* and the *Texas* and the *Michigan* and *Iowa* and the *Oklahoma,* all of which are not the names of the destroyers engaged in convoying several heavily laden troop-ships from "an eastern port" to "somewhere in France."

The fact that Jacky Smith could n't see anything but made him look the harder. And after half an hour he could see quite well a few things that really existed, and a hundred that did n't exist at all, even more plainly. He could see the waves distinctly — great black shadows which rolled up out of nowhere and raised a white arm threateningly, then curled up and lay down peacefully under the bows, while the *New York* half cut through, half lifted over with a lurch that would be sickening only one got used to it in time—rather liked it, in fact. Every now and then he could catch sight of a dim black shadow against the black sky, which might be another destroyer and might be a transport. It was only when the waves lifted the *New York* just right that his eyes were lined up with such a shadow and the sky. But he knew that the other destroyers were there and that the troop-ships were there, and that all was well with the convoy. There were no sparks showing from smoke-stacks and no lights from ports and no running lights—

for the submarine has a sharp eye in its little periscope, and the special business of a convoy is to avoid a submarine if possible—and drive it away or fight it when it cannot be avoided.

But the things Jacky Smith saw which were not there at all, and which he knew were not there, were numerous and objectionable. Every third wave showed him a periscope, as plain as could be. About every five minutes he saw a white streak across the sea which could be nothing but a torpedo wake, only it was n't, because nothing happened. Every ten minutes he saw a conning-tower and now and then the flash of a gun. A collection of bubbles on a wave-side is an excellent imitation of the water under an imaginary submarine's bows, and as for oil—why, the waves were covered with it, in the dim light and the swiftly working imagination of Jacky Smith.

But he knew better than to call these "discoveries." In the first place, he was a rookie jacky—just fledged from the training-station, and on either side of him was a "regular" sailor—jackies who had been in the Navy for years. In the second place, his officer had warned him that he wanted a lookout kept for real things, and not for shadows.

"Of course," said the officer, "I 'd rather you 'd report a periscope that is n't there, than fail to yell for one that is; but never forget that when there *is* a periscope and we stop for a fight, it means lights and noise, and gunfire and flashes—and if it *is n't* a periscope, really, and there is a real one just out of your sight, you are just playing into its hands."

So Jacky Smith let his short hair twitch and the chills chase themselves up and down his spinal column at the submarines that were not there and the periscopes that did n't exist and the torpedo wakes that he did n't really see, and decided he 'd be sure there was something to yell about before he yelled. And between many another pair of seasoned jackies were many other recruits having exactly the same experience.

It was n't all stand still and stare at the darkness and be scared at things that were n't there, of course. The "scare" was not for what might happen if what he saw *was* a periscope or a sub or a torpedo—it was that some other pair of eyes might see it and yell first. Jacky Smith was n't at all scared of being blown up. You are not, you know, when you are in the Navy. You get all that worked out of you in the training-station. You go in a raw boy, and you come out a regular he-man. You go in with the idea that you are you, and rather important,—to yourself, anyway,—and you come out with the idea that the only important thing about you is that you are a little cog in the finest Navy machine in the world, and that the most important thing in your life is to be a good cog and function properly. You have pride in yourself, because you are a man-o'-war's man, trained, healthy, fit. You have pride in the Navy, because you find out it is a magnificent institution that can use men who are men and has n't any use for any other kind. You are so proud of the flag that the Navy serves that you get a lump in your throat every time the band plays the national anthem, because you are a part of it—you not only own a little piece of one star and one stripe because you are an American, but because you are actually in the service that renders service to the flag.

So standing in the bows and looking at the blackness for things that are not there is n't all disagreeable. There is companionship and *esprit de corps* and the feeling that you are doing something important—for are not you, a boy in blue, doing your bit to help those other boys in khaki, thousands and thousands of them, get across the "certain well-known ocean" to a "port in France" so they may go and tell Fritz exactly where he gets off? Yes indeed you are!

One of the things the training-station teaches any recruit is to work fast and think fast. If he cannot do both, he is n't sent on a destroyer. The destroyer has officers to do the thinking for Jacky, of course, and he is n't expected often to have to do anything "on his own." But if he can't, when the necessity arises, he is no true servant of those guns which are helping to make the world a decent place to live in.

So when Jacky Smith, staring into a blackness that was one moment transparent for an infinity of space and the next a blank wall about him, looking for the thing that was n't there and seeing it, actually saw it, he did n't waste any time. There was no question in his own mind that what he saw was a real something. The things he had been thinking he saw, he knew were not real. This *was* real, and he knew it. He knew just what it was. And while the thoughts that raced through his mind took only the flash of a second, they were perfectly distinct. There were three of them.

The first, "Torpedo!"

The second, "Adrift—no bubbles—wonder why it has n't sunk? Sinking-valve would n't work, probably!"

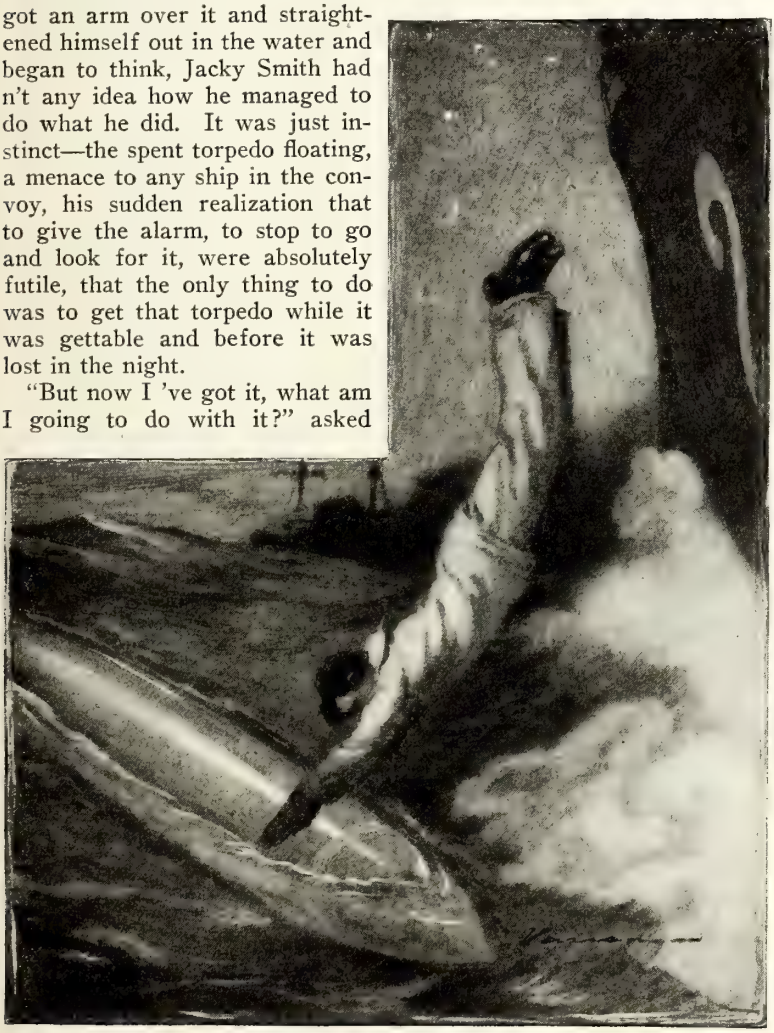
The third *'What if we hit it—what if a transport hits it!"*

There might have been a fourth thought, only one cannot think very well when one has a mouthful of salt water, and one's home is receding into

the distance at twelve knots an hour, and one is groping blindingly in foam and cold wet water for a spent torpedo that is somewhere around, and wondering very intently indeed whether an accidental blow on its nose from an arm or leg is strong enough to make it blow up! And that was what Jacky Smith was doing.

When he found the slender metal object and got an arm over it and straightened himself out in the water and began to think, Jacky Smith had n't any idea how he managed to do what he did. It was just instinct—the spent torpedo floating, a menace to any ship in the convoy, his sudden realization that to give the alarm, to stop to go and look for it, were absolutely futile, that the only thing to do was to get that torpedo while it was gettable and before it was lost in the night.

"But now I 've got it, what am I going to do with it?" asked



"HE DID N'T WASTE ANY TIME."

Jacky Smith of himself, very practically indeed. And Jacky Smith, quick-witted and brave, had no answer for his own question.

Jacky Smith knew quite well that the torpedo did n't have any regular business being where it was. A torpedo is a young submarine, fired from a tube, propelled by a compressed-air engine, and made to skedaddle through the water forty miles an hour until it hits something, when the blow on its "war nose" sets off the explosive it contains and—the submarine has another victim. But torpedoes which have exhausted their compressed air, and thus stopped skedaddling at forty miles an hour, are no more healthy for U-boats to bump into than for any other kind of ship. So the torpedo manufacturer provides the torpedo with a valve, which opens when the torpedo has missed its mark and stopped moving, and the ocean crawls inside and takes the torpedo to the bottom. Jacky Smith did n't know much about torpedoes, but he knew all that, and surmised that this particular torpedo had a valve which had n't worked as it should.

"Hope the old thing does n't open on me and sink now!" he thought, speaking aloud for the company of his voice.

It would be pleasant to chronicle that Jacky Smith was not at all frightened. But it would n't be true. Jacky Smith was very much frightened. All alone in the middle of the "certain well-known ocean," with one arm over a torpedo, and water that was entirely too cold for comfort all over him, and nothing in sight but more water and black sky, and no real hope of ever seeing a friendly face again—it 's enough to scare any one.

Jacky Smith was not panicky. He did n't moan or cry or weep or yell. He just lay there in the water hugging the torpedo and did his duty as he saw it.

"Anyway, the blame thing can't explode unless it hits nose on, and it can't hit nose on as long as I 'm hanging on to it," he thought. For although a torpedo is big and heavy and Jacky Smith was n't, still he knew how to swim (training-station again!), and if the succeeding destroyers ran up on him, he would head the torpedo away. And if the thousand-in-one chance happened, and the next destroyer or the next or the next, struck him fair—

"Well, I 'll have plenty of company then," said Jacky Smith to himself.

Now it could n't have been a very long time

that Jacky Smith lay in the water and hugged a spent torpedo and wondered how long it would be before his strength gave out and if there would be a ship in sight when the light came—and if there was a ship, if it would see him. A convoy at twelve miles an hour does n't take so very long to pass a given spot. But it was long enough for Jacky Smith to be very glad he had done what he did; long enough for him to be quite resigned to giving up his own life for the chance that the sacrifice might prevent his comrades from a horrible fate; long enough for him to get back his courage and make up his mind that he was n't going to drown if he could help it, but that if he did, he was going to drown to some good end. So Jacky Smith, with a good deal of difficulty, used his tie, and his belt, and his trousers, which he wriggled out of with a great deal of trouble, to lash himself to the smaller end of the torpedo—in some sort of haphazard way—and then he gave himself up to the business of keeping his nose out of water and waiting for the light.

Perhaps there is a special providence that watches over brave boys, perhaps it was that old Neptune thought there had been enough victims to Hun torpedoes in that particular "well-known ocean." No one knows. But the facts show that before the last of the destroyers passed, the light came—not much, but just a streak of dawn, and that when the *U. S. Oklahoma* (of course that was n't her name because it was a destroyer, not a battle-ship) came cutting through the water some fifty feet from Jacky Smith and his torpedo, there were plenty of lookouts to see him and let out a yell. There was a crackle of wireless from somewhere, a faint bell, a destroyer suddenly stopping, a search-light beam playing in his eyes and blinding him, and Jacky Smith waved a very tired arm in the air and sent a lusty voice, somewhat weakened with salt water, to the rapidly approaching boat.

"Hi, you! Go easy! This thing 's loaded!" was what he called.

"Go easy" they did. The young officer in the boat knew what he was doing. Jacky was soon on board, very wet, very cold, very tired, and—very happy. The torpedo was most carefully hoisted onto the destroyer, and then, after some very hot coffee, which scalded his throat, and getting into some clothes much too big for him, Jacky Smith saw the inside of a captain's cabin for the first time and told his short story to an impassive-faced young man who apparently paid no attention to anything he said, but who surprised Jacky when he had finished by getting up, coming over, and shaking hands with him.

"Put you back on the *New York* when we get across," he said. "I 've told her we picked you up. Some stunt!" And as Jacky Smith went out, bobbing his head awkwardly, he heard something he did n't quite understand—about "Hun wonders why the U-boat is n't more effective when we 've that kind of lad—"

That 's all.

Oh, of course, when he came back to America they introduced him to several officers in gold lace who smiled at him, and a smooth-faced man in civilian clothes whom every one treated with a good deal of respect and whom some one called Mr. Secretary, and he learned that he was in line for promotion just as soon as he knew a little more. No, they did n't give him any medal, and the papers did n't carry the story, and Smith is n't his name, and the *New York* was n't his boat. It won't do to let the U-boat people know too much when we go carrying soldiers across.

But the very best thing about it all is that Jacky Smith is just one of thousands, any one of whom would do the same if he had the chance.

IN OUR HUT—SAMMY'S "PERMISSION"

As told by one of our boys "Somewhere in France"

BY EVALINE WARNER BRAINERD

Yes, sir, I 've been away. The captain sent me to G—— to get his grip. Was n't that luck? Some burg? Well, rather! Oh, no, not so big as Seattle, of course, but I tell you it 's a fine place. Why, there 's a wall there with figures cut on it, 1320. Think o' me walking alongside of a wall built before anybody thought of discovering America! I had some experience, believe me, and I 've come back with a different idea of France. No more of that fool talk about its not being worth fighting for. Just cut that out. You don't know France, that 's all!

Did I get a dinner? Well, I never ate such a dinner, not where you went in and paid for it, you understand. They ask you if you 'll have a dinner for *quatre francs* or *cinq francs,* and I knew those words all right, and I said *cinq francs.* I was going to have one square meal,

anyhow, and I had it! First, she brought in soup, a great bowl, and you took all you wanted. It had lots of bread soaked in it. My, I could live on that soup! Then she brought an omelet, fried, you know, think o' that! After that, she brought steak and potatoes, fried, too,—oh, my! whole business, and a hot bath, *in a tub!* No, of course, it was n't running hot water like at home, but they filled it up, you know, and my, it was fine! By the time I had finished all that, it was nine o'clock and the lights were all off and the hotels *fermé*. I was standin' there thinking what



Photo Brown Bros.

ONE OF PERSHING'S BOYS AND HIS COMRADES OF THE "BLUE DEVILS"

And then, if she had n't the face to bring me cheese, the best cheese I ever ate!

I got the capt'n's grip and did some errands. Are n't those gloves great? They 're French soldier's gloves. And this cap—nifty, eh? Would n't they give money for that back in good old U. S. A., though? Say, it 's a lot better than our service cap. See how it 's finished with that yellow binding? That 's the only time I got rattled. They stopped me on the street and pointed to my cap,—oh, yes, I put it right on,—and said a lot I could n't understand only that it was about police; but it turned out they were just telling me it was a policeman's cap. I suppose they won't let me wear it in camp, but I 'll try it till I 'm hauled up, anyhow.

Then I had a hair-cut and a real shampoo, the I could do when along comes a French soldier. *"Chambre?"* he says, and then I say, *"Pas chambre";* and with that if he did n't pick up the grip and pack it on his shoulder and tell me to come along. We walked and we walked through the dark streets till I began to wonder what sort of a hotel he was taking me to, when we turned into a big square court, and he turned the light straight up and opened a door, and there we were in a French barracks.

Well, if I did n't feel like an amateur soldier, not knowing how they did things and him carrying my grip all the way! He was a sergeant, and he made up a nice bed for me next his. Their beds are fine. There's a board, and a tick full of straw on that, and then a sleeping-bag. When I was all fixed, if that Frenchman did n't try to

put his own overcoat over me! Of course I made him take it back, but when I woke in the morning there it was over me, and he had n't anything! Did n't I feel cheap? Well, I guess!

In the morning it 's all different from us. Instead of shouting "Hello there, arise and shine! Get a move on you!" and things like that, the fellow comes to the door and says *"Bon jour, messieurs,"* and brings round a big pail of coffee, —the genuine hot stuff, real coffee with milk and sugar in it,—and every feller sits up in bed and drinks a big cup of it, and then smokes a cigarette and gets up comfortably.

I tell you those French soldiers are splendid fellows, so friendly with each other and so polite and doing everything they could for me. Think of a fellow taking me in like that and carrying my grip and all! I wonder if we would have been as good to a Frenchman. Well, perhaps we 'd be as kind, you know, all but the bag. I don't believe I 'd ever have packed his bag for him as he did for me!



"HER FIRST PATIENT." PAINTED BY CHARLES CHAMBERS.

AMERICA BEGINS TO PAY HER DEBT

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Lost Island," etc.

On the morning of the twenty-second day of June, 1917, the following bulletin was posted aboard the United States torpedo-boat destroyer *Warren:* "This ship will to-morrow meet the first group of American forces to operate in France and convoy them to a French port."

All that day we, with our five wallowing companions of the "Suicide Fleet," held our course through fog and drizzle. In the fo'c'sle the talk was all of those khaki-laden transports ahead, and we wondered how many we should find, how many dough-boys were aboard them, who the convoys were, and many other things. It was all very exciting and thrilling, and "Spud" Doolan, first-class ship-fitter, played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail, Columbia" on his harmonica, instead of the usual rag-time, and played them almost in tune and with a lot of feeling. Joe Ingersoll and I—my name 's Steve Chapman, although they call me "Blondy"—were new "gobs." "Gob" is the name they have for the destroyer men. We had joined the *Warren* only three weeks before, and this was our third cruise and our first under special orders. I 'd been doing foretop spotting and was crazy to be on duty when we sighted the transports.

That night, in a heavy fog, we picked it up to twenty-one knots and went slithering around on the scouting-line, managing to roll a good thirty-odd and making it necessary to brace ourselves in our bunks. In the morning, when the transports and convoys should have been in sight, they were n't, and I went aloft at seven and sat up there an hour with my eyes fairly popping out as I tried to pierce the haze and be the first one to report smoke. But except for the other members of our merry half-dozen the sea was empty, and I was below again, drinking hot coffee outside the galley, when word came down that we 'd sighted them. The blowers sang a shriller song then and the steering-engine groaned; and above-deck, the four gray funnels fairly spouted smoke. Joe came sliding and dodging along the wet deck and joined a bunch of us at the fo'c'sle break.

For a few minutes we had only glimpses when the mist lifted, but at last, and quite suddenly, there burst from the haze, startlingly close, the long length of a troop-ship. After that they stepped out of the mist one after another. They were n't all transports and convoys, though, for there was more than one freighter. We heard later that, besides troops enough to make a whole army,—infantry, artillery, engineers, and marines,—the big ships held horses and mules, munitions, provisions, motor-trucks, ambulances, steam-engines, machinery, rails, and all sorts of other things. How many ships there were I 'm not allowed to tell, but they kept coming,—or, rather, we kept passing them,—one big gray shape after another, until we thought they 'd never end.

We darted down the long line with our blowers singing a merry tune, our signals fluttering, and every man who could get there on deck. It was well to make a smart appearance, for the admiral was looking down at us from the deck of the four-stack cruiser. On our bridge our "old man" and the "luff" stood very straight and looked as unconcerned as they could; and that was no cinch, either, for standing straight on a destroyer's bridge when she 's making twenty is some job, and looking unconcerned when thousands are cheering down at you from the decks of big transports is—well, it 's ten times harder! I never heard anything like that cheer. It arose and fell and arose again, while hats waved and whistles bellowed. I tried to cheer back with the others, but there was a big lump in my throat, and about all I could do was swing my cap. It seemed to me that there could n't really be in all the world as many khaki-clad American boys as looked down on us as we sped past. Every deck was filled. And how they did cheer the destroyers! And how the broad-brimmed Stetsons did wave! I would n't have missed it for a million dollars.

We met all sorts in that swift scamper past the formation: the old cruiser flag-ship, a bit cluttered aft; a big German prize with her name letters removed, but her name still legible; fruiters, strange to these cold waters; ponderous cargo-boats that would have looked more at home in the Great Lakes; liners built for more fashionable passengers—all these were included in the armada that was making history with every lazy turn of its screws.

We made our way through the heart of the two-column formation, and swung on our heel with a smartness and precision that brought a gleam of satisfaction to the face of the captain, and took up our station on the port flank. Joe said in a growl that tried to hide the tremor in his voice: "It 's—it 's the biggest thing I ever

saw, Steve, and maybe I 'll never see a bigger. I 'll never forget it, I guess."

"Nor I," I answered. I stole a look at him and was sort of relieved to see that his eyes were wet, for mine were, and I thought that maybe I was a bit of a softie. And then I looked along the line of fellows beyond Joe, and lots of eyes had tears in them and the "Adam's apple" was working convulsively in many a lean brown throat.

"How many troops are there, do you suppose?"

"About a million, I 'd guess! They 're regulars, are n't they?"

"Yes. That big ship over yonder is filled with marines, though. You can see 'em from here."

"Good old Billy Blues," said Joe, and hummed:

"If the Army or the Navy ever visit Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by United States marines!"

It was two hours or more after we reached the rendezvous that the procession started on again. Then, with code signals fluttering and wigwags waving, and hooters calling, the lot of us headed east, engines tuned to standard speed—fourteen knots an hour. The other ships hid themselves at times in the mid-ocean haze to emerge like gray shadows on the curtain of the mist. At chow that evening we were a bit serious, although every man Jack of us tried to carry off the scramble for food with the usual flippancy and horse-play. We could n't help thinking of the serried thousands in khaki on those troop-ships and what their arrival on French soil stood for. And "Brownie," MM2c, voiced the thought of many of us when he remarked, potato poised on the end of a fork:

"There 's a lot of those boys 'll never be sailin' back again, fellows."

"That 's right," agreed some one, "but you can say the same of us."

"'T ain't the same," said Brownie. "Those boys have got to go over the top. 'T ain't the same, I 'm tellin' you."

"Maybe the war 'll be over by the time they 're ready to butt in," suggested Trumso, electrician. "Tame the U-boats, son, and what 's Germany got left?"

"Sure," another fellow agreed. "This old war is going to be settled right out here on the briny, and we 're the little cut-ups to settle it."

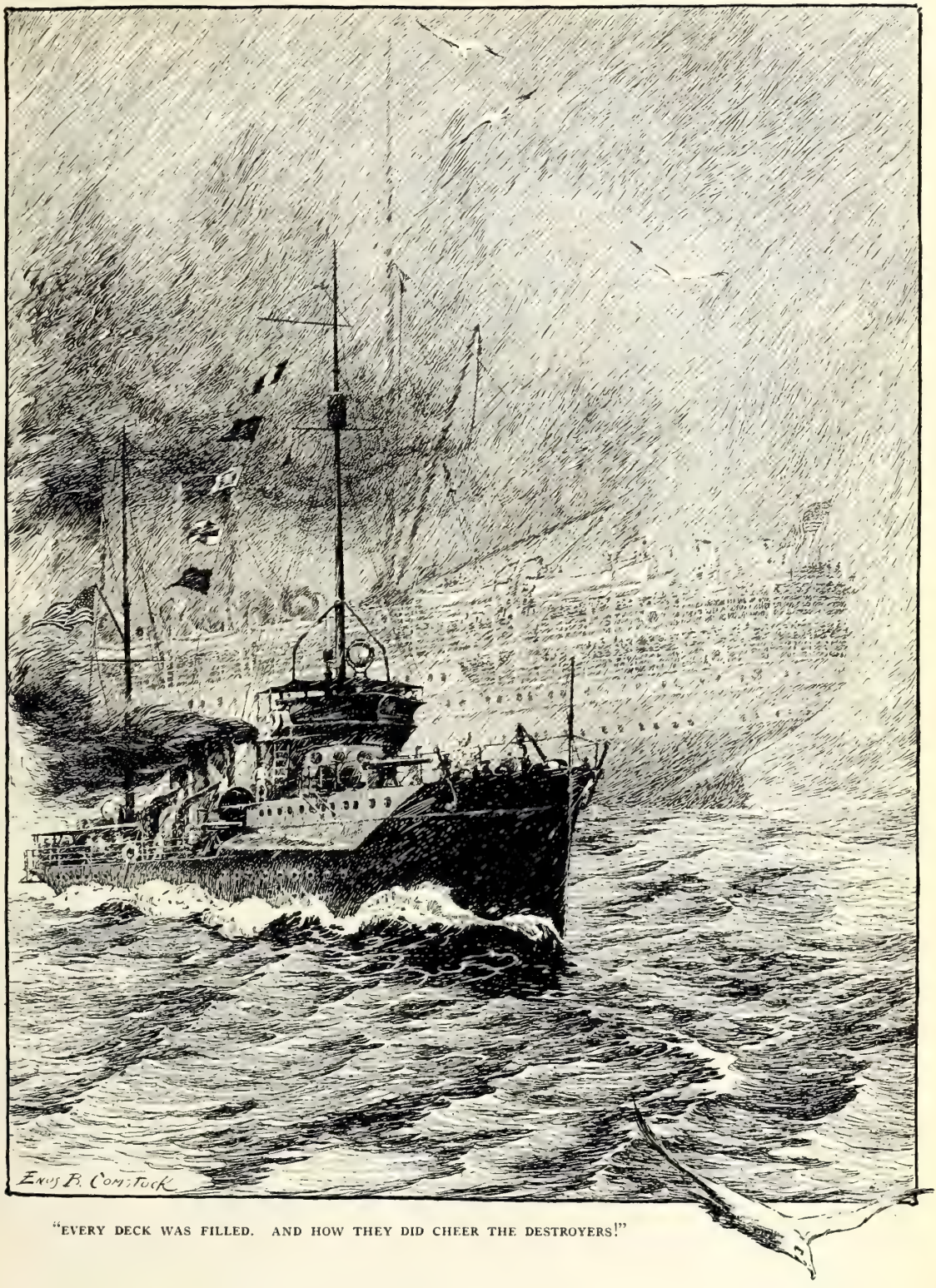
"Go on! Forget it!" growled Hearn, yeoman, dipping into the "oleo" from six feet away. "It is going to take a lot more of those lads in khaki than they 've got their hands on yet. Well, we 're in it, and I 'm hoping the folks back home get it into their heads soon, and buckle down to the job. One thing 's sure, though. Those cheering, grinning boys are going to make us mighty proud that we 're Americans before they 're through! Here 's to 'em!" And he drained his coffee.

There were lots of alarms during the following days. Warnings of skulking subs lying in wait reached us, and more than once we altered our course. By day it was no uncommon sight to see one of the destroyers spout smoke and rush off into the hazy distance and to hear the bark of a four-inch. But always the target proved nothing more dangerous than a floating spar. (The transports and convoys had had their fracas with submarines a day before, but we did n't learn that until later.) One cargo-boat had a hard time keeping her place in formation, for she was a slow old tub, but we went on in pretty fair style, and the coast of France grew gradually near. Finally there came a still evening with a following breeze that held the heavy smoke from the funnels straight in air, like so many black pencils against the red glow of sunset, and that night, slowing down and feeling our way through the mine-fields, we caught the land smell.

The next morning there was an umber sail in the growing light, a Breton fisherman ducking his way over hidden perils. Then many birds, and things afloat on a still ocean; spars, casks, oil-pools, bits of wreckage; and at last more sails, and then the loom of the green-clad shore of France came magically. A French cruiser sallied up and did the honors, a small, exquisite two-stacker, on whose decks the red tassels of the men's caps made dots of color. Airplanes swept over us like big dragon-flies. Later, a fussy, official-acting gunboat laid in wait for us and we held palaver, and then, slowing to half-speed, formed in a single column and, guided by the gunboat and with the flossy cruiser bringing up the rear, miles astern, we nosed into the river.

Sardine fishing-boats, with sails of sky-blue and faded pink and ocher, were passed. Vividly green farms sloped to the river, dotted with century-old trees. Every promontory held a glittering white lighthouse, each as foreign to our eyes as the high, red-roofed houses that stood, sentinel-like, amid the neat fields. Slowly, imposingly, our long column steamed up the picturesque river. The news must have reached the city early, for on one bank motor-cars were speeding toward us. Even at that distance we could see the white flutter of handkerchiefs and flags. And over all the summer sunlight fell and drenched the armada with its golden glory. And this was France—at last!

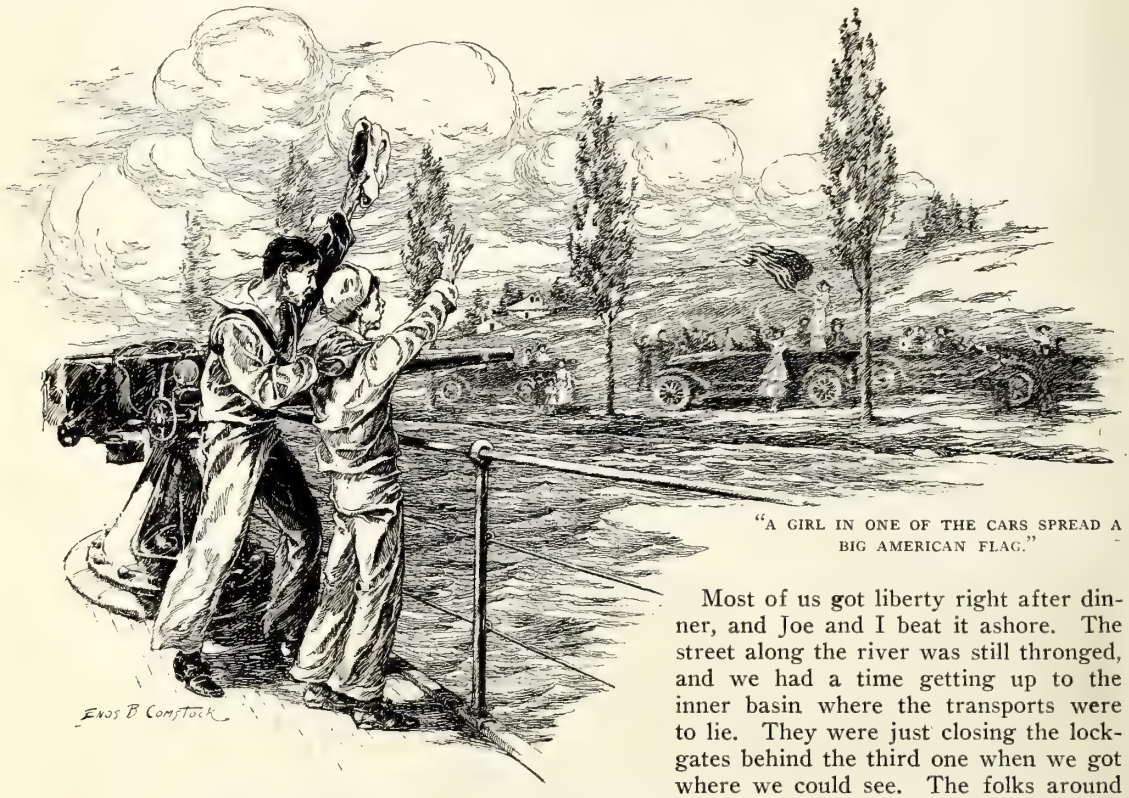
After a long time, during which the cocky gunboat led us around a slow curve of the river a poplar-lined esplanade kept us company. It was



"EVERY DECK WAS FILLED. AND HOW THEY DID CHEER THE DESTROYERS!"

thronged with cars and with folks afoot, and at one place, where the channel led us close, a girl in a white gown and something blue in her hat stood up on a seat of one of the cars and spread a big American flag as wide as her arms would reach. And on the transports they saw and cheered until it got you by the throat, and the girl dropped her arms limply and sat huddled in the car. Ahead, a forest of masts and cranes marked the dockyards now, and about us a covey of small boats, steamers, launches, and rowboats, were crowding and making noise. Our column parted, and the troop-ships went on slowly toward the basin, while the thousands along the seawall waved and cheered and shouted blessings in French. Not many of us knew what they said, but we did n't have to understand their words. Their meaning was clear enough, and on the transports the lean-faced, khaki-clad fellows waved back and shouted back in good American, and joked, too, although I guess most of them could have wept a lot easier.

One by one the troop-ships disappeared from our sight, for we had dropped anchor below the town. On the flag-ship the boatswain's pipe shrilled, and presently down the ladder stepped the admiral and took his seat in a blue-gray gig, the sunlight glinting on an inspiring amount of gold bullion. Then off sped the gig to the landing, while the cheers grew shriller and the admiral's hand went stiffly to salute. Overhead two airplanes circled gracefully against the blue sky.



"A GIRL IN ONE OF THE CARS SPREAD A BIG AMERICAN FLAG."

Most of us got liberty right after dinner, and Joe and I beat it ashore. The street along the river was still thronged, and we had a time getting up to the inner basin where the transports were to lie. They were just closing the lock-gates behind the third one when we got where we could see. The folks around us yelled just as heartily as though they had n't been at it off and on all the forenoon. "Allo, Samee!" was a favorite greeting with them. On the decks that towered almost overhead the boys grinned down and tried out their French. Gifts of all sorts were tossed aboard from street to decks: candy and chewing-gum, cigarettes and fruit. Already the next ship was nosing at the lower gates, and when the water level had sunk again she swung majestically in, a regular floating city inhabited by thousands of eager-faced, hat-swinging boys in olive-drab. The ship's decks were alive, the rails crowded four and five deep, and even the lower rigging was filled with the khaki-clad forms. When the big ship was recognized as a former German liner, one which had borne the name of a member of the royal house of Hohenzollern, those folks cheered louder than ever!

With lines of men carrying the great hawsers, the transport moved slowly on until she filled the lock from gate to gate, while her topmost deck

towered above the surrounding buildings. The lower gate was closed and the hawsers made fast, while from street and decks and every available point of vantage on shore and ship a thunderous cheer went up. There was a pushing and moving on the forward deck and the ship's band took their places and, while the tumult died slowly away, the leader raised his baton. A pause, and almost a silence over the great throng. And then the music swelled forth triumphantly, and the boys in khaki straightened to attention, and, below, every Frenchman raised a hand in the military salute and stood so while the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" swept out over the silent multitude.

When the last note had died trembling on the air, the hush held for a long moment, and then wave after wave of cheering, wonderful, thrilling cheering, arose and rolled along the street and was thrown back by the buildings and crashed up against the great hull of the transport. For minutes it went on, until the band leader again held his baton aloft. Then silence fell once more, while hands again rose to salute. But this time the silence was short, for here—there—on all sides—voices joined the music, ever swelling until the stately chorus was heard far across the bay. On the transport the troops sang too, or, lacking the words, hummed. And so, for the first time, an American band played and American soldiers sang the Marseillaise in France!

The next day we on the *Warren* heard the bugle blow in the upper basin and knew that the United States Expeditionary Force was at last setting foot on French soil, marching away across the bridge toward the great army camp that for a fortnight past had been awaiting occupancy. Up through the town they went in column of fours, trailing out like a long, dust-brown snake, and as one regiment disappeared, another followed, until you wondered that so few ships could have held them all. Strange tunes awoke the echoes of the quaint, old-world city, "Dixie" and "The Washington Post March" and "Marching Through Georgia" and many others as the regimental bands trailed over the hill. A day of marching, and then quiet again along the waterfront, save for the preparations aboard the big transports, headed homeward now to load with a second instalment of America's debt to France.

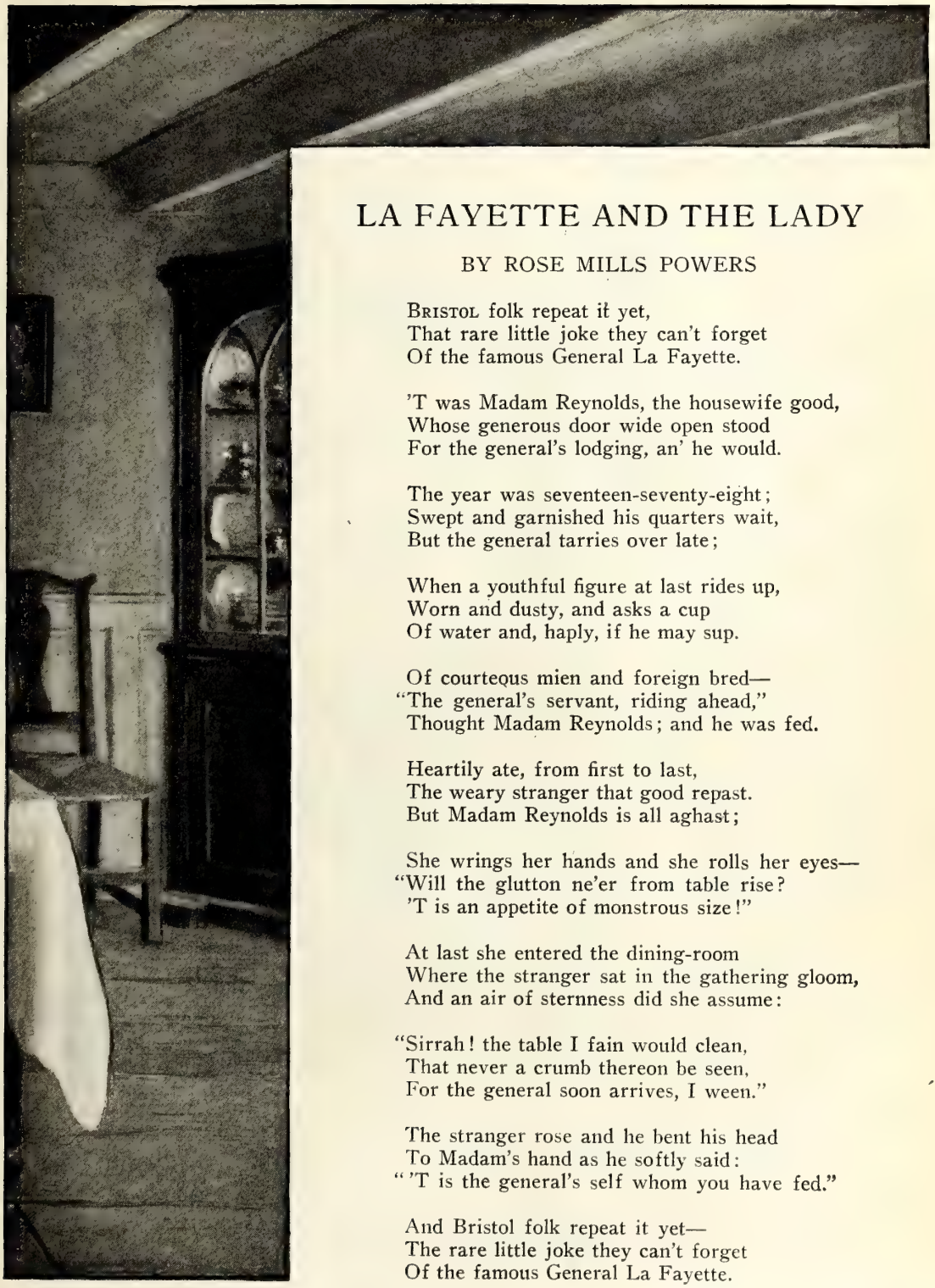


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AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH PARIS DURING THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION OF 1917



"FOR THE GENERAL SOON ARRIVES, I WEEN."



LA FAYETTE AND THE LADY

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS

Bristol folk repeat it yet,
That rare little joke they can't forget
Of the famous General La Fayette.

'T was Madam Reynolds, the housewife good,
Whose generous door wide open stood
For the general's lodging, an' he would.

The year was seventeen-seventy-eight;
Swept and garnished his quarters wait,
But the general tarries over late;

When a youthful figure at last rides up,
Worn and dusty, and asks a cup
Of water and, haply, if he may sup.

Of courteous mien and foreign bred—
"The general's servant, riding ahead,"
Thought Madam Reynolds; and he was fed.

Heartily ate, from first to last,
The weary stranger that good repast.
But Madam Reynolds is all aghast;

She wrings her hands and she rolls her eyes—
"Will the glutton ne'er from table rise?
'T is an appetite of monstrous size!"

At last she entered the dining-room
Where the stranger sat in the gathering gloom,
And an air of sternness did she assume:

"Sirrah! the table I fain would clean,
That never a crumb thereon be seen,
For the general soon arrives, I ween."

The stranger rose and he bent his head
To Madam's hand as he softly said:
"'T is the general's self whom you have fed."

And Bristol folk repeat it yet—
The rare little joke they can't forget
Of the famous General La Fayette.



THE NEW PATRIOTISM

BY HON. NEWTON D. BAKER, SECRETARY OF WAR

Written for the boy and girl readers of "St. Nicholas"

These are great days for the world—the greatest days of which we have any record. We are engaged in the most colossal of all wars, for the noblest of all human aims. In every part of the earth men are struggling for universal freedom and universal peace, against the powers of military conquest and armed tyranny. In our long, slow rise of progress toward liberty and justice for all mankind, we have come to this world-wide crisis and joined the issue of battle with the backward thrust of barbarism.

The boys and girls of America who are too young to put on the uniform of the soldier or of the nurse have still a great duty to perform in the struggle. It is for them that the fight is being made. Into their hands will the fruits of our victory be given—just as our fathers gave us our modern world freed from slavery by Lincoln and the Civil War. It is their duty to see that they shall be ready to receive the new powers of freedom that will be entrusted to them.

As the martyred nurse, Edith Cavell, is reported to have said, "Patriotism is not enough."



HON. NEWTON D. BAKER.

It is a new sort of patriotism that the world is learning. A narrow and selfish love of country has proved that it can be as dangerous to itself and to the world as a narrow and selfish regard for one's own self and one's own advantage. The new generation must learn the new law of international life: that the rights of nations, like the rights of individuals, must be subservient to the common good; that there shall be kindliness and good will between countries as between men; that the might of the greater nation shall not overbear the right of the lesser; and that the appeal to war shall only be made to enforce the decisions of international justice, as the police are now called upon to enforce the rulings of courts.

We elders will come out of this war marred with the hatreds of the conflict. The young hope and the young idealism must save our victory, if it is to be saved, from being a curse.

Youth must take the world, purified by that fire which has tortured us, and make it what we have so desired it to be.

A MESSAGE TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

BY HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Written for the readers of "ST. NICHOLAS"

Whenever I look into the faces of the thousands of young seamen on our warships or in training, I feel a thrill of pride in the boyhood of America. For the Navy, you know, is a boy institution. When the fleet went around the world, the average age of all aboard, from admirals to seamen, was under twenty-one years. The Navy is Young America in action—bubbling over with energy and adventure and the spirit of youth which will do and dare.

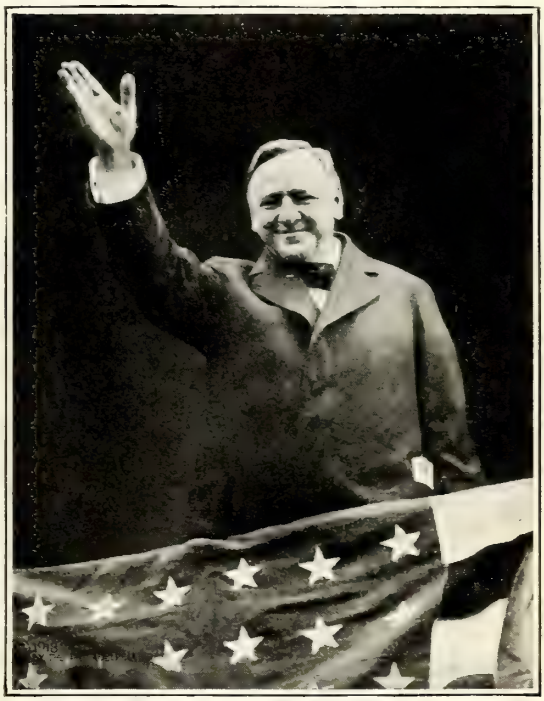
The wearers of the navy blue enjoy being in the service, and a spontaneous smile is almost as much "regulation" as the uniform that is prescribed. Every ship is a little community in itself, like a large family, and the ambition of the commander is to have a "happy ship." There is a special post and duty for everybody aboard, and each can feel that he is a part of the big fighting-machine that is at once home and fortress.

War has a sobering and deepening effect; yet it does not depress, but rather heightens, the spirit that faces danger with a smile and impels a man, without a moment's hesitation, to risk his life to save his ship or shipmates and to defeat the enemy. Service on the destroyers in the war zone is the hardest and most dangerous duty, and yet thousands beg for the privilege of serving on our destroyers, whose crews have made a wonderful record of bravery and readiness for action.

American boys take to gunnery like ducks to water. Since the war began we have trained hundreds as expert gunners, and they have made notable records with the guns of smaller calibers used against the submarines, with a periscope as the target. They go into it with the same vim and vigor that they display in baseball or gridiron contest, for this fighting the submarine they call "the greatest game on earth." But it is much more than a game; it is warfare against the outlaws of the deep, who sink ships without warning and take human life with no more compunction than assassins. Our boys on the warships are striving to protect commerce and human life, to keep open the paths to France over which our troops are transported. They are fighting for the freedom of the seas and to make the world safe from German frightfulness and autocracy.

The enlargement of our Navy, the building up of a vast merchant marine, will give opportunity for hundreds of thousands of American boys to become sailors; and those who love a life on the ocean wave will answer the call of the sea.

The old days of the lash and grog, of rough life aboard ship and roistering in port, are gone forever. Drink has been banished from the Navy, and we have the soberest, cleanest young fellows in all the land. It is not an easy life, but there are few occupations so fascinating. It is no place for "mollycoddles," but there is no better place for manly boys who have the "real stuff" in them. That 's the kind we want and welcome.



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HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

When you celebrate the "Glorious Fourth" this year, give a cheer for the boys of the Navy, the thousands of your brothers who are serving on our battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, and submarine chasers, who every hour of day and night are facing danger in the war zone, fighting our battles for us, struggling with the submarines, and keeping clear the pathways of the seas. And do not forget also to give a cheer for the men ashore who are building the ships and keeping them ready for instant action.

NINE QUALITIES FOR SOLDIERS—AND OTHERS

THE Government's popular handbook for soldiers ("Home Reading Course for Citizen-Soldiers," free to any one upon application to the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.) lists nine qualities for the ideal soldier: loyalty, obedience, physical fitness, intelligence, cleanliness, cheerfulness, spirit, tenacity, and self-reliance.

If for soldiers, why not for every citizen? What could be added to the perfection of a loyal, obedient, physically fit, intelligent, clean, cheerful, spirited, tenacious, self-reliant boy or girl?

HOW THE BOY SCOUT WINNERS SOLD LIBERTY BONDS

IN writing for ST. NICHOLAS recently about the work of boys and girls in selling Liberty Bonds, Mrs. William G. McAdoo, the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, pointed out that the Boy Scouts have made themselves a permanent wheel in the Government's bond-selling machine by securing subscriptions in the Second Liberty Bond sale to the amount of $102,084,100.

In that sale, of every forty-seven dollars received by the Government, one dollar was secured by the Boy Scouts. No other volunteer organization equaled this record. The Boy Scouts, moreover, were the gleaners, the clean-up squads put to work after the adult workers had reached their limit. These eager young salesmen were held in leash until the last four days of the campaign, and then were turned loose. But in those four days they sold bonds to 533,820 different buyers. Before we got into this war there were not that many individual bond owners in the United States, counting bonds of every sort.

As this was being written, the indications were that the Boy Scouts in the Third Liberty Loan sale had considerably exceeded their record in the Second, both in the total sum and in the number of buyers secured. The Boy Scouts used the campaign cry, "Match the President's Fifty," with great effectiveness—that much is known.

But it takes time to gather the individual records of nearly four hundred thousand Boy Scouts in almost every hamlet from Maine to California—to say nothing of Hawaii and Alaska, both represented with enthusiastic bond-selling troops. It may be some months yet before the champion bond-sellers of the third campaign are named; but from some of those of the second sale ST. NICHOLAS has secured their own narratives of how they achieved their successes.

Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, the president of the Boy Scouts of America, offered twelve medals—one gold, one silver, and ten bronze—to the twelve Scouts who should secure the largest number of subscriptions to bonds in the second campaign, and repeated this offer in the recent third sale.

In the second campaign the gold medal was captured by Charles Wailes, of Troop 22, Memphis, Tennessee, who sold a total of $445,500 in bonds to 1312 purchasers. The silver medal went to Irwin McGeary, of Troop 28, St. Louis, Missouri, for 1152 subscriptions and a total sale of $178,200. The bronze medals were awarded as follows, the cash amount of the sales being given in each instance:

	Troop	Subscriptions	Total
E. F. Schilling, St. Louis, Mo.	22	1047	$294,050
Lawrence Smith, Cleveland, O.	56	909	130,500
William Furey, Wash'ton, D. C.	69	756	47,300
Morton Sanger, Waco, Tex.	12	559	53,250
Jesse Kilgore, Cleveland, O.	56	547	114,050
R. Groffman, St. Louis, Mo.	22	514	25,900
Fred Ley, Springfield, Mass.	9	389	52,000
K. Hutchinson, Martins Ferry, Ohio	1	385	42,950
John Ellis, Newark, N. J.	18	354	19,800
Willard Slagle, Memphis, Tenn.	13	344	24,050

Charles D. Wailes, Jr., of Memphis, winner of the gold medal, who sold more Liberty Bonds, in value and in number, than any other boy in the United States, thus describes his methods:

"Each morning I went early to our headquarters, which was a tent in the most central location in the city. From there I would start out on my route, which I had mapped out for the day. I sold as many bonds to people on the streets as I had time for. I went to see the big business men of the city, to the clubs, associations, etc., but I secured my largest number of subscriptions through the lumbermen of Memphis.

"Memphis is an important lumbering center, and there are a very large number of lumberyards, mills, etc., here, employing many thousands of men. I first interviewed the president of the Lumbermen's Club, who was very much interested in the Scouts, and he agreed to let me have the names of all the lumber companies which were going to purchase bonds. These people allowed me to solicit among their employees. This I did and had great success. I went to every mill and



RUSSELL GROFFMANN.



IRWIN McGEARY, SILVER MEDAL.



FRED LEY.



KENNETH HUTCHINSON.



CHARLES WAILES, GOLD MEDAL.



WILLARD J. SLAGLE.



WILLIAM E. FUREY.



JESSE KILGORE.



LAWRENCE SMITH.



EDWARD F. SCHILLING.

MEDAL WINNERS IN THE BOY SCOUTS' SECOND LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN

manufacturing plant in the city and environs. I sold a great many bonds in this way.

"Every night I would lay out a map or route for the next day. This I worked from early morning until late at night. I would never quit my route until I had finished it, no matter how late it was. I also used the telephone freely, calling up friends and acquaintances whom I could not reach in person, and got them interested in my efforts, thereby securing many subscriptions."

Surely no expert salesman, working for private gain, could have conducted a four-day selling campaign more scientifically, ingeniously, or indefatigably. Scout Wailes averaged more than four hundred sales each day he worked.

In addition to the medals, the Scout salesmen competed for the President's flags. President Wilson offered one of these large silken banners to the troop of each State which should secure the largest number of bond-subscribers per capita of members in the troop.

Of the forty-eight flag-winning troops, No. 22, of Memphis, made by far the best showing, largely because it included Scout Wailes among its fourteen members. This troop sold to 2059 subscribers a total of $672,100 in bonds, an average of something more than 147 subscriptions per Scout. Curiously enough, the only troop which approached this record of subscribers sold to exactly the same number of buyers—2059,—but this troop, No. 1, of Granite City, Illinois, had thirty-six members, reducing its per capita average to fifty-seven per Scout.

Scoutmaster Rosenbush, of the Memphis troop, has this to say about the work of his boys:

"We put up a tent in a public square uptown, stationed a bugler and drummer in front of it, and posted a big sign reading:

> WE HAVE N'T GOT A GUN,
> SO HELP US GET THE MON
> TO BEAT THE HUN.

"Some of the boys took automobiles and went all over the surrounding county. Several Scouts went out to the United States Aviation Field near Memphis and sold Liberty Bonds to nearly all the men there. Some took in the negro cabins, and some held down the job in the uptown tent. All worked night and day, but what really put Twenty-two 'over the top' was Scout Wailes.

"One Scout brought in a big black stocking containing $21.53 in nickels and pennies, which a negro had been saving. The one outstanding fact, true of every troop in our city, was that wherever a Scout uniform or pin was worn, the public trusted it implicitly and without question."

Says Scoutmaster Webb of the winning Granite City, Illinois, troop:

"When we received the printed matter from National Headquarters, we organized a coaching class to familiarize the boys with the pamphlets of instruction. Then we discussed problems that we should be likely to meet and the best methods for overcoming difficulties. We spent several evenings in these preliminary meetings, and found them later to be of wonderful aid in the work.

"We charted the town systematically, so that no section or no person was overlooked. Each scout knew just what he must do each day, and each evening he turned in a complete record of the day's work. By this system we were able to return our complete report to National Headquarters the day after the closing of the sale.

"Whenever the boys encountered unexpected difficulties, we talked them over at night and usually solved them, and we surely cracked some hard ones. Our greatest difficulty was in getting permission to go through some of our big plants. All of them denied this privilege except two that gave permission on the last day of the campaign, but in those two our boys certainly 'made a killing.' One boy took over one hundred subscriptions, and I think it was this that put our troop 'over the top.' We had thirty-six boys enrolled, and twenty-five took part in the campaign."

In point of money secured for the Government, no flag-winning troop even approached the record of Troop 76 of St. Paul, Minnesota, whose sales to 785 subscribers amounted to $1,805,100—nearly a million dollars more than the total reached by the nearest competitor. The rector of Christ Episcopal Church of St. Paul, Rev. W. S. Howard, is scoutmaster of this troop, and he wrote as follows about the achievement:

"The success came from an intense enthusiasm on the part of the boys for their Scout work, a realization of the importance of the Liberty Loans, a splendid patriotism, and the hardest kind of work every day of the campaign. One Scout, after assisting two men of a regular team, asked to have a few blanks; and when the men gave up for the day at 4:30 P. M., the boys went to work and kept at it in the rain until 7:30 P. M.; until, in fact, they were forbidden longer to work. As a result, although they had no supper, they came to their scoutmaster with twelve subscriptions. No troop was ever more willing in every way to assist in this good work. Our troop was called on frequently for many messenger duties."

SUMMER VACATION WAR WORK

BY JUSTINE R. COOK

(In charge of girls' work for the Junior Red Cross)

And does the Junior Red Cross take a summer vacation, too?

Not by any means does it. The fighting and the devastation in Europe go on in summer more fiercely than ever. The need for Red Cross service is therefore the greater. And many of the millions of Red Cross Juniors will go on working for Uncle Sam even harder than before.

For the benefit of the industrious ones who believe that waste of time is just as reprehensible as any other waste during the war, the Red Cross has prepared a pamphlet filled with suggestions for vacation activities for boys and girls. These booklets are obtainable at any Red Cross Chapter.

It must not be assumed hastily that this bulletin is devoted to the subject of toil during the hot summer days, even though it be patriotic toil. Almost the opposite is true of it. The Red Cross does not ask its Junior members to give up their vacation time to drudgery in a good cause. Vacation serves a useful purpose in building up strength and health. The Red Cross asks for only part of the vacation time, and it would devote a portion of that part to constructive recreation.



A WAR GARDEN WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Just now most boys and girls are thinking about the Fourth of July and how to celebrate it fittingly this year. The movement for a powderless, explosionless celebration, which began in the larger cities several years ago, received a powerful impetus last year when the nation, brought suddenly to realize the high necessity of conserving materials of all sorts, saw the incongruity of burning up powder when every ounce of it is needed by democracy in her fight. Let us hope that we have seen the last of the old boisterous, ear-splitting Fourths and that the new, more dignified, and genuinely patriotic celebration has come to stay.

The Red Cross bock on summer activities contains some suggestions for the celebration of the Fourth—more glorious than ever this year—by its Junior Auxiliaries. Suppose we inaugurate the day by an appropriate flag-raising at the staff on the school lawn. While the members stand at attention, the Stars and Stripes are run up to the peak of the pole, and after it follows the raising of the Red Cross flag. In addition to songs and any other ceremonial acts, the booklet suggests the well-known pledge of allegiance on the part of Red Cross Juniors.

Then there is another summer activity mentioned in the pamphlet, which is especially adaptable to the Fourth of July celebration. This is the story-hour, which is becoming such a conspicuous feature of Junior Red Cross work.

But how can story-telling be of service to the Red Cross? you ask. First of all, we must know what our Red Cross is doing in war time and in times of peace, and of the men and women who are doing brave and fine things to-day. We all like to hear the folk-stories that the unfortunate boys and girls of the warring nations of Europe love, for by reading and hearing such stories we come to understand better how we can help these people. We like, too, to know their folk-dances and songs, and part of the summer pamphlet is devoted to these subjects. It is good for us, also, to hear the stories of King Arthur and his knights, so that we may live in the spirit of bravery and chivalry.

Now the "Story Lady" of Chicago, Miss Georgene Faulkner, recently told to the Red Cross Juniors with great success the story of the "Ringing of the Liberty-bell." This story was printed in the Chicago "Herald" in April. A good story-teller in any community could tell this inspiring story, which may be found in any complete history of our country. It can be made a thrilling number on any Fourth of July program.

As one of the continuing features of the summer activity, the Red Cross recommends that the Junior Auxiliaries give plays, pageants, processionals, or drills that present ideas of patriotic service.

And this is a phase of the vacation program particularly suited for the Fourth of July. The National Drama League, 306 Riggs Building, Washington, D. C., and the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, have abundant material for such dramatic activities for any occasion. ST. NICHOLAS in May published a Junior Red Cross play written by Miss Carolyn Wilson, and the Glorious Fourth would be an auspicious time for its presentation.

The plan of the Red Cross is to have the schools, wherever possible, keep open during the summer for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross. This does not mean Red Cross activity every day and all day. Two or three hours a week may be enough, although schools which have manual training and cooking departments might keep them open all summer so that the boys and girls could take turns using the workrooms. In any case, however, a school should be opened for Red Cross work only under the direction of some



TURNING HER FIRST HEEL.

volunteer teacher or authorized Red Cross chapter worker.

We should not lose the present organizations of the Junior Auxiliaries for the summer, nor suspend the important industrial work such as sewing, knitting, wood-working, mending, canning, and the like. The Red Cross convalescent houses and the nurses' recreation houses to be built in connection with them need more furniture and games—the boys' special charge. Suffering Europe is already calling for great supplies of warm garments for the coming winter. Nearly all our Junior members are gardening, and that is important and should not be neglected; and in fruit regions the Juniors should see to it that the fruit is gathered and canned.

Then there are plenty of other outdoor activities for volunteers,—lawns to be mowed, gardens weeded, and leaves raked, tasks usually performed by men; but men now are needed else-

where. Salvaging can be done as a war service in places where there is a cash market for junk of all sorts. Summer is the ideal time for workers to collect books and magazines for soldiers and sailors.

Sometimes it is hard to see just how weeding a garden, or helping a neighbor clean up a back yard, or doing some other apparently insignificant service is helping out in the great war. But these humble tasks should not be held in too light esteem. We never know when one of these acts of usefulness will set up great forces for the national good. In fact, the finest and most touching war service that I know about started off as a raking job on the part of some Red Cross Juniors in Iowa. Let me tell you the story.

Marvin Dunn did not loom very large in the social and business world of Des Moines. He eked out an existence for himself and his old grandmother, his only living relative, by doing odd jobs, running elevators, and the like. He had one ambition, a large one from his point of view. It was: to own a house in which his grandmother could spend her last years in comfort.

Eventually he was able to acquire title to a lot away out in East Des Moines. It was spring, and Marvin Dunn bought a tent in which he and his grandmother camped on the lot. Then with his own hands the young man began building the house, a few boards at a time, working evenings. When the snow flew again the house was ready for occupancy. It stood raw and unpainted, but to its creator it was the most beautiful edifice in the world. It had four wind-tight walls and a rain-tight roof. Eventually the young man expected to plaster it inside and paint it outside, to have a garden and flowers and a lawn and trees.

Then in the following spring America declared war upon Germany, and Marvin Dunn enlisted in the national guard. He received his training quickly. He was in one of the first contingents of troops sent to France. He was one of the first to go into the trenches; one of the first to go over the top; and in that first battle he was mortally wounded. But before he died a great officer in a uniform of French horizon-blue pinned to the counterpane of his hospital bed the *Croix de Guerre*.

So humble Marvin Dunn became his city's brightest hero. From him the old grandmother inherited the unpainted house, the memory of a boy's determination, and a little metal cross. But what a heritage!

And here is where the Junior Red Cross stepped in. This is what one of the boys wrote:

> The eighth-grade boys of Phillips school raked the yard, spaded it, and planted grass-seed. The sixth-grade boys planted a garden which Harry Secrest, who is in the seventh grade, plowed. The sixth-grade girls planted the flowers and are taking care of them. The children all want to help paint the house. The eighth grade will take care of the grass . . .
>
> We want to do for her all Marvin would have done. We also want to keep her from missing Marvin as much as we can, not only this year, but as long as she lives.

Only a raking and spading job,—drudgery, you might call it,—yet it manifests the growing solidarity of this country. Seeing those boys and girls taking care of the hero's grandmother for the rest of her life, the patriotic are spurred to new efforts, the timid are inspired with courage, while the secretly disloyal tremble at the power of the Nation's united will.

We cannot let such work stop for vacation.

YOUR BIT FOR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY

HAVE you or has your club, your school, or your community done something original or unusual in patriotic service of any sort?

For instance, the Committee on Public Information announces that a picturesque feature of the national drive for the Red Cross war fund was contributed by the Nashville, Tennessee, chapter, which took over the management of a large hotel for one day. According to information received from Mrs. H. H. Corson, of the State Division of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, two hundred girls acted as clerks, "bell-hops," elevator operators, hat-checkers, waiters, shoe-shiners and taxi-drivers. They sold newspapers, cigars, and flowers, solicited reservations for tables, and managed the ball-room. The workers were divided into three shifts, each under a captain, the first going on duty at 6:30 A. M. A local transfer-company donated the good will of its business, and the girls used their own cars. Expenses were $30., and $1,675. was realized for the fund.

ST. NICHOLAS would be glad to hear of similar instances and to publish them for the inspiration of others. Send such communications to Robert F. Wilson, 312 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. No letters or manuscripts will be returned, but for each acceptable item ST. NICHOLAS will give a handsome pennant carrying the motto of this department:

"FOR COUNTRY AND FOR LIBERTY"

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

By MRS. CHARLES B. NELCAMP

ACQUIRE a flag of your own, even if you have to make it. You may thus circumvent the alleged war-time shortage and the high price. There has been no change in the pattern or proportions since July 4, 1912, after the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood. The length of the flag is one and nine tenth times the width. The union is two fifths of the flag's length, crosses seven stripes, and rests upon the eighth, which is white, its forty-eight stars arranged in six rows of eight stars each.

BURN your flag when it becomes worn out, and obtain another. There is a tradition in the navy that the flag is never washed. It is considered immaculate.

CONVERSE about the flag's signification, its history, and its veneration. All your friends may not know that the first United States flag of the stars and stripes, made by Betsy Ross, is preserved at Annapolis; or that the flag which in 1814 at Baltimore inspired Francis Scott Key to write our national anthem is in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington; or that the largest United States ensign of our time is owned by St. Louis and is carried on the shoulders of 200 men and Boy Scouts—a flag with stripes two *yards* wide, from which it may be computed that its size is 78 by about 150 feet.

DECORATE with bunting; fly the flag by itself. Use the red, white, and blue (the national colors of other countries as well as our own) to wind pillars and drape tables and cover pianos and otherwise give expression to exuberant patriotic feeling; but the addition of the stars makes the flag. Let the ensign fly from its own staff whenever possible, or if hung against a wall, let it be in straight lines, undraped.

ENCOURAGE flag lectures, drills, plays and essays. Every little while you will find a refreshing bit of humor, as in the Jane Addams story of a group of Ghetto children giving a little play in three short acts. The first act showed two small boys as soldiers of 1776. Said one little soldier to the other: "Ain't it fierce? This here revolution ain't got no flag!" And the other replied, "Ain't it fierce!" and the curtain fell—the end of Act I. The next act showed the second little soldier and General Washington, and the soldier said: "Ain't it fierce? This here revolution ain't got no flag!" And the general agreed, "Yes, it *is* fierce!" and the curtain fell—the end of Act II. The third and last act showed General Washington and Betsy Ross. General Washington said: "Ain't it fierce? This here revolution ain't got no flag!" And Betsy said, "Well, George, you hold the baby, and I 'll *make* a flag!"

FLY your state flag on its birthday. For examples, May 9 is the date for Ohio (1902), and March 27 for New York, the latter banner dating from 1809.

GENEROUSLY present flags when you can. They are welcome Christmas gifts and wedding presents, all the more prized if the handiwork of the giver.

HAVE a "Star Spangled Banner" record for your phonograph, but refuse to buy the anthem in a medley. Our national hymn is surely worthy of a record all its own.

INTEREST your local newspaper men in reprinting flag articles and flag laws. Carleton's "Mending the Old Flag" is a good poem for the Fourth of July. Tell about flags other than the ensign, such as the "service flag" and the so-called "peace flag." The latter originated at the first peace conference at The Hague. It is any national flag with the addition of a border of white, but in our flag the union resting on one of the six white stripes makes of Old Glory a veritable "peace" flag. The "service flag," invented and patented by Captain Queisser, of Cleveland, is too well known to need description, but it may be stated that this banner, like all other patented articles, may be copied for home use (but not for sale or to give away). The white center, originally one third the width when the flag was used only for families, where it could scarcely need space for more than a dozen stars, is now made one half the width; the proportions are as two to three; and the stars are placed with one point up, as in our flag.

JEALOUSLY watch advertisements in all your periodicals and see that the flag is not misused, even a picture which, though not a correct flag, could be mistaken for ours.

KEEP a scrap-book for flag poems, cartoons, and news. You will find this very useful in making up a program for flag day.

LEARN the flag law. Forty-one States have a law to protect the flag, the seven which are remiss all lying south of Mason and Dixon's line and east of the Mississippi, with the exception of Oklahoma. These laws are all similar, forbidding the use of a flag or its likeness on merchandise, and prohibiting any marking on or mutilation of a flag.

MEMORIZE the national anthem. While the third verse is now usually omitted out of consideration for our allies, the four verses form a setting of history as made on September 13-14, 1814, at Baltimore, when Key, a prisoner on a British ship, wrote the words. The flag at that time had fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. After its birth in 1777, with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, an additional stripe and star were added for each new State until it was seen that either the banner would become unwieldy or the stripes indistinguishable, after which, in the easily remembered year of 1818, Congress fixed the final and permanent form, thirteen stripes to commemorate the original thirteen colonies, and one star for each State, to be added on July 4 following the admission of the new State.

NEVER let the flag fly at night nor in a storm, although this, like all other good rules, has its exceptions. At the grave of Francis Scott Key, in Maryland, the flag floats by night and day, as it did when he wrote the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." But those who at this time hang out a flag and let it remain until worn to tatters by the weather, do not distinguish between war, such as we are now having, and *battle*.

OLD GLORY is not the oldest national flag, as sometimes stated. That honor belongs to Denmark, its ensign dating from 1219; but it is the oldest of the flags of the present warring nations, with the exception of that of imperial Russia, the other countries having made changes for different rulers or administrations.

PREVENT desecration by spreading information, since mere ignorance often results in disrespect for the flag. During the second Liberty Loan drive I saw a flag tacked to a table, hanging to the floor, and kicked by every subscriber, kicked constantly by the young woman selling the bonds, and kicked by passers-by. I wrote to headquarters on the subject, and received a letter of thanks, assuring me that the practice would be stopped at once.

QUIETLY and gently suggest a right substitute for the wrong use of the colors. In a county-seat in Ohio a milling firm had for twenty-five years used a picture of two flags, crossed, on its bags and barrels. When attention was called to the illegality of this and time given to dispose of the accumulation of bags on hand, a change was made to a single large star, each of the five points being half red, half blue—a most attractive label.

RISE to your feet when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being rendered, and when the flag is passing on parade. Our national anthem is "The Star-Spangled Banner," and *not* "America." The latter is a tune which is sung to the words of national anthems of several countries, and we may show them respect by rising when we hear it as their anthem.

SEE that no misprinting of the flag goes uncorrected. At very small expense, correct cuts or dies may be had from the American Typefounders Co. in any large city in America, and in some foreign cities.

TEACH the standard salute: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." The making of a "human flag" is easily taught by placing red, white, or blue capes and cowls (each cut in one piece) over the heads and shoulders of children and placing them on thirteen tiers of seats, their places previously chalked, especially the location of the forty-eight children bearing the forty-eight stars, made as parasols or kites. A floral flag, set out in the spring, watered by Boy Scouts, weeded perhaps by the girls, makes a glorious return.

USE discretion in approaching unintentional flag-offenders. The motive may be good, but the method mistaken, both with them and with you. Do not put even the picture of the flag where you would not put a prized photograph, as on a place-card or stuck in ice-cream where you know it will be soiled. A good rule is never to place the flag where it will not be saluted.

VISIT the public library and read, and recommend to others, its books about the flag. The best flag story ever written is "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, of which it has been said, "It teaches, as no other writing can, the meaning of patriotism, and the signification of a flag." The name of the principal character in the story is Nolan, evidently a play upon the words "No land." While flag writings are many and good, flag pictures are few, and some of them inaccurate, as the well-known "Washington Crossing the Delaware," which shows a Star-Spangled Banner, although the flag of that type was not conceived until later in history.

WE wear a small flag, not to decorate ourselves, but to typify our allegiance to that of which the flag is a symbol, the United States. It should be worn on the left breast, above all other insignia or decorations, and it should be a correct flag, not the little ornaments with a few stars and a scant number of stripes.

EXPLAIN the flag law in stores where such merchandise as pillows to be embroidered with the flag still catches the eye; explain

the symbolism of the colors to children; explain the love to be shown the flag in giving it the same consideration that other cherished possessions made of cloth or silk would receive, by bringing it under cover in case of a storm and before the falling of dew or the stress of high winds, and by pressing out its wrinkles before displaying it in the parlor. The adage, "A stitch in time," holds good in the repair of flags.

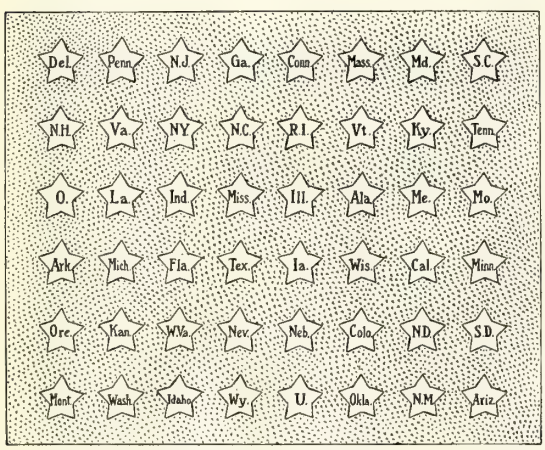
YOU have as much right to enforce the flag law as any other citizen. In all the experience the writer has had in improving the mistaken thought of those who have misused the flag (and misuse is usually only a mistaken sense of admiration for the colors) she has haled but one man to court. He was a man far beyond her years, an ex-alderman in our largest city, and an admirable and charitable person in many respects, who for nearly thirty years had pictured two flags on his popcorn wrappers. After a year's argument he changed to a design within the law. A few months later the old wrappers were again being used, whereupon he was brought before a magistrate, then sent to Special Sessions, and fined. This case, coming as it did during the war, helped to awaken thought to true veneration for the flag and also helped to advertise the flag law and insure obedience to it.

ZEALOUSLY guard historic, battle-scarred, and costly flags. Put them in a frame or a glass case, or where they will be protected from moths and harm. Zealously teach flag etiquette. The flag is used as a cover in but two instances, on the casket of the honored dead, or sometimes upon a pulpit. There is but one object which may with propriety be laid upon the flag, the Bible. But one banner is ever hoisted above the ensign, and that is the church pennant, a white pennant charged with a blue cross, raised to the top of the mast during divine service on board a battle-ship and typifying "God Above Country."

THE STARS IN OUR FLAG

By S. CLARY

THE stars in the blue union of our flag stand for the States of the Union, one star for each State. You know this, but perhaps you do not know that each star represents its own individual State, and its position on the square of blue is carefully and definitely regulated by law and executive order.



WHICH STAR IS YOURS?

On October 26, 1912, the executive order of President Taft concerning the flag was made, and it provided for the specific arrangement of the stars. They were to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each, starting from the upper left-hand corner, each row running from left to right, the star corresponding to each State being named in the order in which the States ratified the Constitution.

Thus, star number 1, in the upper left-hand corner, is for Delaware; star number 48, in the lower right-hand corner, is for Arizona. The following will show at a glance which star is that of your State.

First row: 1, Delaware; 2, Pennsylvania; 3, New Jersey; 4, Georgia; 5, Connecticut; 6, Massachusetts; 7, Maryland; 8, South Carolina.

Second row: 9, New Hampshire; 10, Virginia; 11, New York; 12, North Carolina; 13, Rhode Island; 14, Vermont; 15, Kentucky; 16, Tennessee.

Third row: 17, Ohio; 18, Louisiana; 19, Indiana; 20, Mississippi; 21, Illinois; 22, Alabama; 23, Maine; 24, Missouri.

Fourth row: 25, Arkansas; 26, Michigan; 27, Florida; 28, Texas; 29, Iowa; 30, Wisconsin; 31, California; 32, Minnesota.

Fifth row: 33, Oregon; 34, Kansas; 35, West Virginia; 36, Nevada; 37, Nebraska; 38, Colorado; 39, North Dakota; 40, South Dakota.

Sixth row: 41, Montana; 42, Washington; 43, Idaho; 44, Wyoming; 45, Utah; 46, Oklahoma; 47, New Mexico; 48, Arizona.

THE MOTION AND THE CURVE

BY A. H. FOLWELL



1. When Jimmy Jimson starts to pitch
   At baseball in the lots,
   He gives his little head a twitch,
   He ties himself in knots,
   He bends his body, lifts his knee,
   And limbers up his toe,
   And swings the ball amazingly
   Before he lets it go.

2. But Tommy Tomson's not the same;
   He does n't move around
   As Jimmy does; a different game
   He plays upon the mound.
   He sizes up the boy at bat,
   He looks him in the eye,
   Then takes a little step—like that—
   And lets the pellet fly.

3. Now Jimmy, so the boys all say,
   Is just the biggest cinch
   That ever was; his grand-stand play
   Can't help him in a pinch;
   But Tommy, though he does n't wind
   Himself in knots like Jim,
   Can pitch a curve the boys can't find—
   They don't get next to *him.*

4. And thus the game of life is played.
   When you are one and twenty
   You 'll find in ev'ry line of trade
   Of Jims and Toms a plenty.
   I think this humble notion
   For a moral well will serve:
   There 's nothing in the motion
   If you have n't got the curve!



"The Spirit of '76"

By

George Merrick Mullett





BETSY wiggled her head into the pillow which the polite porter had placed behind her shoulders; and though it was not at all comfortable, not for worlds would she have foregone the pleasurable discomfort of it, for "the time, the place, and the man" all contributed to a delicious feeling of being steeped in luxury. Josephine-Annabelle, in quietly swagger new traveling-togs, stared with her usual pleasantly expectant look on her very unwooden-looking wooden face, and Betsy felt that except for the recent heart-breaking separation from Muddy Dear and Daddy, testified to by a pink smartiness around her eyes, there remained nothing else in the world for which to wish.

It seemed to her that surely some good fairy had been pleased to bewitch her lately, so many lovely things had been happening. And now here was this wonderful trip just starting, her very first, and given her by prosperous Uncle Dudley. The youngest child in the sizable family of a small-salaried government clerk is not apt to have experienced often the process of steeping in luxury, nor yet to have felt unduly self-important. Betsy was therefore enjoying both of these novel sensations to the utmost. Rolling along in a velvet-upholstered, be-mirrored palace of magnificence; waited on by an ebon-faced menial, with a moving panorama of hills, valleys, rushing streams, and villages flashing past the windows; and adored Jo-An happily beside her—surely here was enchantment for plain little Betsy Lane. Then there was the journey's end in delightful prospect, with Hometown awaiting her, that long-dreamed-of place, that had hitherto seemed as fabulous as any fairy-tale location, where Muddy Dear and Daddy had been a small girl and boy.

A dimple flickered at a corner of her mouth as she recalled some of Daddy's parting nonsense: "Your father's family, my dear, are the originals of that world-renowned quintette, the five little pigs. First there is Farmer Uncle Dick, the little pig who goes to market; next comes Uncle Dudley, who is the one who stayed at Home (town), and who, likewise, and no doubt consequently, is also the one who has roast-beef; last, but not least, comes your respected parent as the little pig who had none, and who, but for pride and a family, would also represent the tiny tad who cried 'Wee, wee, wee, all the way home.'"

Betsy had spent some time in speculating about the traveled-looking bags in the backward-facing seat of her section, and she started up, as a small child should, to take the less desirable seat when their owner finally returned from some other part of the train to take possession of his share of the section. She looked up with shy interest as he gently pressed her back into her seat, and right there there fell into her cup of happiness a last bright drop to make it overflow—her seat-mate was a soldier; another shy glance at the insignia on his uniform—a colonel! She in the same seat with a colonel, who might soon be going "over there" to fight for our country. But no, more wonderful still! Almost the first words he said, as he continued his conversation with a portly civilian at his side, informed her that he had already been to the front. So the fairy enchantment was still working.

She was not sure that it was quite polite to listen; but as patriotism was at present the dominating influence of Betsy's existence, she could no more help it than breathing, or liking pink bows in spite of her red hair. So, in order to give the

appearance of decorum, she tried to keep her eyes demurely lowered and cuddled Jo-An, while every fiber of her small being thrilled and tingled to the first-hand stories he told of the terrible war-drama in which he had taken part.

"However much we have done as a nation," he said once, in answer to a remark from his companion, "we have vastly more to do. We have given generously out of our abundance, but there are lessons yet for us to learn, and we shall have to enter upon the stage of giving through personal sacrifice—giving and giving and giving, as our war-torn allies have been doing. Why, instead of there being any grumbling over such inconveniences as have arisen from the shortages of certain food-stuffs, we ought to be grateful for the privilege of helping by means of the greatest individual sacrifices, thanking God that our homes are not being devastated and our fruitful fields laid waste. To many of our people this war, even now, remains only a horrible dream. If they could see what I have seen,—if they could see the discomfort and suffering of the men in the trenches; if the mothers here could see, as I have seen, the sad, white-faced women, the pinched faces of the children and their frail, bird-like hands, they would awaken. No need then to urge food conservation, buying war-bonds, or greater economy! I 'll warrant you there would be no bit wasted that might play its part in winning for the right in this tremendous conflict. For I believe that it is going to take the *bits* of the individual to win this war, and our people must be made to realize that each one, however humble, has a vital, necessary work to do."

The speaker's deep voice vibrated with emotion, and his eyes, dark with feeling, stared into space at those heart-racking pictures he had evoked. His gaze suddenly focused on two blue, tear-misted eyes belonging to a small girl in the seat across from him.

"Oh, Mister Colonel Man!" Betsy said in a quavery voice, "Muddy Dear told us, and we have all been trying, 'deed we have, but I expect we could do more. Can't you talk to people while you are over here? They would n't want the soldiers not to have all the help they can and the babies to be hungry. Don't let us lose the war—don't!" she clasped her hands in appeal, quite unconscious of Betsy Lane in the intensity of her feeling.

The officer reached over and folded both her hands between his, looking deep into her entreating eyes. "I 'm sure you will do everything you can, my dear," his eyes smiled into hers reassuringly, reminding her more than ever how like they were to some of the mountain streams they had passed. She had noticed it first when he had been talking of some of the ruthless deeds of the enemy—the hard gray lights in them made them look like the glittering stream beside the tracks, which rushed its way through jagged gray rocks; but now they looked like a quiet pool she had seen far below, in whose clear green waters brown leaves of the previous autumn lay glinting.

"Suppose you tell me some of the things you have already done, little maid," he invited, anxious to drive away the anxiety from the small, earnest face. And under the flattering interest in those brown-flecked eyes Betsy found herself launched upon the always thrilling story, to her, of how she had offered up her child, Jo-An, to her country's service, and how, after making fifty dollars for the Junior Red Cross, she had been miraculously restored to her.

And then—Betsy felt quite grown up as she was reminded of a favorite remark of Muddy Dear's, appropriate to such occasions, "How small the world is, to be sure!"—it transpired that the stout gentleman was an editor in Hometown and knew Uncle Dudley well, and the Colonel Man came from Steele, the nearest village, and was on his way there to make a visit to his family. Next came the absorbing interest of watching the porter make the berths with deft, "no-lost-motion" expertness, so that the painful pictures were sufficiently tucked in under brighter interests to allow the small traveler to go to bed feeling not too lonesome and very like a wee, happy bird in the snug, nestlike upper berth.

Long before the train reached South Hometown the next morning, Betsy's nose was flattened against the window in the one section of the sleeper which had not been made over into beds the evening before, to the sleepy amusement of the editor, who declared he could not imagine any one being so thrilled over a first sight of Hometown, particularly at such an unearthly hour in the morning.

Betsy *was* thrilled. There was the same, the very same, dilapidated yellow bus that Daddy had said "always had and always would" meet the train at South Hometown; there was the same wizened, snuff-colored driver; there was the almost perpendicular incline leading down to the wheezy ferry-boat at its base; and across the river, the low, somewhat dingy, outlines of beloved Hometown. She wondered how she would have ever braved the steep descent had not dear, cheery Uncle Dudley been there to reassure her, for at every moment the creaking bus seemed on the point of turning a handspring over the backs of the straining horses and the occupants shook about like dried peas in a pod very much too

large; or the perilous position in which the leisurely ferryman placed them, when, in his casual way, he failed to put up immediately the rail in front of the boat's gangway and it moved out with nothing between the dashing bus steeds and the muddy waters of the Ohio.

She had been prepared to look on Hometown as "one of the garden spots of the world" because of the glamor with which the loving memories of Muddy Dear and Daddy had invested it, but it seemed to her that the half had not been told. There were four jolly cousins to meet, three of them boys (Betsy liked boys), and innumerable pleasant people eager to see a child of Thomas and Mary Lane. Accustomed to the simple way of living made necessary by her father's small income, the lavish abundance in her uncle's home first dazzled and then dismayed her. She had been quite unprepared for the magnificence of the "little pig who had stayed at home and had roast-beef," and supposed the extravagance of the table to be "company fixings"; but when it dawned on her that it was their regular routine, she became possessed of a sharp discomfort that not even association with her rollicking cousins could dispel. With the words of the Colonel Man still in her ears, she was oppressed with a wild fear that unless all this waste was stopped the war would be lost, and finally she could endure it no longer.

"When do you have your do-without meals?" she asked desperately at a breakfast more elaborate than their dinners at home.

"Do-without meals?" queried thirteen-year-old John, interestedly.

"Wheatless or meatless," explained Betsy.

"Oh, I see!" laughed Aunt Jane. "We are fortunate enough to be able to give freely and also to have what we like on the table."

Betsy reddened, at a loss what to say, when Uncle Dudley came to her rescue.

"I have tried to explain, Jane, that that is n't the question. Everybody, regardless of their circumstances, is supposed to be economical in the use of the classes of food named by the Food Administration as required for our needy allies; and the greatest economy should be exercised at all points so that the maximum of help may be given to our Government in financing this war."

"Well, I 'm sure you have given generously, Dudley; and please tell me just how much difference a slight saving on our table is going to make?"

"A whole lot of difference, when you add it to the 'slight savings' of thousands of other families in this big country of ours. It will mean a stupendous thing when everybody begins to do every bit he can with all there is in him."

"That 's just what the Colonel Man said," agreed Betsy, with emphasis.

"Well, all I hope is that we won't have cornbread every day," protested Warren, the boy just about Betsy's age. "I hate the stuff, it 's so dry and grainy tasting. They say we ought to eat it because the Allies don't like it, but I 'm blessed if I see why I should eat something *I* don't like to keep them from eating something *they* don't like."

"You don't?" flared Betsy. "Well, it 's because they 've been doing all the fighting and suffering and losing their homes, and we 're just starting—that 's why!" She colored, fearing she had been impolite.

"That 's right; go at him, Betsy! He 's pro-German if he does n't eat his share of the pone."

"The Hooverloo will get him," laughed Betsy. "A tiny girl I know heard every one talking about what Hoover would do, and she did n't understand exactly; so all of a sudden she began saying that the Hooverloo would get them when they took too much on their plates or fussed about what was served. I guess she thought it was a new kind of goblin."

"The Hooverloo will get this whole family if something is not done," declared Uncle Dudley.

"Now, Dudley, I 'm sure I want to help in this crisis as much as any one," protested Mrs. Lane, petulantly. "I have worked night and day for the Scioto Branch of the Red Cross; but you know I loathe housekeeping and petty domestic economies. I 'm sure that the work I am doing, and which I like, is more important than making every one uncomfortable by saving a few dollars on the table."

"Far be it from me to differ with you," said her husband; "you have certainly worked like a Trojan, and with results, too; but I think this other matter should and can be arranged. How about that domestic-science course of yours, Margaret? Could n't that be made practical now?"

Margaret looked up dubiously. But the look of confidence on her father's face put the expression to flight.

"I think it could, if Mother would tell Hattie to do as I plan." And then, as her mother nodded an indifferent assent, "Oh, Dad, I 'll do it, and I 'm going to love it, too," she cried, warming up. "I 've been wanting to do something for the longest time, and I could n't think of just what to do."

"Then I will appoint you quartermaster-general. You are to take over your duties immediately, and I 'll give you all you save on the bills, provided you devote it to some patriotic purpose."

"Oh," wailed John, "I see our finish! We 'll

not only have wheatless and meatless meals—I bet they 'll be eatless."

"They will not, John Lane!" flashed Margaret; "they will be good and they 'll be well-balanced—perhaps more than they are now."

"More than you are, too," teased John, as he made a hasty exit.

Betsy danced away from the table, with the load of impending disaster lifted, and joined Warren and Dee, who were poring over a fireworks catalogue, fairly sizzling with excitement and patriotism. They declared that they were going to make "this little old Fourth" expressive of what they would do if they were old enough to enlist.

"Mother has given Dee and me each three dollars, and there is three for you. The city is going to have community fireworks at night, so we can spend our mon' for day ones. We can have some little shootings, can't we, Bets? Come on and get busy so we can get this order off."

Betsy was aflame with the announcement. All her life, or at least for six of her ten years, she had longed for a firecracker-shooting, noisy, bangety-bang Fourth such as Daddy used to have, instead of the safe-and-sane ones of her experience in the District, and here were riches within her grasp to bring it to pass. A real honest-to-goodness Fourth! It seemed to her, too, that here was the chance to give fitting expression to those patriotic fires burning so brightly within her, and she plunged into the absorbing task of choosing, under the expert direction of her experienced cousins.

It was not until the list was about completed that a most disturbing thought obtruded itself into her consciousness. Was n't this wasting money—what about the soldiers and hungry



"'OH, MISTER COLONEL MAN! CAN 'T YOU TALK TO PEOPLE WHILE YOU ARE OVER HERE?'"

people "over there"? She brushed aside the horrid intruder about to snatch away her promised joy, but it would n't "shoo." Back it came and looked at her from the catalogue, first with the loving eyes of Muddy Dear and then with the earnest ones of the Colonel Man. She lay on the floor, face in hands, apparently lost in her list, while the boys wrangled over some debatable choices. In reality, she was wrestling with the disturbing thought as did Jacob of old with his angel. The disturbing thought finally came off victorious, and stood revealed as a splendid patriotic thought in disguise.

Betsy was used to making "pretends" and plans, and this one developed with such lightning rapidity that she sprang up suddenly and electrified the boys by her excitement. "Boys," she said tensely, "I 've got the loveliest plan—oh, it 's much nicer than fireworks; let 's not have fireworks!"

The boys stared at her as though she had suddenly become demented.

"Not have firecrackers on the Fourth?" burst out Dee, with the questioning emphasis of unbelief.

"That 's what the Fourth is for," declared Warren, stupid with amazement.

"It 's wasting money we could use to help in the war," she explained.

"Aw, shucks! you 've got that on the brain, Betsy," said Dee, disgustedly.

"That 's going too far!" complained Warren.

"Well, I 'm not going to spend mine that way," declared Betsy, stoutly; "and when I tell you about my plan, I 'll bet you want to be in it, that 's all."

"What is it?" asked Warren, suspicious, but curious.

"You know about Jo-An?" They nodded. "Well, it 's a lot nicer than that." Betsy eagerly outlined her plan, and it grew and took shape in the telling. From aggressive resistance her cousins' attitudes changed first to mild interest, and then to such eager coöperation that the thing was soon in full swing, waiting only for the final execution, which was set for the next day.

There was a great bustle of preparation and much whispering in the dear delight of a secret. Betsy was so full of it that it brimmed over into the interested ears of the wonder-lady, with whom she and Jo-An took luncheon that day. The wonder-lady had been given her name by a ragged little foreign urchin of the streets, because the magic of the tales she told weekly at the library had taken him out of his own wretched, grimy existence; and because the name was more expressive of her than her own prosaic, legal one, the children had clung to it.

"I wish," said Betsy, wistfully, as she finished telling about the plan, "that Jo-An could be in it. You know, if it had n't been for her, I might not have been one—we both started being patriots together."

The wonder-lady understood perfectly, and, holding Betsy close to her side, put on her thinking-cap. Finally her face brightened.

"Betsy dear," she said, "I have just the thing! It will make the lovely idea quite complete. A great many people here know about Jo-An, because your Uncle Dudley told Editor Stubbs about her and he wrote a story about it for his paper. I read it to the children one afternoon at the library, and they were all interested in her. Now let us dress her in the suit of mail you made for her to play 'Jo-An of Ark,' then I have a fine bronze horse on which she can be mounted. I will arrange to have her put in the library, with my big copper kettle near by to receive contributions. Do you think any one will be able to resist her?"

Betsy shook her head delightedly, "Oh, I can see why they call you the wonder-lady! I can hardly wait to begin, and I 'll go right over and get her suit of mail."

It seemed to Betsy that the next day was as long in coming as Christmas and birthdays, but her thoughts were so full of her plan that when the day actually dawned, there was no time lost in putting it into action. Closing entertainments at school had initiated Betsy into the mysteries of costuming and make-up, and it was with the fervor of the true artist that she undertook to transform herself and the two boys into lifelike imitations of the three Revolutionary patriots in that best-known picture in America, "The Spirit of '76." Her fluffy curls became so thoroughly snowed under with rice-powder that, later, it took considerably longer to remove it than it had to get it there; and when she had donned one of John's white shirts, his scout trousers, and a vest of Uncle Dudley's, she felt very manly and quite satisfied with herself as the white-haired grandsire. Owing to a former George-Washington-Birthday party, the boys' costumes were all one could wish, so she was able to devote herself entirely to the manufacture, with a lavish use of red water-color, of a gory bandage to bind about Warren's black-crowned brow. The boys had expended their artistic skill on a most remarkable sign which they had painted on a strip of white muslin and nailed to a highly prized pair of stilts that Dee sacrificed in a blaze of enthusiasm.

There were certain unavoidable liberties taken in imitating the original painting, but when the three finally marched down Second Street the

densest observer who had ever seen the picture—and who has not?—could not have failed to recognize the figures. All the time that Betsy had been evolving her plan, the pictures that the Colonel Man had made her see kept growing brighter, his words ringing with clarion clearness in her ears. It was because of this that she felt none of the self-consciousness that the boys experienced upon coming into the glaring publicity of the street. When her aides threatened to turn back and crawl under the friendly shelter of the nearest porch, she rallied them so skilfully and was so successful in imparting something of her own ardent spirit that they finally stepped out right valiantly.

White-haired Betsy in the center, rolling out a martial *rub-a-dub-dub* on John's treasured scout drum, was flanked on each side by Warren and Dee, bearing a stilt apiece, which held, stretched over them, this attention-arresting sign:

DON'T SPEND MONEY FOR FIRECRACKERS
HELP THE MEN TO DO YOUR SHOOTING
OVER THERE

It was inevitable that such a spectacle should draw its crowd in any place, but it was a particularly novel sight in placid, easy-going Hometown—quite outside its matter-of-fact experience. A swarm of children, running along with wide-eyed expectancy, soon formed quite a respectable-sized procession, and a number of the more leisurely or curious adults quickened their steps to see what was about to happen.

Betsy's family had always declared that nothing was ever lost on her, and now she plainly borrowed from the tactics of the suffragettes she had seen in Washington. When she decided that her crowd had reached satisfactory proportions she gave orders for a halt, to the very evident relief of the tired-armed banner-bearers. Pointing to the sagging sign, she commenced to harangue her audience: "That is what *we* are going to do," she began, simply. "We had our firecracker list all made out, and then we remembered how our country needs every bit of help every person can give; so we felt we would be better patriots if we celebrated in this way. I guess you will all want to do the same thing when you know about it. I know you would if you could only hear the Colonel Man talk about 'over there.' I can't tell it so good as he, but he made me feel as if I could never waste another penny or bit of food while it is so badly needed where they are fighting."

The words poured out as she tried to tell some part of what she had heard the officer say, and, because it had burned into her soul, she made it a vivid reality to her hearers. More than one grown-up had moist eyes.

"If it is hard for you to give up your fireworks, just think about what I have told you the Colonel Man saw with his own eyes! He said he could not get the children's poor little pinched faces out of his mind. And think how those people, in the middle of that terrible fighting, must be kept strong so they can keep on. The Colonel Man says they need the help, and the most help they can give, of every man and woman and child in this country to win this war. Just think of it!" the childish treble became shrill; "we have n't been doing all we could—what if we should lose, what if we should lose?" Betsy had forgotten everything else; her eyes were streaming, and she could not continue. She stopped, swallowed hard—and came to herself.

"The wonder-lady is going to have a kettle in the library so any one who wants to help his country can put the money there, and every penny will help. We are going over there now to put ours in, and Jo-An of Ark is there."

On the outskirts of the crowd stood the Colonel Man beside his friend the editor, whom the wonder-lady had notified of Betsy's plan.

"Bless the child!" murmured the officer, tenderly, very much touched at the childish edition of his own words; "her spirit burns as brightly as her dear little red head. I 've heard few more stirring appeals, none more heartfelt, and I 'll warrant it does far more good than she hopes."

"Oh, it 's great!" said the editor, emphatically. "I would n't have missed it for the world! Do you know, Bob, she has started something that has great possibilities. By George, I 'll write a story about this that will wake up the village!" And he rushed back to the editorial sanctum, where he proceeded to pace the floor and dictate, at express-train speed, to a long-suffering stenographer.

All during the hot June afternoon the patriots trudged heroically, up one street and down another, and each time the message was delivered with all the fire of the first appeal, although, at the earnest solicitation of her less temperamental cousins, she endeavored not to cry any more. At last the tired legs quite gave out, and the children returned to the Lane home, foot-sore and weary. Their faces were flushed and grimy with dust and perspiration,—Warren's was liberally decorated with brilliant streaks from his "blood-stained" bandage that had rakishly settled partly over one eye, and enough powder had sifted



"THEY STEPPED OUT RIGHT VALIANTLY"

from Betsy's hair to her hot red face to make it look like a cubist picture of a winter sunset, but all three were radiant with the joy of work well done.

Mrs. Lane was shocked at the whole escapade. "Tom and Mary are making a great mistake in allowing the child to think so much about this war—she is positively morbid on the subject!" she complained fretfully. Margaret was much embarrassed, wondering "what people would think," and John was much aggrieved by the confiscation of his scout regalia; but Uncle Dudley was delighted beyond measure. And when the "Times" came, the family migrated to his side in an interested body, for it contained a big special article by the editor entitled, " 'The Spirit of '76' Visits Hometown."

"There is a niche in the children's room at the public library in which, astride a bronze horse and bearing aloft the Red Cross pennon, is the patriotic doll of Miss Betsy Lane, of Washington, D. C. Just below is placed a huge copper kettle to receive the contributions for which 'The Spirit of '76' made appeal. The librarian advises us that the container promises to be well filled.

"The editor wishes to suggest that it would be most fitting, in view of the example set us by our juniors, that the generous sum that has been collected for the community fireworks be devoted to the same purpose. Some of the largest contributors have signified their desire to do this, and it is believed that the rest will follow suit. Mr. Lawrence Bond suggests that in place of the fireworks there be a mammoth patriotic meeting, and he has offered the use of the ball-park, with electric lighting, for the evening. Already a movement has been started to make this entertainment most attractive, and Colonel Judson, of Steele, who is back from France on important official business, will not only give a talk, but hopes to be able to show us some moving-pictures from the front that have not been shown before. He has written to Washington for permission to do so. In conclusion, we wish to point out that here is the chance for Hometown to 'get on the map' in a very enviable position."

"Old Stubbs can write an article when he wants to, that would wring tears of repentance from the angels of darkness," declared Uncle Dudley, clearing a huskiness from his voice as he finished reading. "Now," he asked, "what do you think of our patriots for starting something? Here 's to General Betsy Lane and her two aides. Make it loud. Three cheers and a whole menagerie of tigers!"

Betsy's eyes were starry, "Oh, I must have remembered pretty well what the Colonel Man said. I knew people would do all they could if they could hear what he said. I wish he could talk to the kaiser."

"I guess he has been doing that," smiled her uncle, grimly, "and in the only language he can understand."

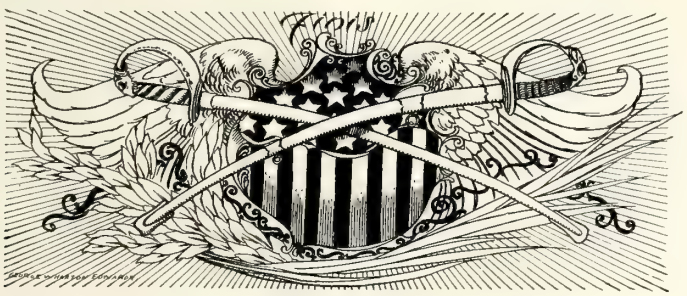
The editor's suggestion for a better use of the community fireworks fund met with general acclaim, and on the night of July Fourth it seemed that every one of Hometown's twenty thousand population must be crowded inside the ball-park, perched on its fences or lining the roofs of the adjoining houses.

The "River City Band" blared forth one patriotic air after another, and on a large screen were shown such pictures as made every one who had given to this cause not only glad of any sacrifice made, but burn with eagerness to do more.

In opening his address, Colonel Judson took from his pocket a letter commending the action taken by the people of Hometown and the large contribution to the Red Cross which had resulted. Hometown fairly gasped with pride and pleasure when the name of its exalted signer was given. There were few hearts unmoved during the Colonel Man's talk, few eyes that were not misty by the time he came to his closing words:

"It seems most appropriate that the movement that is responsible for this celebration to-night should have been inspired by the picture 'The Spirit of '76,' because it was painted by a native of our own State. It is a spirit that is as sorely needed to-day as in the time of the Revolution—see that you keep it strong in your hearts!"

Then, to drum-beat and fife-shrilling, marched out three small figures, with flushed, happy faces. They stood beaming in front of the big white screen, while out on the soft July night rang a mighty chorus of cheers for "The Spirit of '76."



The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Aunt.



THE Aunt who, with the Sisters twain,
Had joined the Joyous Traveler's train,
Was wont so much at home to stay
That fears beset her all the way.

She feared that robbers might attack;
That wolves might come in savage pack;
Or that some unknown perils might
Be lurking near by day and night.

Her timid nature won the name
Of "Lady Fear-all" for the dame.

Yet did the company soon see
How brave this timid Aunt could be.

For when her charge, the Younger Maid,
To pluck some flowers aside had strayed,
And, adder-bit, was like to die
From poison, were no wise help nigh,

Who but the Aunt to rescue flew?
With her own lips the poison drew
From out the wound, the child to save—
A deed unselfish as 't was brave?

Strange tale it was she chose to tell,
But that it suited her right well
They all agreed; and each one thought
In silence on the truth it taught.



THERE was once a lad who was apprentice to an armorer skilled in the making of lances, swords, helmets, and shields, and all that pertains to the armor of good knights. And this lad made one day at his master's forge a lance.

Now how to make a lance he knew full well, having been taught the pattern by his master half a hundred times; but as he worked that day he seemed to see before him a lance of different fashion from that which he had learned; aye, and one better and stronger and sharper than any ever forged before.

So plainly did this lance appear to him that he laid down his hammer and reached out to grasp it. But his hands closed only on empty air; and when he rubbed his eyes and looked again, behold no lance was there!

"A plague upon my dreaming!" said he, returning to his task; but when he had finished his own lance it was liker to his dream than to the master's pattern, which vexed the armorer full sore.

"Have I taught you nothing that you should bring me such as this?" he cried; and he bade the lad thrust the lance into the fire and model it again.

The lad was a good lad, and did his master's bidding without a murmur. Yet no sooner did he set about his task anew than, clearer and fairer than before, the vision came; and when again his work was done, the lance he had made was more than ever like the one of which he dreamed, and less than ever like those which hung in the shop of the armorer.

"A murrain on you for your carelessness!" cried the worthy man; and he bade the lad heat the iron once more and that quickly, lest he should feel a stick upon his back.

But though the fire had power to melt the metal, neither the master's anger nor the lad's desire to please him had power to change the witching vision; and lo, when the lad had for the third time made his lance, it was as much like the dream lance as if the two had been shaped by one stroke of the hammer! Aye, and in his heart's heart the lad felt that it was better and stronger and sharper than any ever forged before.

But the armorer was of a different opinion, and he bade the lad seek another craft. "Carelessness may be checked by a rod, but for lack of wit there is no cure; and an armorer you can never be," quoth he.



"'A MURRAIN ON YOU FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS!' CRIED THE WORTHY MAN."

Yet because of the lad's faithful service and the good will he had toward him in spite of his stupidity, he desired, ere he went, to bestow upon him a gift.

"Here is a steel cap to guard your silly head

from harm, or a knife with broad blade with which to fend yourself against the wolves, or an ax which can be used in war or peace. Come, take your choice," he said.

But the lad would have naught but the lance which he had made, and with this he went into the world.

And as he went, there came to walk and talk



"'NEVER BE DISHEARTENED,' SAID COURAGE."

with him two, the names of which were called, the one, Despair, and the other, Courage.

"All is lost!" cried Despair. "You have failed in what you care for most. If you can not be an armorer, what is there left for you to be?"

"Nay, never be disheartened," said Courage. "What matters it if the master has cast you out? The lance is a good one, for all he says."

"Aye, but who will believe it?" cried Despair. "The armorer is armorer to the duke, and none will gainsay him."

"Prove the lance, and duke and armorer alike will praise you," said Courage.

The lad had listened first to one and then the other, scarce knowing which to heed, but now he roused himself.

"I will prove it to them both and to more than them!" he said; and he walked on so briskly that Despair, which was ever a laggard of foot as well as of heart, was left behind. But of this the lad was unaware, so busy was he with plans of how and where and when to test the lance.

The duke, who had been long in foreign lands, he had never seen; but there were many gallant knights at home, and, among these, surely true worth would find a friend, he thought.

And as if in answer to his thought, he spied coming toward him a young knight clad in splendid armor from head to toe. His helmet shone like a great jewel in the sunlight; his coat of mail was woven of glittering links of steel; and as for his shield, it was like a looking-glass without blur or spot.

"Here, surely, is he whom I seek," said the lad to himself; and he lifted up the lance and besought the knight to look with favor on it.

"But 't is shorter by a foot than any at the duke's court," cried the young knight. "I would be the laughing-stock of all if I came there with such a bauble!" And he laughed, himself, as he galloped away.

"It will ever be the same," said Despair, creeping up to join the lad as he stood to watch the gay knight go. "What use is it to make better lances, when all are pleased with lances as they are? You will have naught but ridicule for your painstaking."

"A laugh never yet made a lance or broke one," said Courage. "And youth, 't was ever said, is thoughtless. Yonder rides a knight of years and, doubtless, wisdom. 'T is to such as he that you must go."

And the lad took counsel of Courage and awaited the coming of the second knight.

The elder knight had no splendid garb of which to boast, but none the less he bore himself with so much pride and dignity that the armorer's lad doffed cap, and bent knee before him.

"Good sir," said he, "here is a lance the like of which I claim was never forged before. 'T is shorter than all others, but for that very reason is less cumbersome; 't is slenderer than that you bear, but stronger I will warrant you; and though its handle has a different turn, it is the easier to grasp and hold."

But the elder knight would not even look at it.

"The lance my father and my father's father bore is good enough for me," said he; and he, too, passed on his way, leaving the lad staring wistfully after him.

"None will hear you!" cried Despair. "Go hire you for a turnspit, for sooner or later you must come to that."



"AND LO, THE LANCE HAD DRIVEN THROUGH THE SHIELD!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

And the lad would have gone had not Courage hindered him.

"Coward!" quoth he; and at the word the lad sprang forward as if in truth a master's stick had struck him stingingly.

There were no more knights upon the road, but as the lad with his two companions journeyed on, he came to a man of grave and thoughtful countenance, riding upon a red roan horse. And the man, seeing the lance in the lad's hand, inquired forthwith where he had gotten it and who the maker was.

His manner was one of authority, and whether because of this or because of a kindly smile that lay not on his lips, but in his eyes, he soon had the whole story from the lad.

What he thought of it he did not say; but his servant galloping up just then to join him, he bade him take the lad, if he willed to go, behind him on his horse to the duke's castle.

"For," said he, "the duke, who has come but now from his travels, has brought with him a marvelous shield, of which it is said that no lance can pierce it. And the duke having fancy to put this to the test, and likewise to make sport for his court, has set up the shield in his courtyard, where to-morrow morn the knights will try their skill with it. And this much I will promise you in the duke's name—if you go thither, your lance shall have trial also."

The lad was fain to do this, but even as his foot was in the stirrup, Despair took hold upon him, crying: "It is vain to make the test. 'T will but disgrace you more!"

And so true did the words seem that the lad hung back till Courage prodded him and called: "No trial, no proof. Up and away!"

It was nightfall when the duke's castle was reached, but the lad had good lodging with the man's servant; and the next morning this same servant took him before the duke.

And behold, the duke was no other than the man who had befriended him!

"That which the traveler promised, I will uphold," he said; and he bade the lad stand by until such time when he should beckon him; for already the knights were gathering for the sport.

The shield which the duke had brought across the sea was made of proven steel by a master hand, and the lad's heart beat hard and fast as one by one the knights essayed to pierce it.

The first to try was the young knight of the mirror shield. As gaily as a bird flies from a green bough in the spring, he spurred his steed across the lists and hurled his lance against the shield. But for all his youth and all his confidence, the shield withstood his thrust, and he was forced to return to his place with downcast hopes and a bent lance.

Many another tried and failed, and at last it was the turn of the old knight whom the lad had met upon the road. But though he rushed upon the shield with the force of a great rock falling from a mountain-side, the lance that his father and his father's father had borne splintered in the shock; for in truth it was somewhat rusted.

Then the cry went up to grant the shield the victory; but this the Duke would not allow.

"I will myself assail this doughty shield," he cried; and beckoning the lad, he took the lance from him.

The lad could scarcely believe his ears or eyes; and as he stood with bated breath to watch the duke ride forth, who should come close but dark Despair and gallant Courage.

"The lance will break!" cried one.

"An if it does, you will yet make a better one," the other said.

But even as Courage spoke, there rose a shout; "The duke! the duke! The shield is pierced!"

And lo, as clearly as an arrow cleaves its mark, the lance had driven through the shield! Yet when they looked to see, it was not broken, neither was it bent.

"'T is a good lance, although I cast it out," cried the duke's armorer, who had come with the rest to watch the sport. And he looked with pride upon the lad, for, after all, had he not taught him much?

"Aye, 't is a good lance," said the duke; and he bade the armorer take the lad with him that they two together might make new lances for the knights both young and old.

And it is said that Courage went with the lad, and abode with him all the days of his life. But of Despair my tale tells no more.

GUNS AND SUPER-GUNS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "With Men who do Things," "On the Battle-front of Engineering," etc.

"Give us a gun that will fire a shell from Washington to Baltimore."

Suppose the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the United States, had made this demand six months ago; the world would have stood aghast. The newspapers would have ridiculed the idea. "Forty miles? Why, it can't be done!" they would have exclaimed. But the ordnance department would have calmly replied: "We have in our files the plans for a gun that will fire fifty miles. It was designed twenty years ago."

And so when the news came last March that big shells were dropping into Paris from a gun which must have been at least seventy miles away, the world at first refused to believe; then it imagined that some brand-new form of gun or shell or powder had been invented by the Germans. However, while the public marveled, ordnance experts were interested, but not astonished. They knew that it was perfectly feasible to build a gun that would hurl a shell fifty, or seventy-five, or even a hundred miles, without involving anything new in the science of gunnery.

SHOOTING AROUND THE EDGE OF THE EARTH

But if such ranges have been possible all these years, why has no such long-distance gun been built before? Simply because none but the Germans would ever think of shooting around the edge of the earth at a target so far away that it would have to be as big as a whole city to be hit at all. In a distance of seventy miles, the curve of the earth is quite considerable. Paris is far below the horizon of the gunners at St. Gobain, where the gun is supposed to be located. And if a hole were bored from St. Gobain straight to Paris, so that you could see the city from the gun, it would pass, midway of its course, just about 3750 feet below the surface of the earth. With the target so far off, it would be impossible to aim at any particular fort, ammunition depot, or other point of military importance. There is always some uncertainty as to just where a shell will fall, due to slight differences in quality and quantity of the powder used, in the density of the air, direction of the wind, etc. This variation is bad enough when firing a shell ten miles, but when the shell has to travel seventy miles, it is out of the question to try to hit a target unless it is miles in extent.

The reason we never built our fifty-mile gun was because we could see no possible use for it. Our big guns are built for fighting naval battles or for the defense of our coasts from naval attacks, and there is certainly no use firing at a



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FIRING A FRENCH 320-MILLIMETER GUN AT NIGHT

ship that is so far below the horizon that we cannot even see the tips of its masts; and so our big guns, even though they are capable of firing a shell twenty-seven miles, if aimed high enough, are usually mounted in carriages that will not let them shoot more than twelve or fifteen miles.

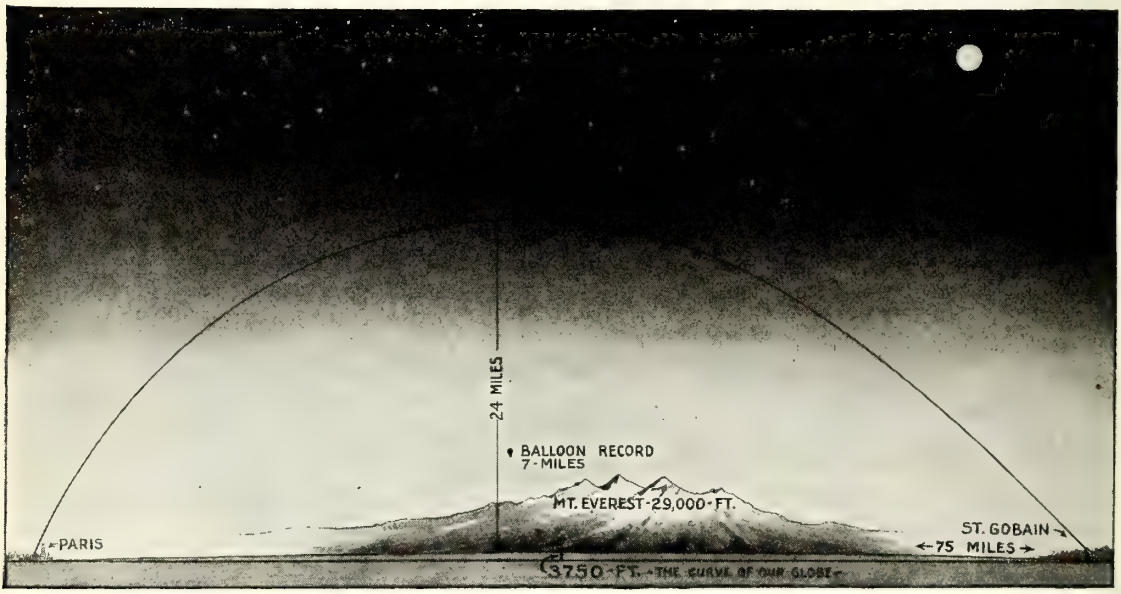
The distance to which a shell can be hurled depends to a large extent upon the angle of the gun. A shell never travels in a straight line. It describes a great vertical curve known as a trajectory. If the gun is tilted up to an angle of

15 degrees, the shell will go only about half as far as if it were tilted up to 43½ degrees, which is the angle that will carry a shell to its greatest distance. If the long-range German gun was fired at that angle, the shells must have risen to a height of about twenty-four miles.

BEYOND THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

MOST of the air that surrounds our globe lies within four miles of the surface. Few airplanes can rise to a greater height than this, because the air is so thin that it gives no support to the wings of the machine. The greatest height to which a man has ever ascended is seven miles. A balloon once carried two men to such a height. One of them lost consciousness, and the other, who was nearly paralyzed, succeeded in pulling the safety-valve rope with his teeth. That brought the balloon down, and their instruments showed that they had gone up 36,000 feet. What the ocean of air contains above that elevation we do not know, but judging by the way the atmosphere thins out the higher we rise from the surface of the earth, we reckon that nine tenths of the air lies within ten miles of the surface of the earth. At twenty-four miles, or the top of the curve described by the shells of the German long-range guns, there must be an almost perfect vacuum. If only we could accompany this shell on its course, we should find a strange condition of affairs. The higher we rose, the darker would the heavens become, until the sun would shine as a fiery ball in a black sky. All around the stars would twinkle, and below would be the glare of light reflected from the earth's surface and its atmosphere, while the cold would be far more intense than anything suffered on earth. Up at that height, there would be nothing to indicate that the shell was moving—no rush of air against our ears; we would seem detached from earth and out in the endless reaches of space.

It seems absurd to think that a shell, weighing in the neighborhood of a ton, could be retarded appreciably by mere air. But when we realize that this shell leaves the gun at the rate of half a mile a second, or about thirty times faster than an express-train, we know that the air-pressure mounts up to a respectable figure. The pressure is the same whether the shell is moving through the air or the air is blowing against the shell. When the wind blows at a rate of 100 to 120 miles per hour, it is strong enough to lift houses off their foundations, to wrench trees out of the ground, to pick up cattle and carry them sailing through the air. Imagine what it would do if its velocity were increased to 1800 miles per hour. That is what the shell of a big gun has to contend with. As most of the air lies near the earth, the shells of long-range guns meet with less and less resistance the higher they rise, until they get up into such thin air that there is virtually no obstruction. The main trouble is to pierce the blanket of heavy air that lies near the earth.



COMPARATIVE DIAGRAM OF THE PATH OF A PROJECTILE FROM ONE OF THE GERMAN SUPER-GUNS.

WAYS OF INCREASING THE RANGE

The big 16-inch guns that protect our coasts fire a shell that weighs 2400 pounds. Nine hundred pounds of smokeless powder is used to propel the shell, and it leaves the muzzle of the gun with a speed of 2600 feet per second. Now, the larger the diameter of the shell, the greater will be its speed at the muzzle of the gun, because there will be a greater surface for the powder gases to press against. On the other hand, the larger the shell, the more will it be retarded by the air, because there will be a larger surface for the air to press against. It has been proposed by some ordnance experts that a shell might be provided with a disk at each end, which would make it fit a gun of larger caliber. A 10-inch shell, for instance, could then be fired from a 16-inch gun. Being lighter than the 16-inch shell, it would leave the muzzle of the gun at a higher speed. The disks could be so arranged that as soon as the shell left the gun they would be thrown off, and then the 10-inch shell, although starting with a higher velocity than a 16-inch shell, would offer less resistance to the air. In that way it could be made to cover a much greater range.

Another way of increasing the range is to lengthen the gun. Right here we must get acquainted with the word "caliber." Caliber means the diameter of the shell. A 16-inch gun, for instance, fires a shell of 16-inch caliber; but when we read that the gun is a 40- or 50-caliber gun, it means that the length of the gun is forty or fifty times the diameter of the shell. Our biggest coast-defense guns are 50-caliber 16-inch guns, which means that they are 50 times 16 inches long, or 66 2/3 feet in length. When a gun is as long as that, care has to be taken to prevent it from sagging at the muzzle of its own weight. These guns actually do sag a little, and when the shell is fired through the long barrel it straightens up the gun, making the muzzle "whip" upward, just as a drooping garden-hose does when the water shoots through it.

Now the longer the caliber length of a gun, the farther it will send a shell, because the powder gases will have a longer time to push the shell. But we cannot lengthen our big guns much more without using some special support for the muzzle end of the gun, to keep it from "whipping" too much. It is quite likely that the long-range German gun is provided with a substantial support at the muzzle to keep it from sagging.

Every once in a while a man comes forth with a "new idea" for increasing the range. One plan is to increase the powder pressure. We have powders that will produce far more pressure than an ordinary gun can stand. But we have to use powders that will burn comparatively slowly. We do not wish too sudden a shock to start with, but we want the powder to give off an enormous quantity of gas which will keep on pushing and speeding up the shell until it emerges from the muzzle. The fifty-mile gun that was projected twenty years ago was designed to stand a much higher pressure than is commonly used, and it would have fired a 10-inch shell weighing 600 pounds with a velocity of 4000 feet per second at the muzzle. Such a velocity is perfectly practicable, but it is very hard on the gun.

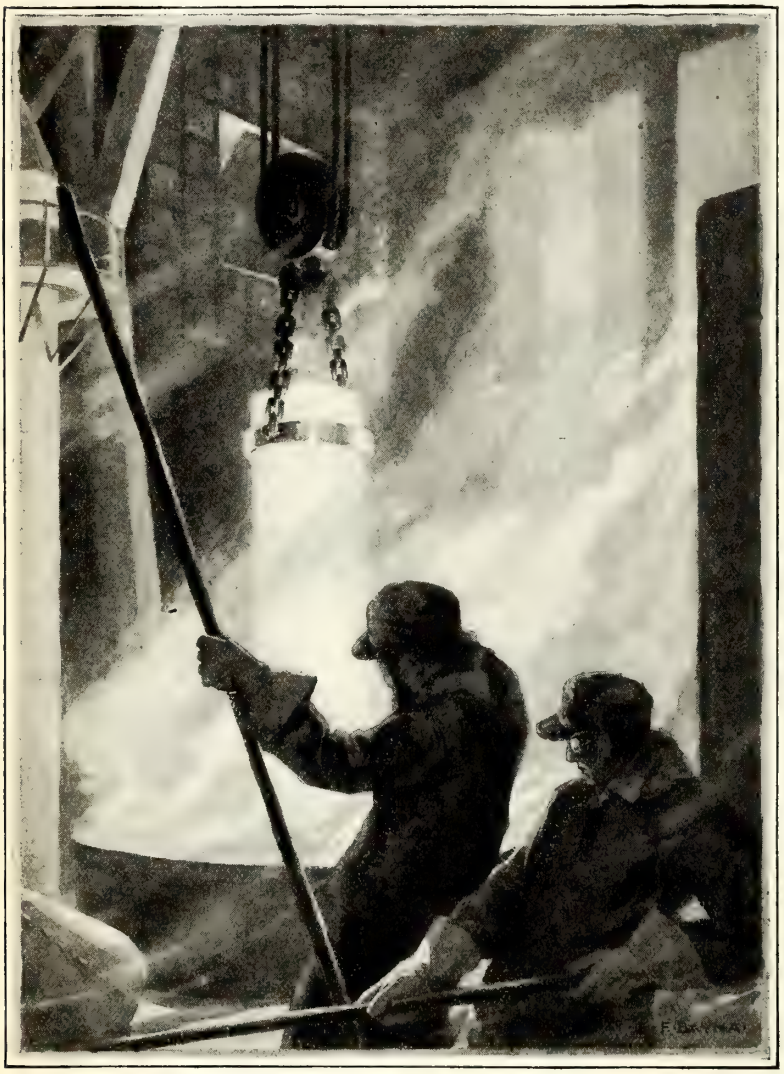
THE THREE-SECOND LIFE OF A GUN

The powder gases are very hot indeed—hot enough to melt steel. The greater the pressure in the gun, the hotter they are. It is only because they pass through the gun so quickly that they do not melt it. As a matter of fact, they do wear it out quickly, because of their heat and velocity. They say that the life of a big gun is only three seconds. Of course, a shell passes through the gun in a very minute part of a second, but if we add up these tiny periods until we have a total of three seconds, during which the gun may have fired two hundred rounds, we shall find that the lining of the gun is so badly eroded that it is unfit for accurate shooting, and it must go back to the shops for a new inner tube.

ELASTIC GUNS

We had better go back with it and learn something about the manufacture of a big gun. Guns used to be cast as a solid chunk of metal. Now they are built up in layers. To understand why this is necessary, we must realize that steel is not a dead mass, but is highly elastic—far more elastic than rubber, although, of course, it does not stretch nor compress so far. When a charge of powder is exploded in the barrel of a gun, it expands in all directions. Of course, the projectile yields to the pressure of the powder gases and is sent kiting out of the muzzle of the gun. But for an instant before the shell starts to move, an enormous force is exerted against the walls of the bore of the gun, and, because steel is elastic, it is expanded by this pressure, and the bore is actually made larger for a moment, only to spring back again in the next instant. You can picture this action if you imagine a gun made of rubber; as soon as the powder was fired, the rubber gun would bulge out around the powder chamber only to collapse to its normal size when the pressure

was relieved by the discharge of the bullet. Now, every elastic body has what is called its elastic limit. If you take a coil spring, you can pull it out or you can compress it, and it will always return to its original shape, unless you pull it out or compress it beyond a certain point; that point is its elastic limit. The same is true of a piece of steel; if you stretch it beyond a certain point, it will not return to its original shape. When the charge of powder in a cannon is heavier than a certain amount, it stretches the steel beyond its elastic limit, so that the bore becomes permanently larger. This cannot be prevented by making the walls of the gun heavier, because steel is so elastic that the inside of the walls expands beyond its elastic limit before the outside is affected at all.



OIL-TEMPERING THE LINING OF A BIG GUN.

A man named Treadwell worked out a scheme for allowing a greater expansion of the bore without exceeding its elastic limit. He built up his gun in layers, and shrunk the outer layers upon the inner layers, just as a blacksmith shrinks a tire on a wheel, so that the inner tube of the gun would be squeezed, or compressed. When the powder was fired, this inner layer could expand further without danger, because it was compressed to start with. That is the way all modern big guns are made.

HOW BIG GUNS ARE MADE

THE inside tube, known as the lining, is cast roughly to shape, then it is bored out, after which it is forged by the blows of a powerful steam-hammer. Of course, while under the hammer, the tube is mounted on a mandrel, or bar, that just fits the bore. The metal is then softened in an annealing-furnace, after which it is turned down to the proper diameter and rebored to the exact caliber. The diameter of the lining is made three ten-thousandths of an inch larger than the inside of the hoop or sleeve that fits over it. This sleeve, which is formed in the same way, is heated up to 800 degrees, or until its inside diameter is eight tenths of an inch larger than the outside diameter of the lining. The lining is stood up on end and the sleeve is fitted over it. Then it is cooled by means of water, so that it grips the lining and compresses it. In this way, layer after layer is added until the gun is built up to the proper size.

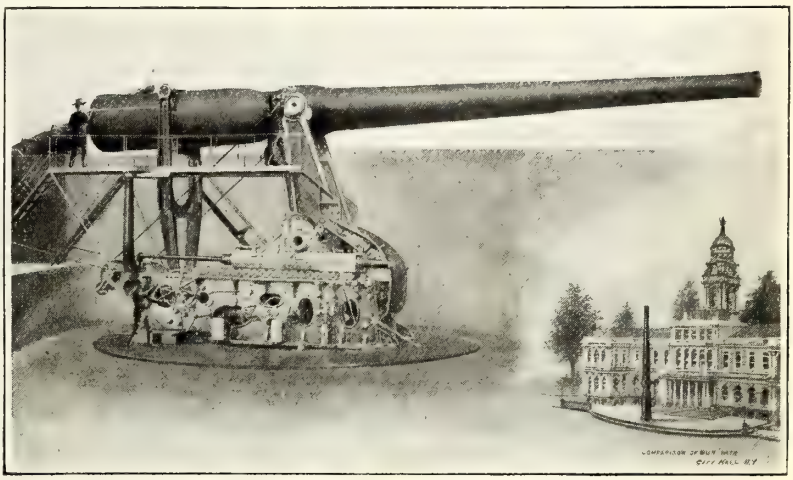
Instead of compressing the lining by means of sleeves or jackets, many big guns are wound with wire which is pulled so tight as to compress the lining. The gun tube is placed in a lathe, and is turned so as to wind up the wire upon it. A heavy brake on the wire keeps it drawn very tightly. This wire, also, is put on in layers, so

that each layer can expand considerably without exceeding its elastic limit. Our big 16-inch coast-defense guns are wound with wire that is one tenth of an inch square. The length of wire on one gun is sufficient to reach all the way from New York to Boston with fifty or sixty miles of wire left over.

GUNS THAT PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK

A VERY ingenious invention is the disappearing mount which is used on our coast fortifications. The gun is hidden behind its breastworks so that it is absolutely invisible to the enemy. In this sheltered position it is loaded and aimed. It is not necessary to sight the gun on the target as you would a rifle. The aiming is done mathematically. Off at some convenient observation-post, an observer gets the range of the target and telephones this range to the plotting-room, where a rapid calculation is made as to how much the gun should be elevated and swung to the right or left. This calculation is then sent on to the gunners, who adjust the gun accordingly. When all is ready, the gun is raised by hydraulic pressure, and just as it rises above the parapet it is automatically fired. The recoil throws the gun back to its crouching position behind the breastworks. All that the enemy sees, if anything, is the flash of the discharge.

Now that airplanes have been invented, the disappearing mount has lost much of its usefulness. Big guns have to be hidden from above.



Courtesy of "Scientific American"

A COAST-DEFENSE DISAPPEARING GUN, AND ITS HEIGHT AS COMPARED WITH THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

They are usually located behind a hill, five or six miles back of the trenches, where the enemy cannot see them from the ground, and they are carefully hidden under trees or are camouflaged with paint or a canopy of foliage.

The huge guns recently built to defend our coasts are intended to fire a shell that will pierce the heavy armor of a modern dreadnought. The shell is arranged to explode after it has penetrated the armor, and the penetrating power is a very important matter. About thirty years ago the British built three battleships, each fitted with two guns of 16¼-inch caliber and 30-caliber length. In order to test the penetrating power of this gun a target was built, consisting first of twenty inches of steel armor and eight inches of wrought iron; this was backed by twenty feet of oak, five feet of granite, eleven feet of concrete, and six feet of brick. When the shell struck this target it passed through the steel, iron, oak, granite, and concrete, and did not stop until it had penetrated three feet of the brick. We have not subjected our 16-inch gun to such a test, but we know that it would go



© Underwood & Underwood

HOW A GREAT GUN IS CONCEALED IN OPEN COUNTRY.

through two such targets and still have plenty of energy left. Incidentally, it costs us $1680 each time the big gun is fired.

THE FAMOUS 42-CENTIMETER GUN

ONE of the early surprises of the war was the huge gun used by the Germans to destroy the powerful Belgian forts. Properly speaking, these were not guns, but howitzers; and right here we must learn the difference between mortars, howitzers, and guns. What we usually mean by gun is a piece of long caliber which is designed to hurl its shell with a flat trajectory. But long ago, it was found advantageous to throw a projectile not at, but upon, a fortification, and for this purpose short pièces of large bore were built. These would fire at a high angle, so that the projectile would fall almost vertically on the target. The bore of a gun is rifled; that is, it is provided with spiral grooves that will set the shell spinning, so as to keep its nose pointing in the direction of its flight. Were it not for this spin, the shell would tumble over and over and not go very far. The mortars, on the other hand, were originally intended for short-range firing, and their bore was not rifled. In recent years, however, mortars have been made longer and with rifled bores, so as to increase their range, and such long mortars are called howitzers. The German 42-centimeter howitzer fires a shell that is 2108 pounds in weight and is about 1½ yards long. The diameter of the shell is 42 centimeters, which is about 16½ inches. It carries an enormous amount of high explosive, which is designed to go off after the shell has penetrated its target. The marvel of this howitzer was not that it could fire so big a shell, but that so large a piece of artillery could be transported over the highroads and be set for use in battle. Of course, we do not know the details of this howitzer yet, but it is generally believed that the Belgian forts were reduced by the Austrian "Skoda" howitzers, which fire a shell of 30.5 centimeters (12-inch) caliber, and not by the 42-centimeter gun. This howitzer can be taken apart and transported by three motor-cars of 100 horse-power each. The cars travel at a rate of about twelve miles per hour. It is claimed that the gun can be put together in twenty-four minutes, and it will fire at the rate of one shot per minute.



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A GIANT GUN CONCEALED AMONG TREES BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES.

FIELD GUNS

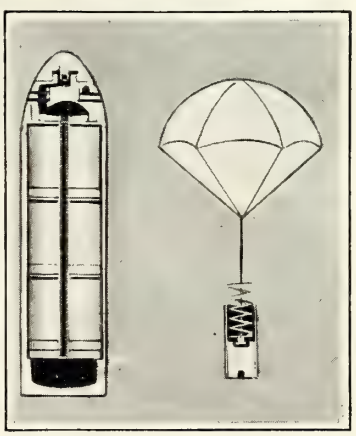
So far, we have talked only of the big guns, but in a modern battle the field-gun plays a very important part. This fires a shell that weighs between fourteen and eighteen pounds and is about three inches in diameter. The shell and the powder that fires it are contained in a cartridge that is just like the cartridge of a shoulder rifle. These field-pieces are built to be fired rapidly. The French 75-millimeter gun, which is considered one of the best, will fire at the rate of twenty

shots per minute, and its effective range is considerably over three miles.

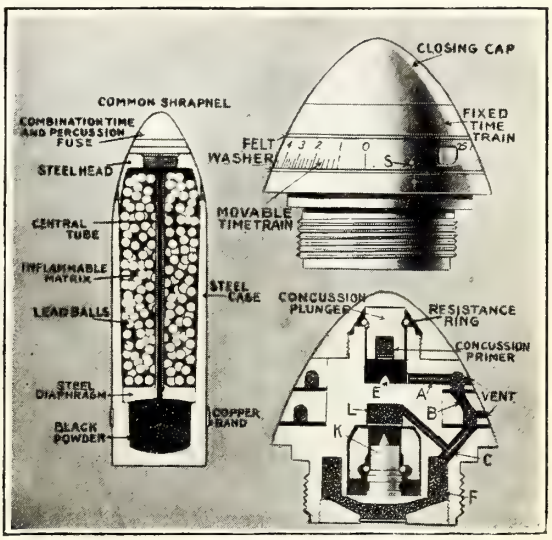
GUNS THAT FIRE GUNS

During the War of the Revolution, cannon were fired at short range, and it was quite the custom to load them with grape-shot, or small iron balls, when firing against a charging enemy, because the grape would scatter like the shot of a shot-gun and tear a bigger gap in the ranks of the enemy than would a single solid cannon-ball. In modern warfare, guns are fired from a much greater distance, so that there is little danger of their capture. It is impossible for them to fire grape, because the ranges are far too great; besides, it would be impossible to aim a charge of grape-shot over any considerable distance, because the shot would start spreading as soon as they left the muzzle of the gun and would scatter too far and wide to be of much service. But this difficulty has been overcome by making a shell which is really a gun in itself. Within this shell is the grape-shot, which consists of 250 half-inch balls of lead. The shell is fired over the lines of the enemy, and just at the right moment it explodes and scatters a hail of leaden balls over a fairly wide area.

It is not a simple matter to time a shrapnel shell so that it will explode at just the right moment. Spring-driven clockwork has been tried, which would explode a cap after the lapse of a certain amount of time; but this way of timing shells has not proved satisfactory. Nowadays a train of gunpowder is used. When the shell is fired, the shock makes a cap (see cut in next column) strike a pin (E) which ignites the train of powder (A). The head of the shell is made of two parts, in each of which there is a powder fuse. There is a vent, or short cut, leading from one fuse to the other, and, by turning one part of the fuse-head with respect to the other, this short cut will carry the train of fire from the upper to the lower fuse sooner or later, according to the adjustment. The fire burns along one powder-train (A), and then jumps through the short-cut (B) to the other, or movable train, as it is called, until it finally reaches, through hole (C), the main charge (F)



A SEARCH-LIGHT SHELL AND ONE OF ITS "CANDLES."



INSIDE OF A SHRAPNEL SHELL; ENLARGED EXTERNAL AND SECTIONAL VIEWS OF THE FUSE-CAP.

in the shell. The movable part of the fuse-head is graduated so that the fuse may be set to explode the shell at any desired distance. In the fuse-head there is also a detonating pin (K), which will strike the primer (L) and explode the shell when it strikes the ground, if the time-fuse has failed to act.

When attacking airplanes, it is important to be able to follow the flight of the shell, so some shrapnel shells are provided with a smoke-producing mixture, which is set on fire when the shell is discharged, so as to produce a train of smoke.

When meeting the attack of an enemy at night, search-light shells are sometimes used. In exploding they discharge a number of "candles," each provided with a tiny parachute that lets the candle drop slowly to the ground. Their brilliant light lasts fifteen or twenty minutes.

In the series of articles on the machinery of war that have appeared in St. Nicholas this year, there has been much to say about the part that American inventors have played. In the development of artillery we have done a great deal, although not much that stands out very conspicuously; and yet it was an American who first thought of building a gun in layers so that it could withstand the enormous pressure of a heavy charge of powder. Without this invention, the modern big gun would be impossible; and without the big gun, the great European War would not be what it is to-day.

THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Chapter V

WHAT THE IMP KNEW

The three filed into the den off the haymow, and Carol solemnly padlocked the door on the inside. As there were but two chairs, the Imp perched herself on the old desk, curling her feet up under her. The one window was wide open, and through it came wafted the scent of lilacs, and also the sound of a lawn-mower propelled by Dave somewhere across the Green. For a moment after they were seated no one spoke.

"Well," said Carol, impatiently, "go on, Imp! Begin *some*where!"

"I was just wondering where *to* begin," admitted the Imp. "I was trying to think what you actually *do* know, but I guess, except the fact of who that picture is, you don't know a single thing."

"You once said," Sue reminded her, "that there were three things we actually knew, that we had n't connected with this affair at all. We 've tried and tried to think what they were, but somehow we never could seem to strike them. Perhaps you 'd better begin with *them*."

The Imp ignored this suggestion. "I suppose it *has* dawned on you that that picture has some connection with Louis?" she asked.

"We 've thought of it, but it seemed so impossible that we finally gave up the idea," replied Sue. "What *could* it possibly have to do with him?"

"Everything!" answered the Imp, briefly.

"Go on, then!" commanded Sue. "You 've kept us on tenterhooks long enough. If you 're going to tell us at all, do please begin at the beginning and don't stop till you 're through."

"The trouble is just this," admitted the Imp. "I don't actually *know* anything much at all. It 's just guesswork, except for one or two things. You seem to think Monsieur has told me the whole business. Well, he has n't, not a single thing except that I was right about knowing who that portrait was, and he asked me not to say anything about it, especially to Louis. Everything else I 've just worked out for myself, and it *may* be all wrong—but somehow I don't think it is."

The two listeners looked crestfallen. For some time past they had come to believe that the Imp was wholly and entirely in Monsieur's confidence. It was a shock to learn the truth. Carol immediately intimated as much to the assembled company.

"You 're a pair of sillies to imagine such a thing, anyway!" exclaimed the Imp, scornfully. "Why, this thing is of—of immense importance to—well, I was almost going to say to the *whole world!* Do you suppose for one moment that a youngster like me would be let into such an important secret?"

"What are you saying—'to the whole world'?" cried Carol. "Are you going crazy—or are you just talking some of your nonsense?"

"I 'm *not* talking nonsense—and I 'll prove it. Do you know what I discovered by reading up a little more than you did at the library and in an old book that Miss Hastings lent me, because I told her I was interested in the subject? Well, I found that although most people think it 's a settled fact that that poor little dauphin died in prison, still there are a lot of legends that he really escaped—was helped to escape by some of the Royalists, and the little boy who died there was n't he at all!" She stopped to let this startling news sink into the minds of her hearers.

"But—but—" stammered Sue, "if he escaped, what became of him?"

"That 's something that never was known," answered the Imp. "After the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons in France, there were a lot of pretenders who *said* they were the escaped dauphin and claimed the throne. But they never could prove it, so no one paid much attention to them. Only—you see there must have been some truth in it—his escape, I mean—or no one would have thought of such a thing."

"But I don't see, anyway, what all that has to do with this affair," remarked Sue.

"Don't you?" replied the Imp, coldly. "Then you 're not as clever as I thought you were."

Sue quite wilted under this rebuke, but Carol, who had been doing some rapid thinking, cried:

"Mercy! it can't be possible that—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the Imp. "I 'm going to answer your question about those three things and see what you make of it. Do you remember what they used to call Louis XVI—the people, I mean. I 'm sure you know it, because you mentioned it to me that day you were telling me what you 'd found out."

"'Louis the Locksmith,'" answered Sue, promptly.

"Right," said the Imp. "Does *that* make you think of anything?"

Sue shook her head.

"Oh, you 're hopeless!" groaned the Imp. "Try the next,—when Louis was sick that time, Monsieur stood over him murmuring something about 'the Temple look.' Does *that* convey anything to your mind?"

"It does to mine!" interrupted Carol. "Oh, I believe I 'm beginning to see—"

But Sue still looked hopelessly confused.

"Well, here 's the last," said the Imp. "Why should Monsieur and all the others treat Louis in the queer way they do?"

"Oh, please explain *plainly*, Bobs," moaned Sue. "You mix me up so, firing questions at me, that I can't think at all! Just say straight out what it is."

"All right, I will. I 'll say it in words of one syllable, suitable to your infant mind," laughed the Imp. "It may sound the craziest that ever was imagined, but *I believe Louis to be a descendant of that little dauphin*, and I believe Monsieur knows it, and the Meadows people, too!"

The conjecture was so stupefying in its scope that the three girls sat for a moment in dumb, confused wonder.

"I can't believe it," murmured Carol, at length. "Right here—on little Paradise Green—way out of the world—to have such a thing happen? Impossible!"

"It 's no stranger than lots of other things that have happened in history," asserted the Imp, "when you think it over. And so possible, too."

"But here—*here!*" cried Sue. "What in the world would he be doing in America? I could believe it more if he were somewhere in France."

"I read in one book," replied the Imp to this objection, "that there was one rumor that after he escaped he was taken to America. There was an American Indian named Eleazar Williams, or something like that, who claimed to be he. So you see it 's not so impossible, after all."

"Now I begin to see," remarked Carol, after a long pause, "what you meant by some of those three things. If Monsieur thinks Louis is a



"THE IMP PERCHED HERSELF ON THE OLD DESK."

descendant of the dauphin, I can understand why they all treat him with such respect. Why, girls!" she cried enthusiastically, "just think—Louis—*our Louis*—may have royal blood! I simply can't believe it!"

"That remark about 'the Temple look' I suppose meant," murmured Sue, "that Louis looked so awfully when he was sick that it reminded Monsieur of how the dauphin must have appeared after some of his bad treatment and illness in the Temple tower. That thing never occurred to me. But I can't see yet any connection with what you said about 'Louis the Locksmith.'"

"That 's easy," answered the Imp. "It was one of the first things I thought of. Don't you remember how Louis XVI was always tinkering with things and fixing locks, and how fond he was of mechanical work? And the whole court used to resent it so? Well, the Meadows and Monsieur evidently think that Louis must have inherited some of that, and it makes them wild. Don't you remember what Louis says Miss Yvonne said once when she found him fixing the lock on the kitchen door—'The ancient blood. It will ruin everything,' or something like that?"

"True enough," Sue had to admit. "But, oh! what foolishness this all is anyway, girls, when you think of Louis's history and the history of his family. I was asking Father about Louis's folks not long ago, just out of curiosity. He said that the Durants had lived in and owned that house across the Green for long, long years,—longer even than we and our people have lived in our house. It was just back in the 'eighties some time when Louis's father left here and went out West. He was a young man then, about Father's age. In fact, they 'd gone to school together. But this Charles Durant went away out West to better himself and rented the old house on this Green. Father says he never saw him again, because he and the wife he 'd married out there were killed in an awful accident. The first Father knew was that this old Mr. Meadows and his daughter, whom nobody had ever seen before, had come to this place with the tiny baby that was Louis and settled here for good. They never said much about themselves, except that they were old friends of the Durant family that had always lived in France. And they had come over here to take care of and bring up the last Durant baby after its parents had been killed. Now will you tell me how anything about a dauphin could come in there?"

"Maybe they did n't bring the baby from out West at all," suggested Carol, "but brought him over from France with them. Maybe he is n't a Durant at all."

"That 's possible too," said the Imp; "but after all, it does n't make any difference where he came from, does it, if Louis is what we think he is?"

"But who," suddenly cried Carol, "is this 'Monsieur,' and what has *he* to do with the whole thing?"

"That," admitted the Imp, "is what I can't figure out. I 'm sure he must be some relation. They say there are descendants of the Bourbons still living. It would n't be strange if he wanted to hunt up a long-lost relative, but why he should make such a secret of it is beyond me."

"Bobs," cried Sue, suddenly going off at a tangent, "have you any idea what those other two pictures are in Monsieur's room—the ones all covered up? I 've lain awake nights trying to guess what on earth they could be and why he keeps them covered."

"Why, of course, I don't *know*," laughed the Imp, shrewdly, "but I can make a good guess. I believe they 're portraits of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. I can't imagine why he keeps them covered, unless it 's to keep Louis or any one else from guessing anything about all this affair. Of course, they 're very well known portraits, and almost any child would know who they were at first sight. But it 's different with the dauphin. Very few know that picture at sight. That 's the only reason I can think of."

It seemed such a simple explanation when they had heard it that both girls felt a little chagrined to think they had never had the wit to work out that easy problem. But so humble were they now, after the Imp's astounding revelation, that they were willing to admit their inferior intelligence twenty times over.

It was Sue who presently voiced the unspoken thought that was in each one's mind.

"Oh, I *wonder* how Louis will take all this?" she sighed.

It was a matter that went beyond even their conjecture—how *would* Louis take it?

Chapter VI

suspicions

May 17, 1914. It may seem a very strange thing, but actually two whole weeks have gone by since the Imp told us what she did, and nothing has happened at all. By nothing, I just mean no astonishing developments of any kind. We went out from Carol's barn that day perfectly certain that everything—about Louis, at least—would be changed and strange and upheaved. We lived on tiptoe of expectation for hours and days.

and all has gone on over there just the same as ever. I can't understand it.

That morning, about eleven o'clock, Louis came over to tell us that Monsieur was feeling much better and that we need no longer worry



"'WHAT'S THE MATTER?' HE ASKED. 'IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG ABOUT ME ANYWHERE?'"

about him. We all gazed at him curiously—*so* curiously, I 'm afraid, that he noticed it.

"What 's the matter?" he asked. "You all act as if you were seeing a spook. Is there anything wrong about me anywhere?"

"Oh, no!" I hurried to assure him. "How is Monsieur getting on?"

"Why, he 's getting on famously," said Louis, "but I certainly did manage to upset him! I was afraid he would n't take the news well, but I did n't dream it would be as bad as that. I had only supposed he would rant and tear his hair. I 'm horribly sorry, for I 'm actually getting a bit fond of the old gentleman, queer as he is."

"Did he say anything more to you about it?" asked the Imp. I *knew* she could n't resist asking that. I was crazy to, myself, but could n't pluck up courage.

"Not another word," Louis replied. "I expected he 'd say a whole dictionary full. He did start off once, with a word or two, then evidently changed his mind. He has n't even hinted at it since."

This seemed a little queer, but we decided, after Louis had gone, that Monsieur was probably putting off the ordeal till he felt a little stronger. That would be perfectly natural. So we told each other that by the next day Louis would probably know the whole strange truth.

But the next day came and went, and Louis was just the same; and nothing was changed even at the end of a week. He told us that Monsieur had never so much as touched on the subject again, and, for *his* part, he was mighty glad the affair had blown over. He said he was sure Monsieur would get used to the notion after a while. And so the time has passed, and things remain just as they were. We cannot imagine what has come over Monsieur—Carol, the Imp, and myself, I mean. Why is he waiting? Why does n't he tell Louis, as he said he would have to? What does this delay all mean?

But if all seems outwardly the same, it is not so with the way *we* three feel about things. I don't know that I can explain the strange change that has come over our feeling about Louis and

Monsieur and all that concerns them—especially Louis. All our lives he has been just "Louis Durant," the nice boy who lived across the Green, who played with us from the time we were babies, and studied with us in the same classes in school, and was just like our brother, except that he did n't live in the same house. We have always thought of him just the same as of Dave. Now, however, all is different. He *is n't* "Louis Durant" any more. He 's some strange, unknown, long-way-off person, whose ancestors were monarchs of one of the greatest countries on earth, and who might have been a king himself if things had gone a little differently. I simply *can't* feel near to, and well acquainted with, a person like that. Carol says neither can she, and the Imp admits she 's felt so for a good while longer than we have.

It seems, too, as if *our* Louis had been taken away forever, and a strange, unapproachable person put in his place. Not that Louis *himself* acts any different. He 's just exactly the same as ever, of course, and he 's said a dozen times in the course of this last week:

"What 's come over all you girls, anyway? You 're all the time gazing at me with eyes as big as dinner-plates; and you act so queer and absent-minded, I don't know you. Has just realizing the fact that I hope some day to be a full-fledged aviator had such a doleful effect on you as all that? You have n't been the same since. Wish to goodness I 'd never told you if you 're going to take it in that silly way."

Of course we all try to assure him that nothing is the matter at all, but it does n't work very well.

We three have talked a number of times about whether we ought to breathe a word of what we suspect to Louis, but the Imp says positively, "No!" If he is to know, he must learn it from Monsieur and from no other. In fact, by rights, she ought not to have let *us* into the secret, and she would n't have, except that she thought there would be no reason why she should n't after Monsieur had told Louis. Since he apparently has n't told him anything yet, it is our duty to keep as secret as he is himself. I guess she must be right. *I* would n't want to be the one to tell him, anyway.

Our final exams for this year are coming on in a week or so, and we are all cramming hard, so I probably won't have a chance to think of much else for some time to come.

June 3, 1914. Everything just about the same as when I last wrote in here. Nothing changed, as far as we can see, in affairs across the Green. We are all so busy working for, and taking, examinations that we have n't had very much time to think about it, especially Carol, who is weak in mathematics, and myself, who always dread Latin. Only the Imp remains unworried by these troubles. Her studies never did cause her a moment's uneasiness as far as I can see, though how she gets through them when she never makes even a pretense of studying is beyond me.

Monsieur is about again in the usual way, and two or three times we have had a few moments' conversation with him, Carol and I, as he was strolling about on the Green. I simply can't describe the uncanny feeling I have about him now. If he was a mysterious person before, he 's a million times more so now, and every moment I 'm talking to him I find myself in a panic for fear those eagle eyes of his will bore into my mind and discover the fact that I know his secret. Of course, I don't suppose he realizes for a moment what he said that day he was taken so ill, and certainly he does not dream that the Imp was keen enough to unearth what she did. He is polite and courteous and stilted—and very French—in his manner to us, and I suppose he no more dreams that we know what we do than he supposes the sky will fall on him.

One thing is beginning to disturb me very much. It 's a suspicion that occurred to the Imp, and that she confided to us a day or two ago. She rather startled Carol and me by suddenly putting this poser to us:

"What do you figure out that Monsieur's plans are?"

"How on earth should *we* know?" said I.

"Well, you must admit that he probably has some, or he would n't be dangling around here so long," replied the Imp. "Why should n't he tell Louis what he has to tell and go away, or take Louis away, as the case may be?"

"What do *you* think, Bobs?" asked Carol. "I 'll warrant you have worked it all out."

"If I tell you what I think, you 'll tell *me* I 'm a lunatic!" declared the Imp. "It does sound rather crazy, and yet, why should n't it be so?"

"Why should n't what be so?" I cried. "You have n't even told us yet."

"Well, here 's my notion," she said. "Suppose—well, just suppose somebody wanted to overthrow the present government of France—would n't this be a lovely chance?"

We were certainly struck dumb with amazement then.

"I guess you *are* a lunatic!" I said. "But even lunatics ought to have a chance to explain themselves. Go on."

"Oh, I know it sounds foolish," she went on,

"but after all, is it any more foolish than the possibility that our Louis may be a descendant of a king of France? Just think what that means! Suppose there are a lot of discontented descendants of royalists in France, who are dissatisfied with the present form of government. And suppose that they hear there *is* a direct descendant of Louis XVI now living. Would n't it be a lovely chance to get up a secret insurrection in his favor and restore him to the throne? It would n't be the first time a republic has been overthrown in that country, if you remember. And if this Monsieur happens to be a Bourbon relative, he 'd be all the more interested."

Just then Carol gave a gasp and cried out: "Yes, and do you remember the way that first cablegram commenced—'Time almost ripe'? I always did think that was queer."

"Exactly what I said," went on the Imp. "And what do you suppose Monsieur is twiddling his thumbs around Paradise Green for? Just because Louis is n't falling in with his little plans as nicely as he 'd hoped. I 'll warrant Monsieur has been horribly disappointed from the first, because Louis was so thoroughly *American* and did n't take a scrap of interest in his French affairs. He sees plainly that Louis is n't going to be easy to handle. And if *Louis* won't stand for this restoration business, then 'the fat 's in the fire.' And *that 's* what 's bothering Monsieur. And he 's waiting around to see if he can't win Louis over unconsciously somehow. At least, that 's how I 've figured it out."

We could n't help but agree with her, and wondered that we 'd never thought of it by ourselves. And the more we thought of it, the more we remembered—dozens of little incidents that have happened—that all seem to confirm it. If we all were n't so busy pegging away at the exams, and had more time to think about this, I feel that we could come to some definite conclusion about it, but as matters stand, I for one am too bewildered to know what to think.

And Louis goes about as happy as a lark and unconscious of it all!

June 29, 1914. Examinations are over at last and I 'm thankful to say we all passed, except that Carol has a condition in mathematics that she 'll have to make up during the summer. Anyhow, it 's over, and we can breathe a little more freely and look forward to vacation.

Last evening, after tea, the Imp asked Carol and me to go for a walk with her, as she had something important she wanted to say. We suspected that she 'd thought out something else about Louis, so we went quite willingly. Otherwise, I 'm bound to confess, we 'd have been bored stiff with the prospect of spending the time with her. It was quite true. She *had* thought of something new.

"Girls," she began, "has it occurred to you that if what we suspect about Monsieur and Louis is true, it 's a very serious affair?"

We said we supposed so, but did n't see how we were to help it.

"That 's just it," she answered. "We *ought* to help it, somehow. I told you once that this was a matter that might affect the world, and you can easily see now that it is. Ought we simply to sit down and let it slide gaily along?"

"But what under the sun can *we* do about it?" I demanded. "Just remember that we 're nothing but three young girls, one, not even out of public school, and not a soul on earth would believe us if we were to make such fools of ourselves as to tell what we only, after all, suspect."

"History has been in the hands of as young people as ourselves, sometimes," she remarked. I 'm sure I don't know where she gets all the information she does, and yet I 'm bound, somehow, to believe her. *I* could n't think of a single case where history had been in the hands of any one of our age, but I did n't dare to say so, because she would no doubt have promptly pointed out half a dozen cases. So I said nothing.

"I have n't made up my mind yet what we ought to do," she went on, "but I 'm sure *something* must be done, and pretty soon, too."

"Suppose we begin by telling Father," I suggested. "He has a pretty level head about most things."

"Pooh!" she scoffed. "He 'd just laugh at us and tell us to run away and play and forget all about it. You know, Father does n't take much stock in anything that is n't agriculture."

This was quite true, and we saw at once that she had the right of it.

"No, don't speak to any one yet," she said. "We 'll keep the secret a while longer, till I 've thought out a better plan."

This morning another queer thing happened. As there was no school, we were all sitting on the veranda discussing the startling news in the paper, the assassination of the Archduke of Austria that happened yesterday, when Louis came over to ask us to go out in the launch.

"What do you think of the news?" he asked.

We said it was awful, and were wondering what would happen next.

"You ought to have seen Monsieur when he read that," went on Louis, laughing at the recollection. "He got up and crumpled the paper into a ball, and stormed about the place as if he were having a fit. I asked him why he was so excited

about it, and he immediately began to reel off a lot about the 'balance of power' in Europe, and how it would be upset, and what Austria would be likely to do, and where Russia would object, and how France might be affected, and a whole lot that I could n't begin to understand. He 's a student of politics, he is, and this news seemed to upset him a lot. I 'm sure I can't see why."

The Imp then poked me so hard in the ribs that I almost shrieked aloud, but I saw at once what she must be thinking of. Are Monsieur's plans upset by this, I wonder? Or are we just imagining trouble? But one thing I 'm certain of. I never in my life realized how strange it would feel to go off for a picnic up the river in a launch run by a boy in a pair of very painty overalls, whose ancestors sat on the throne of France and who might in turn become a ruler of that country! Anyhow, I don't like it, and I 'm not happy, and I wish things were just as they used to be. So does Carol. But I 'm afraid the Imp enjoys the excitement of it all.

(To be continued)

A NAME FOR A BOY

BY ANNE SPENCER



"MY NAME 'S CLARENCE REGINALD EUSTACE FITZROY."

I 'm only a red-headed, freckle-faced boy,
But my name 's Clarence Reginald Eustace Fitzroy.
You can laugh if you want to—don't care if you do—
But you sure would n't laugh if 't was wished on to you!
Once an awful nice man, when dad told him my name,
Did n't laugh the least speck, only said, "What a shame!"
Then he whispered to me, "Son, I feel in my bones
You were named by your ma, and your last name is—Jones."
Gee whiz! He just roared when I said he 'd guessed right;
Then told me *his* name was Claude Percival White.

One time, I remember, when talking to Dad,
I told him how often I 'd wished that I had
A plain name like all of the boys that I knew,
And Dad told me, privately, *he* wished so too;
That I was his oldest and onliest one,
And he wanted to give his own name to his son.
But Ma would n't have it, and so I became,
An awful small boy with an awful big name.

Then I said to Dad, "Huh, I bet when I 'm grown
And have a small red-headed boy of my own,
I 'll scowl at his ma, and say, 'Woman, be still!
That baby 's my son, and his name is just *Bill.*'"
But Dad sighed and answered, "That sounds easy, son,
But some day you 'll find that it *'ain't easy done.'*"

I guess maybe he 's right, but I hate it, you see,
'Cause those story-book names, they sure don't fit me.
And when I was seven and started to school,
I heard Dad tell Ma that I 'd feel like a fool
When I said all those high-sounding names in a row,
And the boys would all laugh—so I hated to go.

But I need n't have worried; for when the day came,
Not a single boy there even asked me my name.
When I took off my cap they just looked at my head;
Then all of them grinned, and said, "Hullo there, Red!"



"A DARK-HAIRED BOY SAT WITH A SPENCER CARBINE ACROSS HIS KNEE."

A LITTLE OHIO TARTAR

BY WALTER SCOTT STORY

The Shaw homestead, a low, rambling, white house, stood isolated in the valley among a sparse grove of sycamores on the hillside a few miles out of Chester. Dusk was falling over the hills and meadows, but no light gleamed from the farm-house; and at first one might have thought it wholly deserted.

A stocky, dark-haired boy, however, sat stiffly on the upper step of the rear porch, with a Spencer carbine across his knees. He was as motionless and silent as a statue of stone, and his eyes were fixed unblinkingly on the valley road winding to the southwest about the hill and disappearing in the dim light and distance.

A shuffling, quick footstep sounded from the rear of the house, and the boy, starting, gripped the heavy rifle and turned his head.

A lanky man, in blue overalls, came uncertainly about the house and up the drive toward the silent watcher.

"You here, Ralph?" he asked, in a drawling voice.

"Yes," answered the boy; and with a breath of relief, he turned his head and again looked down the road with his former intentness.

"I 'm a-going now to town to join my company," said the lanky man. "You better go along with me. Your ma 'll be scared to death. They ain't no telling what *they* 'll do if they come this way. Your Uncle Dick 's down to the ford in Portland, and *he* 'll get killed, anyway."

Ralph looked up, his eyes flashing in the twilight. "I know where Uncle Dick is, and I wish I was with him. *They* 're not coming up *here!*" he declared fiercely.

"Huh!" Tom Granger, the Shaw's hired man, uttered a dry, nervous laugh, and yet there was a note of admiration in it. "Well," he went on, at length, "I 'm a-going."

He turned and disappeared by the way he had come, and Ralph knew he was setting off across the hill for Chester.

He gave a little snorting laugh when Tom had gone, and yet he did not blame him for going.

Tom Granger had reason for being afraid to remain by the lonely dwelling. It was the night

of July 19, 1863, and it was known that General Morgan and his troopers were not a dozen miles away and were pushing on toward Chester. About two weeks before, the great Confederate cavalryman had crossed from the Kentucky shore to Indiana, and, with thousands upon thousands of militia forces and regulars upon his heels and all about him, had ridden with his twenty-five hundred daring horsemen across Indiana and almost through the State of Ohio. The whole North thrilled at the great feat—one of the greatest dashes in the whole annals of war; and Indiana and Ohio trembled with fear—and not without cause. Nothing seemed able to stop the great chieftain and his fiery riders, and they went through the land like a plague of locusts. The way of the raiders was marked by battle and by pillaged towns and farm-houses, and upon rumor of their approach, people deserted their homes and fled anywhere and everywhere to escape.

Early on this day the Shaws, living alone on the road where it was believed the raiders were coming, had packed a few belongings and set off across the hills away from the river.

Ralph, however, afire with the story of burning and pillaging, had made up his mind to defend his home against the flying, harassed, rebel riders, and on the way to Chester he had slipped from his folks and returned to stand guard and hold his home against all odds.

As he sat on the steps now, after Tom had gone, with darkness deepening, he felt lonely and insignificant. And he began to wonder what one small boy—in the darkness and solitude he was realizing that he *was* but a boy—could do against so many—even with a wonderful breech-loading Spencer with its seven cartridges.

A whippoorwill sounded somewhere in the hills; the sycamores rustled in the night wind; and now and then the timbers of the house creaked in a nerve-trying way. He started at each sound of the night, and his nerves tingled; but with set jaw he sat still in his position and waited.

But after Tom had gone he had not long to wait for something to take his attention. There was movement far down the dusky highway. He sat up with a gasp and strained his eyes. He was *not* mistaken! Vague figures came out of the gloom and grew quickly into horsemen. In a few moments the road seemed alive with men, and he could see the starlight glinting on their arms and trappings. The steady, nearing *clip-clup, clip-clup, clip-clup* of horses' hoofs came to his ears and drowned out the rustling of the trees and the night-creaking of the house.

The horsemen came up the road,—only a dozen or so, although at first he supposed he had seen the whole column of raiders,—and they came on and on by the hillside, nearer and nearer.

Ralph waited, with bated breath, his hands gripping his rifle like a vice in his excitement. His heart thumped in his breast, but his eyes sparkled with determination. He was Union to the fingertips, and, also, he was going to save his home; and although he quivered, he held his place and made ready to meet the enemy.

The riders drew rein at the foot of the hill, then, turning, came up the drive by the big farmhouse among the sycamores, with a jingling of sabers and the clattering of hoofs.

As they came along the side of the house, Ralph sprang from the steps and stood in the middle of the drive, his rifle held ready, his figure set in defiance.

The raiders pulled in before him, with a great jangle of steel and click-clacking of iron-shod hoofs, and Ralph held his ground, not without fear, but with a mighty courage.

The leader of the group—Morgan himself—advanced a few feet, drawing in his magnificent bay before the sturdy little figure. The great Confederate horseman made a noble figure—a straight, stalwart, handsome man.

"Who 's here, my boy?" he asked sharply, but without sternness, and he glanced keenly at the dark house and among the trees, thinking he might be in a hornets' nest.

"*I* am," returned Ralph.

The horsemen laughed, but the leader quieted them with a word.

"And you ain't going to burn my house or steal things!" cried the lone defender, fiercely. As he spoke, he brought his rifle up and cocked it, the ominous click sounding sharply in the night.

"Don't be afraid," said General Morgan, with a little laugh.

"I 'm not!" exclaimed Ralph, and was angry because the riders laughed together again.

"Don't let that go off, my boy," warned the soldier, gravely. "Uncock it. There 'll be no burning or stealing."

Ralph, amazed at the great rider's tone,—for he had thought of Morgan as a terrible ruffian,—slowly obeyed the order, but did not move from his position.

"Any one else here, boy?"

"No, sir." Ralph was revising his opinion of the invader, but his tone breathed defiance.

"You 've caught a Tartar, General," said one of the men.

Morgan laughed shortly. "Do you know the roads about here?" he queried.

"All of them," returned Ralph, truthfully.

Morgan was a shrewd planner; but harassed and driven by the forces on all sides, he was in a tight box and in sore need of a guide. He had heard a short time before of the battle of Gettysburg, Lee's retreat from Pennsylvania, and the fall of Vicksburg, and he was straining now to gain the Pennsylvania line or a point on the Ohio where he could elude the Federal gunboats and effect a crossing to Kentucky.

"If your feelings will permit, my boy," he said courteously, "we 'll be glad to have you help us a little."

"Help you!" cried Ralph. "I 'm a Union man! I won't show you any roads!"

"You know them all, you say?" queried the raider, smiling at the boy's vehemence.

"Yes."

General Morgan shrugged his shoulders. "He must go with us, gentlemen," he said curtly. "Robinson!"

Robinson and another of the riders slipped from their horses at the word, and as Ralph, seeing their intention, turned to run, they came pouncing upon him, and in less than two minutes Robinson set him on his horse before him, and the whole body went clattering down to the highway.

As they swung to the left, Ralph could see that the road in the other direction was dark with a moving column of men and horses and wagons.

General Morgan rode beside Robinson, and Ralph glared at him, too angry to speak.

"Your house will be all right, my boy," said the Confederate general, kindly. "You saved it by having the courage to stay alone to hold it. I 've had Stanley stay behind to tell my men to let it alone."

Ralph looked up with his heart jumping thankfully. He uttered no word of thanks, however, but relief showed in his face.

"I 'm not going to help you any," he declared, in a moment, quite uncompromising.

General Morgan made no response,—probably did not hear,—but Robinson, a giant of a man, laughed quietly and gave his arm a playful pinch.

"I guess you will, sonny," said the big man, with a chuckle, "or we 'll have to larrup you or hang you up in a rope—like all Yankees ought to be."

For some time after this—at least an hour—the column of raiders moved on through the night, unmolested.

Ralph had been provided with a horse soon after his capture, and he rode in the van with Morgan and his officers. He knew it was useless for him to try to escape, and he saw that the Confederates were puzzled and uncertain of their ground.

The column made bivouac about ten o'clock at a short distance from the town of Portland, and Ralph was forced to dismount and sit among Morgan's staff.

Men were dispatched to various by-roads to try to find a fording place on the river unguarded by the Union boats, and others were sent up the valley roads to guard against surprise.

General Morgan and his officers asked Ralph a hundred questions about the roads and the country-side, but he made no response, holding his eyes doggedly to the ground.

"The ford here, gentlemen," said Morgan, "is defended, as you know, by some sort of fortification. We know nothing about the force, and, in our condition, it 's folly to try to take it to-night. We must wait till morning."

"There must be some way to make this boy speak, general," said one officer, meaningly. "He must know how to get to this Portland ford and also something about the force there."

"No man can say we 're butchers, Colonel," said General Morgan, "and we 'll not give ground for it by cruelty to youngsters. Perhaps if this young man realized he 'd probably save a good many of his own side by helping us, he 'd find his tongue."

Ralph looked up at the great leader, his heart jumping, his eyes glistening.

"If you 'll go away to-morrow without killing more people or robbing houses, I 'll tell you how to get home!" he cried.

"We 'd like to do that," said the general, gravely.

"Will you?" Ralph sat up straight in his eagerness. He thrilled with the thought that he might be the one to relieve his country of this terrible band of riders.

"We 'll think it over," promised Morgan, at length. "Now, you lie down, boy, and go to sleep."

Ralph was almost worn out with excitement, and when he had wrapped himself in the coat some kind-hearted officer handed him, he soon fell fast asleep, in spite of the sound of hundreds of men and horses all about him.

A sound of thunder awoke him, and when he sat up the sun was high and the morning was a bedlam of shots and cries. Musketry rattled all about him, and cannon boomed from the hills and from the river. Shells screamed and screeched in the air like monsters and burst everywhere. The whole valley was alive—an indescribable scene of hurry and confusion.

All the raiders were up and riding here and there, with rifles and sabers gleaming; and the roads and the hills were crowded with bluecoats.

Morgan's delay before the embankment at the Portland ford was almost fatal. The federal forces had now caught up with the fleeing raiders and were pressing them hard, while the gunboats in the river were storming the road ceaselessly.

Somehow or other Ralph got his horse and mounted, and then he found himself riding like mad with a horde of the Confederates, who were charging with their sabers flashing into a body of the bluecoats. On and on they rode, whooping and shooting, and Ralph, heart in his mouth, was swept on with them. Into a blaze of fire they went, and the horses reared and plunged, and men, shrieking, dropped at his right and left. Now he was in a chaos of men and horses, and the clashing of steel and the rattling of musketry deafened and dazed him.

He was not afraid,—there was no time to be afraid,—and he held to his fiery bay mare grimly and merely wondered where he would fall. Unseeing, almost, he was swept along like a chip in a flood, plunged into the center of furiously fighting men, a maze of whirling, flashing sabers and a storm of bullets; then, before he knew it, he was alone in a road, his horse, frenzied, leaping on and on and away.

After a time he managed to draw in the bay, but he still sped on eastward, glad that the sound of firing was dying away. Now that he was safe a cold fear came to him, and he trembled at the thought of what he had heard and seen.

The day before he would have been overjoyed to hear that Morgan had reached his end, but this morning he was thinking of his promise to show the general how to get home. Morgan was no more an enemy; he knew him and he liked him, and was sorry he was n't a Union man so he could like him more.

"I 'm going to help him get away—now," he kept repeating to himself; and then, because he was Union, he tried vainly to hope that all the raiders had been killed.

All that morning he rode on, and, although he could not know the result of the fearful battle he had seen, he was planning to help his enemy—and his country.

Well on toward noon he reached Buford, and found himself in Colonel Burton's camp of militia.

Colonel Burton, a tall, good-looking man, questioned him eagerly about the fight, and Ralph told him all he knew, dwelling, in spite of his loyalty, upon the prowess of the raiders.

"I 've got a plan, Colonel," he said to the militia officer, when he had told his story.

"A plan?" questioned Burton, smiling.

"Yes." Ralph glanced at the officers about, and then he leaned over and whispered eagerly to the colonel.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Burton, with an admiring look. He hesitated a few moments, and calculation showed in his face. He indicated that he wished to be alone with the stocky little messenger, and his men withdrew. "That 's not a bad idea, boy," he said, when they were alone. "But," he went on, shrewdly, "I would not make such a proposition. If it came from him—"

"I 'll go back!" put in Ralph, with shining eyes.

"But not to tell him you 've seen me," said the colonel, quickly, "because we 're here to fight—and will. Yet—would you go? Your plan might save many lives."

"Yes!" cried Ralph.

"They may have taken him," suggested Burton, "or he may have been killed."

"Then I 'll—go home," said Ralph, with a little quaver.

"Try it, my boy," said the colonel at length, decisively. "Try to get to him."

Ralph had supper alone with the colonel of the militia, and at eight o'clock started back on the bay the raiders had provided.

It was a bright starlight evening, and for a long time the country was deserted.

"Halt!" came a sudden command as he trotted around a corner, and he reined in before six soldiers who barred the way. The watchers were Union cavalrymen, and after a few questions they allowed him to pass on.

Ralph rode away with his heart singing, for he had learned that while many of Morgan's men had been captured and many had managed to get across the river, the general himself and a few hundred men had been driven from the river to a refuge in the valley.

Time after time he was stopped by federal pickets, but this aided him, for he learned the raiders' position.

It was midnight when he pierced the cordon of Union soldiers, and, walking and leading his mare through the woods, made his way to Morgan's refuge. A picket halted him with a sharp word, and Ralph, leading the bay, advanced into the clearing in the starlight.

"I 'm the boy General Morgan wants," he stammered, his eyes fixed in terrible fascination upon the sentry's glinting, poised carbine.

An officer, hearing the sentinel's challenge, came forward out of the woods, and he recognized Ralph at once.

"What 's the matter, boy?" he asked. "Lost? Or are you guiding some of your Yankee friends?"

"I want to see the general," returned Ralph, quivering with impatience. "It 's im-important."

"Leave your horse with Jud here and come with me," said the other.

Ralph turned his bay over to the sentinel, who hitched it to a tree, and followed the officer.

The way led through the woods for some distance, but soon they came to a high piece of sheltered ground on a hill where Morgan and a bare three hundred of his gallant riders were set for the last stand against the odds of chance and of overwhelming numbers.

"What 's the trouble, my boy?" asked Morgan, kindly, when Ralph stood before him.

"I can get you home, General!" exclaimed Ralph, at once.

Morgan and his officers grouped about the excited little adventurer and stared at him—hope in their strained faces. What could the boy mean!

"How?" asked Morgan, laconically.

"Put up a flag of truce tomorrow and call for Colonel Burton. If you 'll promise to do no harm where he is, he 'll let you get to Pennsylvania."

"You 've seen the Colonel?" asked the general, quietly.

Ralph looked down and remained silent.

"They could take us easily," put in one of the staff.

"We don't surrender without terms," put in the great raider, grimly. A chorus of fierce approval came from the group. "But the boy's idea is valuable—worth trying," he went on. "They don't know how we stand now, and, gentlemen, our reputation will serve us in good stead." He turned to Ralph with a smile. "I thought you were a Union man," he said.

"I am," returned Ralph, sturdily. "But I 'd rather have you get away than be killed."

"Thank you," said the general, quietly. "We 'll have a talk with our friend Burton in the morning—if possible."

Ralph was worn out completely, and he again slept serenely in the camp of his enemies.



"HE WAS SWEPT ALONG LIKE A CHIP IN A FLOOD."

In the morning the raiders sent out to the east a flag of truce to Colonel Burton, and soon after breakfast General Morgan and the militia leader met and came to terms. It was agreed that if Morgan would engage to march without trying to do damage, Burton would guide to the Pennsylvania line.

At nine o'clock the Confederates were on the move, Morgan and Burton riding ahead, Ralph with them.

General Morgan knew well that even if he reached Pennsylvania, he could scarcely hope to escape destruction or capture, and after a time he asked Burton how he would like to have his surrender—just as Ralph, having heard the talk in camp, had guessed he would. He realized that the Union forces had captured many prisoners, and feared that if he did not get terms from Burton, he would fail to get parole.

"Upon any terms you like," responded the overjoyed militia colonel.

"Then I surrender formally here and now," said Morgan, turning over his sword, "upon the condition that we are all paroled."

Bowing, Colonel Burton accepted the great raider's sword.

Ralph could not restrain a whoop of triumph.

Morgan turned to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"I owe these good terms to you, boy," he said.

Ralph shook off his hand, a queer expression in his face, and he stiffened in his saddle.

"I 'm a Union man!" he exclaimed. "I like you, but I 'm glad you 're caught!" Then, with blazing eyes, he dropped a verbal bomb. "*I* caught you! You could have got away last night at the Portland ford, 'cause there were only three hundred there—my Uncle Dick was one—but I knew you 'd kill them all, so I would n't tell!"

Morgan stared at him grimly. If he had pressed the boy on the previous night, as some of his staff had wished, his wonderful ride would have ended in glory, not in defeat and surrender; and it was not strange if he regretted for a few moments his kindheartedness.

"Well," he said, with a smile on his handsome face, "you did just right—for a Union boy. When I took you for a guide, I certainly caught a Tartar. If I had n't believed I was going to get you to guide me to-day, I should probably have tried last night to take the ford at Portland. But—it 's the fortune of war. Boy, you caught me, and that 's more than ninety thousand of your men were able to do in two weeks." He put out his hand. "Now, sonny, I like you, but—you 'd better turn back and see whether your home is all right. That little mare you 're riding you may have for your own—a present from your enemy. She came through from Kentucky—belonged to poor Sam Taylor—now lying dead in your hills somewhere—and she 's fit for any man living. Good-by!"

Ralph took the general's hand, and then his face worked and tears came into his eyes.

"I wish there had n't been any one at the ford last night!" he cried chokingly. "I 'm s-sorry. G-good-by! Thank you for the horse. I 'll love her!" Blind with tears, he drew to the roadside and sat motionless, and the Confederate general and his men and the Ohio militia passed him and went out of sight.

When they were gone, he turned and rode away homeward, joyous in the thought that he had served his country, and yet filled with affection for the brilliant, kindly soldier caught in the toils through him. And, fortunately for his peace of mind, he did not know till long after that Burton's terms had been repudiated by superior officers and that Morgan was a prisoner without parole.

All day long he went homeward, passing bodies of happy Federals, and when at dusk he made a turn in the road he saw, with a great leaping of the heart, his home standing secure and uninjured among the sycamores, its windows cheery with light.

JINGLES

CANTALOUPE FOR BREAKFAST

Cantaloupe for breakfast,
Honey and a bun—
Get your shoes and stockings on,
And run, run, run!
You 're slow as half a dozen snails,
The folks have all begun—
There 's cantaloupe for breakfast,
Honey and a bun.

Leroy F. Jackson.

A MOVING-PICTURE PLAY

The world 's a moving-picture play,
And every picture is a day;
The picture lasts till set of sun,
And then the picture play is done;
And then we sleep and wait to see
What the picture next will be,
When the new day 's here; and so—
All the pictures come and go.

Annette Wynne.

GOING INTO SUMMER TRAINING

BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING



"COOLING OFF."

VACATION has come. Uncle Sam has closed the doors of the school-houses and sent you out into the open for seventy-five days. He seems to have let you out of training. Other years you have not thought much about it. Vacation was vacation, and that was all there was to it. But this is a war summer, and vacation in war time seems different. You want to do something special with it. Do! Go into summer training. Uncle Sam is spending millions of dollars to make fit the boys whom he has called to the colors. He is too busy to put their younger brothers and sisters into training-camps, even if he thought that the best way; but every word that comes from Washington about boys and girls says just one thing: the best patriotic service the boys and girls of America can do for the country in this war year is to make themselves fit—fit in body, mind, and spirit for any call Uncle Sam may have for them.



TEN MILES FROM HOME.

Last summer I lived in one of the best camps for girls and boys, one where a big national organization started. The people at the head of it were experts in summer training. They knew exactly what they were doing and why they were doing it. As I watched the life there, my thoughts used to go out to the great company of young people who were in summer camps all over the country. It was easy to see what a great thing it was for so many girls and boys to be getting such health and skill and spirit to carry back to their homes in the fall. But then my thoughts would go a step farther—to the army of boys and girls who were spending the summer at home. There were so many things being done in camp that could be done at home if the boys and girls only knew it. So I am going to tell you about how things are done in camp not because you are going to camp (though perhaps you are), but because if you know how camp life goes, you will be better able to run your own summer camp. That is what I want every girl and boy who reads this story to plan to do, and to plan it partly for fun, for it will be fun, and partly for service, for it will be the best service you can possibly do for Uncle Sam this summer.



OFF FOR A FOURTH-OF-JULY BASEBALL GAME.

Life in a summer camp or in a soldier's training-camp differs from ordinary home life in being run on a regular daily program. You don't do things when you happen to, because they occur to you and you feel like doing them, and leave them out when you don't. From the minute the first bugle blows until you drop asleep to the sound of "taps" your day is planned.

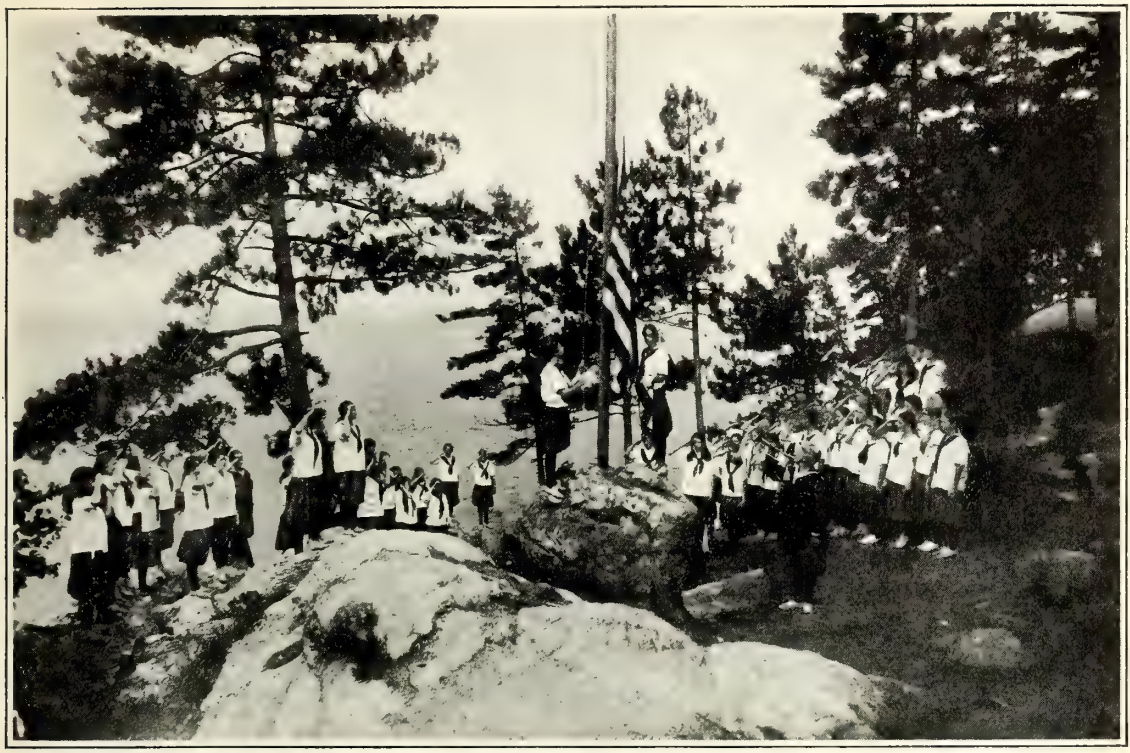
Take up any of the camp booklets and you will see a list like this, "Rising hour, morning dip, breakfast, flag-raising, assembly with devotions, time to prepare for tent inspection, handicraft work or gardening, setting-up drill, dinner, rest hour, reading or letter-writing, recreation (walking, rowing, hiking, baseball, etc.), supper out-of-doors, bedtime." It is not a set program that cannot be changed. Our whole schedule used to be set aside once a week for an overnight trip, and any festive happening was likely to make at a moment's notice slight changes in the plans. But there was *a plan*. There were things we meant to do, and the day was planned so as to get them all in.

So if you are going into summer training, put down on a piece of paper all the things you will be likely to have come into your days, and see how you are going to fit them in. Decide how much time your garden will need on ordinary days, and put down the hours when you mean to do it. Arrange with your friends and neighbors to have your free times fit theirs, for no one ever ran a summer camp all alone. If you are going to do it, you will want to get your friends to do it, too. Flag-raising, for instance, gives you much more of a thrill if a group of you do it. Perhaps the whole family will go out before or after breakfast and stand at salute while one or other of you runs up the flag. We used to say parts of the President's messages every morning, until we knew many of them by heart. Try it, and see if you don't go to your garden or your kitchen with more of a thrill when you have repeated that "every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations; and every housewife who practises strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation."

School is the time for head-work. Summer is the time for hand-work. It may be gardening or carpentry or knitting or cooking, or planning and making a bird-bath. There are a hundred and one things that boys and girls can do with their hands (and their heads helping their hands) in summer. Take up any magazine or handicraft book, or the Boy Scouts' Manual or the Camp Fire Girls' Manual, and you will find things that you wish you could do. Summer is the time to do them. This is where the camps have an advantage over you, for they have councilors to teach you how to do these things. Every camp has its regular handicraft time, and the results that boys and girls turn out from working an hour or two hours a day steadily at some thing they have chosen to do is amazing. You must hunt out your own councilors. They may be your father or mother or some neighbor, or you may very likely find that some book which can be borrowed from the library or bought for a dollar will be all the helper you need. No boy or girl ever came back from a summer camp who did not boast, "See! I have learned to do this" or "make this!" So, Summer Camp Leader, see what handicraft your camp of one or two is going to offer this summer; buy, beg, or borrow the



PRACTISING HOW TO CARRY A DISABLED COMRADE.



"FLAG RAISING GIVES MORE OF A THRILL IF A GROUP OF YOU DO IT."

necessary equipment; and set up your own handicraft period.

The best thing about camp is something you can have as well as the owners of any summer camp in the world. It is the out-of-door life. Summer is out-of-door time, and summer is



A GOOD WAY TO BEGIN THE DAY—SETTING-UP DRILL IN CAMP.

health-time, and the two are one. If you live out-of-doors, sleep out-of-doors if you can, and spend every minute of your waking time that you can out-of-doors, you will have done for yourself the best that can be done in the way of summer training. It rained on the day our camp opened, rained and blew, and if there is anything more dismal than to arrive in a wet camp after a wet lake-trip with wet belongings and no immediate prospect of getting them dry, I do not know it. I stood on the roofed-over platform of the big open dining-bungalow and watched the hundred girls and the score or so of younger boys, laden with suitcases, umbrellas, bags, canoe-paddles, fishing-rods, and cameras, clamber from the steamer-landing up the steepest, slipperiest path you ever saw in your life, and bob up, smiling or otherwise, at the top. It was easy to pick the healthy, outdoor people, those who had been "in summer training" at home or at camp before. Two months later, the day before camp closed, it rained again. (Honesty compels me to state that it had rained several times between, as you will remember if you tried to live an outdoor life last summer.) A number of parents had come down to see the closing "stunts" of camp and take their children home. I stood under the doubtful protection of a spreading tree with one of them, a New York capitalist, who came down in his big gray touring-car, and watched those girls and boys—his once-delicate young daughter among them—scurry gaily about, with ponchos or without, as it happened, gathering and packing their belongings, and sympathizing meanwhile in unconsciously patronizing and superior tones with their city-clad elders, who picked their way carefully under dripping umbrellas and were so evidently afflicted by the rain. I wondered if my companion was wishing himself safely back in his office. I did him an injustice. He turned to me with a boyish grin. "Say, this is worth the whole price of admission!" he said.

It was, and he was a wise man to see it. Those boys and girls had not come to that healthy indifference to weather all at once. They had won it by long practice. By vigorous, regular exercise, by endless persistence in working for some goal they wished to accomplish in walking, swimming, or diving; by cultivating their gardens in rain or shine, they had "educated their skins," as Dr. Luther Gulick tells us all to do, and toughened their bodies so that not a few only, as on that opening day, but all, were physically fit. Some of them had been too fat when they came to camp. By a self-denial that had begun at the first meal and lasted through three meals a day for nine weeks, one of the girls had lost twenty pounds, an amount considered remarkable for a growing girl by the camp physician. All of them had been divided early in the summer into the "Too-fats," and the "Too-thins." A few who had attained the happy medium before they came made up a third class, labeled by themselves the "Toughs." That class had been adding new members every week.

It is not for me to be your summer councilor or make up your program for you. Every organization for boys and girls has its summer list of honors to be won, its war program, like that of the Camp Fire Girls, of sleeping so many hours a night, walking so many hours a week, etc., its degrees in training, like the Boy and Girl Scouts. But the way to win your honors and have a fine war garden and get your Red Cross work done and fit in your class in first-aid and all the rest is to follow the method of the summer camps and the army camps. Go into training; and since you must be camp-leader and councilor, captain, drill-sergeant, private, chaplain, and reviewing officer, all in one, find out first what you want to get out of the summer, and go into definite training for that. Then you can go up to Uncle Sam's school training-camps in the fall with a good record for your seventy-five days' furlough.



EIGHT BOYS AND NINETY MILES

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

EIGHT boys went on a hike. I know all about it, because I went along too! And it was such a bang-up, first-class affair that you might like to know just what they did, and why, and how.

Now a real, honest-to-goodness hike is good fun—a *real* hike, you know, not just a pleasant.



"A DANDY EIGHT FOR A HIKE."

leisurely stroll along a shady highway in cool and sunny weather. No, sir! This was a hike picked right out on a map—one of those United States Topographical Survey maps, that show every house, every road, every spring, and every hill. If you don't know those maps, you ought to. They cost only a few cents, and can be purchased almost anywhere. Well, these eight lads —who averaged just under fourteen years—had their hike all worked out on one of those maps, so that they knew just about where they would spend nights, where they could buy provisions, and what kind of country they would go through. They planned for ninety miles, and were going to cover them in six days, no matter what happened. The fact is, they did it in five days. And such rain! And such sunshine! And such fine roads! And such bogs! But of that later.

As I said, these lads averaged just under fourteen years. One was only twelve—but then he was a regular elephant. And another was about fifteen—but then he had been neglected a little when the inches were handed around. And so it happened that all were about the same size, and, what is more, very nearly the same strength, and that worked out finely! For there was no lad that always lagged behind and slowed up the procession; and there was no boy who got more tired, or sooner tired, than the rest; so there was no fellow with a dark-blue grouch at the end of a day to spoil the fun! If fellows on a hike could always keep cheerful when weary! I dare say these eight were never weary, for they were always cheerful; or possibly they were real down-

and-out tired at times, but were most exceptional hikers and kept cheerful just the same!

It is a fine thing when a hiking party is made up of fellows near the same size and strength, but things cannot always be arranged this way;



PREPARING TO ROLL UP A PACK.

and so, sometimes, little chaps four feet five have to go trotting along with great fellows five feet five—long, rangy lads, who lope ahead with easy, swinging strides like camels! But even a party of assorted sizes can have real fun, if only the camels remember how long their legs are and how many more steps the smaller chaps have to take to keep up!

First I 'll tell you what we carried with us. Each fellow had a rubber poncho, an army blanket, an extra pair of shoes or sneakers,—they started out with army shoes on their feet,—



ROLLING THE PONCHO AROUND THE BLANKET.

and an extra shirt, an extra pair of light-weight khaki trousers, two extra pairs of stockings, a towel, a kit with soap, tooth-brush, and so on, a deep tin dish, a tin cup, a knife, fork, and spoon. Besides this, some emergency rations were distributed around, so that one fellow carried a couple of tins of beans, another carried sugar, another hard biscuits, another cocoa, and such like, not forgetting some cereals. Also, each fellow had two or three potatoes.

Now all that sounds like some load. It was. It amounted to about eighteen pounds for each boy. But when it was all arranged in a horse-collar pack it could hardly be felt; and a horse-collar pack is the most comfortable in the world, for its weight is spread over so much space that it is not felt to any degree for some time; and as soon as it is why, it takes but a second or two to shift the whole thing to the other shoulder, and the relief is wonderful!

Here 's how the eight made up their horse-collar packs. Each lad was given six pieces of black braid, about an inch wide and two feet long. Three were sewn to the poncho and three to the blanket. The center of each piece of braid was thus fastened to a chosen side of the blanket or poncho, one piece about four inches back from each end of that side, and one right in the middle of it; so that when the blanket was rolled up, it could be tied together like a sausage by means of its three braids; and when the poncho was rolled around the blanket-roll, it, too, could be tied by means of its three braids.

In photograph number two the lads are preparing to roll up a pack. The blanket, you can see, has been doubled in order to make it the same size as the poncho under it. You 'll notice, if you look closely, the three braids sewn along the edge of the blanket, one about four inches from the right end, one about the same distance from the left end,—the fold there being allowed for,—and the other right in the middle.

When all a boy's goods are placed in a line along the far side of the blanket, as in the picture, then the blanket is rolled tightly over them like a close cylinder. Then the three braids are tied around the blanket—the ends very closely, to keep the contents from falling out. When the blanket is in order it looks like the one in photograph three, where the boys are beginning to roll the poncho around it—and the poncho, remember, is similarly provided with three braids. We found rubber ponchos best, and we rolled them white side out, for this is cooler and does not leave a black discoloration on your shirt as would the black side!

When the poncho is rolled around the blanket and tied, then the two ends of the roll are brought together and tied firmly, thus making the "horse-collar." Slip it over your head and under one shoulder, and there you are—snug as a bug in any rug! You can see how they look in our opening picture. And in this photograph we have

the whole eight—a dandy eight for a hike, with lots of spare strength and endurance, and no end of cheery good humor, without which no hike is worth while! (The fellow on the right end is just as cheerful as the rest—only he thinks that one, at least, should be dignified on such an important occasion!)

That 's how they fixed their packs. Now suppose it should rain. And hikes, you know, must often go ahead, rain or shine. Well, all you do is remove the poncho from the blanket-roll, make the blanket-roll into a horse-collar again by tying the ends together, put it over your head, then stick your head through the opening in the poncho—and there you are. And it would take a heavy rain to get you or your pack wet! Your shoes and stockings would get wet enough, no doubt, but then, you know, you are carrying dry "extras" in the pack. So you can let it rain all it pleases and jog comfortably along—as the eight are doing in photograph number four, which, you can see quite plainly, was taken in a fairly heavy downpour. I might add that they got well lost among the mountains in that very rain—but that is a story all by itself, though I would like to tell you what they said about the farmer who got them on a trail that disappeared in a wet and marshy jungle; how, as the afternoon slowly waned, they beat their way through, often using an ax, over almost impassable bogs, through heavy thickets and undergrowth, up almost vertical rocks, slimy with rain and wet moss,— the rain descending all the while,—in what is possibly one of the wildest and most unlikely stretches in the Adirondacks! I would like to tell you how they laughed when they fell down, how they whistled marches—beating on tin dishes by way of drums—when they were able to march evenly at all, and how even approaching darkness failed to lessen their good spirits, though it would have been a doleful night to spend in a cold, wet jungle, with an improvised poncho-tent for a roof! But just as darkness was about to fall, through a break in the forest they beheld what seemed to be a corn-field on the top of a hill across the deep ravine that bordered their left. And then they knew that by hammering along to the west, as they had done, thanks to a compass, they had finally broken through the mountain-chain, path or no path, and were not so very far from farms and villages again.

I 'd like to tell you how they finally reached a hospitable farm at eight o'clock, when the early darkness of late summer had left the road barely visible, and how each boy, his wet duds removed, —and all his other duds too,—received a big bucketful of cold well-water over him out behind the barn! You could have heard them yell a half-mile when that cold water struck them! That,



"YOU CAN LET IT RAIN AND JOG COMFORTABLY ALONG."

with the jumping around and the quick rub-down, brought all of them promptly to life, with the most awful appetities you ever dreamed of!

They usually cooked all their own meals, but this time the farmer was prepared for war, and when the road-weary, but unquenchably cheerful, eight finally got around the table in that farm-house,—a table that fairly groaned with good things,—well, what they did to that supper astonished even the farmer!

All this happened, mind you, on the second day of the hike. They had made their eighteen miles on the first day only too easily, and had had time for no end of a fine swim in a little mountain lake.

I told you they cooked most of their meals. So they did; and the best of their triumphs was the well-known stew. They would put into a stew anything they could get—all kinds of things; and it was surprising how one thing flavored another, making a most delicious combination.

Of course, sometimes they were far from places where much variety could be purchased, and on such occasions they created very humble

stews, as when once they merely boiled up three pounds of rice with a couple of cans of tomatoes. Even this, with bread and butter, actually filled them full. But some of those stews were masterpieces! The best and most famous one had in it a half-pound of beef-steak per boy—all nicely cut up with what its owner called a "toad-stabber." It also had two chesty potatoes for each boy, a dozen large, ambitious onions, a can of tomatoes, a can of peas, and such remains of rice and so on as happened to be handy. Well! the perfume that arises from such a stew, when it really gets to boiling, is something wonderful!

This champion of all stews was started at about noon on the fourth day of the hike, when our gallant eight had covered considerably more miles than they had expected to by that time. The little stone fireplace was made,—a very simple affair, so arranged that the kettle would have three points to rest upon,—water procured, wood gathered, and then the grand mixture was put in the kettle. Remember, please, it does not take a great roaring fire for such cooking. A small one, made with small sticks and twigs, does very well —better, in fact.



"TWO OR THREE MADE A HURRIED 'A' TENT OF TWO LARGE PONCHOS."

When the kettle began to simmer and a most pleasing aroma began to pour from it, there came a threatening sound of thunder from back behind the thicket that walled in one side of the place we had chosen for a temporary camping-ground. One look was enough, thank you! There was a large, black thunder-storm almost upon us! To be sure, there were barns—havens of refuge—not very far away, not more than a mile or so; but after one sniff we decided we would not leave that bubbling stew for a skyful of thunderstorms! Yet there was no use in being half-drowned if it could be avoided. So two or three got to work and made a very hurried "A" tent of two large ponchos. It was in a little nook where the coming wind could not get it; and though its supports were of the lightest, it was strongly braced, and fastened to stakes and neighboring saplings. Under this shelter we got all of our belongings in a pile. As the winds began to moan through the trees and the thunder became deafening, a last rush was made to collect some wood to keep dry, and the fire-box under the kettle was stuffed full. Then every last one of us managed to get under that little tent. How, I don't exactly know. We realized just what a sardine must feel like, but it served the purpose well; and though there came a downpour of floods, we kept reasonably dry and happy. In fact, the indomitable eight thought the whole performance almost as funny as being lost in the wilds in the rain with night coming on!

The kettle kept right on boiling, and, by the time the storm was over, after much thundering about the hills and setting fire, by lightning, to a litte barn not far away, we unpacked ourselves to find the stew not far from being done. When you can push a fork easily through meat, you know it is nearly cooked; and the same way with potatoes. So despite the storm, we had a grand good "feed," with large helpings of stew and some roast corn, roasted in its sheath, of course, in another little stone stove, by placing the dampened corn on top of two inches of red embers—standing the ears on end and covering the whole thing to keep the steam in. There were other things, too, but the stew did the job!

Blisters? Very few, for a wonder. But you see most of these fellows wore broad-toed, easy-going, army shoes, that had been softened by previous wear. But there was one lad whose feet were anything but comfortable. Not only did he have a couple of blisters, but several very sore cuts where his shoes pressed too tightly.

And it served him right, I 'm afraid—or it served some one right! For that poor chap had been wearing pointed shoes for the last couple of years, getting his feet all out of their natural shape, and then he actually went and *wore* a pair of pointed shoes on that hike!

Well, he learned a lesson, and a good one! And now he has a very marked opinion concerning pointed-toed shoes and what they may do to the feet of a fellow who wants to be a first-class man on a hike! Just the same, I admired that fellow's nerve. It 's no fun to walk with feet in the condition that lad's got into by the fourth day; and yet to see him trotting along, mile after mile, cheerful as could be, and keeping right up in front of the procession—well, you could n't help liking a fellow like that. He deserved a much better pair of feet!

And that 's about all, except that they got back to camp on the fifth day instead of the sixth. Tired? Not particularly. This shows how tired they were:

When on the home stretch, after having covered some twelve or fourteen miles of hard going, we rested a moment at a bridge, and starting on again, for nearly half a mile we marched up a very stiff grade, the last bad hill on the road home.

Then, when the top was reached and all had stopped to mop their foreheads, for it was a warm day, it was discovered that a poncho had been left behind, down by the bridge.

"I 'll get it," declared Mack stoutly. Mack is the second from the right, and he is trying to stop grinning. He was not the biggest, but you could have straightened nails out on his muscles anywhere. Before the owner of the poncho could say anything, Mack had tossed his pack off and had started trotting down that long hill to the bridge.

"Oh, any one could run a half-mile down hill!" you exclaim.

True enough, almost any one could—particularly if he had not just walked fourteen miles with an eighteen-pound pack on his back! But what about running *up* that hill again? True enough! In a minute or two, far down below, we saw him rounding a curve in the road, and he kept coming right on, jog-trotting straight up that long hill, and arrived at the top with lots of wind to spare.

"Poncho 's stolen," said he, calmly. Mack never used more words than were necessary. He promptly picked up his pack, swung it to his shoulder, and started off at the head of the party, chipper as could be!



"THE STEW NOT FAR FROM BEING DONE."

And Mack was n't the only one of the crowd capable of doing it!

Now what does that mean? It means that this eight was in mighty good condition. It was composed of fellows who were consciously doing all they could to make themselves as fit, physically, as possible; avoiding things that would tend to prevent this fitness; and carrying on exercises, and what not, in order to develop what muscle or stamina each individual needed. And all that, let me tell you, is going to mean something to those lads when they are grown up. A boy who can hike hard, and hike cheerfully, day after day, is likely to be the kind of man who does things that are worth while.

And that 's how they did their ninety miles in five days. Have I forgotten anything? Oh, yes! They passed their belts through the handle of their tin cups. Also they knocked a hole in the rim of their tin dishes, in this hole they placed a two-inch loop of iron wire, and they passed their belts through these loops. That 's how they carried their tableware. As for that famous stew-kettle, why, they took turns carrying that—in alphabetical order!



RUTH

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

There are, they tell me, lots of Ruths; but somewhere, in between
The two important oceans, is the special Ruth I mean.

She has two eyes, she has two ears, but just one mouth and nose,
Ten fingers (thumbs included), and the same amount of toes.

She 's taller than she used to be, and is, from what I hear,
Exactly one year older than she was this time last year!

She always goes to bed at night; she goes to school by day;
She plays piano pieces in a most emphatic way.

She wears two shoes upon her feet, one hat upon her head,
She 's fond of ice cream, candy, and of butter on her bread.

You would n't think all this about a little girl named Ruth,—
But it 's the truth!

TWO WAYS OF SEEING

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

Two little girls went berrying
On the very same summer day;
Down in the meadow across the brook
They went the selfsame way.

Two little girls came home again,
When the summer day was spent—
Up from the meadow across the brook
The very same way they went.

And "Oh!" said one, "I found a *lot*,
So juicy and big and red!
And all the time I was picking them
A bird sang overhead.

"It was nice and cool beside the brook
Where the moss was green and thick;
And I sat on a great, big stone to rest,
And played I fished with a stick;

"I picked some pretty flowers, too,
All that my hands could hold;
And I saw a web as fine as silk
And a spider yellow as gold."

And "Oh!" said the other, "I could n't find
A berry fit to eat!
But a lot of bugs and creepy worms
Kept wiggling 'round my feet;

"I 'm sure there was a large green snake
Down where the grass was thick,
And I stubbed my toe on a great big stone,
And scratched my hand on a stick;

"I thought I saw some pretty flowers,
But when I went to look
A horrid spider crawled on me
And I nearly fell in the brook."

Now which of these two would you rather be?
And what do you think *your* eyes would see?

BETTER SPEECH FOR BETTER AMERICANS

BY GRACE WILLIAMSON WILLETT

BEFORE the war we all were in the irresponsible state of "do as we please." We could use all the sugar we wished for icing our cakes and have bacon every morning for breakfast. Many of us thoughtlessly wandered from theaters while the orchestras were still playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Many of us may have neglected the fine ceremony of saluting the flag. We could even mumble sadly, or talk as indistinctly, or speak as loudly and harshly, as we wished, without the consciousness that in abusing our national speech we were unpatriotic Americans.

But we can do as we please no longer, for now our country asks all loyal Americans to love and respect the *symbols* which stand for our country: the American flag, the American uniform, and with these we ought to class American speech.

Let us think for a minute what a symbol is. A symbol is something we can see or feel or hear, which makes us think of something much greater which we cannot see or hear. The symbols of our country, which we love so much are the American flag, the American uniform, and the American language. The war has taught us to love and respect our flag and our uniform as never before. We stand in silence in the theater while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played; we salute the boys in khaki; but we continue to abuse and mistreat that other symbol of national unity —the wonderful English language which is our national heritage. We cannot be truly one people unless we loyally prefer and cherish and use properly the language that has been ours from the very beginning of the nation's history. We cannot remain half American and half foreign. In Mr. Roosevelt's words, we cannot be a huge boarding-house. Just as boarders sometimes misuse furniture and household appliances because they have no feeling of ownership, so we have misused our vowels and consonants and carelessly left off the endings of our words. We have abused our language and have felt no pride of possession. We take great care of our clothes, of our china and our silver. Our speech has not mattered. As patriotic Americans we must change this attitude of mind. American speech belongs to you, it belongs to me—it is an individual possession. It is ours to treat as we treat our dearest possessions, with care and respect. Every one of us, as a patriotic American, must do his or her part to make American speech efficient and beautiful, and worthy of our country.

In the first place, then, we must build in our imaginations an ideal American speech. Just what shall it be—a good American speech that every one in the United States may possess, that will be the best possible means of communication among us in our daily intercourse, when the family breakfasts together, when Mother talks over with the groceryman the advisability of using spinach or beans for dinner, when the children come home from school, when the family sit together in the living-room at night? We are not seeking to develop better speech-making, but better speech in daily life—in the constantly recurring and necessary conversation of every day. We are not going to try for the luxuries,—the aristocracies, of speech. A soft Italian "a" is very pretty. Surely it is pleasanter to hear, mäster, päss, chänce, dänce, than to hear mâster, pâss, chance, and dance. But an Italian "a" is a luxury, and not attainable by most of the 110 million people who inhabit our United States. But we *can* sound the last syllables of our words. We can say, go*ing*, com*ing*, sing*ing*, instead of goin', comin', singin'. We can say window and potato, satin and pupil, instead of "winduh," "potatuh," "satun," and "pupul." We limit ourselves then to attainable ideals—a pleasant, soft tone of voice and clear, distinct utterance.

Already the young folk of our nation have responded to the appeal of our flag and our uniform. It is high time to arouse their respect and love for our national language.

Not long ago, I attended a dance given by an exclusive social organization of our largest western college. I was amazed at the amount of slang these charming young women considered it not permissible but necessary to use. An occasional use of slang among intimate friends may even be exhilarating, but we are wrong in our general attitude toward our national language when a college graduate depends upon slang phrases for a large part of her daily speech.

The conditions brought about by the war also emphasize the great need for better American speech. Under the selective draft law, more than a million and a quarter aliens are registered. Many of them cannot speak English, and military training must wait until they can understand orders. About forty-five per cent. of those in training in the officers' camp at Fort Sheridan who failed to obtain commissions, failed because of faulty speech. An officer cannot make his

commands understood unless he speaks distinctly. I have read letters written by privates to the Chicago "Herald" lamenting that they did not know how to speak English well and did not even understand English well; consequently, they cannot hope to rise in the service. The teacher of oral English in a certain High School told me of a young graduate of the school who recently returned to visit the school in his officer's uniform. He told her with great delight how much her oral English work had helped him in the army, and said, "My superior officers compliment me on the distinctness with which I give my commands."

Those who are leaders in our industrial army tell of the same need for better American speech among our workers, who need a better means of communication, both to increase their own efficiency and to make them more patriotic Americans. Do you know that there are entire towns in the United States of from three to ten thousand inhabitants where no English is spoken or understood, where the inhabitants make no attempt to acquire American citizenship, and where they have no opportunity to feel or learn the spirit of America because this most important channel of communication has never been opened for them?

Several strikes in mines or factories have been due to the fact that the workers did not understand English. Because they have not this means of communication with their employers, they are entirely under the influence of bosses who use their foreign languages. There is an enormous waste of material caused by factory workers because they do not speak or understand English and therefore do not comprehend printed rules or instructions. There are many factories all over the country where the girls cannot even read the detailed instructions in the "Safety First" signs hung about the buildings.

The head of the welfare department of one of the largest mail-order houses in Chicago has told how great is the need of better American speech among the four thousand girls employed there. The uneducated girl who cannot learn to speak English well can never hope to make over twelve dollars a week. The same is true of the men—their pay can not rise above fourteen. In the school for employees maintained by the company, the system of gradation is based, first of all, upon progress in speaking English.

Many of the people who work in these large establishments are not loyal Americans. Their employers consider that the barrier of imperfect American speech is the greatest hindrance in developing their loyalty, just as it is in developing their efficiency.

You wish to know what you as individuals can do to help the movement for improving American speech.

Well, you can each and all begin with this:

PATRIOTIC RESOLUTION FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

I love the United States of America. I love my country's flag. I love my country's language.

I promise:

1. That I will not dishonor my country's speech by leaving off the last letters or sounds of words.

2. That I will say a good American "yes" and "no" in place of an Indian grunt, ("un-hum" or "nup-um") or a foreign "ya" or "yeh" and "nope."

3. That I will do my best to improve American speech by enunciating distinctly; that I will avoid speaking in loud, harsh tones.

4. That I will learn to articulate correctly one word a day for one year.

Let every one of you use the best speech in your daily life of which you are capable. Do *your best.*

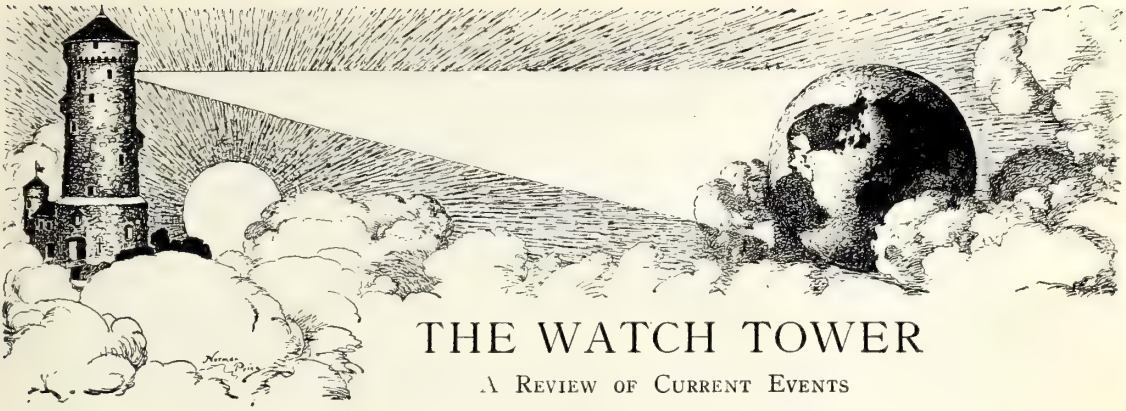
Read aloud to your families. Ask the members of your families to read aloud to you. Endeavor to read as pleasantly and softly and clearly as possible.

Let the family dinner-table be a time for exchanging stories of what has happened during the day. Let every member of the family relate, as well as he or she can and always pleasantly and distinctly, some incident which has happened during the day.

Let us put a smile into our voices. Let us use throughout the day the voice that we ought always to use with the telephone—soft, pleasant, distinct.

Improving our speech is not the difficult and tiresome undertaking we might, at first thought, take it to be. Teachers of oral English in High Schools state that a few months of sincere effort produce splendid results. It is a matter of one third *wanting* to improve and two thirds *trying* to improve. It is not necessary to study with a specialist. By doing our best every day we shall find that we can improve greatly within a very brief time.

We can help the patriotic movement for better American speech by starting the movement in our own homes to-day.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

ITALY DAY IN AMERICA

In April, Italy celebrated in the ancient Colosseum at Rome the first anniversary of the entrance of America into the war, and on May 24 this country reciprocated gracefully, and with great good will, that courteous act of the Italian Government and nation. It was a most fitting thing for us to do, for we have many good citizens of Italian birth, and important numbers of them are in the armies we are sending to fight side by side with Italy and the other Allies.

The day was observed in New York with a large and enthusiastic meeting in the Metropolitan Opera-house. At this meeting Mr. Charles E. Hughes reminded the people of Italy's part in the discovery of this continent, and praised her work in the present war. Secretary Baker gave the finishing touch of fitness to the ceremonies by announcing that American infantry, machine-guns, and heavy artillery were even then on the way to Italy, and would soon be taking their places on the battle-field against the Austrians.

"They would," said Secretary Baker, "make of the Italian front a composite of the civilized nations of the world, English, French, Italian, and American, fighting together with a community of interests, a community of sacrifice, a common determination and a common courage, in order that they may secure a common victory for the benefit of all mankind."

And that does not leave much to be said!



Times Photo Service

CELEBRATION IN THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME OF AMERICA'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR.



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NOON-DAY MEETING IN WALL STREET, NEW YORK, IN AID OF THE SECOND LIBERTY LOAN.

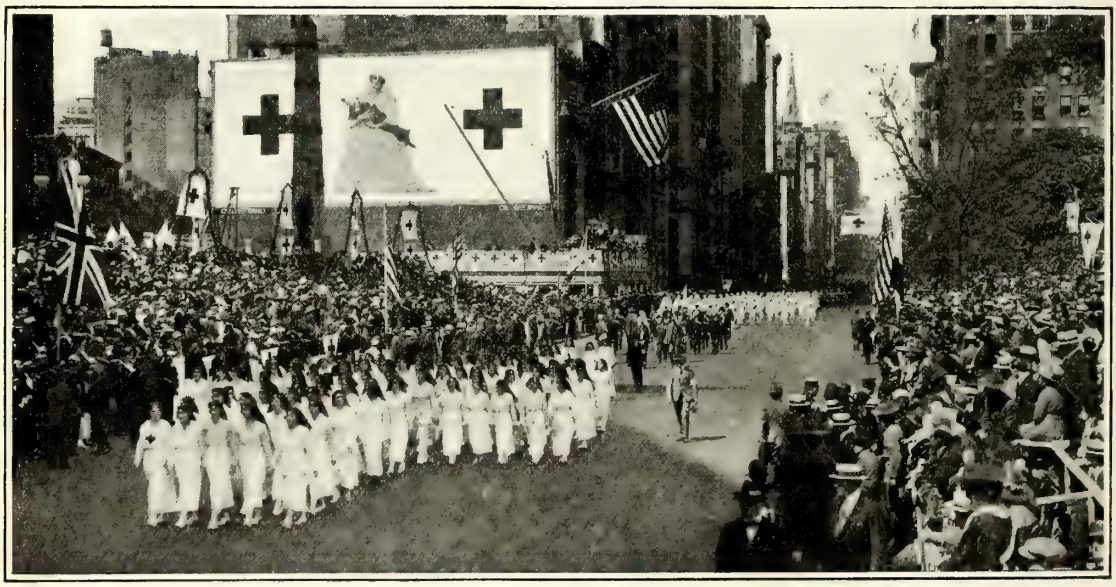
THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN AND SECOND RED CROSS DRIVES

IN reviewing recent events of national importance, if anything were to be overlooked, it could hardly be the Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives of the spring of 1918. Everybody knows the facts and figures, and there is no need to rehearse the stirring story of how America went over the top—again. But there are two points that deserve consideration, even at this long interval of time.

First, the number of individual subscribers; second, the willingness with which each gave all he could afford—and then a little more.

In one town a bond salesman skipped a certain woman who earned her living by washing, and whose home was far out from the business section and the banks. "No use asking her," he thought. Well! That woman, after a hard day's work, walked all the way to the bank, which was kept open in the evening to receive subscriptions, and arranged to buy a fifty-dollar bond on payments of one dollar a week out of her earnings at the scrubbing-board. She was not going to be left out!

In the Red Cross campaign in May almost every collector—you could hardly call them solicitors—found that no one asked "Can I give?" but the question was always, "How much can I



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THE GREAT RED CROSS PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, MAY 25.

give?" And when that had been answered, generously, there was almost always a swift decision to give "just a little bit more."

The Third Liberty Loan and the Second Red Cross War Fund drive answered fully and finally the question we used to hear, "Is America awake?"

WHO SHALL RUN THE RAILROADS?

When the Government took over the railroads last winter, there was some anxiety lest the act should prove to be the opening wedge of a policy of public ownership. Congress allayed those fears, for the time being at least, by providing that the law should run only for the period of the war and a fixed term thereafter.

The railroad system in this country is the result of competition. The spur of rivalry in the pioneer days of railroading drove the railroad builders at a pace which produced wonderful progress in achievement, but it had some evil consequences. Of these, perhaps the one that most directly affects us all is the complication of shipping routes. If the railroads of the country were merged in one single system, under one central management at Washington, the routing of goods on long hauls might be greatly and advantageously simplified.

Both government ownership and private operation have good points and bad points. The question is, which system gives, in the long run, the better balance in favor of the people as a whole? The railroads exist for the nation, not the nation for the railroads.

The problem has many phases. A railroad president, an engineer or brakeman or switchman, a tourist, a business traveler, a shipper, and a stockholder, all see different aspects of it. What has to be done is to consider the interests of all, and adopt that arrangement which best suits the general requirement.

Director-General McAdoo has made many changes in the management of the railroads. He has increased the pay of the men. He has taken from the former presidents of the various systems their executive powers. He has endeavored to make all the roads work together for the nation's good, dividing the entire system into sections managed by Federal directors. And he has done all this without violence. Presidents who have been mere figureheads are not in favor with the Administration, but those who are real railroad-men have been kept in positions of high responsibility.

Late in May, the Director-General issued an order raising the pay of railroad workers by 25 per cent. and advancing freight and passenger rates. Not satisfied with their 25 per cent. increase of pay, some railroad men threatened to strike, and Mr. McAdoo gave out a statement urging co-operation and warning the men of the extreme danger of dissension.

Of course, the transfer of the railroads to government operation involves problems of high finance, the handling of huge amounts of money, the protection of stockholders' investments, and other important phases. Without going into those deep matters, which will presumably be arranged so as to accommodate all legitimate interests, a great many Americans will be inclined to favor the retention of Uncle Sam as manager of all the railroads.

AGAIN, THE WESTWARD DRIVE

In the last days of May the German "grand offensive" was renewed. The Crown Prince's armies crossed the Aisne, captured Soissons, and advanced fifteen or sixteen miles. American troops took an increasingly important part in the defence, and fought gallantly and effectively. As the month closed, it seemed likely that once more the Germans would prove to have sacrificed vast numbers of men without decisive military gain. General Foch's reserves were still unused.

The Huns began a deliberate series of attacks on field hospitals, and—to the Watch Tower observer, at least—seemed week by week to be nearing the day of their final defeat.

Meanwhile, England had at home the Irish conspiracies to deal with; and in America the gentlemen who know how to run the country's war business so much better than do the powers that be were still trying hard to correct the faults and punish the sins of the Administration. President Wilson appointed Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate whom he defeated in the last Presidential election, to conduct the investigation into the management of our war activities.

In an address before Congress, May 27, Mr. Wilson urged the national legislature to remain in session and enact a new special tax law for war funds, instead of waiting for the fall.

MAIL BAGS WITH WINGS

If you happen to live somewhere along the road from New York to Washington, it will hardly be necessary at this time to tell you that the yellow biplane with a red-white-and-blue tail that you saw going by on the fifteenth day of May was a part of Uncle Sam's newly installed aërial mail-service. On that day the first batches of mail to be shipped by the air-line route started at the same time from New York for Washington and from Washington for New York, each machine



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THE FIRST PLANE TO CARRY MAIL FROM NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON LEAVING HEMPSTEAD FIELD, MAY 15. PILOT LIEUT. T. H. WEBB.

being scheduled to turn its cargo over to another machine at Philadelphia.

The first northbound plane made only twenty miles or so, when the breaking of a propeller-blade halted it. The southbound mail got through all right, being delivered in Washington three hours and twenty minutes after leaving New York; and the second northbound plane, starting from Philadelphia, made the trip across New Jersey in one hour and twenty-two minutes.

The opening of this aërial mail-route is to be regarded not as a completed achievement, but as the beginning of a service that may be expected to grow to great proportions after the war. It does not, in these days of wonders, strain the imagination to picture the skies crisscrossed with lines of air-craft connecting our cities and carrying mail, passengers, and light freight across the continent. We take these things much more calmly nowadays than people did when the steam-engine was invented and put to work, or when the telegraph, telephone, automobile and submarine came into being. With what scorn would a rider in the Pony Express have greeted a prediction of the carriage of mail from coast to coast in the time that a relay of fast aëroplanes would make! (Weather permitting, we are tempted to add!)

Late in May a mail-carrying aëroplane made a fast round trip between Paris and London, and this flight was the beginning of a regular service which is expected to be very useful while the war continues and may become permanent.

BOYCOTTING GERMANY

LAST fall the British Seaman's and Fireman's Union passed a resolution declaring a boycott by its members against Germany for a period of two years from the end of the war, to be increased by one month for each crime against non-combatants committed by Germany. The union must have been very moderate in its counting of such crimes, for by the first of May it had extended the term only to five years and four months.

The meaning of this particular boycott is that no member of the organization will serve on any vessel on which any Germans are employed. It brings up once more the whole question of international boycott, of which there has been some discussion.

The word "boycott" is derived from the name of one Captain Boycott, an Irish land-agent to whom the punishment was applied in 1880. This method of retaliation was not new thirty-eight years ago, but this particular instance was interesting enough to give it a name. The word is defined in the dictionary thus: "To combine against (a landlord, tradesman, employer, or other person), to withhold social or business intercourse from him, and to deter others from holding such intercourse." The boycott that has been proposed against Germany is simply an extension of this idea to include international relations as well as those between individuals.

The proposed economic boycott would require an agreement among other nations to exclude Germany, as far as they could, from trade with them. It is generally suggested as a measure of righteous retribution, and also of self-protection against the practices which Germany has adopted and exercised and which give no recognition to the rules of fair play which the civilized nations have agreed upon in governing their relations with one another.

It is not easy to separate from such a proposal the idea of revenge, however it may be dis-

guised. President Wilson, speaking for the American people, has repeatedly made it plain that we are fighting for the peace and freedom of the world, which Prussian militarism seeks to destroy for the advancement of its own power. After the war, when the fate of kaiserism has been settled, and the world made safe for democracy, he expects us to deal justly with the chastened subjects of the misrulers of Germany.

It is not likely that there will be any formal boycott of Germany by the Allies. For one thing, in the practical view, trade goes where the dollar is, and those who have goods to sell are almost always ready to sell them to any one who has the price. But somewhere between the extremes of idealism and the unsentimental ways of commerce lies the very human fact that the world cannot quickly forgive the nation that has brought upon other nations so much sorrow and suffering; and even if we forgive them, we shall not find it easy to associate with them in a friendly way. The children of those who made this war will inherit a terrible legacy of suspicion and distrust, and it will be long before they can have any real friends among the nations.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

HAS Independence Day ever meant quite so much to you as it does this year? Have the Red, White, and Blue of Old Glory ever seemed brighter and more beautiful? On this Fourth of July every American should seal in his heart a new declaration of allegiance to his country.

WHEN President Wilson spoke in New York for the Red Cross he said nothing finer, and nothing that suited the crowd more exactly, than this: "So far as I am concerned, I intend to stand by Russia as well as by France." Poor Russia—she gave faith to the promises of the German military rulers!

SINCE the Government took over the railroads, the pay of the men who make it possible and safe for us to travel and to carry on domestic commerce has been increased by a very considerable percentage. We imagine a pretty respectable percentage of that percentage has gone straight back to the Government in the form of Liberty Bonds.

THE war news has been so full of stories of gallant exploits on land and sea and in the air that it is impossible to select any one as the most worthy of praise; but the closing of the channels at the German submarine bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend appeals specially to our appreciation of courage. The British cruiser *Vindictive* will have her name written in bright colors on the

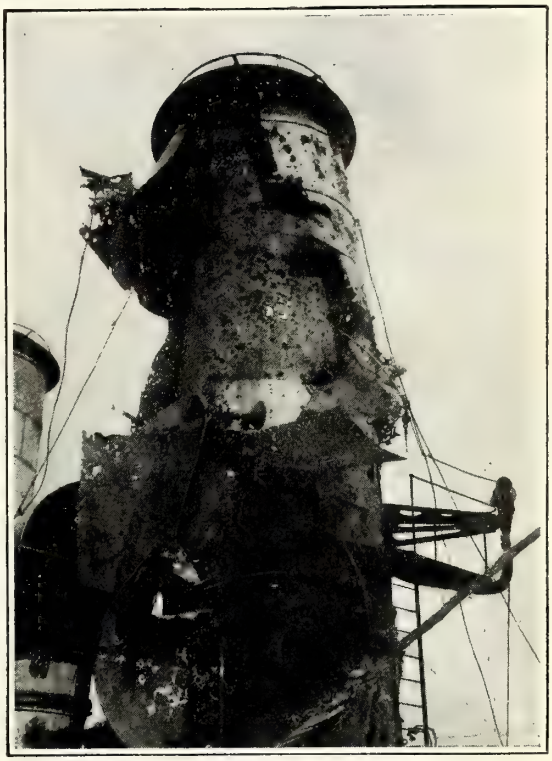


Photo Brown Bros.

FUNNEL OF THE VINDICTIVE AFTER THE GERMANS HAD SHELLED THE CRUISER FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

pages of England's naval history. At Zeebrugge, April 23, when she landed a force of sailors and marines on the Mole to divert German fire from the ships, she was riddled with shots. When Ostend was stormed, it was this brave old ship that was loaded with concrete and sunk in the channel. She deserves a poem of honor almost as much as our own stout old *Constitution* did.

NORWAY does not intend to be bluffed by the Germans. Although she lost many vessels and lives through the lawless submarine war, she never withdrew the flag of her merchant marine from the seas. Early in May she signed an agreement with the United States whereby she is to receive from us certain amounts of grain, cocoa, coffee, sugar, pork, and beef. In return she guarantees to permit none of these commodities to fall into the hands of the Germans, and to export to this country various commodities that she can spare, particularly minerals, chemicals, and wood products. No doubt it is a good deal of a puzzle and no small vexation to Germany—this new "scrap of paper."



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SETTLING DOWN IN A NEW HOME BEHIND THE LINES.



A FLIGHT FROM THE ROOF OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

A BIRD OF WAR

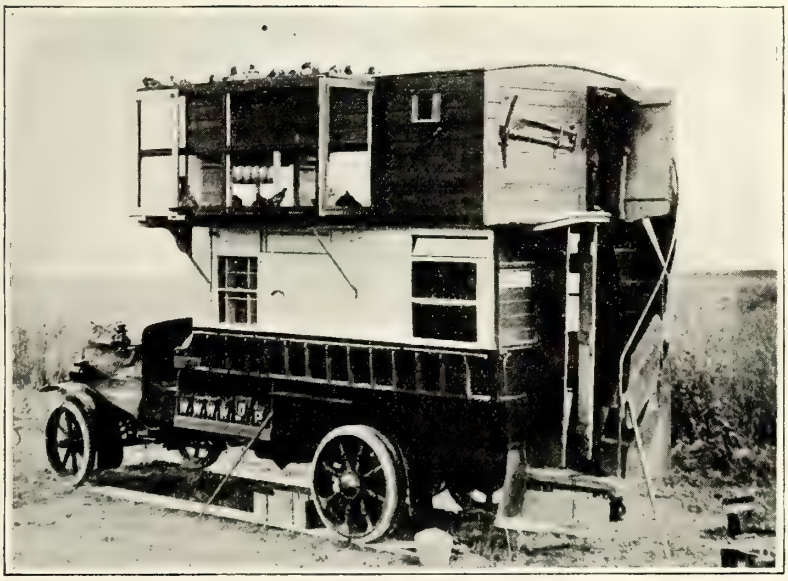
In spite of the enormous stimulus the war has given to aviation and to invention, in some directions it has necessitated a return to ancient and long-discarded methods. Trench warfare, the use of hand-grenades, and defensive armor are simply reincarnations of things the spirit of which had almost disappeared. One of the more picturesque revivals at the front is the use of the carrier-pigeon. This bird was employed as a message-carrier by the Saracens in the first crusade; and, to take a long leap in history, when Paris was besieged in 1870 by the Germans, homing-pigeons proved their usefulness. Their miniature mail-bags contained micro-photographs of despatches, some of which contained almost thirty thousand words. To-day the United States Government is searching for 5000 suitable birds for the Western front. Young birds that had not been previously "flown" would soon settle down in new homes behind the lines, and it is intended that they should be taken right into the firing-line to act both as ordinary and



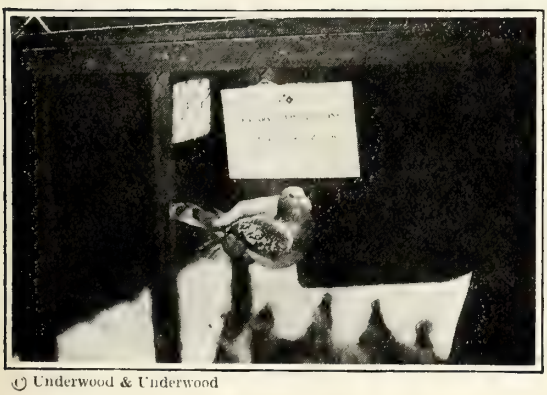
A SEAPLANE PILOT ATTACHING A MESSAGE.



OFF WITH ITS LIFE-SAVING MESSAGE.



A MOTOR-CAR PIGEON-HOUSE BEHIND THE LINES.



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A MILITARY HOMING-PIGEON.



A BELGIAN PIGEON WITH ITS MESSAGE IN CODE.

emergency messengers when telephone and telegraph communication is interrupted and when smoke and gas attacks prevent the use of signals. The birds will be flown in sets of half a dozen, each one carrying a copy of the same message, thus the chance of safe arrival in the dove-cote will be increased and the transport of the precious document at the speed of a mile a minute insured. Taking into consideration the modern marvels of telephony and telegraphy, this revival of what was an outgrown method of communication seems all the more interesting, and furnishes yet another illustration of the way in which, by coöperating with one of Nature's simple laws, the promptings of instinct, man attains a desired result when his own complex inventions have been thrown out of working order.

MARK MEREDITH.



THE RESCUER CARRYING "THE CAN."

THE MOTOR-CYCLE LIFE-GUARDS

A CORPS of life-savers is patrolling many miles of beach in California by means of an outfit that is unique; it consists of a complete first-aid kit that is carried on a motor-cycle side-car—a life-line and buoy, a stethoscope and a pulmotor, in fact, everything needed to restore animation to a half-drowned victim of the surf. The side-car is an ingenious combination of ambulance and chest, being a six-foot case of hard wood on which an unconscious man can be laid and rushed to the hospital. The top of the case is hinged, so that when it is raised the equipment is displayed ready for immediate use.



THE SIDE-CAR IS AN INGENIOUS COMBINATION OF AMBULANCE AND CHEST.

The reel, which contains hundreds of feet of fine wire cable, is set over the back of the side-car frame, and below it rides a buoy of light metal construction, a torpedo-shaped cylinder of sufficient buoyancy to support two persons in the water.

The machine is designed to carry three passengers, two life-guards, who ride on the saddles, and the patient, who is usually carried to the hospital at Redondo after preliminary treatment on the sand. The Redondo bath-house, where the hospital is located, is also the headquarters of the life-guard corps, and it is connected by telephone with a string of resorts that extend along the beach for many miles.

As soon as a call comes in, the two young fellows, who virtually live in their bathing-suits, jump on the motor-cycle and whizz at a mile-a-minute clip toward the point of danger. They are given right of way over all traffic, and have never arrived too late. As soon as the victim

is sighted struggling in the surf the machine stops, as close as possible to the water's edge. The rescuer has attached the life-belt while traveling, so that he is ready on the instant to leap from the saddle, trailing the life-line from his belt and carrying the buoy, which is known as "the can." The life-line reels out as he swims toward the drowning man, and, in the interval, the assistant has time to open the ambulance and set out the pulmotor and first-aid kit.

Then as soon as the victim is reached and grappled, the man on shore begins winding in the cable, and rescuer and rescued are drawn ashore in short order. This device saves the strength of the swimmer, and also many precious minutes that might make the difference of life or death to the man with his lungs full of water.



EXPELLING THE WATER FROM THE LUNGS.

Once ashore, the first act is to clear the lungs. One of the life-guards throws himself on his hands and knees, and the victim is laid over this support, face downward. He is rolled thus until the water is expelled, and then laid on a blanket for treatment. Brandy is administered, and the arms are moved rapidly above his head and down to his sides again to start respiration. In case this is not sufficient, the pulmotor is strapped over his face and artificial respiration induced. While life endures, the treatment is not relaxed; and if there is any doubt, the stethoscope is laid over his chest and the heart-beat detected. In case the person has been thrown against rocks or barnacle-covered piles, his wounds receive scientific application of antiseptics and bandages.

Then, if the victim's condition is serious, he is wrapped in a blanket, laid on the side-car stretcher, and carried swiftly to the emergency hospital, where trained help is in attendance.

This life-saving effort has met with great suc-



THE RESCUER DASHING INTO THE SURF.

cess, resulting in the saving of many surf-bathers who would have perished if any slower or less scientific method had been used. The cost of the outfit is comparatively slight, the principal items of expense being a high-power motor-cycle, the specially designed side-car, and the pulmotor.

C. D. Edholm.

NATURAL LACE

This is not the photograph of a big blossom; it is natural lace from the island of Jamaica.

There is a light tree down there which is known as the lace-wood tree. You can take a



A ROSETTE OF NATURAL LACE.

branch the size of your wrist, peel off the rough outer bark, and separate the layers of the inner bark so that they form a big rosette of very pretty cream-white lace, as shown in the illustration.

THE WORLD'S SIMPLEST POST-OFFICE

I wonder how many people know that South America can boast of the simplest post-office in the world. It would take considerable guessing on the part of the reader to locate this post-office, for he would find it at the very end of the continent. Even then he might not recognize it.

Opposite Tierra del Fuego is a very high rocky cliff overhanging the Strait of Magellan, and from one of the rocks is suspended, by a long chain, a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, there is no postmaster nor is there any regular letter-carrier or collector, but every ship that goes through the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little post-office, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship, and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

Who was the person that first thought of such a scheme we are not told, but the sailors think a great deal of their unique post-office, and there has never yet, to anybody's knowledge, been any violation of the confidence reposed in it. When a sailor sends a letter to it addressed to another seaman, he is absolutely certain of its delivery. It may be that one of the two seamen is on a vessel which is not expected to pass by this ocean post-office, but the letter may have on it a request that a vessel going east or west shall pick it up and deliver it to some point where the seaman will be sure to receive it. In this manner letters have been known to make their way to the Arctic Ocean or even to India.

Walter K. Putney.

A FAMILY THAT "UNGREW"

There has been a curious happening at the University of Idaho. One of the naturalists there had a family of beetle larvæ which he was feeding and had raised till they were almost grown up. Then, when vacation time came, he went off and forgot all about them.

When he came back in the fall, there they were, alive and well, though they had had nothing whatever to eat for three months.

But they had grown small. They had "ungrown" from big caterpillars down to little ones. And when they were left still longer without food, they continued to ungrow, until they became as small, and even smaller, than when they were first hatched out of their eggs. In fact, it took six hundred of the tiny babies to weigh as much as one of the big children which they had been.

Now a human baby, it must be remembered, is about a tenth the size of a big boy. What happened to the caterpillars, then, is as if a full-grown boy, with nothing to eat, should shrink down to the size of a doll about seven inches long, and yet all the time be perfectly well and happy.

Some of these animals continued to "ungrow" for more than five years. All that time they had not a particle of food—they never get any water, anyhow. But when any of these babies were fed again, straightway they began once more to grow up. Then, when they were nearly full-sized, if they were once more put on short rations, forthwith they grew down again and became babies. Some of them have now been three times over their lives—little to big, and big to little, and up and down again twice; and are now for the fourth time starting off as if just hatched from the egg.

Edwin Tenney Brewster.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

VERSES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



THE LITTLEST ONE

My daddy he 's a Captain,
My brother is a Scout,
My sister is a Camp-Fire Girl—
But I am just left out.
They each have uniforms to wear
And different things to do.
Oh dear! I do so wish that I
Belonged to something, too!

My mother tells me not to mind;
She says, "Why, don't you see?
Because you are the littlest one
You just belong to *me!*"



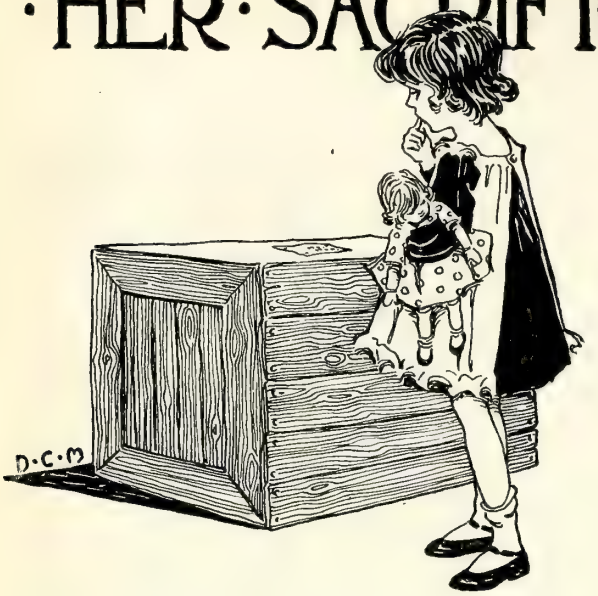
A FRENCHMAN

I SAW a soldier on the street;
His uniform was blue;
He did n't dress in khaki brown
The way most soldiers do.
He wore a very splendid cap
All black, and gold, and red;
He had n't ugly leggings on,
But shiny boots instead.
And mother told me he was French,
I think it was exciting;
For he 'd been living in a trench
And really, truly fighting!



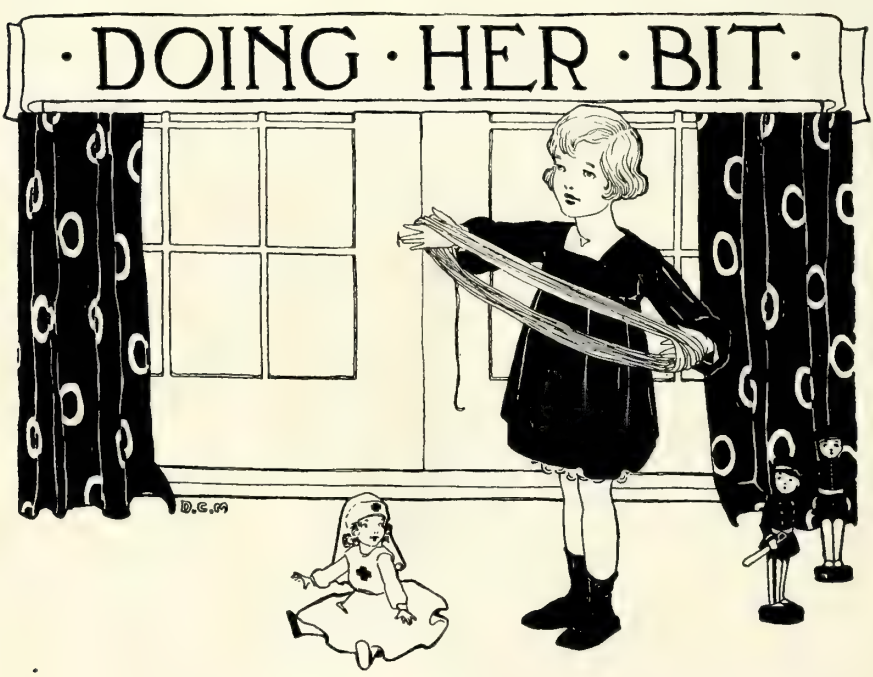
·HER·SACRIFICE·

VERSES BY
MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN
PICTURES BY
DECIE C. MERWIN



I 'VE kept my snuggle doll for night,
But all the rest I packed up tight
For children o'er the sea;
And in the box are games and toys
For little Belgian girls and boys,
As sad as they can be.

·DOING·HER·BIT·



I CANNOT knit a scarf nor sweater,
Nor write a soldier boy a letter,
For I am only five, you know,
And have not learned to write nor sew.
I know, though, I must "do my bit,"
So, when my mother starts to knit,
I hold the yarn, stretch wide each hand,
And very, very still I stand
Until she winds it in a ball,
And never say I 'm tired at all!



FOR·THE·PARTY

"I 'd like some sand, dear grocer, please,
For sandwiches, and then some cheese,
And yards and yards of cambric, see,
To make just lots of cambric tea!"

—

THE· SERVICE · FLAG·

Our precious flag—Red, White, and Blue—
Is dear to me and dear to you.
Of course, I love it best of all
Since brother heard his country's call,
A red-and-white flag, with one star,
Shines in our window from afar;
And Mother wears a little one,
And Father, too, till war is done.
I love this flag—it means to me
That brother fights for Liberty.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JULY."
BY KEITH E. BLAKE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

EVERY month of these embattled and momentous times is, and must be, for us all, a patriotic month. But on account of its "glorious Fourth," the birthday of our nation and a day that is sacred already to all mankind as the date of our world-famous "Declaration of Independence," July has always been *the* patriotic month for all Young Americans. Moreover, it is the patriotic month in France as well, since the 14th is the national fete-day of that heroic land; and thus July has a historic and forever hallowed claim upon the peoples of the two greatest republics in the world. The subject assigned to our young prose-writers for this competition, "A July Story," called out an almost unanimously patriotic response. Every story printed this month is a badge-winner; and besides the fine tribute to "Jean Paul" who so nobly gave his life to save his regiment, we shall read here also of the humble but earnest self-sacrifice by American laddies here at home of their cherished fire-crackers or fireworks celebration for the sake of the Red Cross or to purchase War Stamps. Their example shows how we can all prove ourselves patriots indeed.

A special word of heartiest praise and admiration is due also to the young poets of the League for several beautiful lyrics of a truly inspired and inspiring fervor, under that clarion title, "When drums are beating."

Our young artists have done their bit, too, with very effective headings for July; and we are indebted to the camera young folk for a varied presentation of "Big Things"—chosen with a delightful sense of both picturesque and humorous subjects.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 221

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Clarke Allen** (age 16), Texas. Silver badges, **Margaret Harvey** (age 15), Minnesota; **Undine Hodgson** (age 13), California; **Kathryn White** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Edith Clark** (age 10), Massachusetts; **Annie D. Corson** (age 13), New Jersey; **Content Miner** (age 12), Rhode Island.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Margaret Wilson Southam** (age 17), Canada; **Helen Ward** (age 13), New Jersey; **Elizabeth Hart** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Louise H. Johnson** (age 14), Missouri; **Florence Crosby** (age 14), Ohio; **Dorothy W. Robinson** (age 14), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Marjorie Stoner** (age 16), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Keith E. Blake** (age 14), New York; **Louise M. Sanford** (age 14), New York; **Dorothy Lacock** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Henrietta Blaisdell** (age 14), Washington; **Lydia B. Allen** (age 12), Connecticut; **Dorothy White** (age 12), New Jersey; **Helen E. Purcell** (age 13), New Jersey; **Rachel Allen** (age 12), Washington; **I. Farbstain** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Medora Hostetter** (age 13), Illinois; **E. Virginia Eddy** (age 10), New Jersey

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Margaret Jeffrey** (age 11), New Jersey.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Joel J. Berrall** (age 12), District of Columbia; **William R. Jackson** (age 10), North Carolina.



BY HENRIETTA BLAISDELL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY LYDIA B. ALLEN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"BIG THINGS"

THE BEATING OF THE DRUM

BY MARGARET WILSON SOUTHAM (age 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1916)

THUND'RING through the pearly hush, the pause before the dawn,
Rolling through the silence is the beating of a drum;
Throbbing o'er the pulsing sea,
Calling straight to you and me!
Harken! Let us harken to the message of the drum:

"Freemen, I call you—
Answer my summons!
Come, with your riches, your ships and your men!
All the world has need of you;
Nations will be freed by you;
Often have I called you—I call you again!
Rise then and come to me,
Come in your millions.
Waken and answer me, now that you may.
Oft have I cried for you,
Many have died for you;
Long have you tarried—now dawns the day!"

Slowly in the eastern sky the Sun of Peace is rising,
Rolling through the silence comes the beating of the drum,
Throbbing all the country through,
Calling straight to me and you—
Answer! Let us answer to the beating of the drum!

A JULY STORY

BY MARGARET HARVEY (age 15)

(Silver Badge)

JEAN PAUL'S hand stole quietly to his throat; he slowly unbuttoned his shirt, and tenderly touched his mother's letter.

It was a hot, sultry July night; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the grass. A rifle cracked occasionally,



"BIG THINGS." BY LOUISE PATTERSON, AGE 12.

or sometimes a star-shell burst overhead. This, however, only accented the sinister dark silence of the night. Jean Paul felt that something was in the air. To the uninitiated, his apprehensions might have seemed unreasonable, but eleven months in the trenches had given him the wary instinct of a cat.

He cocked his head to one side, listening intently for a faint rustle in the grass or a far-off tap-tap of mine sappers, but he heard nothing.

At last he dragged himself over to the other side of the shell-hole listening-post, where he had left Pierre a few minutes ago. He reached out to touch him, and felt—blood! Knifed! The body was still warm, but Pierre was dead. Jean Paul had been crouched in the corner of the crater, so the Boches had missed him as they slunk by.

A cold, sickening horror swept over him. They had caught him unaware, and his comrades would suffer! He must warn them! He jerked the cord that was to tell them. It was slack, cut! What could be done? He strained his eyes, and at last discerned dim forms in the blackness a few yards away. He could join them unnoticed, and who knew but he might still save his comrades? Jean Paul crawled stealthily forward till he reached the raiders. Then he drew his mother's letter from his shirt, with a match lit it and held it up. The flare illuminated the whole party in its yellow glow. Instantly a hundred rifles rang out. Jean Paul dropped without even a groan. He was dead, but the regiment was saved!

A JULY STORY

BY UNDINE HODGSON (age 13)

(Silver Badge)

"I AM a patriot," pouted Johnny, kicking the hitching-post and frowning angrily as he recalled his father's words to him:

"You are selfish! You have been eating candy all the morning; to get that candy it needed money, and that money should have been sent to a good cause. You don't seem to realize that there is a Red Cross; you don't even seem to realize there is a war, and that even *you* may help to win that war. Other boys are making money for the Red Cross; you are spending it for yourself! You are no patriot."

That sarcastic "even you may help," had made Johnny angry, and there and then he decided to do *something*. Suddenly his eyes brightened. With flushed cheeks, he ran indoors and a few minutes later, with a rather bulky package in his hands, trudged down the street. He entered a well-known five-and-ten-cent store and gravely handed his precious package to the clerk.

"Please, sir," he said, "Will you take them back? I—I don't want them, and—well, I got them yesterday."



"BIG THINGS." BY MAX HEBGEN, AGE 13.

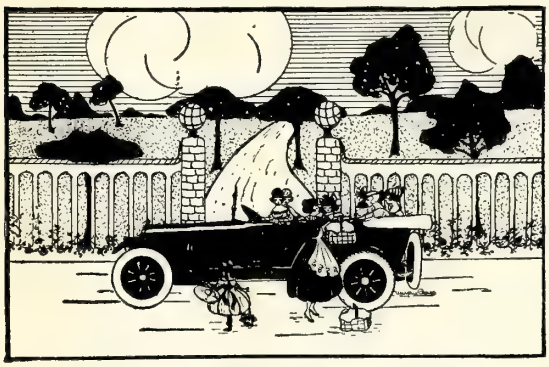
The man opened the package and disclosed fire crackers of every sort. Then he looked down keenly at the small boy, but his expression softened when he saw the quivering lip and fast-filling eyes.

"How much did you pay for them?"

"F-fifty cents."

"Here you are, then," and Johnny left the store with a lighter conscience. He journeyed down the street, where he knew there was a Red Cross booth, and very bravely handed his money to the lady there, who smiled and asked his name. The latter she wrote down in a little book, and Johnny returned home, feeling very self-satisfied.

"I *am* a patriot," he said, and heaved a sigh of relief.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARJORIE STONER, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1916.)

A JULY STORY

BY CLARKE ALLEN (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge Won May,* 1917)

IT is Paris, July fourteenth, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. Morning. The fatal dawn has come with its portentous message—the message which fifteen centuries have remorselessly written. A tumultuous, incessant stir rumbles through the city, has grown into a noise,—ominous, threatening,—has now become thunderous in volume.

But hark! it is at last begun. That sound rushing like a whirlwind through the streets of Paris—how strange, how unfamiliar, how formidable it seems; with what terrible violence does it burst upon the court! Ah, well mayest thou tremble and turn pale, O Louis XVI! A mighty tempest is about to break over thy ill-fated head, a tempest which has been fifteen hundred years in gathering. With merciless power will it sweep all before it, sparing nothing, least of all thy poor, weak throne.

On every side arises the fierce, maddened cry, "To the Bastille!" The winds snatch it up with hideous delight, tossing it from housetop to housetop, flinging it with infinite mockery to Versailles, spreading it hither and thither over the whole world.

The seething fury reaches the Bastille and hurls itself in blind ferocity on that pile of tyranny. Man dashes himself against the rock, frantic hands tear at the stone, cannon batter it down. The inevitable comes, and the victorious mob rushes wildly among the ruins, and in four hours has the terror of four centuries fallen. The Bastille is no more!

The news is brought to Louis. "What, rebellion?" he exclaims. "No, sire, *revolution!*" is the answer.

How great, how truly glorious a beginning!

So much didst thou do *that* July, O France! What wilt thou do *this* July?

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY HELEN WARD (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1917*)

LONG ago the drums were beating,
Long ago the foe retreating,
  As our noble little army struggled on to victory.
Once again the bugle sounded
And once more our soldiers bounded
  To the call of their dear country and the helpless slaves to free.

Now the war and the commotion
Rages on across the ocean.
  "Kill and torture, maim and murder," is the motto of the foe.
Many drums are beating, beating,
And they seem to be entreating,
  Ever calling to our brave boys; they are needed—*and they 'll go!*

Soon the Huns will have retreated,
Soon the foe will be defeated,
  For we know when drums are beating it means death or victory.
And the sight will be just glorious
When our boys march home victorious!
  They 'll have fought and they 'll have conquered, far away across the sea!

A JULY STORY

BY EDITH CLARK (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

I AM a little kitten six months old, and people say I am very large for my age. In my family there are two little girls, and I like them very much. In the summer I live in the country, and I love it.



"BIG THINGS."
BY GRACE W. DANIELS, AGE 12.

Well, one warm, sunshiny morning the two little girls came out on the lawn, each carrying a box filled with little red sticks. I watched until one of them threw a little stick onto the lawn. I ran after it and touched, with my paw, the end with a little string attached to it. My, how my paw did sting! For at that moment something happened to the red stick, and I scampered up a tree in fright, quite forgetting that my paw hurt.

When I had settled down on one of the branches I licked my paw until the pain stopped, and then came down the tree to catch grasshoppers. For I decided that they were nicer playthings than the red sticks. The rest of that day I left the red sticks alone.



BY DOROTHY WHITE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CONSTANCE REYNOLDS, AGE 12.



BY HELEN E. PURCELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ANTOINETTE BOSHART, AGE 12.



BY SARAH JAMIESON, AGE 12.



BY RACHEL ALLEN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JAMES HAUGHTON, AGE 16.



BY MARY CULLINAN, AGE 16.



BY WILLIAM J. GOURLEY, AGE 10.

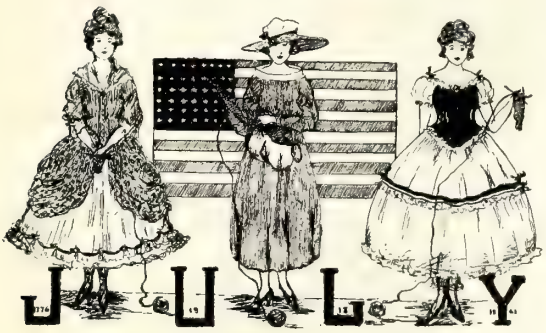
"BIG THINGS"

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY MARIE MIRVIS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

I STAND amid a thronging crowd
  And wait, with anxious heart,
To see the boys in uniform
  Who go to do their part.



"A HEADING FOR JULY."
BY ELEANOR C. GIBBONS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

To France they go, far o'er the sea,
  Away from kith and kin,
To bear the burden of the fray
  And victory's goal to win.

Impatient, I look up the street,
  To catch the first glad sight
Of soldiers, with their gallant swing,
  Who hasten toward the fight.
At last the measured roll of drums
  Is borne upon the air;
At last I see the noble file
  That crowds the thoroughfare.

We see the boys as off they go
  To set the bondsmen free;
Who hasten on to render aid
  On fields far o'er the sea.



"BIG THINGS."
BY A. FARBSTAIN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

And with a silent, deep-felt prayer,
  We speed them on their way,
As to the heavy roll of drums
  They pass us by to-day.

A JULY STORY

BY ANNIE D. CORSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

DICK was home on a furlough. He sat before the fireplace with Betty on one side and Paul on the other. They were begging for a story of some battle.

"Well," began Dick, "I 'll tell you about the first battle I was in. It started about seven o'clock Fourth of July evening, and I saw more fireworks that night than any other Fourth in my life.

"We had been expecting an attack for about a week, and it had begun to look like a false alarm. It was just getting dark when we saw a great mass moving toward us. The signal came and the machine-guns started, while big shells whizzed from our guns and answered those from the enemy. Finally, their soldiers came within range of our rifles, and the bullets certainly flew. Such a battle! I felt one bullet whizz by my head, and I trembled all over. All the strength seemed to go from my body. The mass came nearer and nearer; nothing seemed to check them. All of our men were weary and exhausted from this work they were so unaccustomed to. At last the order came to retreat. Suddenly overhead came a muffled buzz. Looking up, I saw the large body of an aëroplane. The question now was whether it was a friend or an enemy. A shell lit up the sky, and I saw a British army airship. It flew over us toward the Germans and started dropping bombs, throwing the men into confusion. They soon fled, and we were left the victors.



"THE MUSICIAN" BY LOUISE M. SANFORD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"That aviator certainly got a fine reception when he descended."

After the story they were all silent a moment. Suddenly Paul shouted, "Three cheers for the aviator who won the day!"

People wondered what the noise was all about.

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY BEATRICE SELLERY (AGE 12)

DOWN through the street, straight boys, and fine,
  Their eyes alert, each one in line;
In khaki clad we saw them come,
  With shrilling fife and beating drum,
    The soldiers marching on.

Each girl saw there no soldier save
  That dear one whom *she* thought most brave;
And mothers, too, with faces sad,
  Looked each to find *her* fine big lad
    'Mongst the soldiers marching on.

So quickly passed they from our sight!
  Farther and farther—throats were tight;
But faintly heard we down the street
  The rallying sound of the big drum's beat,
    And the soldiers marching on.

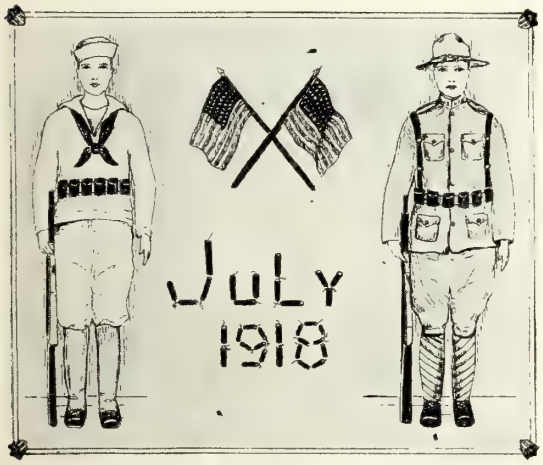
WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY LOUISE H. JOHNSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

When far adown the city street
I hear the drums and the tramp of feet,
And bugles blare, and banners wave
Over our boys so stanch and brave.

I think of rows and rows of tents,
And drill-grounds and tall monuments,
And troop-trains filled with laughter gay,
And transports sailing far away.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY DOROTHY LACOCK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

And after that I think of those
Who stay at home and fight the foes;
Of mothers, strongest, truest, best
With whom the world was ever blest.

Who gives the most? His mother, wife,
Or he who gives, perhaps, his life?
His comrades nerve and urge him on,
But she must fight the fight alone.

A JULY STORY

(*A true incident*)

BY KATHRYN WHITE (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

On several occasions the residents of Hawaii requested to be annexed to the United States, and this request was granted in 1898. One July day, in front of the Hawaiian Government building, there assembled the officers of the Hawaiian Government, representatives of the United States Government, and the soldiers and sailors. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Hawaiian band played their national anthem, and slowly their tricolor flag of red and black came fluttering down into the hands of her defenders, never to rise again.

Instantly the bands struck up, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and Old Glory sprang to the breeze and raced to the top of the pole.

My father was one of the color-sergeants, and he felt very proud when raising the flag. In the harbor the cruiser *Philadelphia* was booming forth the national salute of twenty-one guns, announcing that another country had joined the land of the free; among the populace many were expressing their joy by shouting and waving the Stars and Stripes, while others were weeping because their tricolor would wave no more. Thus these islands became a part of the United States.

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

Mony a time I 've heard the bagpipes
And the sojers' marchin' feet;
But to-day ma hairt is marchin' too,
An' the pipes seem piercin' sweet.
For the lads are off to France the morn—
We maun na wish them stay;
Yet ne'er seemed tunes sae wild and sweet
As the bagpipes skirl to-day.
I see him ower the endless ranks;
I maun give him my bravest smile.
His dear bright head has past and gone,
And the pipes play a' the while;
Shrill and sweet—sae shrill and sweet
They mak' the hot tears come.
But now I may weep—for it 's far away
That I hear the pipes and the drum.

A JULY STORY

BY CONTENT MINER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was the first of July. Little Willy sat on the porch steps, his brain in a whirl. He had now saved up five dollars, which he had been going to use for fireworks until to-day, when he had heard his father and mother speaking of War Savings Stamps. He had not thought about it, though, until Johnny said to him: "I have four and a half dollars saved, and I 'm going to get a W. S. S." Then Willy had thought of his money. He would give up fireworks! No, he would n't! He 'd get a W. S. S.! Or *else* firecrackers!



"BIG THINGS." BY MEDORA HOSTETTER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Suddenly now little Willy jumped up. He had made his decision. He dashed down the street, around the corner, crossed the square, and halted breathlessly on the sidewalk before the fireworks shop. On the opposite side towered the big stone bank. With one reluctant look toward the fireworks shop, little Willy, his eyes full of tears, dashed across the pavement.

"Hey, you, lookout!" Willy felt himself pulled back by a big policeman. "Where you going?"

"To the bank," gasped Willy.

"Well, I 'd look first," said the policeman; "that 's the time you most got run over!"

"There goes my five dollars!" shouted Willy. "I have it now," he added, as he grabbed the crisp bill blowing down the street.

"What you going to do with it?" inquired the policeman.

"Get a W. S. S.," said Willy.

The policeman questioned Willy until he knew all about the fireworks and the money. Then he escorted Willy to the bank.

"On the fourth, when Willy awoke, he found a huge box addressed to him. He opened it and undid a big assortment of firecrackers. He saw a little note in the box. Opening it, he read:

"For my patriotic friend Willy,
from the big policeman."



"BIG THINGS." BY E. VIRGINIA EDDY, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY ELIZABETH HART (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1918)

It was a clear midsummer's night. Just when the moon was high
I hastened to the mossy ring, to see the folk pass by.
The west wind blew caressingly, while mortals were asleep;
I hid amongst the tall green grass, and cautiously did peep.
When fairy drums are beating, oh, 't is well I love to see
The elves a-marching 'round their ring and dancing merrily.

First came, astride a milk-white steed, the king of Fairyland.
His scepter was a moonbeam—how it sparkled in his hand!
And next rode past the elfin queen upon a palfrey black;
Her hair was gold, a full inch long, gay wings shone at her back.
Each wing was made of gossamer, her gown, a rose-leaf bright;
Her veil, a spangled cobweb—oh, for her the drums beat light!

Then passed a crowd of fairy folk, the little people wise;
From dervishes to dancing-girls with mischief in their eyes,
And swordsmen stout, just tall enough to battle with Tom Thumb;
And as they whirled about the green, I heard the fairy drum.
But suddenly all vanished, quite forsaken lay the dell;
For fairy drums no longer beat,—rent was the magic spell.

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY FLORENCE CROSBY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

The flag goes flying down the street,
So glorious, but our glance is fleeting,
For quickening pulse and hurrying feet
Must keep in time when drums are beating.
Red, white, and blue above the throng—
The drum-beats marshaling us along.

Our daily duties we forget;
Monotonous are they, and trying.
We have no time for vain regret
When drums do beat and flags are flying.
Then leave your cares behind, my dear;
With drums and flags we 'll sing and cheer.

WHEN DRUMS ARE BEATING

BY DOROTHY W. ROBINSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

Brave are the hearts that go forth into battle,
Each eagerly waiting his part to do,
Each leaving a kiss on the face of a dear one,
Then marching away with the Red, White and Blue.
On the pier stands a mother silently weeping,
Tho' joy 's in the heart that is swelling with pride
As her eyes gently rest on the figure that loves her,
Her son is the soldier that stands at her side.
The bugle sounds!
The band strikes up
And plays a farewell greeting.
They fall in line,
And march away
When drums are beating.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.



"THE MUSICIAN."
BY ROBERT METCALF AGE 15.

DRAWINGS

Dorothy Burns
Dorothy Jost
Emily D. Pierce
Marjorie T. Barrett
Janet N. Eaton
Pearl Ng.
Elsie Stuart
Laura Marsh
Elizabeth Hoisington
Barbara C. Farr
Mary La V. Russell
Carolyn Olmsted
Carolyn Cheney
Grace M. Kolby
Edith de Takacs
Evelyn M. Preble
Helen Flynn
Dorothy Worsham
Isabel Sloane
Margaret Olmsted
Marie Barlow
Charles Platt, Jr.
Lillian Conn
Marian R. Kottcamp
Dorothy Seymour
B. Goldstein
Dorothy Batchelder
Catherine G. Barton
Katherine E. Starr
A. Virginia Shepherd
Dorothy Chamberlin
Alfred Begg
Vallerie J. Emanuel
Elizabeth Southard
Margaret Whitehead
Marjorie Lynch

Catherine Spencer
Kate E. Harbeck
Edith H. Tarbell
Ione A. Drake
M. Patricia Drake
Elizabeth Clarke
Nancy Riggs
Ruth Dill
C. Ernest Baer

Dorothy R. Oppenheim
Marjorie Galpin
Howard Wilson

Jeanne B. Lowry
Silvia Wunderlich
Doris E. Lowe
Mary Naughton



"THE MUSICIAN."
BY GLADYS LULL, AGE 11.

VERSE

Caroline Stanton
Irene Crothers
Mary Lockett
Fanita Laurie
Margaret S. Terry
Louise P. Guyol
Virginia E. Follin
Geoffrey Finley
E. Irene Hunt
Marion W. Smith
Catherine Parmenter
Elizabeth P. Ranck
Jessica Powers
Juana Albraun
Virginia Shepard
Donald Robinson
Helen Willard
Jakie Moelk
Charlotte L. Nelson
Helen J. Ames
Martha C. Macatee
Dorothy I. Cate
Audrey Sanders

Marguerite Shannon
A. A. Packard, Jr.
Edith E. Greenwood
Hollis Hedberg
Theodore Rodgers
Gertrude C. Medler
Lillian Fritz
Margaret H. Manning
Vera F. FitzGerald
Eli Frasa
Tanis J. Watson
Frances Drewes

Henry R. Eshenfelder
Lydia Creighton
Rachael M. Bodine
Julia Caldwell
Elizabeth Earle
Ned B. Conway
Hugh Bradwell
Clare Hayden
Dorothy Bartlett
Alice L. Dent
Catharine Carr
Frances Bayard
John S. Kieffer



"THE MUSICIAN."
BY LAETITIA BOLTON, AGE 12.

PHOTOGRAPHS

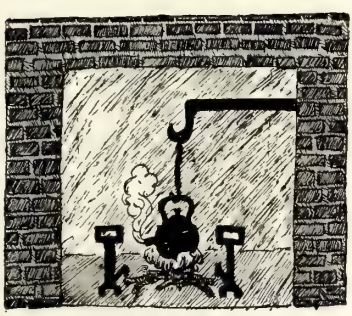
Dorothy F. Foss
Sarah C. Carslake
Betty Higman
Grey Bruno
Albert de Bary III
Louisa Joy
Priscilla S. Parker
Rebecca Gallagher
Theresa Vaughan
Michael Morris
Mabel P. Gilman
Jimmie Down
Charles Porter
Murray C. Haines
Polly Russell
Louise Brown
Clyde H. Geerlings
Jean M. McKenna
Albert E. M. Louer
Emily A. Kent
Kathryn Ogilby
Virginia Clark

Jean Hall
Elizabeth Bailor
Catherine Raub
Muriel Stafford
John W. Chase
Elizabeth Hamburger
Ruth Hayward
Jack Steiss
Esther Howland
Minerva Smith
Benjamin D. Krantzor
Mary Walter
Joseph T. Creamer
Emma C. Kelly
C. Ladd Prosser
Francis O. Ayres
Elizabeth N. Adams
Mae Lasky
Kathryn L. Woods
Joan Nilson
Agnes I. Crothers
Nathalie F. Peugnet
Pauline Koeckert
Mary C. Pangborn

Charles Eich
Mary E. Raub
Lincoln D. Brayton
Elizabeth L. Greason
Ruth H. Thorp
Elise Harrison
Helen Hatch

PUZZLES

Emily Pendleton
Gwenfread E. Allen



"THE MUSICIAN."
BY ELIZABETH F. FERGUSON, AGE 13.

PROSE

Anna R. Lay
J. Kay Finnemore
James N. Dunham
Geoffrey T. Hellman
Duane Squires
Henry Rische, Jr.

Katherine May
Virginia White
Margaret W. Ames
Mary L. Wason

John H. Sherburne, Jr.
Margaret Day
Helen Gallagher

Dorothy Cox
Elizabeth W. Meade
Ellinor Inglis
Muriel A. Wilson
W. R. Jackson

Muriel K. Stiefel
Betty O'Reilly
Florence Bucher
Margaret B. Lee
Ethel Littmann

Natalie Reisinger
Mary T. Gallavin
Alma Connelly
Alice Sherburne
Elizabeth B. Foster

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 225

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 225 will close **July 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **July 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Eagle."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Close Call."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "The Great Outdoors."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "What We All Like," or a Heading for **November.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

TUTUILA, SAMOA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you three years last Christmas and like you very much.

I have not written to you before, because I live in Samoa and it is a long way to New York. The mail-boats come every three weeks.

I like "Under Boy Scout Colors" best of all the stories, because I am studying to be a Boy Scout.

Samoa is about fifty-seven hundred miles from New York. It has the best harbor in the southern Pacific Ocean, and the swimming is fine. The harbor is surrounded by mountains, the highest being about 2200 feet high.

I have a turtle that was given to me by a German captain that was interned here. I have been here four years and hope to come home to New York soon. I hope I shall always take you.

Yours truly, ALEXANDER STRONACH, JR.

TRURO, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you know, I 'd just love to shake hands with the one who invented you, yes, I 'll say invented, because to me you are the greatest invention. I adore you from cover to cover. "Lost Island," "Cinderella's Granddaughter," and "The Code Signal" are my favorite stories. As soon as the family have read you I have to pass you on to my girl friends who are not as lucky as I am. By the time I get you back there 's hardly anything left of you. In looking through THE WATCH TOWER, I noticed some pictures of the Halifax disaster. When it happened we had just got into school. The windows rattled, and we could actually feel the school-house tremble. They brought about one hundred or more people to Truro. We had a family with us for a while, too; it seemed to bring the horrors of the thing very near to us.

Hoping that you will always be successful, I remain,

Your loving reader, JEAN CUMMING.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now for three years, and I love you more and more every day. Last November serials ended in such exciting places that I could hardly wait until December came, so I could have you again; but if I expected you, I was doomed to disappointment, my subscription had run out. This time Mother is going to renew it for two years, and then I won't have the anxiety, in December, of wondering and hoping that it will be renewed for Christmas. ST. NICHOLAS is my chief Christmas gift. It does n't matter if I get nothing else, as long as I get ST. NICHOLAS. As I have heard many girls say: "ST. NICHOLAS is a Christmas present whose novelty does n't wear off in the first two weeks after Christmas. Each month brings a new surprise."

The stories I liked best in last year's ST. NICHOLAS were, "The Girl Next Door," "Under Boy Scout Colors," and "The Golden Eagle." "Lost Island" and "Cinderella's Granddaughter" are favorites, too.

Seattle is a wonderful city, and to tell about one park or playground alone would fill up a whole letter, not to speak of the wonderful islands, forts, and summer resorts all around there. I used to live in Seattle, and one time I visited the navy yard at Bemerton, Washington. They showed us a huge battle-cruiser in dry-dock. Just imagine, dear ST. NICHOLAS, a huge hole, as you might say, lined with iron and large enough to accommodate a ship as large and larger than the one shown in the last September ST. NICHOLAS. Every place around and in Seattle is calling me back, and I think it is the most wonderful place on earth.

Well, my dear ST. NICHOLAS, I sincerely hope for your everlasting good luck and popularity, and remain,

Always your loving reader,

KATHERINE E. SMITH (age 14).

GREENVILLE, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always waiting impatiently for you and wishing you would come every day. I am not a very good puzzle-solver, but I dearly love to read your stories. I think that "Lost Island," "Cinderella's Granddaughter," "The Unwelcome Gift," and "The Davenport Recital" are fine.

I live in the country, and adore horseback-riding. We have eight horses, four of which are mine. Two are ponies, Lynette and her colt Dallas. The two others are for riding and driving; they are Ginger and Pigeon.

Ginger is light coffee-colored, with a cream-colored mane and tail, his nose is pink. He is a thoroughbred. Pigeon is white. She is a hunter, and goes so fast I cannot ride her. Dallas is not two years old yet, and is too little to ride or drive. Lynette is brown and white. She is too small for me, but my little sister rides her sometimes.

I give them all Christmas stockings filled with apples, oats, and corn. Your loving reader,

CARITA ORTIZ (age 10).

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though I have taken you for three years. I enjoy reading the lovely stories in you very much, but I like THE LETTER-BOX best of all. This is because I like to see how far you travel every month. I have seen some of the far-away places you go to, but I have never seen a letter from Shanghai.

I go to the American school in Shanghai, and at school there are several others that take you.

Out here in Shanghai we hardly ever have any snow. We had two falls last winter. After the snow is on the ground it is never more than an inch thick.

Shanghai has three distinct divisions, the French Concession, the International Settlement, and the native city. There used to be a wall around the native city, but now there is a beautiful boulevard where the wall stood.

Shanghai is on the Whang-Poo River, and a wide street, called the Bund, runs along parallel to the river. Your interested reader,

E. ROBINSON (age 13).

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, and now I want to tell you you are the best book-friend I have. My twin sister and I always make a mad rush for you when you come.

I have lived in England all my life, and on February 17, this year, we sailed on the *Finland* and got over safely. I can tell you we were glad to get away. Many a night we had to go down into the cellar while the Zeppelins dropped bombs around us and the guns fairly shook the house. It was pretty scary.

Your most interested reader,

MAGDALENE HINMAN (age 14).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Charlemagne. Cross-words: 1. Confederacy. 2. Shepherdess. 3. Blasphemous. 4. Charioteers. 5. Parallelism. 6. Reintegrate. 7. Mantuamaker. 8. Tessellated. 9. Pettifogger. 10. Surmounting. 11. Synchronize.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initial letters, Grover Cleveland; third row, Millard Fillmore. Cross-words: 1. Gambol. 2. Raisin. 3. Oolong. 4. Valley. 5. Eraser. 6. Rarity. 7. Cadets. 8. Lifted. 9. Edible. 10. Volley. 11. Enlist. 12. Lament. 13. Around. 14. Narrow. 15. Dreary.

A MILITARY PUZZLE. Initials, Taylor. Cross-words: 1. Tiptop. 2. Agleam. 3. Yonder. 4. Lounge. 5. Oddity. 6. Rascal. From 1 to 4, Cody; 5 to 9, Upton; 10 to 14, Mills; 15 to 19, Dodge; 20 to 24, Grant.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Graduates. 1. Cages. 2. Hares. 3. Crabs. 4. Caddy. 5. Flute. 6. Frame. 7. Motto. 8. Queen. 9. Roses.

OCTAGON. 1. Aye. 2. Arena. 3. Yeast. 4. Ensue. 5. Ate.——CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Hastings.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, bride; finals, groom. Cross-words: 1. Belong. 2. Rafter. 3. Indigo. 4. Domino. 5. Emblem.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRANSPOSITIONS. Nathan Hale. 1. Bl-end, Ned. 2. Sp-ear, are. 3. St-art, tar. 4. Fl-ash, has. 5. Ch-eat, ate. 6. Sc-ant, Nat. 7. Cr-ash, has. 8. Sa-tan, ant. 9. Pr-owl, low. 10. Sl-ate, eat.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Augusta H. Seaman. Cross-words: 1. Annul. 2. Under. 3. Guard. 4. Upset. 5. Sorry. 6. Twirl. 7. Alter. 8. Honey. 9. Sword. 10. Elder. 11. Abate. 12 Model. 13. Alien. 14. Noise.

TEN FLOWER CHARADES. 1. Marie, gold; marigold. 2. Pan, C; pansy. 3. King-cup. 4. Sweet William. 5. Jack-in-the-pulpit. 6. Vie, o, let; violet. 7. Prim-rose. 8. P, o, knee; peony. 9. Cow-slip. 10. Snap-dragon.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 29th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 24, from William R. Jackson—Joel J. Berrall—Helen H. McIver—Helen A. Moulton—John H. Fay—Clark Simmons—"Allil and Adi"—Florence S. Carter—Barbara Beardsley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 24, from Marian Collins, 8—Richard L. Purdy, 8—Gertrude Moakley, 8—Priscilla B. Bullitt, 8—"Good Friends," 8—William G. Thwaits, Jr., 8—Helen de G. McLellan, 7—James L. Fickinger, 7—Alice Rue, 6—Louise Durand, 6—Gwenfread E. Allen, 6—Edward F. Dana, 6—Nathalie Dollard, 5—Bertha Kerr, 5—Miriam S. Lewis, 5—Katharine Beeman, 5—Whitney Ashbridge, 5—Lydia Cutler, 5—Keith E. Blake, 5—Ruth E. Hougen, 4—Betty Sharp, 4—Ruth Prescott, 4—Carol Bridgman, 4—Barbara Holt, 4—Fredk J. Walters, Jr., 4—Priscilla S. Parker, 4—Mabel Wilbrandt, 4—Dorothy Ward, 4—Eleanor Hugo, 4—Mildred Lull, 4—Jared French, 4—Helen Niles, 4—A. Pratt, 3—A. W. Wilding, 3—E. Chapple, 3—F. Jay, 3—I. Cypher, 2—E. G. Darragh, 2—L. Lockwood, 2—W. Jackson, 2—K. Kridel, 2—A. Ames, 2—No name, 2—A. Davis, 2—V. H. Straight, 2—H. L. Wylly, 2—E. Atkinson, 2—C. Fritz Simons, 2. One puzzle, C. R. M.—M. B. P.—K. L. F.—M. L. B.—D. H.—C. M. N.—S. G.—M. P.—R. D.—E. N.—S. E. T.—D. W.—H. T. G.—L. H.—M. H. A.—I. R.—P. C. S.—G. N.—E. M.—M. G. P.—P. H. P.—J. G.—T. S.—F. E. D.—E. E. W.—C. M. S. B.—L. J.—M. K. M.—E. T.—C. B. H.—M. C. V.—G. T. A.—G. H.—No name, Ossining.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Indianapolis, but not in Albany;
My *second* is in Albany, but not in Providence;
My *third* is in Providence, but not in Pierre;
My *fourth* is in Pierre, but not in Austin;
My *fifth* is in Austin, but not in Richmond;
My *sixth* is in Richmond, but not in Denver;
My *seventh* is in Denver, but not in Frankfort;
My *eighth* is in Frankfort, but not in Little Rock;
My *ninth* is in Little Rock, but not in Madison;
My *tenth* is in Madison, but not in Salem.
My whole is a well-known city.

MONA MORGAN (age 14), *League Member.*

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose the backbone into a game bird.
ANSWER: Spine, snipe.

1. Transpose royal, and make to shine with a dazzling light.
2. Transpose a vital organ, and make a planet.
3. Transpose a hard substance, and make an assault.
4. Transpose to guide, and make to set again.
5. Transpose a beverage, and make a general class.
6. Transpose a contract, and make a stand for holding a picture.
7. Transpose to hurl or fling, and make value.
8. Transpose a reef of rock, and make the common European kite.
9. Transpose a river of France, and make a bay window.
10. Transpose in that place, and make a volatile liquid.
11. Transpose a mark used to show that something is omitted, and make vestige.
12. Transpose a metal pin, and make a Spartan slave.
13. Transpose more recent, and make watchful.
14. Transpose a feminine name, and make a long-handled spoon.
15. Transpose stories, and make argillite.

When the foregoing transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous American general and engineer.

LILLIAN STARK (age 13), *League Member.*

BROKEN GEMS

THE names of eight gems have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear.

PAZ, NET, QUOISE, ALD, A, AM, EM, BY, MOND, PHIRE, GAR, ER, DI, SAP, TUR, E, TO, THYST, RU.

MARION KILBOURN (age 11), *League Member.*

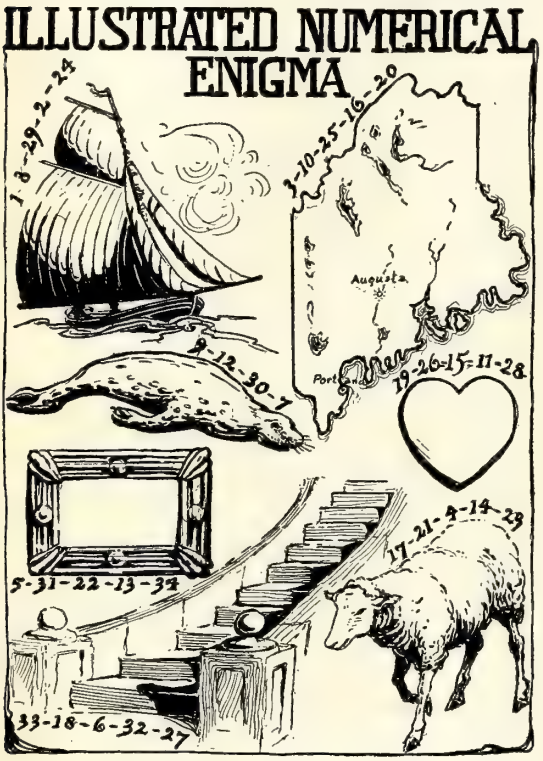
DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and my finals each name what great armies are contending for.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Relations. 2. To acquit. 3. The interval between events. 4. A warm wind from the Libyan deserts. 5. Springy. 6. To regain. 7. Want of energy. 8. An unbeliever. 9. To exaggerate.

MARCUS BLITZSTEIN (age 12), *League Member.*

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-four letters, forms a quotation from *Cymbeline.*

CHARADE

First

I was the union's deadly foe,
But found my path beset with woe.

Second

Of heroes' valiant deeds I sing,—
Of knights or queens or anything.

Whole

When Yorktown's final gun had roared,
'T was I received the hero's sword.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

ENDLESS GEOGRAPHICAL CHAIN

In this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first name to form the first two of the second, and so on; these fourteen geographical names, however, are not of equal length.

1. One of the United States. 2. A city on Puget Sound. 3. A city of Spain. 4. One of the United States. 5. A city of Hawaii. 6. One of the Philippine Islands. 7. A great lake. 8. One of the United States. 9. A small city of Massachusetts. 10. A college town of Massachusetts. 11. A great volcano. 12. A city of Portugal. 13. A great lake in Russia. 14. A beautiful Italian lake.

VIRGINIA SARGENT (age 9), *League Member.*

SOME QUEER MISSES

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)

Example: What miss is very unhappy? *Answer:* mis-erable.

1. What miss is a religious book?
2. What miss is a title of courtesy?
3. What miss is a weapon to be thrown?
4. What miss is disappearing?
5. What miss is entirely wrong?
6. What miss is a communication?
7. What miss is a trouble-maker?
8. What miss is a parasite?
9. What miss is to suspect?
10. What miss is a violent, cold, northwest wind of Southern France?

MARGARET JEFFREY (age 11).

A MIXED WORD-SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in the five words given below so that they will form five new words. These five new words should form a word-square; that is, five words which shall read the same across and up and down. The first of the new words names a month.

LEARN, REVEL, PANEL, POINT, TRAIN.

EDITH MORSE AND V. D.

A SOLDIER'S ACROSTIC

*	3	.	8	43	36	40	Crosswords: 1. Any marked characteristic. 2. Part of a rowboat. 3. Disheveled. 4. Distinguished. 5. Reflection. 6. To do away with. 7. Harasses. 8. Injurious. 9. A bundle. 10. A female sovereign. 11. Novelty.
*	.	14	.	29	20	31	
*	.	23	6	.	.	11	
*	.	39	35	28	.	.	
*	12	30	.	42	17	5	
*	13	10	.	25	1	.	
*	44	26	.	.	38	.	
*	19	.	33	9	15	22	
*	.	32	21	4	34	.	
*	.	.	7	27	41	18	When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters, represented by stars, will spell a useful gift to a soldier. The letters represented by the letters from 1 to 7, 8 to 17, 18 to 22, 23 to 27, 28 to 31, and 32 to 41 each name other welcome gifts. The letters from 42 to 44 name something included in the soldier's equipment.
*	.	2	24	37	16	.	

JANET SCOTT (age 15) *Honor Member.*

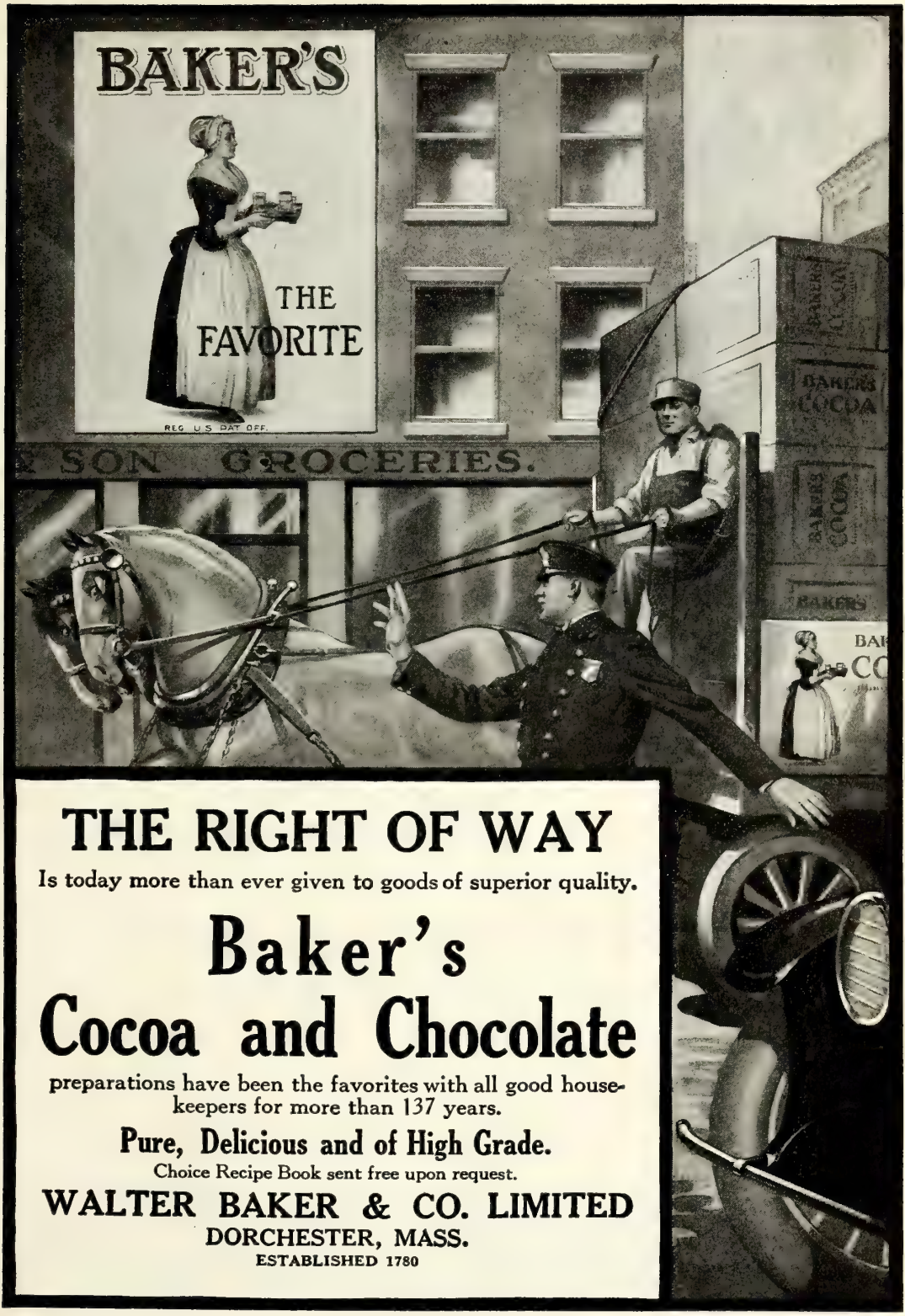
METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *war* to *gun* in four moves.
2. Change *cent* to *dime* in four moves.
3. Change *not* to *yes* in three moves.
4. Change *book* to *case* in five moves.
5. Change *lamp* to *dark* in four moves.
6. Change *bowl* to *milk* in four moves.
7. Change *less* to *more* in six moves.
8. Change *yarn* to *sock* in six moves.
9. Change *gain* to *loss* in six moves.
10. Change *man* to *boy* in three moves.

HELEN R. HENSHAW (age 14), *League Member.*

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And tell your father you want to buy your own bike tires. Get a United States Tire Booklet from your dealer and study the twelve different treads and styles. You'll find one just suited to your needs.

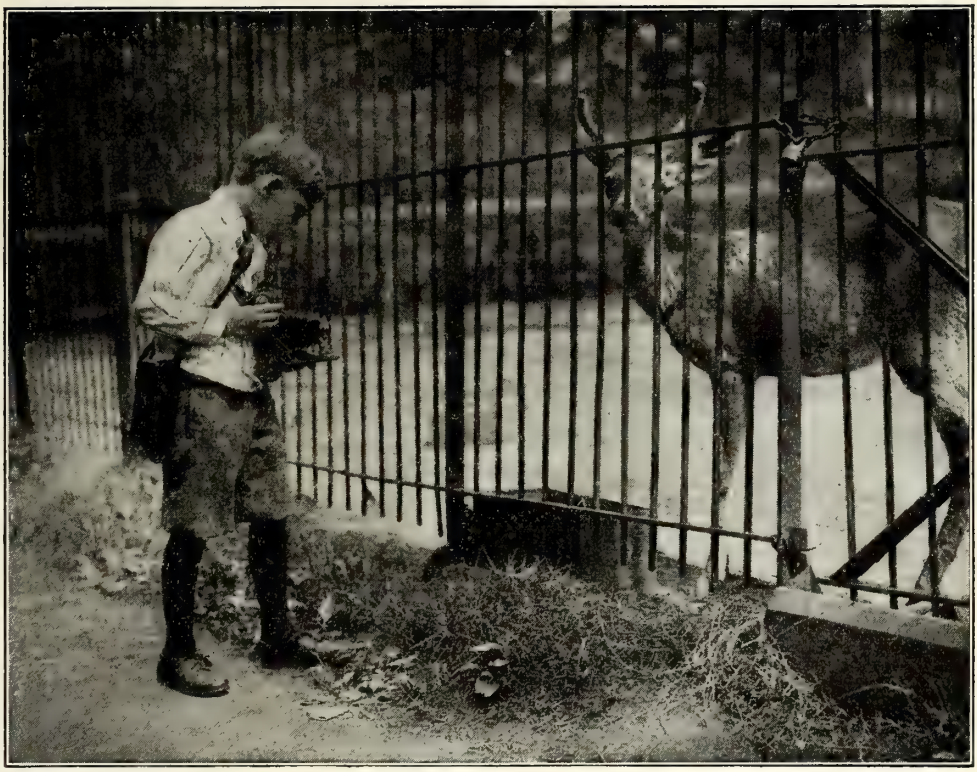
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Be Kind to Their Little Feet

YOU wouldn't think of harming your children's feet, *knowingly*. But if you crowd tender young feet into narrow, cramping shoes you are dooming them to life-long suffering—to aching corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrown nails, flat feet or other miseries.

Let their little feet have room to grow—*be kind to them*. Give them sensible, broad-toed Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Made in all sizes—

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

But when you buy be sure that EDUCATOR is stamped on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is our unusual book that tells how to protect your feet. Free—send for it today.



Patent Colt Turned Sole Educator Pump for Infants

GOOD FUN



A ST. NICHOLAS reader asked us the other day if we would n't give her a new idea for an entertainment for the benefit of the Red Cross. "We want to give something that will appeal to both young people and grown-ups, so that small amounts from a lot of contributors will make up a generous contribution as a whole."

On went the thinking cap, and we decided that "A Festival of the Holidays" would be so interesting to everybody that a nice donation could be made to this particular fund, and our suggestion was received with such enthusiasm that we think some other readers may like to have it. The festival could be given now, in the open air, which would add much to its effectiveness and save a great deal of work in the preparation of scenery.

Each holiday may be represented by a single boy or girl, or by a group. The person representing the day should, when possible wear a costume that will help to carry out the idea of his or her holiday, and tell a little story of when the day was first observed and why. There is special music for many of the days which can be sung by some one who takes part, or played on the phonograph. Very attractive pictures can be arranged in connection with the entertainment, so that a number of children could take part.

The principal holidays are: New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas. Beside these days which are observed all over the United States, there are days that are celebrated as holidays in some states and not in others. These may be added to the National Holidays when the festival is given in states where such days have special significance. For instance, Maine and Massachusetts hold carnival on April 19th, which is the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and call it Patriot's Day. In a great many of the Southern States, Robert E. Lee's birthday, January 19th, is generally observed,

(*Continued on page 26*)

"My skin is so tender"

The new treatment for tender skins



The following Woodbury treatment is just what a sensitive skin needs to keep it active and resistant.

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse the face with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Make this treatment a nightly habit. See what a difference it will make in your skin in even ten days—a promise of that loveliness which the regular use of Woodbury's brings to a tender, sensitive skin.

You will find a 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general use for this time. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for a week's size cake—For 5c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which gives the proper treatments to use for all of the commoner skin troubles.

For 12c we will send you, in addition, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Send today to **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2007 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2007 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



© 1917 B.N.P.Co.



"I Have it 'cause I'm a Growing Boy"

"MOTHER thinks I eat Beech-Nut Peanut Butter 'cause it's good for me. But I eat it just 'cause I *like* it," says brother.

Mother will give *you* all the Beech-Nut Peanut Butter you want, spread on bread, crackers or toast, because she knows that it is a *nourishing* food, as well as one that you love.

Ask her to get you a jar today. But be sure it's *Beech-Nut.* For Beech-Nut is the kind that is sealed up so tight the air cannot get in to spoil it.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Don't Pop At Tin Cans—Start Right



One of the FREE Books.

You will hear a real shooter say that every time. Aimless fooling around with a rifle will never make anyone a good shot—just encourages the no-good habit. Get the *right* idea from Eliphalet Remington, the boy who made the first Remington Rifle and from others who know the shooting game. All free to you in the four Remington Right Booklets for Boys, if you mention this magazine.

Remington UMC .22 Caliber Rifles and Cartridges are made to shoot *right*. Best marksmen everywhere prefer them for closest shooting. Sold by sporting goods dealers in your towns.

The Remington Arms
Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Inc.
Woolworth Building **New York**

Phonograph Motors Need 3-in-One Oil



Heavy, greasy oils are bad for the motors of phonographs and dictating machines. Mighty bad. They collect dirt and clog up the bearings. Then the motor runs hard and disturbs you with its needless noise.

3-in-One

is a pure, light oil compound of exactly the right "body" for phonograph motors. It lubricates perfectly—reduces to a minimum the whirr of the mechanism. Never gums or collects dirt in the bearings.

Also try it for cleaning and polishing the wooden case. Renews the lustre of the finish.

3-in-One is a scientifically correct lubricant for all light mechanisms. Millions of people—yes, millions—use it for sewing machines, typewriters, bicycles, guns, fishing reels, adding machines, magnetos, Ford commutators.

Sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.



FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses—sent free.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165QM. Broadway :: New York

A32A

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page* 24)

and Alabama honors the birthday anniversary of Thomas Jefferson on April 13th.

The more you have in your "cast," the more you will be able to interest an audience, and many of the pictures can be made very effective by having a large number to make them up.

Washington's Birthday will be a particularly pretty picture. Girls and boys dressed in the costumes of Washington's day, with powdered wigs, and patches, will dance the stately minuet after one of them, looking as much as possible like the famous "Father of our Country," has told a little incident of his life. All the other pictures have been arranged to make them equally attractive.

We have not room to give an outline of every picture here, but will be very glad to do so if any of our readers want to give the festival, and would like suggestions. You will find that such an entertainment will give you a wonderful opportunity to advance original ideas, and you will be delighted at the interest everybody will take in "something new and different."

Another way to get a good deal of money, and a great deal of fun at the same time, is to have a "good luck tree." This could be used in connection with some other entertainment, or by itself. Select a tree which is not too tall to be reached, at the highest point, with a step-ladder. If your entertainment is given out-of-doors of course the tree will be already secure at the foundation, but if it is an indoor affair, you will have to have it planted in a large tub so that it will be quite firm. Collect a number of articles that are not too heavy to hang on the branches, and wrap them in neat parcels. Make slips of paper and number them, pinning one on each parcel, and hang all the parcels on your tree. Of course the more parcels you have the larger the sum to be realized. Now make other numbered slips so there will be a duplicate number for every parcel. Put the duplicates in a box or basket and sell them for an amount that is decided upon by the committee in charge of the tree and let each purchaser pick out a number for himself. Those in charge of gathering the fruit from the tree, there should be several, will find the corresponding number and hand the parcel to its buyer.

Doubtless if you explain your object to the tradespeople in your town you will be able to get donations of articles from them, and the greater the variety in the contents of the parcels, the more fun for everybody when they are unwrapped. The clover leaf is supposed to bring good luck in some way, in addition to that enjoyed by all those lucky enough to be present.

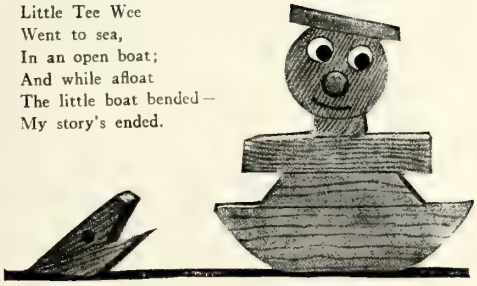
Old Mother Goose

Old Mother Goose
When she wanted to wander
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.



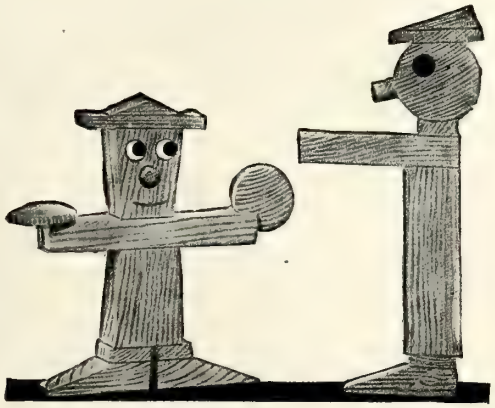
Little Tee Wee

Little Tee Wee
Went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended—
My story's ended.



Simple Simon and the Pieman

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman
"Let me taste your ware."



Introducing
MOTHER GOOSE
Her Characters and Rhymes
in
WONDER BLOCKS

If you know Mother Goose—and who does not?—you will love these quaint blocks and laugh at their funny faces and figures.

A BIG box contains the set of WONDER BLOCKS which are clean unpainted white wood, fresh from months of seasoning in the big outdoors.

There is a book full of Mother Goose rhymes and pictures of the WONDER BLOCK characters.

You set one block on another. No fasteners are used. While the youngest child can make them, the oldest also loves to put them together. And the whole family is amused.

Go to your store and get them.

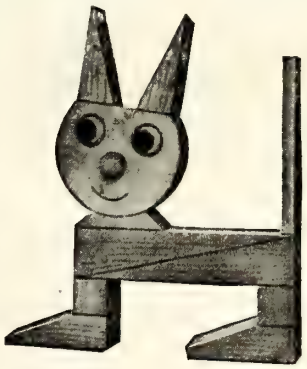
If you cannot find them, we will ship the box, post prepaid, for $1.75.

Anyway, send for a descriptive circular and mention ST. NICHOLAS.

BAKER & BENNETT CO.
875 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

YOU REMEMBER ME

I'm one of the WONDER BLOCK family your dealer sells. We're named DICKIE-DEES and DEEDLE-DUMS. Ask your dealer for these WONDER BLOCKS too. If he hasn't them, send us $1.25 and we will send the DICKIE-DEES and DEEDLE-DUMS post prepaid.





"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"

She had broken her heart—the same little girl who had broken her doll so many, many years before—and Riley's words of cheer and comfort—"There little girl, don't cry"—tell, at once, what Riley has meant to the world.

His is the great warm heart we turn to in trouble. His is the spirit that brings joy and comfort. The strong soul that could bear the troubles of a world, and never flinch under his own. A home which has no Riley is a house without flowers.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

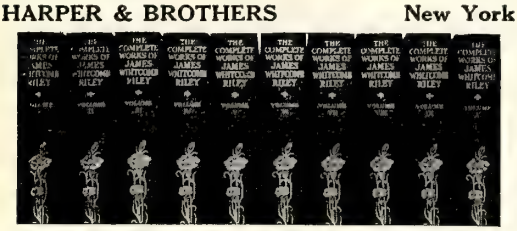
In his memory we have made a beautiful set of his work—the work that to your soul is as a window to a house.

His Heirs Desire Only a Small Royalty

The heirs of James Whitcomb Riley came to us, as the publishers of Mark Twain, and said that they would be glad to reduce their royalty, so that we could place his works in the homes of all those who loved him. So we are able to make this complete set of all Riley's works, in 10 volumes, containing over 1,000 titles and a biographical sketch—for the present—at a price we can pass on to you. One edition of Riley's complete works sold from $125 to $1,750 a set. Yet you can have your set for less than one-fifth this price. And the books are full of beautiful illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy and Ethel Franklin Betts—some in full color—some in two colors.

Send the Coupon Without Money for Your Set on Approval To-day.

HARPER & BROTHERS **New York**



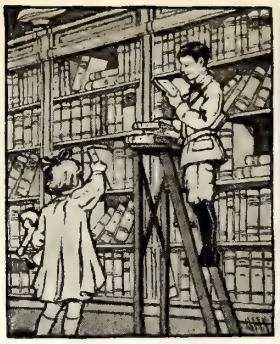
HARPER & BROTHERS **Franklin Square, New York**

Please send me the complete works of JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, in 10 volumes, bound in rich cloth, stamped in gold, fully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Ethel Franklin Betts. I may keep this set for ten days for examination and return it to you, at your expense, if I do not want it. If I keep the books I will remit $1.50 a month for thirteen months. ST. NICH. 7-18

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....



THE BOOK MAN

How many ST. NICHOLAS readers realize the immense part that engineering plays in this great war? When the American public thinks of its army in France, it usually thinks of the infantry, the cavalry, or the artillery. But actually, in our first year, the greatest exploits of the American Army have been the marvels achieved by the engineering branch of the service. 115,000 skilled men have shared in this work, and our Allies on the Western Front have been amazed by the rapidity and thoroughness with which they have accomplished tremendous results in the army railroad system, in army saw-milling, mining, and road-building, in gas and flame work, in



ONE OF OUR 100,000 WAR MOTORS
(From "THE FIGHTING ENGINEERS")

reafforestation, and in pontoon operations. And now Mr. Francis A. Collins, whose previous books on "The Air Man," "The Camera Man," etc., have delighted so many boys, has told this wonderful story in a new work, "The Fighting Engineers" (The Century Co., $1.30).

Mr. Collins says, for instance, that the most persistent publicity campaign could not have taught Europe in a generation so much about American railroad methods alone as our en-

Draw a picture and win a prize

$600 in prizes



8 First Prizes—Each a $50 Liberty Bond
8 Second Prizes—Each $25 in War Savings Stamps
40 Additional Prizes for Honorable Mention

"CRAYOLA" Drawing Contest

—for Children under 15 years of age
—for Young People 15 to 18 years of age

It's fun to draw a picture with colored wax crayons. It's more fun when you enter your picture in the "Crayola" Drawing Contest.

The pictures will be judged for neatness, smoothness, originality and general artistic merit by disinterested judges including Henry Turner Bailey, Dean of the Cleveland School of Art and Dr. James P. Haney, Director of Art in the N. Y. High Schools.

In drawing your picture we recommend the use of the "Crayola" Box No. 8, shown here.

"TRADE CRAYOLA MARK"

is the favorite of all colored wax crayons for use at school or in the home. They are sure to give perfect results. In competing for these prizes, however, it is not necessary to use "Crayola" Crayons. Every contestant will be given an equal chance no matter what wax crayons he uses.

For full details of the contest ask for information at any stationery or department store which sells "Crayola" Crayons, or write to our Contest Department. **The contest closes August 31st, 1918. There is not much time left. Start your drawing now and send it to us as early as possible.**



BINNEY & SMITH CO.

Makers of "Crayola" Crayons

81-83 Fulton Street New York, N. Y.

Do *You* Know Connie Morgan?



He is the boy whose adventures in the Alaska Gold rushes, with dog teams in the snow and ice of the terrible Arctic winter, in the wild places of the North with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, James B. Hendryx has told in two of the most popular series of stories that ever ran in The American Boy. If you know Connie you want to know more about him. If you don't know him yet, here's your chance.

Connie Morgan Goes "Outside"

This is the title of the first of the NEW series of Connie Morgan stories by James B. Hendryx, which will start in the July number of

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World."

"Outside" to the man in Alaska, means "the States." So the title means that Connie is coming back to this side of the line. The title doesn't indicate, however, that this is a story of big adventure in the lumberwoods. That's what it is—with all the mystery of the forest, the rush of big industry in far places, tales of the lumber-jacks, the machinations of a scheming corporation and Connie's wits against the corporation's sharpest. Don't miss the start in the July number of The American Boy.

Great Fourth of July features in this number, too! One is a story entitled "Bunker 'Ole," the story of Fourth of July in the trenches—or, rather, of the Fourth in No Man's Land. It is a thrilling tale of an extraordinary adventure of Jimmy May with a "tank" and with a brave Englishman—and the Germans! And there will be a great Fourth of July story by Clarence B. Kelland.

Many other fine fiction stories, with wonderful illustrations, and splendid articles, and all of the usual departments (including Dan Beard's page for outdoor Boys). Watch for the stunning Fourth of July cover—a war picture by Tony Sarg.

You'll like The American Boy so much you'll want it regularly. Buy the great July number at any news-stand. Then earn the price of your subscription or ask mother or father to subscribe for you.



$1.50 a year

15c a copy on news-stands

Send your subscription direct to

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.

131 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

gineers in France have taught it. He describes how the first American locomotive arrived at a French port, how swiftly the parts were assembled, and the strange monster, amid cheering crowds, got up steam with magical swiftness and began its triumphant journey to the eastern boundary of the country. Miracles of efficiency have been accomplished in that one branch alone. During the Allied advance at Cambrai, American engineers showed their mettle by extending their tracks behind the German lines almost as swiftly as the enemy retreated. Mr. Collins tells how in the forward rush they suddenly came upon a German railroad that had been left untouched in the panic of retreat. The challenge was instantly accepted by the Americans, who connected their own lines with the German system so that trains could pass from the Allied line to the former German railroad without interruption. Our engineers laid altogether eight miles of track on the heels of the advancing column. By British engineers this work has been commended as the most daring piece of construction of the war.

But not less remarkable has been the work of our men in destructive engineering, which is equally important in war and requires an equal ingenuity. You will be astonished, too, by their exploits in road and quarry work; it will surprise you to see how their experience in logging, tree-treatment, and all those arts developed during our modern campaign for the "conservation of natural resources," especially in the West, has served the common cause under the strangely different, but more strangely similar, conditions that prevail in France. It seems as if our American versatility, so famous the world over, had at last really come into its own. Compared with European standards our engineering work sets a fast pace, and in the present operations every effort has been made to improve upon our own best records. Years are required for an industrial, peace-loving people to recruit and train a great army: that is why our immense army of engineers, mobilized in force at a moment's notice, has played a more notable part in our first year's operations than any other branch of the service. The American engineer is by no means a superman. His versatility is due to the simple fact that he has been trained in the greatest school of practical experience in the world. He has encountered every conceivable engineering problem in the United States, and with these achievements behind him he is well prepared for any new undertaking. In lending the genius of its engineers, as I think any reader of Mr. Collins's book will admit, America is making a contribution worthy of our country's best traditions.

The Book Man



Get the most out of your Fourth of July

The cool country is calling you—patriotic boys and girls of Uncle Sam. You're working hard on working days—riding your bikes from place to place—doing your bit for the Red Cross and Liberty Loans—earning money for Thrift Stamps.

Make your holidays days of healthful recreation—and what better way than to speed out to the picnic or "play spot" on a bicycle equipped with the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

This wonderful device prevents tired legs—you pedal only half the way—coasting down the slopes and on level stretches at any speed you wish. Makes a bicycle the safest vehicle on the road.

Be sure there's a New Departure Coaster Brake on the next wheel you buy—or your dealer will gladly put one on your old bike.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co., 105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.

Letters *from the* ST. NICHOLAS mail bag

ST. NICHOLAS likes to receive letters just as every one does. Here are three that came in the mail one day. We are sharing them with you so that you may see that other boys and girls like ST. NICHOLAS as well as you do.

"At first, when I took you, my sisters and brothers looked on with their grown-up air (I'm the youngest) as if to say, 'Let the child have her magazine.' But, I didn't care, for I knew what you contained. Although, now, there is a general scramble for you, I usually get you first, because the postman is my true friend."

"Does father ever look at mother's Fancy Work Magazine, no, indeed. Fancy a man reading the instructions of how to work a shirt waist or cross stitch. Or a boy for that matter. Nor do mother or sister pay any attention to father's Technical or Business Magazines. Excepting to unwrap them and place them by his easy chair. But when ST. NICHOLAS comes the whole family looks at it and reads it together."

"I just simply love you! Before our family took you, I heard all of my friends talking about what a 'grand' magazine, so I decided to give you to my brother for Christmas. (And so I did, but the whole family reads you.) Just as soon as the postman comes to the gate and whistles, on about the fourth or fifth of the month (the date you usually arrive), every one of us makes a stampede for the gate."

THINGS TO EAT



A delicious soup is made of green pea pods, so see that none are thrown away after the peas are shelled. Wash the pods carefully, and cook them at the same time that the peas are being cooked so no extra fuel will have to be used. First cover the pods with cold water, and when the water begins to boil, set a wire strainer into the kettle, put the peas into the strainer, and boil until tender. Young tender peas need be cooked only twenty-five minutes, or half an hour at the longest. Lift the strainer containing the peas, pour them into a hot dish, season with salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter, and they are ready to serve.

To prepare the pods for soup which may be used next day, mash them with a potato masher through a wire sieve, saving all the liquid. You will find that the peas are a better flavor for having been boiled with the sweet pods, and the water in which the peas have been cooked will not be wasted.

Soup from Green Pea-pods

4 cups of stock.
2 tablespoons of butter substitute.
2 tablespoons of flour.
1 tablespoon of sugar.
1 scant teaspoon of salt.
Pepper.
Nutmeg.

Moisten the flour with a little of the cold stock, and when the mixture is perfectly smooth set it to one side where it can be reached quickly when needed. Add the butter substitute, salt, sugar and the pepper to the stock and put in a saucepan over a quick fire. When it boils add the flour mixture and boil for three minutes, stirring all the time. The nutmeg may be added if you are fond of the flavor, but the soup will be found very nice without it.

Half milk and half stock may be used if desired and makes a soup that is a little more delicate.

Letters *from the* ST. NICHOLAS mail bag

Almost every distinguished man was "brought up on ST. NICHOLAS" or is bringing up his sons and daughters under its happy influence. A little while ago we asked some of them to tell us what ST. NICHOLAS means to them—and here are a few of the host of letters received.

"I knew nothing about ST. NICHOLAS until I came to New York after I got through college. I then, as a matter of business, had occasion to examine all the volumes published previously to 1884. I felt then that if the ST. NICHOLAS could be read by all the boys and girls on such farms as I lived on in Indiana, that it would make a new people. It would be the greatest and most ennobling education that they could possibly have."

The Editor of a great newspaper.

"I have a very vivid memory of the pleasure which I received from reading 'ST. NICHOLAS'. When a boy I used to look forward with eager anticipation to the coming of the monthly magazine, and I am sure this is the experience of hundreds of thousands of the boys and girls of my own generation."

John Grier Hibben

"I remember you with gratitude, affection, and delight. You did not talk down to me, never wore the professionally ingratiating smile. You treated my boyhood with respect, and talked to me as Saint to Man. I looked forward then to your visits with happy anticipation. I look back to them in a glow of reminiscence."

Wm. Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature
Yale University

"ST. NICHOLAS was the friend and companion of my youth, and I can still look back to the influence that it had upon me. Its effect upon my wife was even greater, as she lived on it, and ate it for breakfast, lunch and dinner; and I have no doubt it is largely responsible for her present success as a wife and mother, not to say an author of some reputation."

F. N. Doubleday
President, Doubleday, Page & Co.

"I have brought up seven children to adult age. In the whole term of their rearing ST. NICHOLAS was regarded by their mother and by me a constant and invaluable aid in their training."

Geo. W. Cable
Author

"When I was a country boy I was brought into social relations with a family of cultivated city people who spent their summers in our neighborhood, and my surprised delight in the charm of good manners which they imported into a rustic environment was heightened by finding that they made everything they touched, with occupation and amusement, tenfold more attractive. This it seems to me has always been (for I think I read its first number), the character of the influence of ST. NICHOLAS upon young minds; its high quality refining their taste and increasing their capacity of enjoyment."

Garret P. Serviss

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

AIRPLANE MAIL

ON May 15th was started the first regular airplane mail-service in the United States; the first one in the world when it is considered that this is to be a permanent service. There has been other mail carried by airplanes from time to time, both here and abroad. We stamp-collectors have seen the stamps used in this service between Rome and Naples. But we are under the impression that, before this, no other attempts have contemplated a permanent year-in-and-year-out service. Of course, the inauguration of such a venture must needs be celebrated with due ceremonies. The route is between New York and Washington, stopping at Philadelphia both to leave and to receive mail. Lieutenant Torrey H. Webb left New York at 11:30 in the morning of May 15. He carried with him one hundred and forty-four pounds of mail, about two hundred and forty pieces, nearly all of which was first class. He reached Philadelphia at 12:30, where the mail was taken in another plane by Lieutenant J. C. Edgerton, who delivered it in Washington at 2:50 P. M. The entire trip, including the stop in Philadelphia, took two hours and twenty minutes. Included in this mail, of course, was the first letter postmarked for air delivery. It was a letter written by Governor Whitman of New York to President Wilson at Washington. The contents of the letter was an assurance to President Wilson that the State of New York would rally to the support of the impending "drive" to raise funds for the Red Cross. There were many other letters to and from people of national prominence.

But what the readers of this stamp page will be most interested about is the question of postage-stamps. And there are several things which are interesting. In the first place, the cost of sending a letter by airplane from New York to Washington is twenty-four cents. The sum includes three cents,—the regular postal rate,—ten cents for special delivery, and we suppose the balance of eleven cents goes to maintain the airplanes. This sum of twenty-four cents may be paid in stamps of any denomination, but in such instances the letter should be marked, "Via aërial mail." The Government, however, has got out a special stamp for these letters. We are indebted to a reader of STAMP PAGE for our first glimpse of one of these. Miss Rosalind K. Friday, who lives away out in Minnesota, is such an enthusiastic stamp-collector that she went to great pains to have a letter mailed to herself from Washington to New York. And she has shown the envelop to us that we might tell the other readers of ST. NICHOLAS how the stamp looks. It is a simple stamp, not at all ornate, and can be described in a few words. It is nearly square in shape; in each of the upper corners is a triangular ornament, something like the triangles in the 1894-95 issue; just below these, in a curved line over the central design, are the words "U. S. Postage"; at the bottom, in either corner, are the figures 24, and between them the word "cents." This outer portion of the stamp is in a dark carmine, while the central design is in blue, making a very striking contrast. The design in the center is of an airplane in flight. The letters carried by airplane have also a special cancelation, which is circular and rather large. Around the outside it reads, "Air Mail Service, Wash. N. Y. Phila." At the bottom is the name of the city from which the letter comes. In the letter before us the city is Washington. Within the circle are the words, "May 15, 1918, First Trip." These last words will, of course, be omitted in the future, but they serve to add great interest to this letter of Miss Friday's. We thank her for having shown it to us. These new twenty-four-cent stamps are on sale at the post-offices of the three cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. Whether they may be had elsewhere, we do not at present know. Probably they may.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS

AMONG the questions asked very frequently of late are these: What kind of stamps do our soldiers use on their letters when they write home from France? Do they use a stamp of special design, or possibly a surcharged stamp? In either case, how can a stamp-collector acquire specimens? As more and more of our brave boys go across, these questions will be asked more and more frequently. Stamp-collectors know something about the various surcharged stamps used by the German troops and civil officials in the territories which they occupy. They know, too, of the special surcharged stamps for the use of the East Indian troops in France. What, then, do our own soldiers use? Well, the answer is simple, but very disappointing. They do not use any stamps at all. We have seen many of these letters sent by boys in many different regiments, and, doubtless, widely scattered throughout France and in the Navy, too, but none of them used any stamps. There were no stamps on the envelops—no sign of any ever having been there. The envelop bears, of course, the address; then in the upper right-hand corner (where the stamp would be) is usually written, but sometimes printed—"soldier's letter," or "officer's letter." And usually, either written or printed, are the words, "U. S. Army Postal Service." Where these words are printed, it is usually done with red ink, as far as our own personal experience goes. Sometimes on the stationery is printed "On Active Service, American Expeditionary Force." Then there is also a censorship mark, which in size and shape looks for all the world like a postmark. Only it is much more interesting. It is stamped in various inks,—black, blue, or violet, perhaps other colors, too,—and reads around an outer circle, "A. E. F. Passed as Censored." The inner circle has a real American eagle; above his head eight stars, in his talons the usual emblems of war and peace. He looks exactly as if he had just come off the back of an old-fashioned silver quarter-dollar. We think it would be a good idea for every stamp-collector to put a few of these covers in his collection. These cancelations will always be interesting, as they really take the place of stamps—that is, they carry the letter prepaid.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 10 Jamaica, 10c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 30 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt.Col's, 6c.; 8 Peru, 4c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

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Join the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB and enjoy its benefits with them. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it.

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PRACTISE ECONOMY

By providing your dog with

Spratt's Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits

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A dog, bird, pony, or kitten make delightful birthday presents. When you're wondering what to give some one as a birthday gift, remember that almost all boys and girls would love to have one of these live, friendly creatures for their own.



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We sell on the INSTALLMENT plan. 200 head to select from. Herd established 1891. Send 10c. for contract and price list. Address **Dept, S. The "Shadyside" Farms, North Benton, Ohio.**

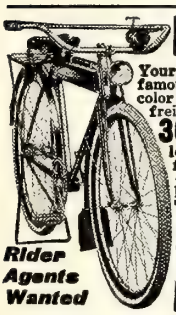
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1. *Write your name and address very, very plainly.* (You would be surprised to know how many times boys and girls, and even grown-ups, sign their names hastily and carelessly or even forget to sign at all!)

2. *Give the name and address of some grown-up as a reference.* (It is better to give your school teacher or minister, rather than some member of your own family.)

3. *Say that you are a reader of St. Nicholas.*

4. *Be sure to ENCLOSE the stamps or coins or money-orders which you intend to send in payment for postage stamps.*



Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of **44 styles**, colors and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

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How many THRIFT STAMPS

will you have on the FOURTH OF JULY?

See page 19 and read what it says there

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR

HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications.

W. EDWARD & SON
157 Queen Victoria Street, London, Eng and

All Druggists, or E. FOUGÉRA & CO., Inc.
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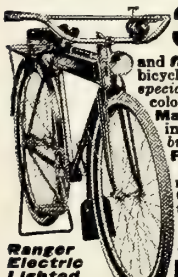
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There are some excellent schools advertising in these columns, but if you are perplexed and do not know which school to choose we will gladly advise you without charge.

Give as much information as possible when writing. Address

SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
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353 Fourth Avenue, New York City



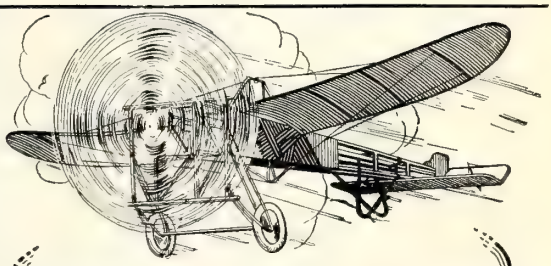
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and ***freight prepaid*** on a new 1918 **"RANGER"** bicycle. **Write at once** for our *big catalog* and *special offers.* Take your choice from 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous **"RANGER"** line. **Marvelous improvements.** Extraordinary values in our 1918 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our *latest propositions* and **Factory-to-Rider** prices.

Boys, be a **"Rider Agent"** and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new **"RANGER."**

TIRES equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at *half usual prices. Write today.* A post card will do.

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Be an Amateur Aviator with your own Amateur Aeroplane. Learn how Aeroplanes are built; how they fly, climb, dip, dive and volplane down to earth. Build and fly your own Training Plane, and learn the principles of construction, operation and control. With IDEAL **Accurate** Scale Drawings, and Building and Flying Instructions, you can build a perfect duplicate of a War-famous Aeroplane; a 3 ft. Model Aeroplane that will rise from the ground by its own power and fly like a big one. Build one now, and fly it.

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Like Airy Nut Meats

Whole Grain Puffed to Bubbles

Don't serve Puffed Grains just at mealtime. They are all-day joys in summer.

Boys like them crisped and lightly buttered, to eat like peanuts when at play.

Home-made fudge is light and nut-like with Puffed Rice mixed in. Ice cream is five-fold better with Corn Puffs scattered on it.

And Puffed Grains add to berry dishes what crust adds to a shortcake.

No July Day Without Them

Let every summer day bring children some Puffed Grain delight. To children they are food confections. To parents they are ideal scientific foods.

They are simply grain foods steam exploded—puffed to eight times former size. Every food cell is blasted, so they easily digest. A fearful heat creates in them a fascinating flavor.

Days should start and end with some Puffed Grain in milk. Between times they will take the place of sweetmeats.

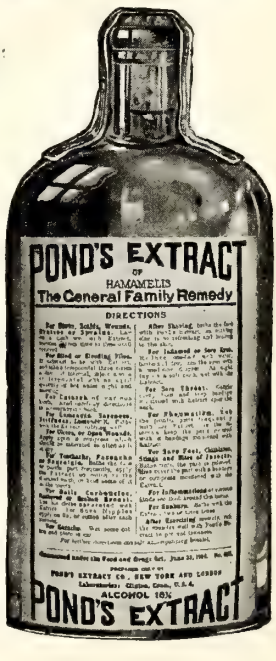
Why serve a less-liked cereal food when everyone prefers these toasted bubble grains?

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

Each 15c. Except in Far West



PETER PONDS IN FRANCE



PETER PONDS had breathed a sigh of relief for the strain of war was beginning to tell on even his vigorous constitution. He had just been ordered to deliver a report to the commanding officer of a certain unit whose men were in the trenches. This report told the officer how each of his wounded boys was getting along.

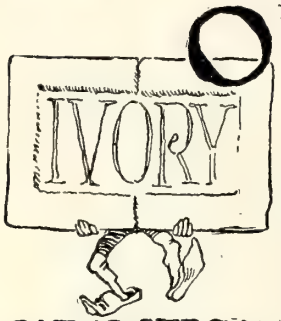
"This is the easiest assignment I have had in months", thought Peter as he strode along the road in the early morning before daybreak. As he entered the officer's dugout, he saw at once that something serious had occurred. One officer had apparently just finished shaving and stood with a bottle of POND'S EXTRACT in his hand. (You know POND'S EXTRACT is very soothing to the skin, and prevents trouble after shaving especially if the skin is cut.) The officers had just been informed that an American scouting patrol in No-Man's Land had returned with one man missing. "We must ask for a volunteer—" the commander began, when Peter and several lieutenants interrupted crying, "I'll go!" As Peter had spoken first, he was given the privilege. As he stepped from the dug-out the sun was just peeping over the hill-top, but a heavy mist covered the valley where the trenches lay. Peter got over the top without being observed, but as he spied his man lying in a shell-hole, the German watchers spied him. By dodging from crater to crater, stooping low and crawling, Peter reached the wounded man in safety. After washing his wound with POND'S EXTRACT and binding it up, he half carried, and half dragged the soldier back to the American trenches. By this time the boys in khaki had several machine guns and an artillery barrage in action and the shots from the enemy were growing perceptibly less as the two fell into the trench where men of the Hospital Corps awaited them. You can imagine how Peter was greeted. He thought they would never stop cheering him and thumping him on the back. In fact so much heartfelt pounding followed that before he was clear of the trenches, his shoulder muscles were lame! So the first thing he did when he got back to his quarters, was to have a friend rub his shoulders vigorously with POND'S EXTRACT until the soreness disappeared. "I was almost tempted to say I'd never do that again," said he, "but POND'S EXTRACT has given me courage again."

* * * * *

POND'S EXTRACT has brought good cheer to many boys and girls in nearly three-quarters of a century, since its fine qualities were discovered. Do you use it for sprains, and bruises and cuts?

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson St. **New York**

MORE "AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



OUR heroes were most gratified; their work was nobly done, and, like all work done thoroughly, it proved a lot of fun. "Ah yes," said Bill, that wise old goat, "this is the life for me with many energetic butts made pure with IVORY." "Yes," answered Betty, "that is true. Life's days are one sweet story of joyous hope with IVORY SOAP to give life snowy glory."

"I quite agree with you," said Gnif, "but duty calls and you know that to-day is Cleaning Day. We all have work to do. Bill, you may wash the table-cloths. Miss Betty, clean the laces. Ben Beaver, you and Bobby go *and wash your hands and faces.* It's evident that you two have been eating *caramels.* Those chocolate-colored streaks on you a guilty secret tells."



"What's that—what's that!" cried Billy Goat, because the very name of chocolate caramels set Bill's whole nature all aflame. "Why, simply *caramels!*" said Gnif, "left yonder on the deck. Of Ben's and Bobby's



cleanliness they made an awful wreck." Now Bill was *fond* of caramels. Of all life's many funs Bill loved to toy with caramels, especially *sticky* ones. The day was warm, the caramels—a large and dusky pile which lay a-snoozing in the sun made Billy sweetly smile. He braced himself for one big butt, as gazing up aloft, he murmured, "Ah, ye caramels, I love you good and *soft!*"

With one quick run and one swift butt, and one more hungry smile he butted in the middle of that sweet and sticky pile. Oh shades of bygone lollypops! How can a rhymster's skill tell of the way those caramels stuck onto buttful Bill? His head was buried deep in them, save where his whiskers jutted, for Billy's butt was over-charged and somewhat over-butted. What could he do but butt some more 'tween sneeze and feeble cough? He *had* to butt like anything to get that burden off. He blindly floundered here and there; he bumped the rail and hatches and as he did he left a trail of sticky spots and patches.



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JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK
(THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE)

I have not space to tell you more
Of that sad Cleaning Day,
But wait, for our pure IVORY SOAP.
To gladness paves the way.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE





Cleaning all utensils and containers with Old Dutch insures against loss····

Canning Time is Careful Time

Perfect Sanitary Cleanliness beforehand, prevents fermentation



Borden's EAGLE BRAND



All Babies can't go to the Country—

—where milk can be secured pure and uncontaminated, fresh from the cow. But all mothers can avoid the grave dangers of hot-weather feeding by giving their babies Borden's Eagle Brand.

No matter how stifling and sultry the day, Eagle Brand comes to you fresh, pure and wholesome in cans sealed so tight that germs have no effect on the contents.

For 60 years Eagle Brand has been the standard infant food—always the same—ready for instant use.

Borden's Condensed Milk Company
4173 Borden Building New York

"Be sure the Eagle is on the label"



Notice to Reader: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed over-seas. NO WRAPPER—NO ADDRESS. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR · BOYS · AND · GIRLS



AUGUST · 1918



This new salad dressing

—makes old salads into new!
—makes left-overs into favorite dishes!

TASTE Libby's Salad Dressing on your favorite salad — you will marvel that Libby could produce a flavor so delicate yet so piquant!

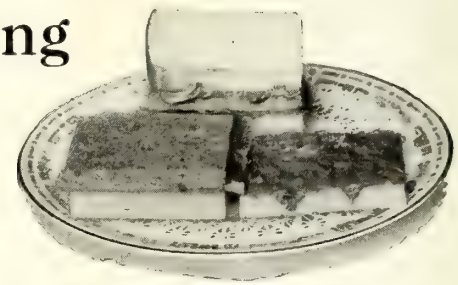
The unusual delicacy and richness of Libby's Salad Dressing—the happy result of bringing each ingredient from whatever part of the world it grows best — works wonders with left-overs, too! Order Libby's Salad Dressing today from your grocer, and mix it with the bits of cold meat or vegetables you are so anxious not to waste — your family will eat them up with joy!

Send for these recipes!

Many new meat dishes—entrées, croquettes, cold meats with new sauces—and many new salads are given in a book, "New Delightful Thrift Dishes—Made with Libby's Salad Dressing." Libby will send it to you without charge. Write for it today.

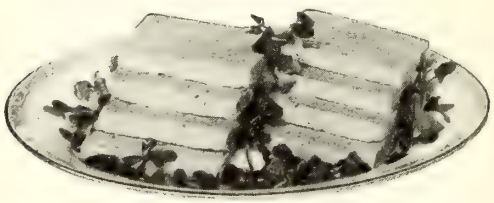
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 282 Welfare Building, Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
45 E. Front Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada



Mustard that makes the sandwiches vanish!

Spread half the slices of thin-cut bread with Libby's Mustard and half with butter. Press together with a leaf of lettuce and a slice of cold meat between



Libby's Veal Loaf—for the hot day luncheon

Tempting slices of delicate Veal Loaf, on cool, green water-cress—a dainty dish for sultry days, yet nourishing, too—and *all ready to serve*





Corn Puffs

Bubbles of Hominy

Raindrop Size
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THE BOOK MAN

I WONDER how many of my readers are familiar with the "St. Nicholas Books of Plays and Operettas?" There are two volumes of them, two collections, charmingly printed, illustrated, and bound (The Century Co., $1.00 each); and handier and more suggestive books for a household of young people it would be hard to find. The first series has been a standard among its kind since it was first published eighteen years ago. Indeed, it was a pioneer in its field in America, and today, when informal theatricals are so general throughout the country, these two little books are naturally in constant demand.



From "The Ballad of Mary Jane"
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What makes them so attractive is partly their variety and partly the adaptibility of so many of the selections to the odd moments, the intervals of time, when you do not want the trouble of an elaborate "performance" but simply a new way of having a few moments' fun. Some of the shadow-pantomimes, which last only twenty minutes or so, require nothing but a sheet hung up with a light arranged so as to cast the shadows best, and then a few improvised costumes that can be put together with a moment's thought; the pantomime is acted out by the children while the ballad is read aloud behind the sheet. Many who have not confidence to act in a charade will find that they can do this easily, after simply reading the ballad through two or three times, for no ready wit is needed, and it is often much easier to follow a course laid out for you than to invent one.

With every selection, there are very full directions regarding the arrangement of the scenery and costumes and how to make them, with diagrams and pictures, and many practical hints. These are especially valuable in the longer pieces, which include one-act plays of all sorts and even short, informal operas like "The Land of Nod." Among the plays are "The Changeling," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Christmas Eve at Mother Hubbard's," "The False Sir Santa Claus," "How Christmas Was Saved," and "The New Red Riding Hood." Then there is "The Sleeping Beauty," for girls of seven to eleven; "The Egyptian Cat," a fascinating shadow-play in five scenes; and "moralities" like "Everygirl" and "Everychild."

I am struck, in looking through these books, with the delightful combinations that could be made for an evening's entertainment. If enough children could be gathered together, either at school or in vacation time, two or three of the plays could be presented at once, and there are so many selections that you could be sure of having at the same time variety and unity of interest. And here comes in one of the unique qualities of the collection: the first series (they can, of course, be bought separately) contains a number of delightfully original little interludes, lasting only a few minutes and requiring scarcely any special preparation. I have spoken of the shadow-pantomimes; besides these, the book contains a little paper on how to act out the old ballads. Then there is a "Lawn Dance of Little People" that might be given, even on a stage, as a sort of ballet between two plays. But most original of all is the "Topsy-Turvey Concert," as it is called, which, according to the author, and we may believe him, never fails to amuse. In fact, it is one of the funniest entertainments ever seen, and one of the easiest to prepare, for it needs nothing but a screen. Behind this screen stand the children, and all they have to do is to put stockings on their arms and shoes on their hands, the soles pointing forward, so that the toes will be turned toward the spectators, who are seated in front of the curtain a little distance. Then the children begin to sing together. At the conclusion of each verse, they stoop down all together and very quickly each, lowering the head, elevates the arms above the curtain. The effect thus produced is that all the singers seem to be standing on their heads.

These are certainly books that ought to be in the library of every home where children live. For here you have entertainments already prepared for every sort of occasion; and above all, you have no copyright to worry about, when you want to produce them.

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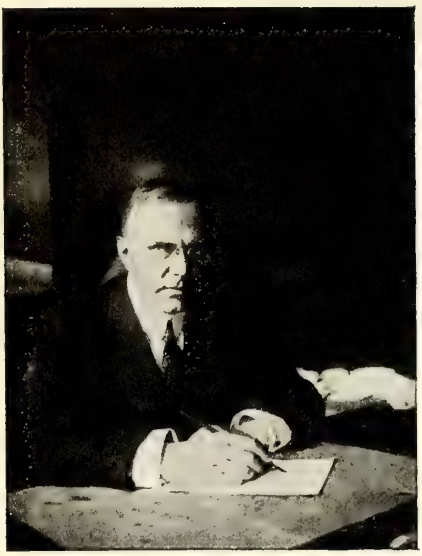
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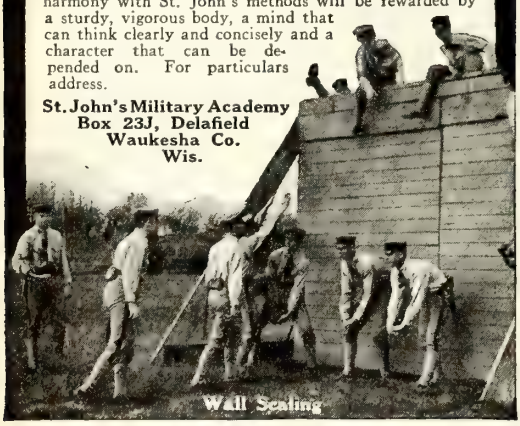
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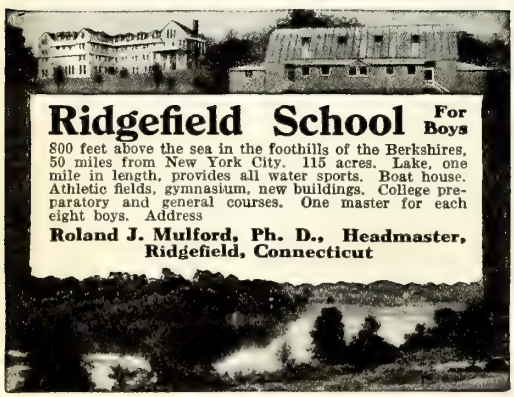
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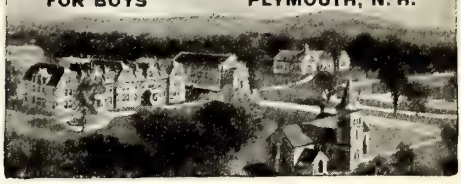
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James B. Hendryx contributes another of his famous Connie Morgan stories called "Connie Meets a 'Bear-cat.'" It's a dandy! And Ralph Henry Barbour has a thrilling story of the war at sea.

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Bombing Exercise



What the Boarding School Does for a Girl

By S. Edna Johnston

THE ideal which a really good boarding school holds for its girls is the development of their personalities by increasing their powers — intellectual, moral, social and physical.

The *intellectual* training is characterized by individual attention. The development of each girl is made an aim in itself. A connecting link is forged wherever possible between books and life; between history and world movements of the present; between the literature of the past and the best writing of the present and between the science of the classroom and the phenomena of nature. Discussion of such subjects in the casual conversation of the home, perhaps at the afternoon tea and dinner hours, gives a girl a vision of the reasons why she is studying history, literature and science. Classes in current events keep her informed and increase her interests. Daily association with teachers in the home—ladies of refinement and cultivation—broadens a girl's intellectual horizon. With a mind well tutored in the past, and taught to be interested in and to form broad and unprejudiced judgments of the present, cultivation and development will not stop with school days.

Theoretical study is better for being allied with the practical. Facility in one reacts in efficiency upon the other and therefore a girl should be taught to use her hands scientifically and intelligently as well as her mind. It is a part of her equipment for usefulness to herself and others to be practical as well as theoretical.

The life work of the majority of girls is home making. The school has its share of responsibility in equipping her to preside over her home graciously and efficiently. Girls should be taught the duties of a hostess, domestic science and household economics; home nursing, hygiene, the care of children and first aid to the injured. Their mental training should give them a vision of a real home, that sacred place where cultivation and a taste for the best and most beautiful things of life reign supreme, but where order and intelligence rule the household.

The ornamental phases of education, music, interpretive reading, dancing and dramatics are brought to a high grade of efficiency in the boarding school where practice is regular and uninterrupted. This branch of education has indorsement from no less authoritative source than Emerson, who says, "Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortune wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." What is true for boys in this instance is equally true for girls.

Social and *moral* life are so closely bound together in school that they can scarcely be discussed separately. De Quincey has aptly said that "Good breeding is a system of forbearances." It is therefore more a matter of the spirit than the intellect. Although a girl may not study French she learns in spirit the meaning of *noblesse oblige* and *esprit de corps* in the life about her and the phrase "personal responsibility" looms large, if self-government is the ruling force among the powers that be. She learns that "respectful and law-abiding ways are well-bred ways," that perhaps it is true, as Matthew Arnold has said, that "conduct is three fourths of life," and that it is worth while to have one's life governed by ideals of the good, the beautiful and the true. She loses petty provincial prejudices in the larger vision of democracy and the value of personal worth, and develops, from force of habit, that ability to adapt herself to circumstances which characterizes the cultivated woman.

Fortunately much stress is being placed upon *physical* development. This is not only a justifiable and much desired end in itself, but a girl is stronger, mentally and spiritually, if she has abundant health. Basketball, tennis, country tramping, field hockey, horseback riding and swimming are forms of daily exercise in most schools. Add to these, gymnastic drill and fancy and social dancing, in a merry and enthusiastic company, and recreation hours fly on winged moments. The combination of work and play, wholesome meals served with clock-like regularity, and the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise rule of our forebears, and lo, the miracle of health is performed.



What the Boarding School Does for a Boy

The boarding school teaches him the value of regular work and develops regularity of habits.

The boarding school teaches him how to keep in mind the main object of his work and to come back quickly to his work.

The boarding school makes character development a matter of unconscious growth.

By Ralph K. Bearce, A. M.

ONE reason why it is difficult for the ordinary boy to develop habits of industry is because his life in the home is only incidental to the home life of his parents. Guests in the home and the goings and comings of the other members of the family in their social life are a constant distraction to the boy, and make it necessary for him to do his work under conditions that are extremely disconcerting. Then, too, he is subject to the enticements of his own desires. He is constantly being atracted by outside influences. The social life of his own friends, the constant call of the "movies," and the many other attractions make it difficult for him to hold himself at work when his work hours at best are none too easy. In boarding school the whole organization of the community is based upon the boy's routine. His work hours are work hours for everyone else. There is no social life, interfering with his work hours, and so it becomes the natural thing for him to adopt as his own the routine of the community. Successive years of such life develop a habit of regular, systematic industry, and the boy learns what his father has had to learn, the importance of doing his work at regular times and in a systematic way.

The boy's recreation hours are of no less importance than his work hours. His mind must always be ready to come back to its work, but it must be refreshed and his body must be developed. In boarding school he is not allowed to stay indoors. He is given no opportunity for his mind to become filled with subjects that drive out all thought of his main work. He finds that instead of being a hindrance to the games of others, there is a group into which he *just fits,* and a master ready to help the whole group to become more proficient. In the best boarding schools much is made of outdoor sport—not for the sake of the few boys on the "first team," but for *all* boys, and particularly for *those who need it most.*

In boarding school life character-building is of course of highest importance, and it is accomplished largely by unconscious influence and natural growth. The boys enjoy the constant contact with their masters in their play hours as well as in their work hours. Boarding school masters are usually young men with vigorous bodies and high ideals. From them the boys learn by example, self-control, honesty, good sportsmanship, system, open-mindedness, patience, determination, courtesy and generosity. Their conversational interests are above the ordinary small talk of social life. The boarding school, then, offers, not only in the class room but in the all-round life of the boy, the best opportunity for all-round development.

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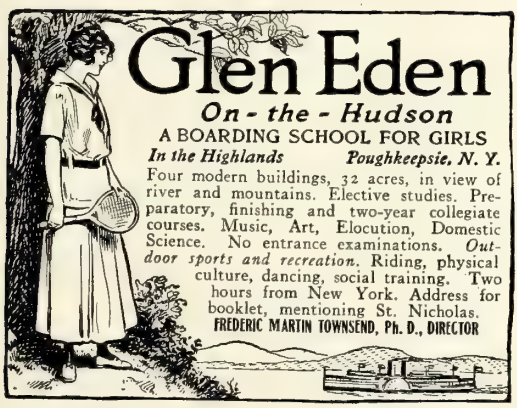
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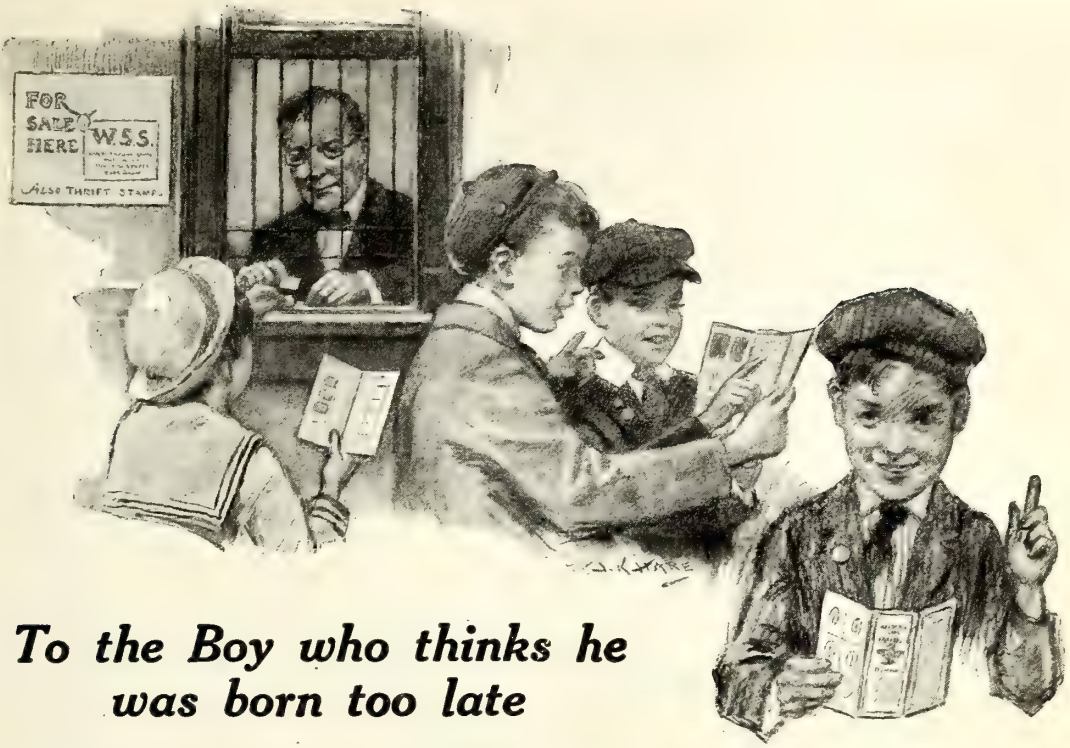
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Well, then, what's the difference whether you hoist away alongside of Shorty or scout around here way behind the fighting lines and help Shorty's government to keep this thing going?

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"THEN HIS PROPELLER BIT INTO THE WING IN FRONT OF HIM." (SEE PAGE 871.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLV AUGUST, 1918 No. 10

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THE LAST OF THE "SILVERTIP."

By C. H. CLAUDY.

"You will take poor Jack's *Silvertip*. She 's all right now. And if that trapeze artist gets within a mile of the line—oh well, lad, do the best you can. I would n't send you, but—you know where our men have gone!"

Thus the captain, to Clarence Reginald, who looked at him with his mouth open, his eyes starting in his head, and absolute incredulity and lack of comprehension spread all over his face. Jack's *Silvertip*—the fastest single-seater battle-plane in the squadron—to keep the "trapeze artist" from the line—*he*, Clarence Reginald— Oh, it was simply impossible!

Clarence Reginald could n't help his name. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful if he ever thought that he had a name he wanted to change—it was his father's name, and his father's before that, and his grandfather's name, and the names of a whole lot of fighting ancestors. Their portraits were all in the great hall at home, and there were even a couple of suits of battered armor which once belonged to some ancient Lord Chesley. When he thought about it at all, Clarence Reginald remembered to be proud of the fact that he had an armor-wearing ancestor who fought at Hastings.

But lately he had n't had time to think much about ancestors. You don't, you know, when you are qualifying to be an aviator. And that was what had taken all of Clarence Reginald's time since the great adventure began.

The great adventure was his running away from home and getting in the army. Boys of not quite eighteen can't go and enlist in the British army just when they want to, even if they do look a good deal older. There are strict laws, and the recruiting people have such an inconvenient way of asking questions! They want to know who you are and why you are and where you came from, you know, and if you are of age, and are your parents willing; and they are very sorry, because they need men, but unless Father will sign a permit, you can't take the king's shilling, and so on and so on. Clarence Reginald had tried it several times,—three, to be exact,—and it would n't work. Liverpool, London, and Leeds—all were very inhospitable.

Clarence Reginald could n't see why he could n't go. There was his elder sister, the Honorable Lady Egberta, and she was somewhere in France in a hospital. There were his three cousins—two of them dead and one a prisoner. Dad was something important in the Flying Corps offices in London, while he, Clarence Reginald, was supposed to amuse himself with home-guard duty and make-believe soldiering at Chesley Hall.

Clarence Reginald had been brought up an English gentleman, and English gentlemen are taught not to tell lies. So it was n't until Clarence Reginald had been turned back three times that it occurred to him that if he went to some other city and pretended to be just of age, and to be an orphan, that he might manage to get into an English soldier's suit.

And then, strange though it may seem, by an odd combination of circumstances, he managed to slip through.

Then, in training-camp, came the incredible bit of luck. Clarence Reginald did n't believe it even when it happened, but there it was. Colonel Hammond had a wife, and the wife a carriage, and the carriage, of course, had horses, and they ran away, and Clarence Reginald jumped out of ranks, where he was drilling, and snatched at their heads and stopped them just in time to prevent them smashing into a field battery. And when Colonel Hammond sent for him that night and grabbed him by both hands and severely reprimanded him for breaking ranks and asked him what it was he wanted most in the world that Colonel Hammond could do for him, Clarence Reginald said, "Transfer me to the Royal Flying Corps and let me fly!"

That was how it happened. Yes, he knew the risk. Yes, he wanted to do it. Yes, he could pass any physical test. No, he did n't know about mental tests, but—"please try me!" They did. And he passed. And after a perfectly interminable training in England, and another, nearly as bad, in France, here he was, after less than a week of flying with an observer and in a squadron, looking up into the face of his captain and trying to understand the unthinkable thing he was saying.

It is very much to the captain's credit that he did n't ask Clarence Reginald if he wanted to go. For Clarence Reginald behaved, as he realized afterward, very much as if he did n't want to do the one thing he was craziest to do. But the captain knew his type, if not Clarence Reginald, very well, and only smiled a little as the lad tried to recover himself.

"Better go up for an hour this morning. You don't have to get on duty until eleven. Poor Jack always said the *Silvertip* handled as easily as a training-plane; but remember that she is awfully sensitive. All those mosquitoes are. And if you find you can't feel happy in her, tell me, and I 'll get Webb out of bed. We won't get a new batch until next week, I 'm afraid—"

Clarence Reginald saluted, and came as near flying in his run to the hangar as a man on foot can. If he had had time, he might have felt sorry for the squadron, which had lost seven of its best men in two days, for the captain who would n't get new men until next week, for Webb, who had to stay in bed with a semi-sprained ankle. But he had n't time. He wanted to get into that swift little fighter, and go up, and try out his gun, and get the feel of the "joy stick," and learn for himself just how sensitive she was, and to live—to live—to satisfy himself that he was n't dreaming, but that he, Clarence Reginald,—under another name, true, but still the future Lord Chesley,—was really about to take the air in a fighting plane to defend the honor of England and of France—yes, and of America—from one of the brilliant fliers of the "flying circus" from Bocheland, across the way.

If there were only space enough in which to print it, a dozen or more pages might be used in telling how Clarence Reginald enjoyed that morning. Deep down in the back of his mind there was a feeling of grave responsibility. He knew it was no light task which sent him, almost untried, to face an experienced air-fighter. Of course, he had been under fire in the air, and he knew the machine-gun, and he knew, too, without any feeling of vainglory, that he could fly. It was just as when you know you can swim well, or ride a bicycle well, or play baseball well. If it 's so, and you know it, you know it. Clarence Reginald knew he could fly—knew that he knew every trick and turn of a plane—knew that he was perfectly willing to "fly stunts" with any one. But he also knew that he knew little of air fighting, save what he had heard, seen, picked up.

"Just the same— Oh, well! I only wish Dad could see me—I suppose he 's wild!"

But the *Silvertip* left him little time for thought. She was sensitive. She was also fast. But she was easy to manage if you once got the hang of her, and when, at the end of a long, delightful, terribly short practice-hour, Clarence Reginald made a somewhat bumpy landing, trying not to make it too high up, he was satisfied that he had plenty of confidence, and that, while he might not be any ace, he was n't going to be merely a target for the "trapeze performer" who had made his sector a hunting-ground for a week.

He had a light lunch, fussed a good deal over his instruments, and bothered old Sergeant Kennedy a good deal about his tanks and his tensions.

"Ye need n't to worry, sir. She 's tuned to a hair. Poor Ja—the lootenent did n't hurt her none, poor lad! Yes, sir, them tanks won't hold another spoonful—sure, I tested the plugs myself—"

Clarence Reginald was not at all nervous. Just

before he went on duty, and after the *Silvertip* was well warmed up and just turning over and he was strapped in his seat, his captain stepped up to him for a last word.

"Just remember, I 'm not sending you up to go *looking* for a scrap. All you 've got to do is keep the Boche planes away. But don't go chasing miles into Hunland to do it. But—*keep them away.* I don't know what depends on it, but I 've word that it is vital, just now, not to have any observations over our lines."

"Yes, sir."

That was all. Clarence Reginald opened his throttle, there was a roar from the engine, the little plane started forward, rolled faster and faster, then, as the stick came back, fairly leaped into the air.

Clarence Reginald was very busy. There were four other planes going up at the same time. He had to get a mile or so up, keep his distance to right and left, look out for enemy planes, spot any white in the air that meant "Archies" were at work, get a good mental picture of the land in front of him, and at the same time see if there were any Hun specks in sight.

But except for a lot of mile-high clouds, the air was speckless. Yet it was not unexciting. Below, the lines, the buildings, the tents, the ribbons which were roads, the dots which were men, the blotches which were motors. Not far in front, the wavering snake which was the front line, and beyond, a wilderness of brown, pock-marked with craters—No Man's Land. In the dimmer distance, the occasional green of some of France—now, for the time, Hunland—not yet shot to pieces; far, far away to his left, a glimmer of silver, which was the channel; still farther, but hidden in haze, a white line—which was home.

The *Silvertip* was working beautifully. There was a steadiness to the roar which spoke of every valve perfect, every plug functioning, carburetor working as it should. There was no play to the stick, and the rudder turned with the least touch. Clarence Reginald bent the little single-seater to right and left, up and down. He was high now, a mile at least, and he throttled down his engine, then dipped for a sudden dive, to "zoom" up in a long, delightful, hair-raising climb, only to coast down again. He was above Hunland now, and turned to the west, as per orders. Straight ahead was a cloudbank, and—what was that?

Clarence Reginald had intended to climb over that cloud. Clouds are useful to hide in, but stifling to one's sense of direction. But now, with that unexplained sudden dark streak which flashed and disappeared, he changed his mind. He shot into the cloudbank as straight as he could go, then up, up, up, to come out on top of it. And—yes! There was a plane, a tiny speck of a plane, going down out of the bank, a black cross showing plainly on each wing-tip, and, farther down yet, the observation plane the Hun fighter was guarding.

Clarence Reginald had two courses open to him. He could turn, race back to his own lines, give the alarm, and have some reserve planes take the air. Or he could give chase, himself, and see what he could do with the Hun. But if he did the latter and missed, the Hun plane would get the information it went after. If he did the latter, it was a problem whether the reserve would take the air in time, and, if they did take the air, would they "get" the circus rider? And would it—

Suddenly, realization came to Clarence Reginald. He was n't doing patrol and observation work—he was in a *fighting* plane, and he had his instructions! He was to keep the trapeze performer from getting within a mile of his own lines.

Clarence Reginald smiled. There was a chilly feeling up his backbone, but it was because he was afraid he might fail, not because he was afraid. Airmen are not afraid. They can't be, you know, and be airmen. Your life does n't count when you are in the air. It is n't that you don't care for your life, but that you care so much more, so infinitely much more, to do the job you have sworn to do. What 's one life against a regiment? And the Hun must n't get the information—

Clarence Reginald was diving. He was diving with his motor full on, too, for in no other way could he hope to catch up with the swiftly flying plane below. And diving with your motor on means that you not only fall, but that you fly *down* the air, and two hundred miles an hour, or even more, is not an excessive speed for such a performance. The danger comes when you flatten out after the dive—do it too steeply, and your wings collapse.

But Clarence Reginald did n't think of that. He thought only of that black-crossed plane and thanked his stars that he had dived into the cloud. For apparently the Hun did n't see him.

Clarence Reginald looked to his gun. He knew it was ready, but he looked at it. Closer now, closer—bigger, bigger—the Hun plane was losing in the race—

Clarence Reginald opened fire. It was too soon, and he knew it was too soon, but he just could n't help it. There was a spluttering crash. The little smoke-bullets told him he was shooting

over the enemy. Push the stick—so—again—pull the trigger—

Perhaps it was luck, perhaps it was surprise. But Clarence Reginald had the wonderful luck to hit the gas-tank, to see a flash of flame and smoke, to watch the Hun plane falter and wobble—then to see it whirl into a nose dive, a flaming torch. Clarence Reginald dived after it, close enough to the ground to watch it crash, a crumpled mass. Then he turned, climbed again, and began looking for the observation plane.

But he had no time to look. There was a rattle behind him, and, oddly, the fabric of his left plane tore. There was a rattle to his right, and a smoke-bullet went past his nose. Clarence Reginald suddenly came to the realization that there were two Hun planes in his immediate vicinity, that both of them were shooting at him, and that, if he did n't do something mighty soon, the chances were that he would follow the unfortunate he had just sent down.

It was entirely instinctive—not conscious thought. Clarence Reginald pulled on his stick, turned *Silvertip's* nose upward, jerked the motor on full, and did a loop. There is nothing much more confusing to an enemy one is close to than to loop right under his nose. The only trouble is that if he is shooting straight, he will probably get you as you go over and end any possible chance for a retaliation. But if he does n't get you, you flatten out behind, and then, if he is a single-seater, you have the range and he has n't.

So Clarence Reginald looped. And one of the two machines was a single-seater, which has a gun which is pointed only by pointing the whole plane. But the other was one of the new Hun two-seaters, with a mobile gun and a man to operate it. And Clarence Reginald knew there was no chance for him to fight them both and live. So he turned to the one asset he had—speed, and, first diving, fled. After him came the two.

As he fled, there was a succession of pictures before Clarence Reginald's eyes. Home, his mother, his father, the captain, Webb, poor Jack, in whose plane he flew, England, France—

There was a sudden stinging pain in his shoulder. And suddenly Clarence Reginald got mad. Before, it had been almost a game. Now he was angry. They were two; he was only one. The captain had said it was his job to keep them a mile from his own lines; and here he was fairly streaking it for his own lines and leading two Huns after him. It would n't do. It was n't playing the game. And they had hit him—confound their good shooting! His shoulder felt as if some one had struck it with a baseball bat.

Clarence Reginald did another loop. He did it deliberately. He knew he was taking a fearful chance, but that was what he wanted. His blood was up, and he was n't going to fly home just because they had two guns to his one. He had n't worked his way to a battle-plane for that. Ancestors who fought at Hastings in armor would n't do that. Of course, ancestors who fought at Hastings never heard of a battle-plane—

His loop brought him once again above the single-seater. And when he saw it, Clarence Reginald made up his mind that if it was his last one, he 'd forget the two-seater and "get" the single-seater. So he dived straight at it, firing as he came. The two-seater was above him, now, and shooting at him. There were rents in his plane and splinters in his fuselage. Why he was n't killed, he did n't know. How his propeller and his gas-tank escaped, he did n't know. He only knew that—

"Ah! You would, would you? Well, not today! Your friend will get me in a minute, but I 've settled *you* for all time—"

Clarence Reginald exulted. The single-seater was spinning, spinning down. It might be a dive, but it looked like a fall. Well, he would soon follow. There was n't a chance, now. They had the wind, the sun, the range, all he could do was dive—

What?—mist—a cloud—

Clarence Reginald found himself enveloped in a white covering. And—was this instinctive, also? As once before, he turned the nose of the plane straight up, and climbed, climbed, climbed. When he emerged, he laughed. For there, so close he could all but count the stitches in the wings, was the Hun two-seater—not twenty feet below him, not fifty to his left. It, too, must have climbed as it entered the cloudbank. But the *Silvertip* climbed the faster.

"Got you—" cried Clarence Reginald to himself, and pressed the trigger.

There was a single report—no more. Then the disheartening truth came home to him—his gun was jammed! Desperately he worked at it, but it refused to unlimber. The Hun, so close, was even then training his gun—his mobile gun. There was no such thing as missing at that distance. Well, it had been a good fight. He had sent down two—and the *Silvertip,* poor Jack's *Silvertip,* had done nobly. It was a shame she should be shot down—

"She sha' n't be! We 've got to go down, but we 'll all go together!"

Then Clarence Reginald did the unthinkable thing—the thing that almost never happens be-

cause almost never do two planes get in such a position that the one chance in a million is all that is left. Straight for the pointing gun he headed the *Silvertip*—jamming his joy stick down and banking sharply. The little plane responded, as the little plane always does, almost instantly. The Hun pressed his trigger and the bullets flew, but the expression on the German's face told Clarence Reginald that his suicidal manœuver had spoiled a good aim. Clarence Reginald yelled. He could hardly hear his own yell, but it was one of exultation. Then his propeller bit into the wing in front of him, there was a splintering crash, heard even above the roar of the two motors, and a chaotic drop, a terrific fall, as two planes, one large, one small, two men and one lad, soldiers all three, locked in an inextricable embrace—propellers, wings, spars, one tangle of mess that was once two planes—hurtled earthward.



"STILL CONSCIOUS ENOUGH TO WAVE TO THOSE WHO CAME RUNNING."

THE story ought to end here. Clarence Reginald ought to have been killed. He had a bullet in his shoulder, one in his left arm, and one in his chest. The fall should have killed him, anyway, if the bullets did n't. But just before they reached the ground, the two machines fell apart. For the third time, by instinct, Clarence Reginald pulled on his joy stick. Whether it was because the air gods are kind to the foolhardy, the highly courageous, whether it was, as old Sergeant Kennedy said, "the *Silvertip* just would n't bust herself against a Hun plane," or whether, as a comrade aviator remarked, it was simply that Clarence Reginald must have been born to be hung, no one knows. But the battered wreck of a plane responded, all engineless and propellerless as she was, gave one last lurch of life and lift, and, instead of crashing flat, "pancaking" to earth, she staggered a moment, hesitated, then, in a wavering glide, half fell, half slid to earth. When the *Silvertip* finally crashed, a scant quarter-mile inside its own lines, Clarence Reginald was still alive, and still conscious enough to wave a feeble arm to those who came running.

Clarence Reginald is at Chesley Hall. It will be long before he flies again, because his lithe body is all battered to pieces with Hun bullets and broken bones and torn muscles. But the doctors say he is n't half the wreck the *Silvertip* is, and that if he has n't any right to be alive at all, still, he is, and plainly good enough to be a Hun target again. So he goes back into service in two months' time, as an instructor in air fighting, if you please, and he goes under his own name, with a father's handshake and blessing, and a father's permission on a new set of papers.

Lord Chesley does n't do all the giving, however. "You keep it for me, Dad," says Clarence Reginald. "It was just luck, I know, but I don't want to lose it."

"Should think not, indeed!" snorts Lord Chesley, trying not to look like a peacock with pride.

"It" is the D. S. O.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

BY JOHN B. MAY, M.D.

EVERY year more and more girls and boys are becoming acquainted with the charms of canoeing. Hundreds of them will be taught to paddle by their councilors in camps this summer; but many more of them will learn without any instruction at all, and the resulting incorrect methods will rob them of much of the pleasure to which they are entitled, and, what is far worse, may lead them through ignorance into needlessly dangerous positions.

There is one right way to paddle, subject to adaptations for certain varying conditions. In an article of this length, only the fundamentals of right paddling can be taught, leaving the variations and refinements to the teachings of experience; nor is there room here to describe the choice of a canoe or paddle to meet one's individual requirements, except to say that the latter should reach from the ground to about opposite the paddler's eyes.

The ordinary seventeen- or eighteen-foot canvas canoe in common use in summer camps has a seat near each end, a brace or thwart about two thirds of the length from the bow, and another thwart just behind the bow seat. When more than one person is to paddle, this latter thwart should be moved to midway between the bow seat and the other thwart to allow better distribution of weight. It is so located in some of the larger "guides' model" canoes.



FIGURE 1. INCORRECT PADDLING POSITION.

First comes the correct position in the canoe. *Always kneel.* Ninety-nine out of one hundred canoeists in New England—and New England is the headquarters of pleasure paddling as it is of organized camping—sit on the little cane seats at the two ends of the canoe. This is absolutely wrong. These seats should only be used when there are passengers or a heavy load of duffel in the middle of the canoe, or when cruising in swift waters. And even then the paddlers should not *sit* on the seats, but should half kneel on the bottom of the canoe and half sit against the edge of the seat, the knees well apart and the toes pointed straight backward. There are two very excellent reasons for choosing this kneeling position: first, the much greater stability which is given to the canoe; and second, the increased leverage which is given to the paddle.

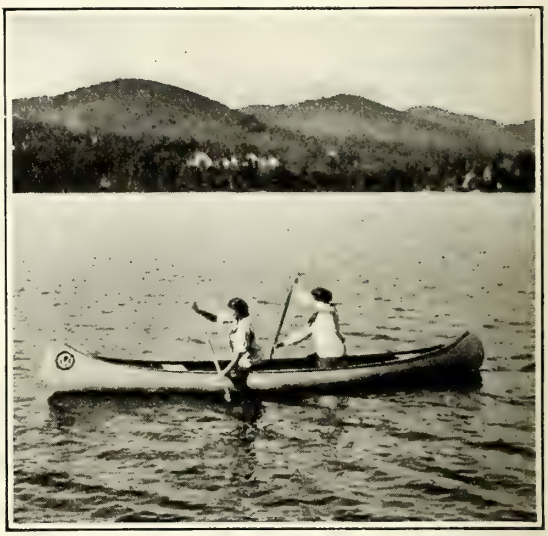


FIGURE 2. CORRECT "TANDEM" POSITION.

Figure one shows two paddlers in the customary, but incorrect, position, "cocked up on a cane seat," knees high, centre of gravity far above the water-line, and the weight in the two ends of the canoe, where the craft is only about half as wide as it is amidships. Figure two shows the correct "tandem" position, the paddlers kneeling against the two middle braces, much more of the weight being below the gunwales, the spread knees giving a broad base to support the weight in the widest part of the canoe, while the body, lightly poised against the thwart, is able to swing gracefully back and forth with each stroke, or give a little sideways as the canoe tosses on the waves.

The heaviest member of a crew usually takes the stern, or steering, position. When three are paddling, they use the bow and the two stern braces, or, turning the canoe stern first, use the three thwarts nearest amidships. With four paddling, of course, all four braces are used, care being taken that the bow pair of paddlers are lighter than the stern pair of the "club four," as it is called.

The ideal method of teaching paddling, in my opinion, is to place your beginners in the middle of such a club four. With an experienced paddler in the bow to set the stroke and a good coach in the stern to give instructions, after one or two lessons the novices should have mastered straight



FIGURE 3. KNEELING POSITION, FRONT VIEW.

paddling and be ready for individual instruction in steering and the other refinements of paddling. But a careful study of this article and its pictures should furnish adequate directions for those girls and boys who must "go it alone."

The paddle is divided into the *blade* and the *shaft,* or handle, the upper end of the latter being sometimes spoken of as the *knob end.* For simplicity, we will speak of the paddler's hands as the *upper hand,* that which grasps the knob end, and the *lower hand,* that which holds the shaft just above the blade of the paddle.

The paddle is held lightly, but firmly. The knob end rests in the cup of the palm of the upper hand, the fingers and thumbs curled over and around the knob so that it cannot slip out. The fingers of the lower hand grasp the shaft just above the blade, and act merely as a swing-

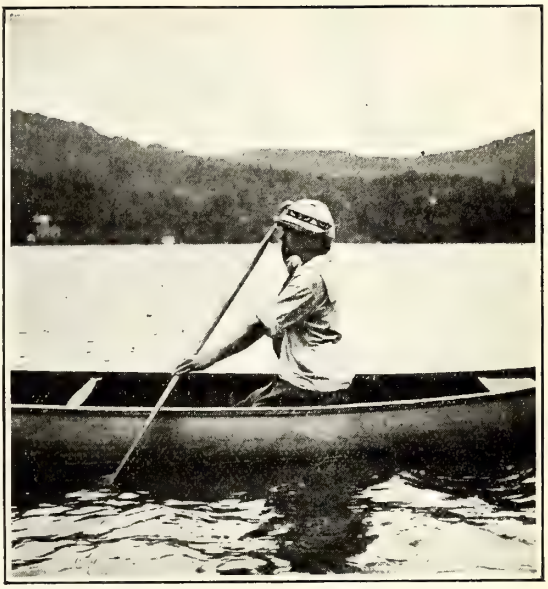


FIGURE 4. BEGINNING OF STROKE FROM LEFT SIDE.

ing fulcrum throughout both the stroke and the recovery. The entire lower arm swings loosely at the side, nearly straight, back and forth with each stroke, in almost exactly the way the arm swings in walking. The upper arm supplies most of the force applied to the paddle, directs it throughout the stroke, and gives it the final twist which is necessary in order to maintain a straight course when one is paddling alone.

To hold the paddle too tightly, results in

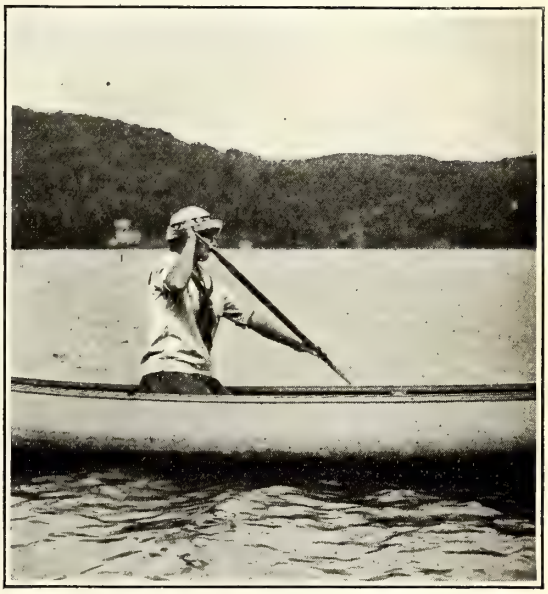


FIGURE 5. BEGINNING OF STROKE FROM RIGHT SIDE.

cramped action and quickly tired forearm muscles. While the fingers are curved around the end of the paddle to control it, the pressure of the hand holds the knob firmly in the cup of the palm, and much of the force applied is simply the *weight* of the body thrown *against* the paddle. And the lower arm really does so little work and swings so comfortably back and forth that it is

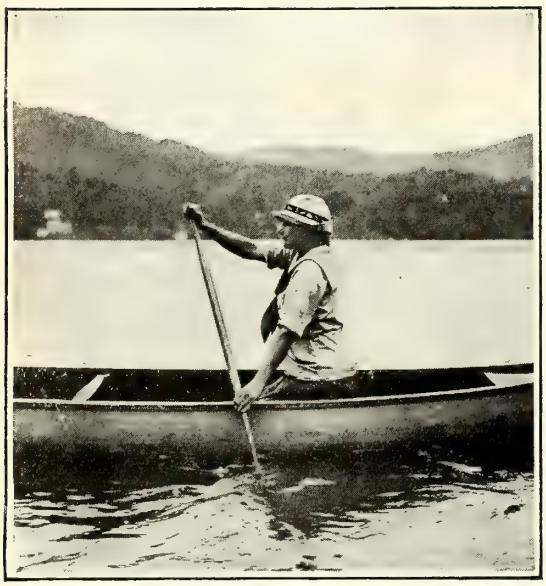


FIGURE 6. MIDDLE OF STROKE.

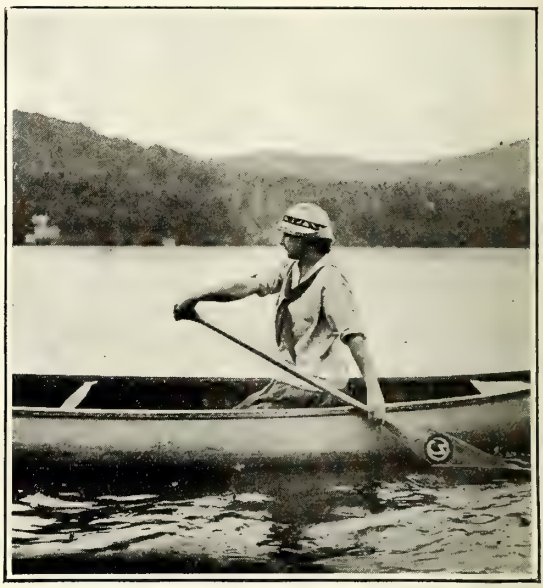


FIGURE 7. FINISH OF STROKE FROM LEFT SIDE.

not fatigued, and it is ready to exchange duties with the harder-working upper arm whenever a rest is desired.

Figure three shows a lone paddler kneeling on a thin life-preserver cushion in front of the number three thwart. (The camera made the upper arm seem rather high and awkward.) Take this position at the edge of your piazza, or on a Gloucester hammock, and practice the directions as given until you understand each motion.

Figures four and five show the position at the very beginning of the stroke. The lower arm, nearly straight, is swung forward as far as is comfortable. There should be nothing *forced* about paddling. The upper arm is bent at the elbow, the hand on the paddle knob being about opposite the ear, the thumb toward the body. The blade cuts into the water nearly at right angles to the course of the canoe, the upper arm straightens out, with a push ahead from the shoulder, while at the same time the lower arm swings straight back as a traveling fulcrum, and in figure six we see the position at about the middle of the stroke. As the upper arm is being straightened, the paddler leans forward a little, throwing her weight against the paddle, thus "using the weight to save the muscles."

From now on, both arms are virtually straight, except for the wrist action. The upper hand drops downward, while the lower continues its backward swing until the stroke is finished. Then the upper hand swings across the canoe to its own side, the lower hand swings a very little outward, the paddle is thereby whipped out of the water sideways, and the recovery is made with the paddle in a nearly horizontal position. Figures seven and eight show the end of the stroke, and figure nine shows the paddle swinging forward during the recovery.

As the blade swings in front of the body-line in recovering, the upper arm bends at the elbow, the upper hand is raised until opposite the ear again, and the next stroke begins, the whole becoming, with practice, an easy, continuous motion.

So much for "straight paddling." A stroke taken in this way will, however, continually turn the canoe toward the side away from the paddle when one is paddling alone. Hence the "steering twist" must be learned next, and here again ninety-nine out of one hundred self-taught canoeists go wrong. This twist is made with the upper hand, or wrist, at the very end of the stroke, just before the paddle is swung sideways out of the water for the recovery, and is well shown in figures seven and eight. As the upper arm begins to drop down after the straight push from the shoulder, the hand holding the knob is turned so that it becomes thumb down (never thumb

up), the back of the hand being always toward the paddler's face. This changes the cross-section of the paddle blade from right angles to the canoe's course to parallel with its course, the inner edge of the blade becoming the upper edge, and the paddle changes its function from a propelling instrument to a rudder. The upper hand now completing its stroke by swinging across the canoe, as described in the preceding paragraphs, the blade, which is still in the water, is given a sideways thrust, away from the canoe, just sufficient to offset the natural swing of the canoe and keep it on a straight course. (The amount of this side-thrust necessary can only be learned by experience.) Then the paddle is whipped out of the water for its horizontal recovery as before.

Having learned straight paddling and the steering twist, practice and the use of a little common sense will soon make one an expert. Imagine your canoe as supported on a pivot amidships. If there is equal power applied on both sides of your canoe, as when two of equal strength are paddling, the canoe will go straight ahead. If the helmsman's side is more powerful, he must use the steering twist described above. If his side is weaker, instead of pulling his stroke in a line parallel to the keel of the canoe, he must reach out a little sideways at the beginning of the stroke, dipping his blade into the water at a little distance from the canoe, and pulling the stroke diagonally toward the canoe, omitting the steering twist at the end of the stroke. This modification of the straight stroke is known as "drawing."

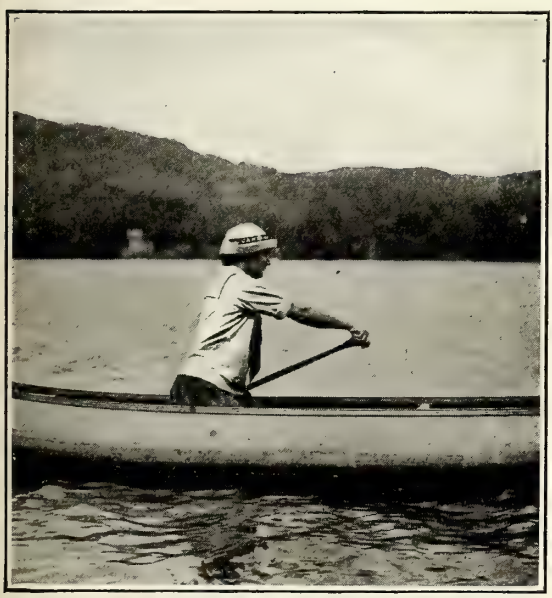


FIGURE 8. FINISH OF STROKE FROM RIGHT SIDE.

After you study and apply the straight paddling stroke, the steering twist, and the "draw," you will be sufficiently equipped for most needs. A zigzaging modification of the draw becomes the sculling stroke; a change in recovery makes the silent "Indian stroke," wherein the blade never leaves the water; and for quick work in rough water and in rapids the bow paddler should be adept at the "right sheer" and the "left sheer." When you have learned these tricks, and the racing stroke, and gunwale paddling, and poling up-stream, and a few other things, you will begin to appreciate the debt we owe to the Indian for our legacy of the graceful craft we have learned to love.

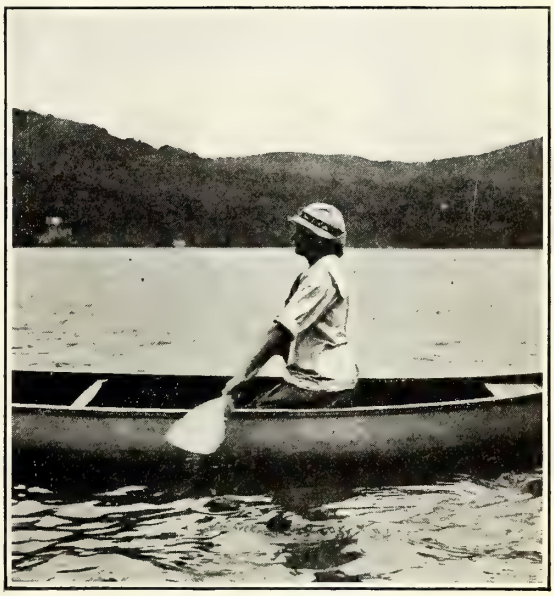


FIGURE 9. DURING RECOVERY.

SOME DON'TS FOR BEGINNERS

Don't begin until you can swim *well.*
Don't sit on the seats. *It is not safe.*
Don't begin the stroke with the upper arm straight. Push out!
Don't lean back during the stroke, as in rowing. Lean forward!
Don't turn your thumb up in the steering twist.
Don't bend the arms in the beginning of the recovery.
Don't think, because you have followed directions, you "know it all."
Don't take chances. The wind or the current may be stronger than you are.



"HIS QUICK SHOT KILLED THE SNAKE AND STRUCK THE ROCK BEHIND IT."

ONE BULLET EARNS $50,000

AND SOME OTHER LUCKY ACCIDENTS

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

A WELL-KNOWN citizen of Nevada has teamed through the Calico Cañon for years. On a trip two years ago a rear wheel of his heavily loaded wagon broke down, and so he unhitched his six mules, built a fire, and camped down for the night. Some time before dawn he roused up and saw a big rattlesnake coiled against the rock close by. His hand stole to his hip, drew his revolver, and his quick shot killed the snake and struck the rock behind it. Instantly the light of his fire lit up some sparkling grains, and the man jumped over to look at them. They were gold!

He chipped out a few pounds of the ore, staked a claim, left his wagon, and drove his string of mules into Elko, where an assay of the ore showed $150 in gold and 900 ounces of silver to the ton. Several monied men drove out to the prospect with him, made further investigations, and paid him fifty thousand dollars for his claim.

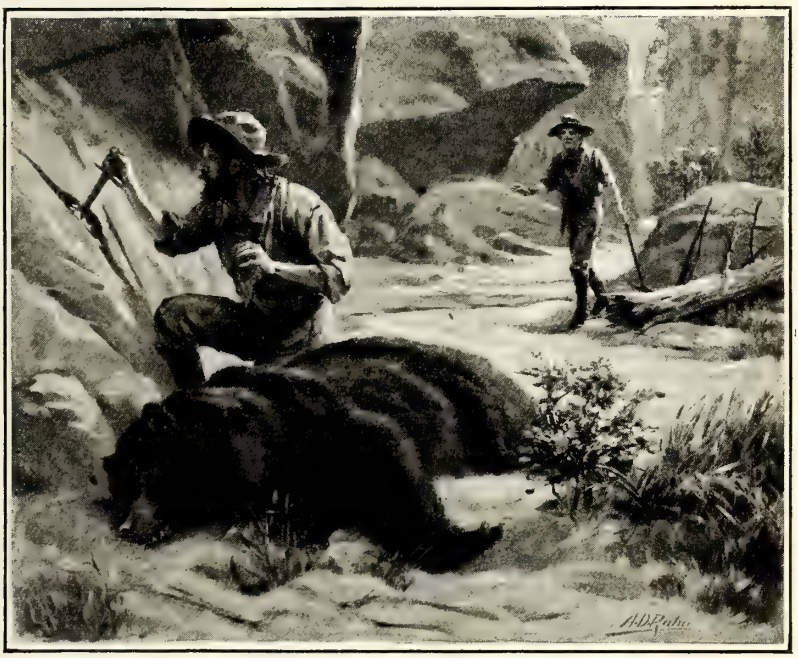
That fire had been built on the ash-bed of an old camp-fire where a couple of unsuccessful prospectors had camped for four weeks, looking for gold or any other metal.

Excepting the tenderfoot, no man in the great mining country of the west will gasp at that story, for almost every great discovery—and a large proportion of small discoveries—of precious metals has been by accident, and often on ground where scores of prospectors and even mining-engineers had searched in vain for months or years.

The first gleam of native gold ever seen in California was discovered when repairs were being made to a small mill owned by Colonel Sutter. That was in 1848, and a year later California was teeming with the furious rush of the gold-seekers of '49.

The marvelous Comstock mines were exposed by a series of astounding mishaps, chances, and trifling accidents. Ophir, the maker of millionaires, was discovered by two parched, despairing explorers, shoveling out a small well in the frantic hope of finding water. Mercur, one of the great silver bonanzas in Utah, was accidentally discovered, has been abandoned three times, and yielded millions whenever work was resumed.

The first nugget of gold discovered in Australia was kicked out of the ground by a starving, escaped convict, grubbing for some edible roots. At another point on that island continent the frantic rush to Meroo Creek was caused by a native black, employed as a sheep-herder. He was practising throwing his hatchet at a tree, struck a rock, and exposed a nugget weighing 102 pounds 9 ounces, valued at over $20,000. In Western Australia a sheepman, Bayley, was traveling across a vast stretch of barren country. One night his tied horse was stung by some insect and plunged furiously. After Bayley had quieted him and tied him on fresh ground he crossed the soil torn up by the horse's hoofs and stumbled over a lump they had kicked up. It was a large nugget of clear gold, worth $4000.



"HIS KNIFE UNCOVERED A SMALL NUGGET OF GOLD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

A South African farmer named Van Wyk built himself a clay house, similar to the adobe buildings of southern California. Some time after, as the rains washed away the outer surface of the clay, he saw some strange white stones. They were diamonds. He dug in the original clay bed for more and found them. Thus started the marvelous Kimberly and De Beers mines, the greatest sources of the world's diamond-supplies.

A boy in Virginia, in the year 1760, was digging worms for bait when he chipped into some shining black rock. That was the first soft coal found in America. Thirty years later a settler in the Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, went hunting. He had to camp out, and built a fire which, to his astonishment and alarm, burnt clear into the ground, making an intensely hot fire without any wood being added. This was the first hard coal discovered in our country.

In the year 1850 a couple of land-viewers were in the Carson Valley, in Nevada. One of them, John Orr, about to skin a bear, stuck his knife into a crevice in a rock and uncovered a small nugget of gold. They called the gulch the "Gold Cañon," and during the next half dozen years the gold in that cañon drew thousands of miners from the California fields.

There was a little stream in that cañon which had its source far up the slopes of the stupendous Mount Davidson. Prospectors worked up that stream and into the cross gulches, finding much gold and often digging into masses of peculiarly hard, stiff, blue clay, on which they heaped lurid adjectives as being uselessly in the way. Many camps were formed about the great mountain. Thousands of miners were there, searching every little gulch and stream for gold.

A prospector leading a pack-burro sneaked off alone to one of the surrounding hills. Crossing a stream, his burro went lame, and, when he examined the hoof, he dug out a small nugget. For four days he worked there without seeing any one, and he panned out nearly $3000 worth of dust. Then other prospectors saw him, and the news spread. In another four days over one thousand wild, excited men were camped there, staking claims up and down the stream.

A Mexican in one of the camps stole a horse and rode into the hills. The owner of the horse, with a companion, picked up the trail and followed it, vowing the usual vengeance. For two days they trailed the man through gulches and cañons, and finally came to a tiny stream, into which one of the men, almost by instinct, reached down, pulling out a handful of black sand and some gold nuggets as large as peas. With their hands alone they dug out, before dark, over six ounces of gold. In two days two hundred other men had come. In two months the gulch was a roaring camp of two thousand men.

So it went for six years. New discoveries and continual frantic searches, while the true Comstock Lode—the marvelous treasure-house of marvelous wealth—lay within a few hundred feet, unknown and unsought for.

Then one day a farmer from a distant ranch came into Virginia City with a load of supplies. He knew nothing of ores or minerals, but he picked up a lump of the curious, despised blue clay and slipped it into his pocket. He had a friend in San Francisco, an assayer, and he sent the lump to him. The assay showed that the "wretched stuff" contained $1595 in gold and $4791 in silver to the ton. San Francisco men of capital rushed into the Comstock region and bought up all the cheap, abandoned claims they could secure. Then came in power-machinery; tunnels were driven and shafts sunk, and the great Comstock Lode was at last revealed—the lode that made multi-millionaires of the "Big Four" Californians—Fair and Mackay, Flood and O'Brien—and the fortunes of a score of others.

A retired miner living in Salt Lake City, who was well acquainted with Stratton, the discoverer of the stupendous wealth of a famous Colorado "find," says that the latter was a grocery clerk in Denver who scraped together a few dollars for a pack of provisions and a burro. Then he took to the mountains to look for gold. He knew no more about rocks and ores than he knew about fishing for cod on the Grand Banks, but his third night's camp-fire was built against the face of an enormous mass of rock. He was prodigal with fuel, and the roaring heat cracked that rock and, in doing so, revealed the metal which not even he could mistake—gold!

It was an outcropping vein, and it led into the enormous treasure-vaults of Cripple Creek.

There are as many prospectors to-day in the Rockies and the Sierras, and the interminable mountain-ranges between, as there ever were; and there are startling, unexpected discoveries continually being made. But, unless they lead to great bonanzas, they are seldom heard of.

Life in a mineral country is full of unexpectedness, and strange adventures are so frequent as to cause little or no surprise or comment among those to whom the unexpected happens.

But of the great discoveries, with their results in untold millions of wealth, the first nuggets or the first few grains of gold are immortalized by what they led to.



MY UNCLE SAM

BY H. N. MACCRACKEN

National Director, Red Cross Junior Membership

Secretary Baker says the French call our boys "Sammies" because the people in the French towns used to call out, "Nos amis!" (pronounced no zammee)—"Our friends!"—when the Americans went through. But *I* think it 's because they 're just nephews of old Uncle Sam.

My father used to tell me that his great-uncle, Major Samuel Wilson, was quartermaster in Washington's army, and that when the supplies came in marked "U.S.," the boys in the army used to cry, "More food for Uncle Sam!" When the war was over the army took this saying to every part of the land, and "Uncle Sam" soon displaced "Brother Jonathan" as the favorite nickname for our country.

In pictures and phrase "Uncle Sam" is still, for good or ill, our national figure. He incarnates the American character. What can you see in him?

To me he means a happy blending of four cardinal virtues which are typical of the American: shrewdness and energy, kindness and humor. If Uncle Sam were only shrewd and energetic, he might be a very stingy old specimen, not at all to be admired. Sometimes our good friends across the water have only seen this side of him. If Uncle Sam were only kind and humorous, he might be a shiftless good-for-nothing. But, fortunately for us all, energy and shrewdness give him power without waste, while kindness and humor make him human and friendly.

My work in the Red Cross this year for the 8,000,000 Junior Members has taught me that its work has the spirit of Uncle Sam's four cardinal virtues. We try to make the American character speak through the deeds of Red Cross service—full of energy and efficient shrewdness, cheery humor and invincible kindness.

A MESSAGE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

BY CLARA D. NOYES

President of The American Nurses' Association and Director of The Bureau of Field Nursing Service, American Red Cross

If you are the sister of the boy whom you once helped to pass many weary hours in bed by marching toy soldiers up and down the land of counterpane; if you are the girl who used to bandage her dolls and nurse them back to health; then the American Red Cross has a special message for you.

The boy is now in khaki—at this moment he may be going over the top. He may be the one who is thinking about the snack his mother used

to leave on the ice-box shelf as he munches a sandwich over the counter of a Red Cross canteen; or it may be he over whom the doctors and nurses are bending to-night in that far-off hospital ward in France.

No matter what the special fortune of that brother is to-day, his sister is asking, "What can I do to help most in the war?" Dolls are behind



Photograph by E. F. Foley

MISS CLARA D. NOYES.

her and the high-school lessons are finished. She cannot, of course, go direct to nurse the father or brother she has given to the war; and yet, if she is an average girl, she has probably had the dream of nursing in this war.

The country needs trained nurses—almost more than any other thing. The Surgeon General of the United States Army has called for thirty thousand trained nurses by next Christmas-time.

In this call lies the opportunity for war work on the part of the girls of America. They can set free the present trained nurses for this vital need by saying unselfishly: "Go, dear Red Cross nurses, to France. We will step into the hospitals and study so that we may take your places."

"Every girl who decides this year to become a nurse and begins to take up work in a hospital," said an old colonel, who understands well that wars are won at home as much as on the battlefield, "is really a Red Cross nurse in spirit from the moment she goes to serve her first month in the training-school."

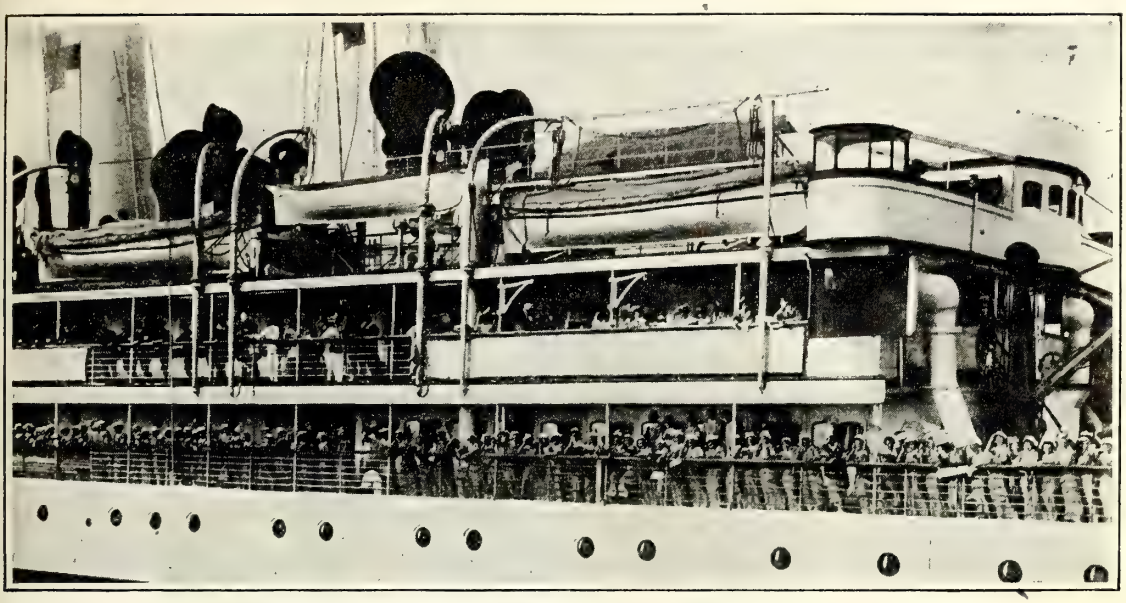
All of the best hospital training-schools require probationers to be over nineteen years of age. Those who take up this work must be strong and robust, for nursing is not easy, and only the well and cheerful are really able to pilot sick people back to the Land of Health.

Then there is another thing for girls still in school to remember, if they are thinking seriously of adopting the nurse's profession after their graduation. It is always an advantage to a student nurse if she has taken laboratory courses in school. In the training-school she is going to study chemistry and physiology and bacteriology. If she has had similar studies before, such knowledge will help her in her new work.

From now on, indefinitely, for many years to come, Uncle Sam is going to call upon every high-school graduating class to give some of its members to the nursing profession. Remember this when you are choosing your studies this coming autumn. The war may last for many years yet, and each year we may be obliged to send a Battalion of Life in gray uniforms with the Red Cross of hope on their brassards to care for future khaki armies that we may transport overseas.

Even after peace comes, the call to service will still sound for the girls of America. We shall need thousands of young women nurses to serve in the infant welfare work to make a physically stronger generation in the future. These welfare nurses are going to keep well the children of whole towns and cities. The school nurses will teach health and cleanliness. All of these nurses will be as important in their communities as doctors and teachers and ministers.

There are certain things which every girl and boy—and every man and woman, too, for that matter—can do at home to strengthen the nursing service with the Army. We must all keep well, for one thing. If a person is needlessly ill, this fact perhaps keeps at home a nurse who may be needed in France. So we should all be particularly careful of our health at this time. But if illness does come to a home, we should try to



OVER 2700 AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSES HAVE SAILED FOR FOREIGN SERVICE SINCE APRIL, 1917.

save the nurse's strength as much as possible. We must keep our nurses well. We should not wear them out. We need every one of them.

[NOTE: To girls who are interested in nursing as a career, and army nursing in particular, the Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., will, upon application, send particulars about the various nurses' training-schools of the country. The Government's newest plan for training military nurses includes training-schools for qualified novices in several of the base hospitals of the army camps and cantonments here in the United States. The Red Cross will furnish information about these army schools to those who request it.

"Exceptional devotion to the sick and wounded" in France and elsewhere in Europe is now recognized and rewarded by the Florence Nightingale Medal, the highest award which a nurse can receive and which is to her what the Victoria Cross is to a British soldier. A limited number of these medals are awarded by the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva.]

VIKINGS OF THE FUTURE

BY JAMES H. COLLINS

THOUGHTFUL American boys, watching the American fleet expand in size by millions and millions of dead-weight tons, must see in this enormous national enterprise something more than a splendid race against time and a glorious struggle against the submarine and against the difficulties of securing raw materials, of equipping shipyards and training ship-building crews. Thousands of our boys must in fancy, at least, be seeing in the decks and bridges of these new vessels the places where they themselves will be standing a few years hence as commanders.

If this is not true to-day, it must soon be true. American boys must begin again to think of the sea and look to it for their careers. These ships which we are building are no temporary makeshift, to be thrown on the scrap-heap when the war is over. Long after peace has come they will be making the Seven Seas bright with the Stars and Stripes, carrying American products to the farthest corners of the earth, and winning a great destiny for this nation.

Our ambition for ships and then more ships is boundless. If our hopes are realized, by the end of the coming year our merchant fleet will weigh twenty million tons, which means that it will be the size of the British merchant marine at the time the war broke out. And Great Britain was then the greatest maritime nation on earth, the Mistress of the Seas.

But our ambition does not stop there. In fact, we have set no limit to the ship-building under-

taking, but will build more and more vessels until the need for additional ones is gone. We have every reason to expect that the United States in turn will take her place as the greatest of seafaring countries.

Tens of thousands of new American ships mean hundreds of thousands of officers for those ships—all of them Americans, for an alien is forbidden by law to hold an executive position on an American ship. American boys of to-day will be the vikings of the future who will command these vessels. Our boys must show that in their blood is still the salt that made America preëminent at sea before the Civil War, when the American Government holding the controlling interest in the merchant marine, wages and standards of life aboard our ships are sure to be high.

The law is supposed to be a well-paid profession, yet the young lawyer must sometimes wait years for a remunerative business. I have no doubt that sea-captains as a class are better paid to-day than are lawyers. The mariner, it is true, is compelled to be absent from his home for extended periods of time, but, in return for that, an observant man gains a broad education from contact with foreign countries.

Who said that romance has left the sea? What



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE BOAT DRILL AT PELHAM BAY TRAINING STATION.

Baltimore clipper-ships were the fastest vessels that had ever floated.

Here in this new merchant navy of ours there will be—there are now—opportunities for individual advancement such as the young manhood of other nations was never fortunate enough to meet. The average boy in thinking about his future cannot afford now to overlook these opportunities.

The matter of pay alone commends the seafaring profession. We have just issued a new wage-scale which runs all the way from $125 a month for the lowest junior officers of the deck to the $375 a month which the captains of the larger vessels receive. Add to these salaries a bonus of twenty-five per cent. for service in the European war zone. Of course, these are war wages; but even after peace comes, with the could be more romantic to-day than the experiences of some of these young chaps who are serving on our new vessels? A young man of some Kansas town, who never has been within a thousand miles of salt water and whose knowledge of the sea may have been gained entirely from reading, steps into the drug store some evening to buy a soda, and, as a result of that visit, six months later finds himself, a skilled sailor, in some exciting clash with a submarine, or gazing for the first time up at the lofty bastions of Gibraltar, or buying a silver filagree ornament in Genoa to send home to his mother as a souvenir. Such things have happened already in about that fashion.

In order to show how much the Government needs men for its ships, let me tell about some of the training methods which various agencies are

employing to develop merchant sailors and officers.

The recruiting and training of sailors for the United States Shipping Board is in the hands of Henry Howard, a patriotic Boston yachtsman, who, when war was declared, brought to Washington a practical plan for manning the thousands of new ships we were then starting to build. The plan was adopted, and Mr. Howard himself was made director of the recruiting service.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

DRILLING ON THE PARADE GROUND, PELHAM BAY TRAINING STATION.

To comb the country for available young men, Mr. Howard enlisted the coöperation of an organization of retail druggists, represented with stores in nearly 6400 cities, towns, and villages. Each druggist acts as a recruiting agent for sailors. Only men of draft age—twenty-one to thirty—are taken, and the novices are taught the rudiments of their new calling in six weeks of intensive instruction aboard one of the training-ships.

There are four of these training-ships in commission now, three of them located at Boston and one at San Francisco, while others are to be stationed at Norfolk, New Orleans, and Seattle. They are big, comfortable, roomy ships. One is a former ocean greyhound which held some speed records in her day. Another, the *Calvin Austin*, a former coastwise passenger-ship, with her load of recruits in training was the first ship to reach Halifax after the disaster there.

The young man who takes this training is equipped with a uniform and receives thirty dollars a month while he is in training. The students are grouped in squads of ten, with an instructor for each squad. Eight hours a day are consumed in the study of the compass, knots and splices, the nomenclature of ships, both sail and steam, the handling of life-boats, and other important things which every sailorman must know. The training-ships spend much of their time at sea.

Mr. Howard has put spirit into the training by reviving the old sailing-ship practice of chantey singing. The sea chantey is a slow, melodious song whose measures fall into the rhythm of a gang of sailors hauling on a rope. Mr. Stanton H. King, of Boston, an old deep-water sailor, is the chantey instructor; and now on our modern, standardized, steam vessels of wood or steel, or even concrete, are to be heard such ancient windjammer tunes as "Shenandoah," "Blow the Man Down," and "Bound for the Rio Grande."

Once they get to sea on the merchant craft, drawing from sixty to ninety dollars a month if their ships enter the war zone, ambitious young sailors begin thinking about promotion. The Government's steamship regulations require a sea service of two years before a man can be examined for an officer's license. Thanks to the new seamen's law, these two years before the mast are spent under conditions vastly improved over those of the past. The standards of living and of work are in keeping with those of general industry to-day.

To fit himself for the examination given by the steamboat inspectors, the sailor can attend one of the free officers' training-schools maintained by the Shipping Board at numerous coast and lake cities. Navigation is ordinarily taught in these schools in six weeks and engineering in four. Boys of nineteen may enter such schools, but a man must be of age to secure a license, except that, under a recent modification of the rules, boys of nineteen with the equivalent of high-school educations, may be granted licenses if they can qualify for them.

Promotion thereafter, for those endowed mentally and in character for commanding rank, comes in one-year jumps. A man must serve a year as third mate before he can be examined for a second mate's ticket, and so on; so it is entirely possible for a landsman to enter the merchant marine as a common sailor and five years later step on the bridge as captain, being well paid all the way up the ladder.

And if a novice elects engine-room service, he may become chief engineer in a similar length of time.

There is a much shorter cut to the quarter-deck nowadays for young men who are of age and who have the equivalent of high-school educations; that is, they must have a good understanding of trigonometry and logarithms. Many of the new ships are being turned over to the Navy at once for the overseas transport service. The Navy mans these ships with auxiliary reserve officers, who are not under the jurisdiction of the steamboat inspection service. So the Navy is taking physically and mentally qualified young men and making engineer and deck officers of them in four months of intensive training at its special schools at Pelham Bay, New York, and Stevens Institute, New Jersey.

These officers are being graduated at the rate of two hundred a month in navigation and one hundred a month in engineering. There are more than six thousand of these students at Pelham Bay, and new ones are entering at the rate of one hundred a day. While most of these men expect to serve only during the war, the Government believes that many of them will so learn to love the sea that they will remain in the merchant service when peace comes.

The Government needs and wants the American boys on its ships. Our officers will always be Americans, but we need Americans in the crews, also, to a large extent. I believe the time will come when we shall make provision for taking boys younger than we now receive them. The very foundation of a permanent supply of American seafarers lies in having more American boys at sea.

AN INVESTMENT FOR A DIME

Twenty-four children of the Republic Club, under the auspices of the Grand Rapids D. A. R., have adopted a French —— poultry farm! This adoption took place at the Flag Day Rally as the children's personal offering to France. The adopted farm means a source of food-supply to many more hungry French children than these twenty-four Grand Rapids children could afford to feed.

If twenty-four children in America adopt twenty-four children in France, the cost amounts to $1728; or, if these same twenty-four children paid half the cost of supporting an orphan,—as many people have done and the French Government pays the other half,—the price would be $864. The cost of a poultry-farm is $400, and its returns run up like compound interest.

In order to raise the $400 necessary to establish a poultry-farm, chicken buttons are sold at ten cents apiece. "I have a chicken in France," is the motto around the button, and it does n't take long to sell the buttons.

The children of Grand Rapids are going to give four thousand dimes, and these dimes will represent personal sacrifice of the children. The rules of the patriotic club eliminate all dimes given by parents for the cause, and all payment for doing household duties that should be done voluntarily. The dimes must come from self-denial. Two soda-waters given up, two car-fares, chewing-gum, or marbles, a new hair-ribbon or neck-tie. The girl or boy who wears an old, faded ribbon or tie that has been washed and ironed must wear it with head held high, for it is a badge of honor that testifies that the wearer has denied self to serve France. In serving France, remember, we are serving America. If we feed her children and her refugees and her armies, we are feeding those people who, for three years, have held back the brutal enemy and have suffered the hunger and blows and devastation that our country will never know.

A dime is a small investment, but four thousand dimes mean over fifty thousand chickens that are raised in France, and not taken out of America and sent in cold storage to occupy the room in transportation that should be given to carrying men and munitions.

Also, the four hundred dollars invested in the installation of a farm pays the wages of a soldier incapacitated from going back to the trenches, and gives him employment and makes him useful and self-supporting for one year while he acts as poultry-man to his multiplying brood.

The more chicks raised in France, the fewer we have to raise in America; so while we are helping the food-supply of France, we are helping France to help America.

MOBILIZING MOLLY

BY T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

To Molly the days of the freshening spring were usually days of increasing joy. In her beautiful and beloved valley, spring came late, the ridges of snow beneath the precipices on the southern side lasting sometimes into May. But the first birds came in March, the first flowers in April, the wild strawberries began to ripen in sheltered spots soon after, and Molly would not have exchanged her valley for any other sort of paradise from then on. She was an outdoor girl, sixteen, straight and strong as one of those pliant white birches behind the garden, and pretty as a wild-raspberry bloom.

But the second spring of the war had darkened the lovely season for her. Each week brought a new misfortune. Her brother in France had been wounded, not seriously, but badly enough to make her mother worry. Her other brother, in February, had gone south for his training. This threw the responsibility and labor of the home on her mother and herself. The increased cost of everything had made it necessary for them to arrange to take a boarder. With the worry, the work, and this new humiliation, Molly felt that her sorrows were indeed complete. Despite her secret ambition to go to college, she was a wild thing, happiest while strawberrying, or up at her Uncle Andrew's sugar-camp. And now to be tied down to the ceaseless duties of housekeeping and for a strange man!

"Oh! Why was n't I a man?" she would sigh into the dish-pan, "then I could go to France, too."

"There must be soldiers in the home," her mother would say. She was a little woman, and had been a home-soldier ever since Molly's father had been killed in the log-drive five years before. Her quiet bravery had not only kept her smiling for her children's sake, but had enabled her to give them all the comforts and advantages that the valley knew. Even now, when the stress of outside events was slowly depriving her of all she lived for, she had cheerfulness to spare for Molly's lack of it.

"He may be a Godsend to us," she had replied when Molly had been complaining about the expected boarder. But Molly had gone out to milk the cow, wishing that dishes, boarders, cows would stop intruding upon her dreams and wanderings about the lovely valley, which, at that very moment, was beckoning to her with its swift lights and shadows of fleeting April sunshine.

The boarder arrived the next morning on the mail-stage from the Forks. It was worse than Molly had expected. He was young, but he walked with a cane. He might have been good-looking; but one eye was tightly bandaged. He went at once to bed. He gave her mother a list of things that were essential to his comfort—hot water in the bath at seven every morning, much bandaging, mail trips at extra times, quiet.

"I am a slave," said Molly, that first evening, after returning from her two-mile walk to the village drug-store.

"It is war time," said her mother, "and to-day you have started your first bank-account. Be grateful, Molly-love. I know that our good fortune has begun to-day."

But Molly went to bed wondering how her mother could still believe in good fortune. And the next few days increased her melancholy. Only one thing brightened her spirits, which were getting accustomed to an unnatural gloom. This was the mystery that clothed their boarder. She had found out just a tantalizing little—that his letters came addressed to "Lieut. Hodges Reed;" that he had lost the sight of one eye in battle, further circumstances unknown; that he could n't yet be thirty, despite the cane; that he insisted on paying for extra favors, of which he required many.

In a short time he insisted, also, upon being treated as one of the family. He would not let Mrs. Hatton serve him and eat afterward.

"Do me the favor of allowing me to enjoy your company," he had said; "eating becomes merely feeding when one does it alone."

"But officers may not eat with the rank and file," said Mrs. Hatton, smiling.

"Officers command, madam," he smiled, too; and Lieutenant Reed's smile was a compulsory sort of thing. Henceforth the table was set for three.

Within the week the young officer was helping with the chores.

"I am going to learn how to milk," he had told Molly; "it will liberate you for some more congenial duty."

"Yes, that 's right," replied Molly, just a little ungraciously; "there 's always some other duty." Molly was finding it a bit hard to maintain a comfortable sulk in the face of this young man's cheer. He never alluded to his blinded eye.

"'It is war,' we learned to say over there," he replied, studying her face, so charming despite the cloud of her discontent. He was forming a plan. That evening he talked it over with Mrs. Hatton, who was only too ready to agree. She had liked and had now come, in the short time that he had been fitting himself into their household, to trust and perhaps even to rely a little on this strange, young, unknown officer.

"It 's a great scheme," she said.

"Sure to work. We 'll make a man out of Molly yet," laughed the lieutenant.

The next day's paper brought dark news, and, also, Lieutenant Reed's opportunity. The Russians had had new reverses; the war's end was obviously a long way off; even greater expenditures and greater economies were necessary. The officer explained some of the reasons for fresh courage to the mother and daughter at the lunch-table. Then, while Mrs. Hatton did the dishes, he went out with Molly to work with the chickens. And after he had let her pour out her woes for a while he said:

"Molly, what you need is to be mobilized."

She stopped her half listless brushing of the roosts with whitewash. "Mobilized? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you 've got to get yourself together, face the war, get the most out of your resources, and beat the enemy. Do you understand, *beat the enemy.*"

"The enemy? Why, the enemy is three thousand miles away!"

"The flesh and blood enemy is, but his allies, fear, wastefulness, despondency, cowardice, laziness, the whole list of them, are everywhere. His allies are what the women, the children, and—and the wounded have to fight, while our whole men are confronting him. I tell you, Molly, every person who is n't under mobilization is helping the enemy."

In her surprise Molly let slip the brush.

"How do you mobilize?" she asked. All of a sudden this boarder, this man who by a smile could make her mother smile, who by just asking her to do something could make it seem a pleasant thing to do, this mysterious officer, so cheery, so pathetically wounded, seemed beyond her. He seemed a person she liked, but who would not necessarily like her. She wanted to please him, especially just now, when, leaning on his cane, he seemed the sort of man one would do anything to please.

"Do you really want to know? If I should tell you and you should enlist,—should mobilize,—and then back out, I should be sorry; too sorry to stay where you were, even in this perfect valley."

She swallowed and said: "Oh! I 'll never back out. I may hate to do things, but I do them if I agree to."

"Well, it begins easy," he said, laughing at her earnestness. "In fact, you can make it a game. I was telling your mother, our ally, last night."

"What 's the first thing?" asked Molly, picking up the brush.

"It 's very simple. You take account of stock, then you make a little prayer, pledging yourself to your plan till the end of the war, and then you begin to mobilize."

"Will you help me?" said Molly, wide-eyed, as if already pledged.

"I am greatly interested," replied Lieutenant Reed, "and I would take it as a great honor to be your Military Council. We will throw our weight against the enemy. One cannot tell what the result may be."

After finishing their job they had their first official meeting.

"I am going to do some plain speaking," said the young chief of staff, taking a piece of paper and ruling it into three spaces. "See, there are the three divisions that you have to do all your fighting with—your time, your ability, your surroundings. You will come to know how to use the first; you will steadily increase the second; it is the third that I can help you with now. It is the able general who uses his surroundings to make him win victories. You are tired of your surroundings, are n't you, Molly?"

"Yes," she said, not catching yet what he was driving at, "if you mean, by surroundings, the dishes, the chickens, the garden weeds, the sewing, the sweeping, and the errands. I *am* tired of them. But if you mean the valley and the trout-streams, the berry pastures, the flowers, the beautiful mountains, no, sir, I am not tired of my surroundings." She looked radiant as she mentioned the things she loved. It strengthened the Military Council in his scheme.

"Your mother is your greatest ally, but all outdoors runs her a pretty close second. Molly, I believe that you have it in you to give the enemy a crushing defeat. Why don't you let some one else manage the commissary department and do the cleaning while you are mobilizing your outdoor resources? Why don't you hand over the dishes, the chickens, and the garden weeds to an under-officer to manage?"

"But we 're short of men with so many of the boys in the army, and all the women are busy," said Molly. "Who 'd I get?"

"Well, I 'm here."

"You!" Molly straightened up beside him, "Why, you 're a boarder!"

"I 'm a soldier, first," he said quietly, "and can take orders. Try me at the chores for a week, while you are organizing the outdoor division. Your mother says that you are quick as a hawk at finding all the wild fruits that grow hereabouts. What kinds are there?"

"Strawberries, now, and then raspberries, blueberries, gooseberries, blackberries, cherries, though they are n't worth much, and, finally, wild grapes." Molly brightened at the idea. "But everybody else gets all they use. I could n't sell them."

"But I can," said the chief of staff. "Your mother says that she will preserve everything that you bring in. I know that my city will scramble to buy. So you see, Molly, that a summer of that sort will be an actual help to the nation and against the enemy."

"You are marvelous!" exclaimed Molly.

"No. Only an under-officer," he said. "Do you put me in charge of the Department of the Interior?"

Molly laughed. "Complete charge, if Mother is willing."

Lieutenant Reed smiled his compelling smile once to see if it was in condition, and went out to interview their ally. Molly found a basket and vanished.

As the Military Council had felt sure would happen, when Molly's imagination was once stimulated there was no end to the suggestions it made to the young soldier. That first day she had brought in a basket of strawberries. The next day she had a friend picking for her. Within a week she had organized a complete division of berry-pickers, who were glad to toil in the fragrant upland meadows for small pay. Soon she had begun to scrutinize her time schedule. Whenever she found a new way of getting another advantage of the daylight, she ran to the under-officer in delight. His quiet approval was dear to her.



"'MOLLY,' HE SAID, 'WHAT YOU NEED IS TO BE MOBILIZED.'"

Before long she began to think in military terms. She called the five o'clock alarm her reveille, she put out a large flag, at eight o'clock punctually she obeyed taps and went to bed. She called the big kitchen where the rows of preserve-jars increased each day her munition-works, and each time that she started a new line of activities she called it making an offensive. Every dollar in the bank-book was, for her, a trench. She made a beautiful preserving-cap for her mother which she bestowed *"pour le mérite"* as Lieutenant Reed suggested. Instead of being melan-

choly Molly, each day found her happier, more determined for success. And this habit of radiant conquering was to stand her in good stead.

You must not suppose the officer in charge of the Department of the Interior was washing dishes all this time. While Molly was enlisting all the little girls of the village in her berrying division, the lieutenant had assembled the infant infantry, as he called it, trained it and paid it,—a squad of boys who came to serve, but remained to worship. They divided and alternated the care of the dishes, the chickens, and the garden weeds. They enlarged the garden and increased the number of chickens. And to keep them fresh, their officer in khaki taught them new swimming-strokes, told them stories of trench life, and finally, oh glorious moment! opened up a rifle-range where the meadow ended and the cliff began. It was a summer of great endeavor in the valley as well as "Over There," and every night Mrs. Hatton prayed for the health of the lieutenant as she did for her two sons.

Her prayers, along with the wholesome life and the courage of the young officer, had results. The sight of one eye was gone and his limp was permanent, but the rest of him was whole, sturdy, splendid. His correspondence increased, and one day he announced that he had been given a promotion and would return to France in an advisory capacity. The news was like a military disaster to the Hatton garrison. Mrs. Hatton cried openly, and Molly in secret. The chief of staff himself was distressed. The beauties of the valley had made their impression, and unknowingly he had bound himself to half the villagers by invisible ties. But he was eager to be at the great work again. They all nerved themselves for their farewells.

"You must make your reports regularly, Molly," he said, as the mail-stage started. "And the Military Council will send back new methods from the front."

"I shall, sir," she said bravely, standing at attention. That night she cried herself to sleep.

But the very thought of her officer prevented repinings on the morrow. With redoubled energy she attacked the last blueberries and began to plan for winter activities. Already steady orders for preserves came from the lieutenant's city. Already she had been able to invest in her first war-bond. And soon the fruit of her discipline was to show.

Rains had delayed the haying, and the few men that remained in the valley were busy from five in the morning until they were ready to drop at night. Consequently, when Mrs. Falls's cow found an exit from her pasture and left it with glee for the great unknown woods which surrounded the valley with their savage and unbroken wilderness, it was the natural thing for Mrs. Falls to send her twelve-year-old boy Frank to scour the near-by upland places where the beast might have wandered. She knew that she ought not to ask any man to stop his work, yet she could not trust the cow to return at the next milking-time. And the milk was a considerable item in their support.

When Frank did not return for lunch, Mrs. Falls began to worry. By three in the afternoon she was alarmed; by five, terror-stricken. Even among the valley folk, accustomed to the forest, there were many who had been actually lost and who had been able to get home only after days of wandering. She began to remember the two city lads who had never been found, the bridal couple who had strayed off for flowers, and Sam Mason's boy. When Molly reached Mrs. Falls's house to inquire for the absent member of her squad,—it was the squad for collecting balsam to make pillows this time,—she found Frank's mother crying helplessly in the midst of an untidy kitchen. Panic clutched at Molly's heart with icy fingers. Last spring she would have joined the tear-party, hunted frantically a few minutes in the near bushes, or otherwise played into the hands of misfortune. But now she sat down a moment, head in hands! "What would her lieutenant do?" she asked herself. How should she manage her resources for this emergency? In five minutes she had outlined a campaign.

"Mrs. Falls," she said, "we have three hours of light yet; if you will do as I say, we 'll have Frank and the cow both. Will you try to help?"

The weeping woman nodded as Molly went to the telephone. It was a party wire that connected most of the houses in the village.

"The first thing," said Molly, "is to make a dozen torches of birch-bark. Hello, Central!" she called. "Frank Falls is lost. He has been out all day hunting his cow. Will you ring every house so that I can talk to all at once?" Action had dried up Mrs. Falls's tears.

"Hello, everybody!" said Molly, taking up the receiver, "Frank Falls is lost, and this is the time for the Volunteer Military Council to show its abilities. As commander I have the following plan to put into execution. First, every member of the balsam squad report at my home in twenty minutes. Second, every woman is to make the biggest fire in her backyard that she can, and then put pine-needles and grass on it for smoke. The committee will record five points on the roll for the biggest smoke. After nightfall let the fire burn without smoke. Third, every home that



"DOWN THE VALLEY COLUMNS OF DENSE SMOKE WERE RISING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

has a gun or a revolver get ready to fire two shots every quarter-hour, beginning at five-thirty. When the boy is found" (notice that she didn't say *"if"*) "I shall fire six shots. Fourth, every man, when he comes in from the haying, is to get his supper and go to bed as usual. We may need his strength to-morrow. I hope each one will do this, for the plan is all worked out. I know the lieutenant would want it this way. I 'll call everybody again at midnight if necessary. Please carry out these instructions till then. Good-by."

Three short months ago Molly, pretty, pouting Molly, was liked. Now she was liked and obeyed. She took the birch torches that Mrs. Falls had made and went back home, confident, elated with the elation of making the most of a chance. She found the boys of the balsam squad there. She said: "Our first job is not to get lost ourselves. George and Cy, you will follow up Freezing Brook, one on one side the other on the other. *Don't* stray off from the brook once. Do you hear? *Do not leave the brook.* Yell 'Frank' every time you have some spare wind. Henny and Nat, you take Roaring Rill, same instructions. Vic and John, you take the outlet to the upper pond. Skirt the pond and come back. Don't leave the water, and keep together. Nye, you 're the oldest, and I give you the most dangerous assignment. You must follow the trail to the Perch, and when you get there make the biggest fire you can. Keep it going till you hear six shots. Don't come down till dawn. We don't want you lost. Here 's my own six-shooter and a dozen cartridges. Be careful. Be careful, all of you. Don't leave water. Don't light your torches before you have to. Listen for six shots. We 'll find Frank and the cow before we have to call on the men. Now go, and good luck. Report here when you get back."

"Well, Madam Ally," said Molly, after they 'd gone, "I wish the Military Council was here."

"He could n't have done better," replied Mrs. Hatton, "I 'm proud of my commander, and so is the valley, or they would n't let you order them around. Just look at that!"

Down the valley seven, eight, nine columns of dense smoke were rising in the still twilight. Molly flushed with pleasure. Her troops had responded to the call.

But there was a good deal of anxiety mingled with the pride during the long hours of the evening. Molly had faith that the system she had started would discover the missing boy. She had so much faith that she helped her mother get ready a feast for the prodigal son—doughnuts and taffy and a fount of raspberry vinegar or tea for choice of drinks—between her duties as commander. She telephoned to Mrs. Andrews, praising her big smoke. She thrilled with excitement when, at the quarter-hour, the fusillade of shots echoed along the valley.

Twilight deepened into night. The columns of smoke down the valley changed to fire, the fires became a chain of illumination as all the homesteads fell into the spirit of the struggle. Molly again and again turned an inquiring glance upon the Perch, the great rock-pinnacle at the head of the valley, where Nye was to kindle his watch-fire. Finally she saw it—a point of light—a candle-glow—now of lantern size. "Good old Nye!" she said to herself; "he never fails."

The half-hours passed. She was on the hillock back of her house or at the 'phone or in the kitchen. She encouraged Mrs. Falls over the wire from time to time. She urged two or three of the families to keep their fires going till midnight. She had only words of praise for George and Cy, and later for Henny and Nat, when they came in, exhausted, sleepy, unsuccessful. Ten-thirty was registered by the faithful gunners along the valley—ten-forty-five. The heart of Molly's mother ached for the commander, worried over the lost boy, facing defeat and the inevitable "told-you-so's" of the morrow. By not letting the men join the search immediately she had taken the entire responsibility on herself. Vic and John came in at last from the upper pond, empty-handed.

Eleven o'clock—very late for the inhabitants of the valley, but from nine houses the double shots still came.

"Are n't they good!" exclaimed Molly. She went out on her observation hillock behind the house to hide her tears of disappointment. A houseful of young soldiers should never see her cry. She looked at the Perch. The signal had gone out.

"Oh, Nye," she sobbed, "how could you!"

Suddenly she straightened up. "My lieutenant!" she said aloud; "what would he say to tears?" She smiled to herself at the thought of him and turned to go in. Then it came—the signal—two, three, four, five, *six!* She stood in her tracks, not breathing. There was no mistake. It had come from the darkened Perch. And as she stood, a rapid, confused echo came from Pilot Mountain. Like a doe, and very unlike a commander, she bounded into the house.

"He 's found, Mother, he 's found! Nye 's found him!" She took her rifle, ran out, and fired six times in reply.

"Are you sure, Molly?" her mother said, running to the door; "a mistake would be awful."

"Listen!" From the Perch again six shots, clear, distinct; and again, from Pilot, the long, confused echo. Molly was again the commander. "Mother, you 'phone to Mrs. Falls and collect the rest. Late or not, we 'll have our celebration. I shall bring them down." She was off on the dark trail with her torch. Her mother set about carrying out her share of the plan.

The letter that Mrs. Hatton sent Lieutenant, now Captain, Reed the next day required two stamps. It told how young Frank had wandered about in the bewildering forest until he had got behind the Perch, and there had walked about in circles till tired out. All at once he had seen Nye's fire above him and had called for help. Nye had had to carry him, and meantime the fire had gone out, so they sat on the trail till Molly stumbled over them. But most of the details in the letter were concerning Molly's expert mobilization, the obedience of the neighbors, thanks to him, the great midnight celebration, the praises of Molly; and the splendid flagpole the valley jointly gave her. Molly's enclosure in the same letter contained only a short, lively report, with a funny drawing of the cow which came back of its own accord. She omitted mention of most of her own actions and all of the nice things said. Consequently she was the most surprised, as well as the happiest, girl in the world when she opened a box from France a couple of months later and found a magnificent French flag with this inscription attached:

Presented to
Commander Molly Hatton
For Intelligent and Courageous Service in Action
By order of the
V.M.C.
Capt. Hodges Reed.

Molly proudly flew the tricolor with the Stars and Stripes. But the contents of the letter that had come with it she buried even more proudly in her heart.

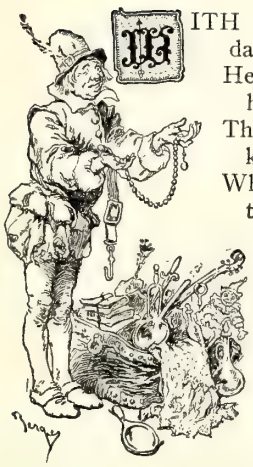


MIDSUMMER FUN.

The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Chapman.



WITH heavy knapsack, day by day,
He traveled on the king's highway,
This Chapman shrewd, who knew full well
What wiles to use his wares to sell.
Yet though for trade so keen his sense,
Of other things than pounds and pence
He thought; and many a kindness showed
The while he traveled o'er the road.

When lass or lad with wistful eye,
His chap-books fondled, yet to buy
No penny had, quick would he heed,
And some good tale aloud would read.
And did a housewife somewhat lack
Not found within his well-filled pack,
Long miles he trudged, up hill and down,
To fetch it her from London Town.

In sing-song voice the Chapman cried
His wares, with knapsack opened wide:
"Tapes, needles, bodkins, laces, quills,
Wax, gallipots of ointments, pills,
Pomades and powders, scents and snuff,
Physics and philters, silken stuff,
And kickshaws gay of every kind,
And chap-books to inform the mind!"

Each Joyous Traveler made haste
To buy what matched his means and taste.
With clinking coins, and not a few,
The chapman's purse right heavy grew.
But light his pack and light his heart,
And gaily quoth he, "Ere we part,
A tale I 'll tell this company
Of London and one Barnaby."



Barnaby's Goose.

The Story told by the Chapman.

THERE was once a lad named Barnaby who had a goose of which he thought as much as most folks think of their silver and gold. But then Barnaby, good lad, was more like himself than he was like other folks, as ye shall hear.

Barnaby was no fonder of Grizel Goose—for this was the name that he called her by—than Grizel Goose was fond of Barnaby. It was as much as he could do to slip away to church on a Sunday without having her at his heels, so closely did she follow him; and it was a rare good sight to see the two together, though there were some ill-mannered enough to laugh at it.

Now Barnaby was as contented a lad, with his home and his goose, as might have been found in all England till Larry, his cousin, came down from London Town.

"Barnaby, my lad," said he, "ye 'll never thrive as ye might till ye have been about the world a bit. 'T is travel ye need to make a man of ye. So come ye up to London Town and see the sights," said he.

Morn, noon, and night he was at his talking, till Barnaby, seeing no other way to end the matter, was persuaded to go with him; and the two of them started out on a May morn.

Eh, sirs, 't is ever fine traveling in May weather. And on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry fared along the king's road the little birds were singing in every bush and hedge-

row, and the air was sweet with the smell of spring, and when a body met a body it was "Good day!" and "Good Fortune!" between them, like old friends.

And Barnaby, good lad, would have fairly enjoyed himself if it had not been for the thought of Grizel Goose left behind at home.

"'T will be a sad day for Grizel when she must feed from other hand than mine," said he; and he would have turned back if Larry had not heartened him by fair promises of what London held in store for him.

One foot up and one foot down,
This is the way to London Town

as the old rhyme has it, and Barnaby and Larry lost no time upon their way, ye may be sure. The bells in the steeples, St. Stephen's, St. Ann's, St. Clement's, St. Martin's, the great bell of Bow, and many another, were just ringing the hour of noon when they left the highway for the streets.

Eh, sirs, 't is ever a marvel to see the streets of London Town; and on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry came there the stir and bustle was enough to set an older and a wiser man than Barnaby a-staring.

Ladies were shopping, gentlemen riding, children playing, carts rumbling. *"Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub!"* there went a company of the king's own soldiers, every man of them in a coat red as a cock's comb. And *"Ding, dong, dell!"* here came a crier with his bell, making enough noise to deafen a body. Aye, and to cap all, the lord mayor himself, in his gilt coach drawn by white horses, was out to take the air.

"Saw ye ever the like of it," said Larry to Barnaby.

"That never did I!" said Barnaby. "But Larry, my lad, London is no place to raise geese, I mistrust me. Grizel would never bide the noise," said he.

Larry was a bit set back by this; but coming just then to the shops, he said nothing.

And indeed there was little use of speaking, because of the noise made by the apprentice lads with their "What do ye lack?" and "What do ye lack?"

Eh, sirs, 't is ever a merry lot the 'prentice lads of London are; and on the day when Barnaby came to town every lad of them was out before his master's shop vying with his fellows, with high good spirits, in the selling of wares. Watches, patches, tapers, tinder—indeed, to make a long story short, every merchandise from porringers to velvet gowns was cried by the bold apprentices.

And Larry began to hold up his head and to grow proud of his town again.

"Did ye ever hear the like of it?" he whispered to Barnaby. "'T is little ye lack that may not be bought in London Town, I 'll warrant ye," said he.



"THERE WERE SOME ILL-MANNERED ENOUGH TO LAUGH AT IT."

"Aye, but are there no geese?" said Barnaby, loudly. "There 's a pretty penny to be made in geese. Not that I 'd be selling Grizel Goose," said he.

And Larry, poor lad, was fain to haste him away to his lodging lest the apprentice lads should set upon him to make sport of him, for they are ay fond of their fun, the apprentice lads.

But he was eager as ever, was Larry, when the morrow came, to show the sights to Barnaby. And naught would do but that he must have him at the Tower.

"The like of which," said he, "is not to be found in any other land. The king's crown is kept in it, and the lords and ladies who do not to the king's liking, and many another thing besides. But come away, come away, and ye shall see it for yourself!" said he.

Eh, sirs, the Tower of London is ever a grand sight; and on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry spied it, standing by the Thames water, with the sun shining fair upon it, it would have awed a braver and a bolder man than Barnaby.

"And what think ye of it?" said Larry.

"Very well, very well," said Barnaby; "and if the keeper of it keeps not geese, he 's a man of little sense, say I; for it would be a real pity to miss his opportunity with such a fine body of water at hand. Why, it makes me wish for Grizel!" said he.



"AND LARRY, POOR LAD, WAS FAIN TO WASTE HIM AWAY."

And what with his wishing and wearying for his goose, he could bide no longer in London Town, but fared home forthwith.

And it is said by those who know, that Larry, his cousin, did naught to hinder his going.

The Young Lord's Servant.



THE Servant that the Young Lord had
Seemed but a jolly, long-limbed lad;
But he had shown such service true
That well his worth the Young Lord knew,
And so would smilingly permit
The lad to use his ready wit
And readier tongue e'en wheresoe'er
He pleased—and that seemed everywhere!

The portly Nurse sniffed, "Such disgrace!
"The lout should better know his place!"
But all the others were content,
He caused them so much merriment.
They seemed not of his jokes to tire,
And when, by his Young Lord's desire,
He told a comic tale, they roared,
And called "Again!" with one accord.
For though the Nurse before had chid,
Not even she her laughter hid!



Master Fox.
The Story told by the Servant.

ONCE upon a time a farmer caught a fox alive, and so proud was the good man of his skill that naught would do but that he must take his captive to the fair.

"There 'll be no greater sight to be seen than Master Fox, I 'll warrant ye," he said to his wife. "Aye, and many a one whose barn-yard he has harried will thank me for my deed!"

And when he had bestowed the fox in a basket, the lid of which he secured as tightly as if he had a Welsh giant inside, he started to the fair upon his old grey horse.

The basket was fastened on his back, for all the world like a chapman's pack; and as Fortune would have it, whom should he meet on the road but one of that guild, an inquisitive fellow who liked to know something of everything.

"Tell me what is in your pack, and I will tell you what is in mine," he called to the farmer.

That good man had no time to hear a list of the chapman's wares, and he said so plainly; but what he himself carried he would just as lief tell as not.

" 'T is the master fox of all the foxes," quoth he; "and it was by a right cunning device that I caught him. I wonder that I thought of it. But the truth is, I found the hole by which he came into the chicken-house, and I fastened the mouth of a sack about it. 'For,' said I to myself, 'he will come through the hole and into the sack unawares, and then I shall have him.' And I sat me down beside the sack to wait. Aye, it was a weary task for one who goes to bed with the birds and gets up with the same. But I am a man of determination, as my father was before me; and having made up my mind to sit, so sat I. And the night had not turned when Master Fox came, trip, slip, through the hole and into the

sack. Nor was he in, before I had him fast. The finest fox, I warrant ye, ever caught alive!

" 'And what will ye do with him now ye have caught him?' says the good wife. 'He must off to the fair,' says I; 'and there 'll be no greater sight to be seen. Aye, and a sight that many will rejoice to see, for the feathers of more fowls than I can count at the moment lie at his door.' "



"JOG TROT, THE FARMER WAS OFF AND AWAY."

"I too am going to the fair, with ribbons and laces and bodkins and knives, with ointments and needles and—" began the chapman; but no sooner had the farmer finished his own story than, jog trot, he was off and away.

He had not gone far when he met an old woman. She was as full of words as the chapman's pack was full of baubles, and what she did not know might have been measured in a thimble if all she thought of herself had been true.

"If it is milk that ye have in the basket, 't will be churned to butter before ye reach the fair," she cried to the farmer.

" 'T is no milk, but a fine live fox that stole my Candlemas goose from under my very nose," said the farmer. "But I have been too clever for him in the end. And the way it befell was this: I fastened the mouth of a sack about a hole—"

"Ye should not have done that!" cried the dame. "The only way to catch a fox—"

"But I have caught him, dame. He lies in the basket," protested the farmer.

"Aye, but there is a better way!" cried the dame. But jog trot, no sooner had the farmer seen that she had no mind to hear him than he was off and away.

He did not draw rein again till he came to a lad who was servant to a great man. And a well-behaved lad he was, and one of great civility.

"Well, farmer," said he, "and what have ye in the basket?" Though it was more by way of greeting that he asked than from any common curiosity.

"A fine fox," said the farmer, "which I caught alive by a most cunning device. I fastened the mouth of a sack—"

"Aye," said the serving lad. " 'T is many a fox I have caught myself by a very similar device. It is easy as child's play when ye know the trick, is it not?"

But, jog trot, the farmer was off and away, ere the civil lad could wish him good fortune or good day.

Jog trot up the hill and jog trot down again rode the farmer, and in the course of time he came to the fair, where the news of his coming had gone before him, as is the fashion of news.

Everybody at the fair was on tiptoe to see what he had brought, for the reports had been divers, and none knew for certain if it were fox or unicorn.

But the farmer made haste to tell them the whole truth concerning his adventure.

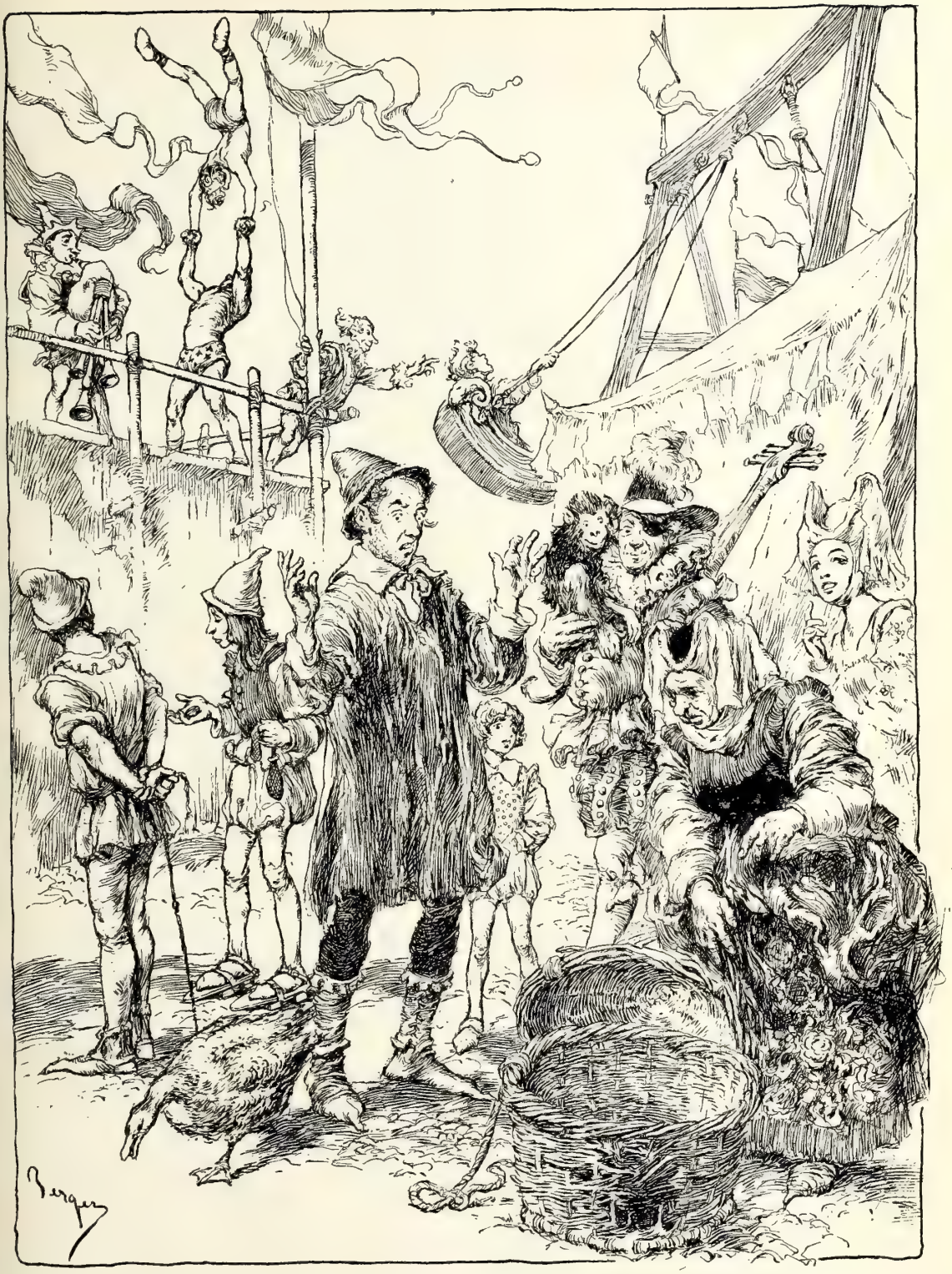
" 'T is the very same fox, beyond doubt," said he, by way of conclusion, "that stole away the bailie's red cock, Goody Green's lame duck, Dame Gurton's brown hen, Long Tom's speckled pullet, and the grey goose of the parson, worthy man.

"A great thief he is and a fine fox; but ye shall see for yourselves," said he, unfastening the cord and lifting the lid of the basket a bit that the foremost might peep in.

And it would have been a proud moment for the farmer had it not been for one thing. The fox was *not in the basket!* Which is plain truth and no riddle, for while the farmer had talked and trotted, and trotted and talked, Master Fox had cut his way out of prison with the same sharp teeth that had played such havoc with all the fowls mentioned before, and a neat job he had made of it, as the hole that he left in the basket showed.

" 'T was no way to carry a fox, as I could have told ye on the road," cried Goody Know-It-All, who had come up by this time, puffing and blowing like a house afire.

But, as for the farmer, he stood with round eyes and gaping mouth and not a word to say. And if he has not moved, he is standing there still.



"'T WAS NO WAY TO CARRY A FOX!' CRIED GOODY KNOW-IT-ALL."

THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

Chapter VII

A SOLEMN CONCLAVE—AND WHAT CAME OF IT

It was a hot morning, toward the middle of July. About nine o'clock three girls could have been seen issuing from the Birdseys' gate, two carrying between them a well-filled lunch-basket. The third, none other than the Imp, bore a couple of shawls and two or three books, as well as a thermos-bottle of large proportions.

"I know you 're not awfully keen on this picnic," she was saying to the others, "but it 's only because you 're a lazy pair and desperately afraid of getting a little overheated. It 'll be cool and pleasant down at the old boat-house on the river. We can put on our bathing-suits and have a swim first, and then eat lunch when we feel like it."

"But I don't see why you 're so anxious for this picnic just to-day" grumbled Carol. "It 's blazing hot getting there, and we could have a much more comfortable lunch at home and go for our swim this afternoon."

"Yes, and I was planning to do a lot of work in the house this morning," added Sue, discouragingly. "I wanted to rearrange my room and make that new waist that mother gave me the material for. I hate having things so upset."

"See here!" exploded the Imp. "Did n't I make all the sandwiches and pack the lunch-basket and do every blessed thing for this before you two were even out of bed? Do be a little grateful, just for once. I had a reason, and a good one, for wanting to get off by ourselves to-day. I want to talk over something with you."

The two others pricked up their ears.

"What is it?" they demanded, with an increase of interest.

"Oh, yes," scolded the Imp, "you 're anxious enough now that you think there 's something worth while in it! I 've a great mind not to tell you after all."

"Oh, go on, Imp!" soothed Carol. "You can't blame us for being a little grumpy this hot morning. Have you found out something new?"

"I 'll tell you *after* we 've had our swim," was all the Imp would vouchsafe, and with that they were forced to be content.

At the end of a hot walk in the blinding sun across the meadows, they emerged on the river bank at the cool little boat-house under the willows. Here they donned their bathing-suits and splashed about in the river for an hour. And when they were dressed again, they lounged off on the wide platform, shaded amply by one immense willow that overhung the water. They were comfortable and cool, and even the two reluctant ones acknowledged themselves happy.

"Well, let 's have lunch then," suggested the Imp; "and while we eat I 'll tell what 's been in my mind for several days."

They spread out the sandwiches and fruit, and, as they ate, the Imp, who had not yet donned her shoes and stockings, sat on the edge of the platform and dabbled her feet in the water.

"I suppose I don't need to give you three guesses as to what I 'm going to speak of," she remarked between two mouthfuls of sandwich.

"Oh, no! It 's Monsieur, of course—and Louis," replied Sue. "Has anything new come up? *I* have n't heard of anything. Louis has been away at Bridgeton a lot, and I imagine he 's with that Page Calvin, puttering around the old biplane he 's always talking about. I 've had a mind to ask Dave, who certainly knows, but of course *he* probably would n't tell us, anyhow. I think Louis is trying to pluck up courage to begin work on one, but knows he 'll have another awful fuss with Monsieur when he does."

"Well, that is n't what *I* was going to talk about, anyway," said the Imp. "It may all be true, but there 's something more important that has been on my mind for several days past. It 's this: How much longer are we going to let this affair go on and do nothing about it?"

"You 've asked that before," remarked Sue, uncomfortably, "and I can't for the life of me see what we *can* do."

"You 've *said* that same brilliant thing before," replied the Imp, scornfully, "and it does n't help matters one single bit. The point is that things have come to such a state that something has *got* to be done, and done pretty soon. I had a little talk with Monsieur yesterday and I 'm going to tell you some of the remarks he made. He was sitting out on that seat on the Green about five o'clock in the afternoon, reading his paper. You and Carol were off down at the village, getting the mail; and I did n't have a thing to do, so I strolled over to talk to him.

"He began by saying the news was bad—very bad. I was surprised, because I 'd looked at the paper every morning, and there has n't been a single exciting thing in it since that Archduke

what 's-his-name was assassinated some time ago, and I thought that fuss had all blown over. But Monsieur says it has n't and that Europe is on the verge of some tremendous upheaval. He said the archduke's murder was only the match that was to start the conflagration,—or something like that. Anyhow, he ended up with this:



"'I 'LL TELL YOU AFTER WE 'VE HAD OUR SWIM,' SAID THE IMP."

"'I tell you, *petite mademoiselle*, I have seen it coming this long, long time. Kingdoms will fall, republics will totter, the face of Europe will be changed, France—France herself—will experience a mighty upheaval! It is inevitable!'"

The Imp stopped impressively, and her hearers were evidently quite thrilled.

"What does he mean? What *can* he mean?" she went on, her voice unconsciously rising higher and higher, "except that he 's concerned in all this. If Austria and Russia and Germany and England and France are all going to be mixed up in a big war, as he suggested, can't you see what a lovely opportunity it would be for him to put through this scheme about restoring the Bourbon monarchy? What else can he mean by saying: 'republics will totter. France herself will experience a mighty upheaval'? I tell you, girls, it 's time this thing was reported to the authorities, somehow. I 'm sure our Government could prevent it if they only knew. And then, too, if we really care anything about Louis, we ought to protect him, even if he *is* a royalty (and I 'm sure he does n't want to be one!) from being caught in all this mix-up."

"But how *can* we report it to the authorities?" asked Carol, in a scared voice. "I 'm sure I would n't know the first thing as to how to go about it."

"Then I 'll tell you," announced the Imp, dramatically. "I don't believe that in so important a thing as this we ought to stop short of the very highest authority there is. I propose that we write to the President himself. And I propose that we do it this very afternoon. I 've thought it all out. I even brought along the things to do it with." And, true enough, she produced an old, leaky fountain-pen and some notepaper. So impressed were her hearers that Sue could only quaver in a shaking, nervous voice:

"Well, you go on and write it, Bobs. Let 's see what you 'd say. And maybe we 'll all sign it. That will make it more important. But somehow I feel as if we ought to tell Father first."

"Then you 'll spoil everything," declared the Imp. "He would n't believe it, to begin with, and, by the time he did, it would probably be too late. No, this must go off to-night. How ought I to address the President of the United States,—'Dear Sir' or 'Your Honor' or what?"

"If Mademoiselle will delay this proceeding for a moment," said a strange voice with startling unexpectedness, almost at her elbow, "it may not be necessary to write the note!"

The Imp turned about abruptly and dropped

her fountain-pen in the river (she was still dabbling her feet in the water), where it sailed off down the current unheeded. The two others, sat motionless with astonishment and fright.

It was Monsieur himself who emerged from the bushes close to the water's edge, and directly beside the platform of the boat-house. As no one of the three had sufficiently recovered her wits to address him, he went on:

"I owe you a thousand apologies for this intrusion, and for being an unwilling eavesdropper. I came to this spot among the trees only a little while ago as I seek the shade because the sun is so hot. I have often come here before. The little nook is a favorite of mine. I bring my book, and Mademoiselle Yvonne contrives me a little lunch to take, that I do not have to go back in the heat of the day. I was not aware that you were here till just now when you were eating your luncheon and conversing. I was about to make my presence known to you when I caught the drift of your conversation—and astonishment forced me to listen. Mesdemoiselles, I know not how you have arrived at this conclusion, but I take it that you must think me a conspirator, a—a plotter against the Government of one of the world's greatest nations! You think it your duty to report me to the authorities of your country, you say! Is it not so?"

It seemed as though the three found it impossible to break the abashed silence. At length the Imp plucked up sufficient courage.

"Yes, I guess that 's about it," she admitted nervously.

"Would you be so good as to inform me on what grounds?" he inquired, with the courtesy that never failed him.

The Imp glanced at her companions and back again to Monsieur. They were plainly caught in a trap. Should she tell what she knew, or refuse point-blank? For an appreciable moment she hesitated. It was evident that if they put Monsieur in possession of the facts, they also would put themselves quite completely in his power. That would be, on the face of it, a foolish proceeding. Yet how could they do less? There was something about the old French gentleman's perfect courtesy and frankness that disarmed even the suspicions of the Imp.

While she hesitated, however, Sue, to her own and every one else's astonishment, took up the cudgels in his behalf.

"I think it is only fair to tell Monsieur what we have been thinking," she said in a trembling voice. "He may be able to show us that we are in the wrong."

Monsieur turned to her with a grave bow.

"I am sure there is some misunderstanding," he declared. "I have heard only enough to cause me to suspect that my actions and motives here may have been misjudged." And then he turned once more to the Imp.

"*P'tite mademoiselle Hélène,* you and I have always, so I thought, been the best of friends. May I not understand from you the cause of this serious suspicion of me?"

And then and there the Imp told Monsieur in a halting fashion the whole history of their discoveries about the portrait, and their consequent conjectures. He listened to it all, an inscrutable expression in his eyes, till she had finished. When the recital was over, he stood quite still for several moments, while the others waited breathlessly.

"You are marvelous children—you Americans," he spoke at last, "especially *petite Hélène,* here! Who would have dreamed that you could piece together this story so accurately, with so little ground to work on! Yes, so accurately, as far as its foundation goes, for there you are right—astonishingly right! But oh, my good young friends, your premises may be right, but your conclusions are most deplorably wrong."

"Do you mean that we guessed right about the portrait—and Louis—but wrong about what *you* intend to do?" demanded the Imp excitedly.

"I will leave you to judge of that after you have heard my story," replied Monsieur. "For I will now put you in possession of the whole truth, since you have discovered so much. Allow me, if you please, to sit down, while I make this accounting of myself."

Chapter VIII

monsieur's story

He stepped up to the platform and took a seat on one end of the old bench that flanked the side of it. On the other end sat Carol and Sue. The Imp, unable in her excitement to remain seated anywhere, stood near him, her great blue eyes wide with wonder. A catbird sang at intervals in the willow above them, and the incessant "lap-lap" of the river ran like a musical accompaniment in their ears. Not one of the three girls was ever to forget this strange moment in their lives—not even its beautiful setting.

"It is hard for me to know just where to begin," Monsieur at length broke the silence by saying. "But, as I have said, *mes enfants,* you three have worked out for yourselves a difficult problem; so perhaps it is best that I commence by telling you where you were right, and end by pointing out where you erred. I hasten to begin.

"It may have been a foolish whim of mine, that I bring with me to this country the three portraits that are so dear to me, and especially foolish to leave the one unveiled. I had, however, my reason for that, but I did not contemplate that the public was to be admitted to my room, as it had to be during our—during Louis's serious accident! All this, however, is beside the point. I will begin by telling you that I am not, as you have so shrewdly suspected, this 'Monsieur de Vaubert' that I call myself here. Truly 'de Vaubert' is a part of my name, but it is not all. In France I am known as the Marquis Philippe de Vaubert de Fenuoil. It is a title that is ancient and honorable. It goes back to the time of Louis XIII—yes, and even before that. When Louis discovered the 'F' on my handkerchief, he was entirely right in his surmises, and I was not very astute to leave them lying about. *N'est-ce pas?*"



"NOT ONE OF THE THREE GIRLS WAS EVER TO FORGET THIS STRANGE MOMENT IN THEIR LIVES."

He smiled deprecatingly at his three listeners, with a smile so genuine, so utterly friendly, that they found their dark suspicions melting away, even before his tale was well commenced.

"To go back to the portrait, however. Yes, it is a very beautiful copy of Madame Lebrun's original. It was executed many years ago by an exceedingly clever copyist, and I doubt if many would know it from the original. It is my dearest possession. I will tell you why.

"My little friend here, *petite Hélène,* has, by her wonderful ingenuity and perception, deduced the conjecture that the ill-used dauphin, who should have been Louis XVII, did not die in the Temple Tower, as history has recorded it. There have, indeed, been many legends to that effect. But the truest one—the real truth—was never known to the world. There are remaining to-day but two families who are in possession of the facts—my own and that of our friends the Meadows, whose real name, as you perhaps know, is 'Mettot.' All—all the rest of that wonderful Brotherhood who helped to rescue him are dead and gone, and the secret is dead with them!

"In order that you may fully understand, I will now give you a short account of the real truth of the dauphin's rescue. As you know through your researches, after Simon the cobbler was relieved of the custody of the young king, he (the dauphin) was placed in a small room and completely shut in from the world by bolts and bars. Not even his jailers saw him, only hearing him speak through the aperture in the door. It was the most inhuman treatment of a child that the world has known, and it is a thousand wonders that the boy survived; but he did. At the

end of those awful six months, when Robespierre was himself sent to the guillotine and Barras came into power, the boy was removed from this horrible imprisonment and brought out to a large, clean room and taken care of by two or three guardians chosen for their humanity and kindliness.

"It was at this period that a plot was formed by a league of warm-hearted, loyal men, not only royalists but republicans too, to rescue the dauphin from his long captivity, and send him somewhere, possibly out of the country, to live out the rest of his life in peace. This league was known as 'The Brotherhood of Liberation,' and the world to-day would stand amazed, did it know the members, the many *famous* members, that composed it. It has even been whispered that Barras himself and the great Napoleon Bonaparte (then young and poor and comparatively unknown) were concerned in the plot. All that, however, is as it may be!

"But the main thing is this. The Brotherhood was accustomed to meet secretly at the house of my grandfather, another Marquis de Fenuoil, in Paris, for he was one of the chief leaders and originators of the scheme. Among them was a young fellow, scarcely more than five years older than the dauphin, one Jean Mettot, who was deeply and devotedly interested in the plan. It seems that he and his little foster-sister, Yvonne Clouet, had once become acquainted with the dauphin as he played in happier years in his garden of the Tuileries. And through his intervention the Queen Marie Antoinette herself had given the young fellow's foster-mother quite a large sum to defray the overdue taxes on her home and enable her to keep it for her children. So grateful was this poor washerwoman, Mère Clouet, and her little daughter Yvonne, and her foster-son Jean Mettot, whom she had adopted from the Foundling Hospital, that they had vowed to help the poor ill-used dauphin even to the extent of risking their lives for him.

"It was Jean Mettot that played one of the most important rôles in the plan of smuggling the dauphin out of the Temple Tower. He was employed in that citadel as the cook's assistant, and so was able to give valuable aid to the plotters right on the spot, as it were. One of the dauphin's three guardians, Gomin, had also become a member of the Brotherhood, else the plan could never have been carried out.

"On a given day, a very sick child who greatly resembled the dauphin, was smuggled into the Tower in a basket of clean linen brought by Mère Clouet, who was laundress for the Temple. This child was so ill that there was no possibility of its recovery. It was speedily substituted for the dauphin, who was carried up to the great unused attic of the Temple, and there he was kept for several weeks, unknown to the world and tended only by Jean Mettot. When the sick child at length passed away, the authorities proclaimed that the dauphin was dead, and there was no further need to guard the Tower. It was then that the *real* dauphin was smuggled out of the Temple in a basket of soiled linen and taken to the home of the Clouets, where he remained several days. He was finally removed by some of the members of the Brotherhood in high authority, and sent to a distant and obscure corner of France to be cared for and brought up, under an assumed name, by humble people. The Brotherhood was then disbanded, being first sworn to secrecy by an inviolable oath.

"The boy, Jean Mettot, became later a soldier in Napoleon's army, and rose to the rank of officer. He finally married little Yvonne Clouet. This John Meadows whom you know is his descendant—his grandson, in short. The original Jean Mettot, however, and my grandfather, the Marquis, kept rather closely in touch with each other for a time, drawn together by their mutual love for and loyalty to the little dauphin. It was Jean Mettot who, a number of years after the escape from the Temple, was summoned by the dauphin himself to Havre, in order that the young man might bid farewell to his rescuer, as he was sailing for America, never to return. He intended, he said, to live there incognito, in some obscure capacity, as he had no desire ever to return to France and certainly never to rule over her.

"Jean Mettot later attempted to communicate the news of the dauphin's departure to my grandfather, but found that he had suddenly passed away, and that his son had assumed the title. As Mettot was not certain whether the secret had been handed down to the son, he did not reveal his news. Many years later, when he was a middle-aged man, the notion took hold of him to go to America, and see if he could discover any trace of the dauphin there. He had nothing whatever to assist him except the assumed name of the dauphin, 'Louis Charles Durant,' and the fact that the ship on which he had sailed had been bound for a New England port. I think it was Boston. With these two points alone to aid him, he himself sailed for America to engage in his almost hopeless task.

"In all the years he had heard not so much as one syllable from the exile, but even this did not discourage him. He began his search in New England, shrewdly suspecting that 'Louis Durant' might not have traveled very far from his first

landing-place. Many weeks, and even months, of absolutely useless and fruitless effort followed. No one in any of the large cities or even the smaller towns seemed to have heard of Louis Charles Durant, or any one corresponding to his description. It was by sheer accident, when Jean Mettot's horse (he made a practice of traveling about on horseback) went lame one stormy night, here by your very Paradise Green, past which he was riding, that he was forced to ask for a night's shelter in one of the only two houses on the Green at that time. It was the Durant house at whose door he knocked, and none other than the dauphin himself who opened it!"

At this point in the narrative, Sue and Carol breathed a long sigh of intensest interest, and the Imp came closer and rested her hand on Monsieur's knee.

"Yes, it is marvelous, is it not?" he went on. "There is a proverb which says, 'The truth is stranger than fiction,' and I have always found it so. I leave you to imagine the meeting between those two, for they quickly recognized each other. After a time, Mettot heard the whole story from the dauphin and it was this:

"He had come to America, landing in New England and wandering about for a time, almost penniless and earning his way as he went by doing odds and ends of labor for the farmers. Singularly enough, he enjoyed it. Does it seem strange to you, *mes enfants,* that a king should enjoy himself in this fashion? Ah, but he no longer wished to be a king! Not for all the riches of the earth would he have gone back to his country and assumed his rightful title. His terrible childhood years in prison had given him a longing only for freedom and independence of thought and action and the most absolute simplicity of life.

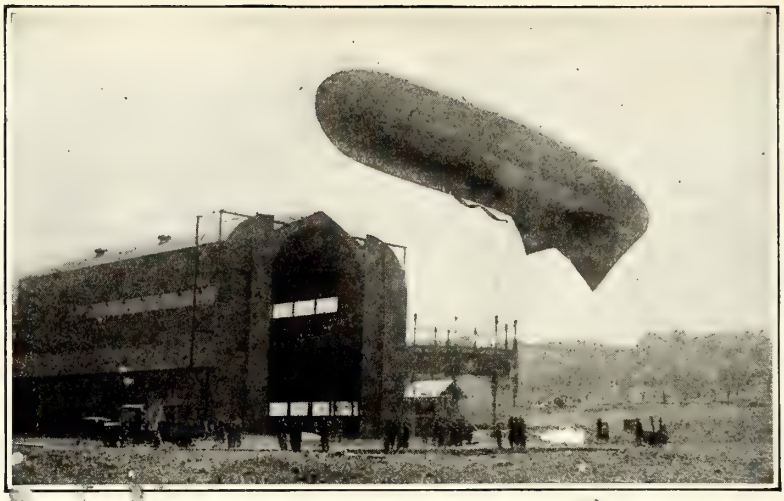
"To Jean Mettot he confided how at last he had drifted out to this present farmstead, had apprenticed himself to the good farmer who owned it, and for several years had served him faithfully and well for a sum that was but a mere pittance, but which sufficed. For he was happy. Ten years later, the farmer's daughter who had married some time before, came home to her father's house a widow. After a time she and the dauphin had become mutually attracted to each other and had married. Six months after their marriage, the farmer himself died, leaving his farm to his daughter and her husband, the unknown dauphin. At the time of Jean Mettot's visit they had a fine young son, then ten or twelve years old, and were as happy and contented as could well be imagined.

"Mettot made them quite an extended visit, but never did the dauphin reveal to his wife that he had known Mettot before, or the least hint of his own real identity. He said that he preferred those things to remain secrets forever buried in the past. He told Mettot that he desired his descendants to remain in complete ignorance of his past and of their own origin. Should a crisis ever arise (now unforeseen by him) when it would be wise for any descendants of his to know of their forefather's history, he had prepared for such an emergency a document for them which he had securely hidden away. He acquainted Jean with its hiding-place and gave him permission to transmit the secret to his own descendants. On no account, however, was it to be communicated to his (the dauphin's) descendants, unless the aforementioned crisis should arise.

"Jean Mettot went back to France and never again saw the son of Louis XVI. But he continued to keep in touch with Louis Charles Durant of America, and to his own son he communicated the strange secret. And his son in turn communicated it to a son of his own, the present John Meadows whom you know. The dauphin died when he was still scarcely more than middle-aged, for his constitution was never robust, after the cruel hardships of his childhood. The son whom he left lived to a ripe old age on the same farm, and left an heir in his place to continue the line. This child, the father of our own Louis, becoming, as he reached manhood, discontented with the life on a simple New England farm, leased the property, as you probably know, and went out west to make his fortune. He married a young western girl on the Canadian frontier, and both were mortally injured in a terrible accident on one of the Great Lake steamers. He had time, however, before he died, to send word to France, to this present Jean Mettot, leaving the young baby son in his care, the poor young wife having no near relatives. The two families had always kept in touch, though the members of the present generations had never seen one another.

"I am sure you must be wondering, during all this recital, where *I* come into the story. For it is about time for me to make my entrance. That is what I am about to disclose."

(*To be continued*)



READY FOR A FLIGHT.

A SCHOOL FOR BALLOONISTS

BY R. P. CRAWFORD

BALLOONING is one of the most delightful sports in the world, but an aëronaut who can keep his wits about him while dozens of hostile guns and aëroplanes are trying their best to puncture the gas-bag above him must have courage indeed. And yet so fascinating is this work that hundreds of picked young men, most of them in the early twenties, have volunteered to learn this art for our Government. At Fort Omaha, Nebraska, is one of the most interesting schools in the country, where in the short space of four months raw recruits from the various colleges of our country become accomplished aëronauts, ready for service anywhere in the world.

The Government, of course, is planning for thousands of aëroplanes, but nevertheless it is able to find a very important use in the present war for the old-fashioned balloon. With the long-range guns of to-day, it is no longer possible for the gunners down on the ground to tell whether or not their shells are hitting the right places in the enemy's lines. In fact, the longer the range adopted, the more necessary it has become to have some means of watching the effect of the fire against the enemy. So the army balloon was brought into use again, and virtually every one of the warring nations to-day has its quota. The observer in the basket of his balloon, a third of a mile or more above the lines, carefully notes with field-glasses the shells as they batter at the enemy trenches. Then with a telephone he communicates the result of the bombardment to the gunners below. If their shots are going wild, he telephones down the corrections necessary. The range of the guns is then changed, and the bombardment begins again.

It might seem that aëroplanes would serve this purpose just as well as balloons. The aëroplane, however, is not adapted to standing still in one place. It is continually moving about, and so gives its observer little opportunity to watch individual shots against the enemy's trenches. But the balloon, held fast in one spot by a steel cable and in constant communication with the ground by means of a telephone, gives the observer a continuous view over any sector of the enemy lines. Before the infantry are sent across to take the trenches, thousands of feet of barbed-wire entanglements must be swept away by the artillery. And the observer, high aloft in his little basket, is the eye of the guns down below, pointing out the spots that need shelling. Meanwhile, the enemy guns are doing their best to bring down the balloon and so to blind the bombarding guns. Hostile aëroplanes, too, hover as near to the lines as they dare, dropping fire-bombs, which, if one hits the balloon, mean its total destruction.

That, then, is the kind of work for which the student fits himself at the balloon school. The school is much like any other training-camp of Uncle Sam's vast army. Were it not for the hangar, housing the big balloons, and the hydrogen plants, calling to mind a small city gas-works, it might be taken for any other training-school,

s shady hillside, its rows of trim brick rs' quarters and barracks, and scores of cir- tents and temporary wooden buildings. is drill and general instruction in army tics every day, the same any other fort.

But actual ballooning must form the important part of the instruction. When the ...h—who first of all must show a marvelous lack of nervousness, fine physical health, and lots of pluck—has mastered the rudiments of the game, he is ready to begin work with real bal- ons. This consists in han- ling two distinct types of aircraft, free and captive bal- oons. The free balloons are hose in which the students make trips over th... ountry, often spendin... l hours n such journeys. The cap- ive balloons, as the name im- ies, are those held fast by steel cable to a reel on the ground, by means of which they are hauled down at in- tervals, the same as they would be on the battle- front.

The captive balloon employed most often is of the kite type, one which bears no resemblance to those which one sees sent up at fairs and amuse- ment parks. It is a big, elongated balloon, with a series of air-chambers and a long tail like a kite, which serve to hold it steady in the wind and prevent it from being tossed about. Suspended many feet below is the basket which holds the student observer and an instructor.



BALLOON DRILL.

Right here it m... well be pointed out that not every one in the ... oon school makes ascen- sions. As a rule, only the officers and instructors or those studying to receive commissions make the actual trips.

Scores of men are necessary for the miscellane- ous work, to hold the huge gas-bag securely to the



AN AUTOMOBILE WINCH FOR HOLDING THE BALLOON STEADY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

earth and to move it to and from the hangar. There are also men detailed to look after the production of the hydrogen with which the balloons are inflated, to keep them in repair, and to drive the motor-trucks which carry the gas in tanks when it is desired to inflate a balloon many miles from a hydrogen plant. Usually every man at the fort receives some instruction in all of these different branches. The young men being especially trained for officers have had, generally speaking, part at least of a college course. Upon graduation from the balloon school they become first lieutenants in the signal corps.



COLONEL H. B. HERSEY, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE SCHOOL

When an ascension is to be made in a captive balloon the student buckles on a harness. It is connected to a parachute fastened to the side of the basket. If anything goes wrong, all that is necessary is to jump, and the parachute is then disengaged from the basket and, as it drops, opens of its own accord. The student observer also wears, buckled over his head, a telephone-receiver and transmitter, resembling that worn by any telephone-operator. More than a score of men hold the balloon securely to the ground while the student and instructor are getting into the basket. Then, one by one, they loose their hold on the ropes, and the balloon gradually rises. It is held steady by a steel cable wound up on either an electric windlass or a winch made as part of an automobile truck and connected to its engine. A separate reel, off to one side, takes care of the telephone wire.

When the balloon has ascended to 1500 or 2000 feet, the real work for the student begins. He is provided with a field-glass and is told to focus his attention in the direction of the enemy trenches. There, sure enough, some miles away, are representations of trenches. Every once in a while the young observer sees a puff of smoke. This is supposed to be the fire at the enemy, but of course, in reality, other soldiers, out in the country, are setting off smoke-bombs for the benefit of the rookie up in the balloon. These bombs do not always go off exactly at the trenches, but that is part of the game. You see, it is part of the student's duty to tell by how much these supposed shots at the enemy have missed the trenches. The student observer telephones his observations to the "gunners" down below him. The places where these smoke-bombs are to be set off are prearranged, and an accurate account is kept on the rookie's reports. When the reports of the soldiers out at the trenches are compared with those of the student, it shows the degree of accuracy he is acquiring in judging distances. These captive balloons make half-hour trips, each time carrying up a different student, thus enabling the young men in training for officers to go up about every other day.

The second big division of the student's work consists in making free-balloon flights. These free balloons are of the ordinary spherical sort, much the same as those sent up at exhibitions. Many years ago they were used in actual warfare, but in recent years the advent of the elongated type of aircraft has resulted in their being discarded. Their main value here lies in giving the students general practice in handling free balloons. At any time one of the large kite-balloons may break away and become a free balloon, and in such a case the observer must know enough of the fundamentals of the game to be able to bring it down to the earth again.

Seven of these trips are planned for each student. One of the seven flights is made at night, when the balloon is sent up about midnight and is not brought down until after daybreak. Another of the flights is made by the student alone, and a third flight under the close eye of an instructor, during which time the student also handles the balloon alone. Sometimes several hundred miles may be covered on one of these trips. Recently an instructor in charge of a party of students left the fort at Omaha about midnight and landed at daybreak a short distance from Minneapolis, beating the time of the fastest trains by nearly a half. Free-balloon flights naturally depend on the air currents at the different levels of the atmosphere. Often, by seeking the right level, the balloonist may go in almost any direction he desires. Ballooning in summer is intensely hot work, since the balloon moves with the wind and of course the aëronaut feels no breeze.

Toward the latter part of the course comes actual field-work. At such times the balloons and apparatus are loaded on automobile trucks and taken into the country. The hydrogen gas, packed in cylinders, is carried on special trucks

to the scene of the ascension, just the same as would be done on the battle-front. In preparation for this sort of work there is balloon drill every morning. This consists in spreading out a huge canvas and then placing the balloon in position to be inflated. All of this work must be done in the shortest time possible. It takes but a few minutes to unload the canvas and balloon from an automobile truck, unroll the canvas, and spread out the balloon.

There are hardly as many things to learn about ballooning as about aëroplaning. At least the observation balloonist is not bothered with engine troubles. But on the other hand, he is more dependent on the whims of the atmosphere and so is less self-reliant. Fire-bombs are his great dread. While it is difficult for enemy guns to get the exact range on a balloon, an enemy aëroplane may hover above and drop these bombs. Once they strike the balloon, it is all over, unless the aëronaut can jump with his parachute. When hostile planes are seen approaching the vicinity of an observation balloon, aëroplanes from behind its own lines are sent out to ward off the intruders, and in that way some measure of protection is afforded the balloonist.



BALLOON LEAVING THE GROUND.



A REPORT STATION.

Lack of Imagination

by



Eleanore Myers Jewett

Gory Gus of the Guzzling Guns
And Gaspar the Dread (that's me),
We took the helm of our brigantine
And steered for the open sea.
Now she was a square-rigged pirate ship
And *rum* was stored in her hold;
And her decks were red with the blood men shed
When they fought over Spanish gold.
And far and wide she 'd scoured the main
For deeds that were dark and hard;
And men grew pale when they saw her sail,
With the skull and bones on guard!

But prim Penelope Prudence Pry,
She said, *"Why*—
That 's only a tree in the old back yard!"

While Gory Gus called down for rum
I climbed to the old crow's-nest,
And I called, "Yo ho!" to my mate below,
For I spied a ship in the west.
A great white Spanish galleon,—
She was freighted with gold, I knew,—
A gallant prize in a pirate's eyes,
And swift were we to pursue!
We chased her far to the windward,
And grappled her sides with force,
And a golden prey we took that day
When we towed her back to our course.

But prim Penelope Prudence Pry,
She said, *"Why*—
That 's only Dobbin, the old white horse!"





We sailed away for a year and a day
To an unknown pirate land;
We dug at night by lantern light
For buried gold in the sand.
With horde on horde of bright doubloons,
We hurried again to sea,
And shouted thus, did Gory Gus,
And Gaspar the Dread (that 's me):
"We 're pirates twain of the Spanish Main.
And battles to us are joys!
No galleon fair or grim corsair
Escapes, nor our craft destroys!"

But prim Penelope Prudence Pry,
She said, *"Why*—
You 're only a couple of crazy boys!"



Tong Kaam

by Adeline K. MacGilvary



Bennie Bristow sometimes wished he was n't a minister's son, especially a missionary-minister's son. You see, one has to be extra good if one is a minister's son,—that is, you 're expected to be,—and if your dad happens to be a missionary, too, you 're expected to be tactful on top of that! Bennie would have liked to stop being a missionary's son for about an hour—or until he could settle old Tong Kaam.

The trouble was, Tong Kaam belonged to Chow Luang, the "Big Prince" of the reigning royal family, and it would never do for a missionary's son to be tactless to the peacock of Chow Luang! He was old and wicked, was that peacock, and the greatest tyrant that ever lived—in his own way and sphere. He used to fly over into the Bristow yard and destroy fruit and vegetables and flowers and scare the little flock of ducks almost into fits. It was his way of showing his authority, or immunity, because, of course, he knew that nobody dared to hurt him.

As for poor Bennie, Tong Kaam was a perfect terror to that boy! Bennie was only eight and small for his age, and the peacock was big and old and strong, and a heathen too, I 'm sure, for if he ever happened to see the little boy playing in the yard, he would steal up from behind and do his best to make a hole in Bennie's head. Bennie had to keep his weather-eye open, believe me, and if he saw the peacock coming, he 'd race for the house and slam the door shut after him.

" 'Most every day, when he 's flying over to the little island in the river after the cucumbers they 've just planted over there, he stops at our house and chases me," Bennie told his mother, adding confidentially, "I 'd certainly like to hit him with a rock!"

"No, no, Bennie," his mother said hastily. "He 's the prince's peacock, and nobody ever dares molest him. Now, if I were you and saw the peacock coming, I 'd just go away!"

"Oh, I do go away!" replied Bennie. "I 'd better, too, or he 'd soon kick me to death, I guess!"

"I 'm afraid you 've been teasing him," said Bennie's mother, who did n't know quite how wicked the old bird was.

Not long after this, little Bennie was sitting in front of the house on Kaam Tip's head. Kaam Tip was Bennie's father's elephant, a respectable, decent beast. Bennie would tap her on the knee and up would go her leg, and on it Bennie would climb, catching hold of the elephant's collar and swinging himself up on her head. There sat Bennie, his bare legs tucked behind the big, soft ears, pretending he was a king riding at the head of his army, when—Whir! Rustle! Flap!—full tilt came old Tong Kaam, his wings all ruffled, his tail spread, crying, *"Mow-meow!"*

He was aimed straight at the little boy, who did n't have the ghost of a chance to get away, perched up there on Kaam Tip's head.

"Go 'way, you old rascal!" shouted Bennie, ducking his head and throwing up his arm to protect himself from the peacock's cruel spurs. "Catch him, Kaam Tip! Catch him by the tail!"

Kaam Tip's big trunk flew up just in time to get a nasty whack, right on the sensitive part, from Tong Kaam's spur. With a snort of surprise, the elephant rolled her little eyes at the wicked peacock. Bennie began to shout for help, and had slipped his right leg over, ready to jump to the ground, when the elephant began to run.

There was a tiny rope, like a clothes-line, fastened to Kaam Tip's hind leg, but it was only put there as a "matter of form," to make Kaam Tip think she was tied. The huge animal snapped it like a bit of thread; in fact, she forgot she was tied and did not even feel the rope snap. Off she raced through a grove of banana-trees, brushing over like a blade of grass any tree that happened to be in the way.

At first little Bennie could only cling on tight and get his right leg carefully behind Kaam Tip's ear; then he began to think. Kaam Tip was running away. She must 'nt do that!

"Stop, thou foolish!" he cried, in the elephant's native language. "Stop now, stop!"

Kaam Tip was a very good elephant. She soon slowed down; and when she felt Bennie's hand slap her right temple, she turned to the left, as she knew she should, and soon she was headed home again. They had gone quite a distance, though, and when they reached the Bristow house, there stood Bennie's father on the veranda, looking around for his elephant.

"Kaam Tip ran away," said Bennie, as he rode up. "That old peacock scared her."

"Well, I 'm glad you brought her back," remarked Mr. Bristow, who was in a hurry. "I 'll have to ride her to town now."

Bennie got off and stood on the veranda watching his father and the elephant-driver roll grandly away on Kaam Tip, and wishing he could go too.

It was awfully hot, and Bennie thought he would go down to the river near by and paddle. He had hardly reached the bank, shaded by banyan-trees, when he spied his old enemy sunning himself on the little cucumber island in the river.

"I 'd better go away," thought Bennie; "that is, if he sees me."

Tong Kaam had seen Bennie; but, being very wicked, he pretended he had n't. So Bennie began paddling, and when the peacock thought the boy was n't watching any more, he made a sudden swoop from the island. Bennie scrambled out of the water and began to race for home. Whir! Whir! Flap! came Tong Kaam, meowing furiously. Bennie was a good sprinter and reached the house safely, but he tripped on the veranda steps. Whack! Down came the peacock's spurs on the boy's head!

Bennie scrambled into the house and slammed the door. There was a patch of red on his short, light hair, and he put his hand up and felt something wet, and when he looked, his fingers were red too. With a dismal howl, Bennie ran to find his mother. (Sometimes even a big boy may be



"TONG KAAM FLYING OVER TO THE LITTLE ISLAND IN THE RIVER."

excused for howling.) When his mother heard the story and saw the nasty wound on poor Bennie's head, her patience quite gave way.

"It 's a shame, I do declare!" she exclaimed. "Next time that bird chases you, just pick up a stick or anything and give it to him. I won't have a horrid peacock bullying my little son!"

Quite comforted, and bandaged up like a war hero, Bennie sat on the veranda and thought long "thinks" of revenge, while he ate a juicy mango. But there was one thing Bennie had n't told his mother—he was afraid of the peacock! That night he had his favorite nightmare—Tong Kaam miles high and ruffled up, chased him up and down narrow winding stairs all night! So the next time he saw the peacock coming, he ran away as fast as he could.



"HE SWUNG THE COCOANUT DIPPER AROUND AND AROUND."

It was another hot, hot day, like most days in Siam, and Bennie went to the well for a drink. Even the singing lizards' voices sounded tired and stuffy, and everybody was lying under a mosquito-net trying to sleep and forget how uncomfortable it was. Bennie had just taken the cocoanut dipper by the long teak handle and was about to dip up a nice, cool drink, when—Whir! Tong Kaam suddenly swooped down from a caster-oil tree close by.

Bennie looked wildly around. The peacock was between him and the house, and he could n't rightly jump down the well; in fact, he was trapped.

"Mow! Mow!" screamed Tong Kaam as he dashed at Bennie.

Then something happened. Bennie himself did n't know how, exactly. He says he swung the cocoanut dipper around and around by the handle, and suddenly it hit Tong Kaam in the neck. The next minute the peacock lay on the grass, quite still, with his eyes closed.

Bennie looked and thought: "I guess he 's dead; but I don't care!" And calmly he took a drink, and then walked away to the river-bank, there to paddle in peace.

But Tong Kaam was n't dead. He had only fainted. He soon came to and stood a long time fixing his crumpled feathers before staggering off home.

The next day when Bennie saw his old enemy, there was no whir, no rush. Tong Kaam, in fact, sidled respectfully away, and when Bennie shouted, "Hey, get out of those beans!" he sheepishly obeyed.

The natives, who suffered from the awful bird's visits to their cucumber gardens, soon heard of Bennie's power over him, and sometimes they would come and ask the little boy to make the royal peacock go away. Bennie always did it gladly, waving his arms and shouting like a general, "Scat, you old rascal, and be quick about it, too, or I 'll go and get the cocoanut dipper!"

At which Tong Kaam would flutter home, with a hangdog expression on his haughty countenance.

WHEN THE ARK STAYED CLOSED

BY GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT

"WHEN I was on the car yesterday I saw a sign that said, 'Make your money work for you.' What did it mean, Muddy?"

"I suppose it was the advertisement of some bank, and meant for you to loan your money out at interest. The money with which you are buying the war bond is working."

"It is?" said Betsy, so astonished that she stopped knitting.

"Yes, indeed; your Uncle Sam is paying interest for the use of it."

"Oh," Betsy's face shadowed with disappointment. "Why the dear old dear! I would n't have charged him anything for the world; I wanted to *help* him."

"And that 's what you are doing, deary. Our Government is not only able, but willing, to pay for the use of the money; all it asks is that its citizens loan it the money so that it may wage a war for their honor and protection."

"I should think everybody would be glad to do that. It would take a good deal of money to bring in very *good* wages, would n't it?"

"Quite a lot."

"Well, I guess I 'll have to get something else to work for me, then. I have my hands so full now," sighed Betsy, looking up from the knitting with a grown-up air, "that I positively can't do another thing. But there are so many things that need money now,—war bonds and Red Cross and war orphans and everything. I 'll just have to find a way."

"Hel-up, hel-up!" wailed Jack, looking up from his algebra problems, "Bets is headed for another idea! I 've been fearing it—every night when I come home I 'm afraid I 'll find that she has rented Dad out for a wooden Indian or has made a dicker with some department store to use you, Mother, for one of their beautiful show-window ladies. With her sudden greed for money, I don't believe that one of us is safe." He shook his head lugubriously.

"You should worry, Jacky! I 'd like to know what I could use you for."

"Well, I thought it might occur to you to sell me to the Corcoran Gallery as a work of art—a beautiful boy-cherub or something like that," he suggested modestly.

Betsy giggled with suggestive emphasis. "I know what I *might* do—I might be able to rent you out this summer to stand in somebody's war garden to keep the crows away."

"Jealous!" jeered Jack. "Well, Missy, I 'm going to have a garden of my own this summer, so I 'll work for myself."

"A garden of your own!" said Betsy, excitedly. "Where? Our yard is n't big enough."

"I thought that would get a rise out of Carrots," said her brother, delightedly. "The father of one of the boys in our troop is interested in community-garden work, and he got permission to use some vacant lots out on Sixteenth Street for war gardens this summer. Each fellow in the troop who wants a plot can get one. Mr. Bently has had street sweepings dumped on them, and we are going to have a man plow them just as soon as the ground is dry enough."

"Oh, Jacky, is n't that the loveliest! Just think, you 'll be raising food to win the war!" cried Betsy, and then became very thoughtful. She wanted mightily to follow Jack's example, but, as she had said, their yard was not large enough, and besides, even though there was great rivalry between them, she did n't like to be a "copy-cat" and do exactly the same thing. What could she do? She spread out the humpy-looking knitting and examined it with her head on one side. She had graduated from Jo-An's pink scarf and started on a really soldier one; and when one considered that she was obliged to stop about every ten stitches to survey her work admiringly, the scarf had made excellent progress. Presently she thrust the knitting into her gay little bag and left the room, with an air of abstraction.

Jack clutched at his hair in a melodramatic way and looked at his mother despairingly. "Now I have done it! Reds won't let me get ahead of her. I should n't be at all surprised if she has gone down to tell the President that she needs his front yard for a war garden."

Mrs. Lane laughed. "I don't know that I should be surprised myself."

But whatever Betsy's new plan was, it was not divulged to the family. That there was something brewing was evident from Betsy's shining eyes and air of importance—Betsy reveled in a secret, but there was no hint of what it was.

Two days later she trudged home from school with two large, paper-covered baskets. There were mysterious hours of rummaging in the attic for boxes, followed by a descent to the cellar to engage in what must have been very grubby work from the appearance of her gingham frock. There was a look of triumph on her grimy,

flushed face when she finally came up to her mother and importantly requested that Muddy Dear do police duty for a few moments so as to keep a passage from the cellar door to the Ark for her private use. Mrs. Lane could hear her trudging up and down, and gathered that Betsy was carrying things upstairs, judging by the labored, puffing ascent, which contrasted sharply with the skipping return.

She had noticed that Betsy's cherished belongings had all been removed from the shelves under the big sunny windows in the Ark; but when she went up to see what part they were to play in the new plan, she found Betsy affixing this sign to the outside of the Ark's closed door:



"Now, Betsy, you are n't going to plunge us into another period of suspense!" protested Muddy Dear.

Betsy laughed delightedly and flung her arms around her mother's neck in a strangling bear-hug. "Oh, you poor honey-bunch!" she said pityingly; "but you know you *do* love surprises. It is hard for you, I know, but," mischievously, "it 's for your own good. Of course, I can't give you a surprise unless I have a secret."

"How long shall I have to wait this time?" asked Mrs. Lane, in a tone of resignation. "You see, you always get me so excited it makes it doubly hard to wait."

"Now, you just be patient, you blessed! It 's only going to be about a month or so."

"A month or so!" said her mother, tragically. "Oh, Betsy!" And then, "But, my dear, I must get in to clean the room."

"Oh, I 'll see to that; I 'll keep it clean as clean. Won't you *please?*" she implored.

"Very well," acceded Mrs. Lane; "but if I break down with an aggravated case of unsatisfied curiosity, you know who will be to blame, Miss Betsy Lane."

"I did n't really need to put up the sign," laughed Betsy, as she pulled out a key, hung about her neck by a string, "although, of course, on account of Jacky, it seemed wiser to lock the door. But I thought the sign would look nice."

"Yes, and incidentally it will act as a constant whip to our curiosity. Poor Jack! It will positively throw him into a delirium."

Betsy chuckled; she had anticipated something of the sort when she had planned the sign. Nor was she disappointed. Jack would hardly have noticed the closed door had not the glaring sign proclaimed a mystery within, and he viewed the placard with an aggrieved expression.

"I declare, Muz, one can't live a peaceable, comfortable life with this Betsy person. We have n't had time to recover from all the suspense connected with her old play, and here she is trying to start something again—right in the boozum of her family! I declare, Mrs. Lane, it is n't human."

"Be patient, Jacky," provokingly advised Betsy.

"At least, make her take that old sign down. I 'd forget all about it if it was n't for that. I can't attend to my studies, with that thing stirring me up all the time!" he complained, with a wink at his mother.

But the notice remained up, and Mrs. Lane often found Jack with his ear nestled lovingly against it in a vain endeavor to get a clue by eavesdropping.

"I 'll tell you, she is n't right, Muz. You 'd better stop her," he laughed ruefully after one of these attempts. "I heard her gurgling in there, 'Oh, you blessed little cuties! poking your little green heads out so soon—you darling little ducks!' Now who ever heard of ducks, little ones, with green heads? You don't suppose that she has an incubator in there and has some wild idea of going into the business of raising ducks? I give it up. It's too much for me," despairingly.

Along came another strenuous period, when Betsy spent hours making little boxes out of pasteboard. Then there was a smuggling of heavy baskets and numerous oblong boxes inside the Ark, and she spent an entire Saturday behind the closed door. Mrs. Lane groaned as she heard a gritty sound to Betsy's steps when she walked across the floor.

Jack had finally gained a clue, for he could catch the barest glimpse of tender green peeping from the windows of the Ark. "I 'll tell you what—the kid 's doing light gardening in her bachelor apartment. Loosen up, Reds; we know now; tell us the rest!"

But Betsy maintained her sphinxlike attitude until about a week later, at which time, with a great deal of ostentation, she removed the sign from her door and issued a formal invitation to the family to come to the Ark that evening after dinner. Needless to say that Jack saw to a prompt assembling of the party. Never did proud proprietor of many acres wear a more beaming

complacency than did Betsy in displaying her "light gardening." All the top shelves that lay across the window-sills of the Ark were filled with a brave array of young green plants. The family admired, and then awaited explanations.

"Tomato plants!" said the farmerette, waving toward the windows with a grandly sweeping gesture. "I did it all my own self."

"Well, well!" said Daddy, beaming appreciation, "that meant a lot of work too!"

"'Deed it did," declared Betsy, feelingly; "it seemed to me that there were millions and millions of them when I was transplanting 'em. Are n't they *lovely!*"

"The most beautiful I ever saw!" declared Muddy.

"Bet on Carrots for choosing a red-headed fruit!" teased Jack.

"You 'd better behave, Mister Jack, or I won't give you the present I have for your war garden!" and she pointed to a box containing about three dozen plants, each in a separate little paper pot. On the front of the box was chalked conspicuously, JACK.

"You 're a brick!" declared Jack, with emphasis. "There won't be a fellow in the troop with such a fine start."

Betsy was mollified by his fervor. "You gave me the idea, so I wanted to do something for your garden. You see, we've been raising plants in school for our school plots, so I knew just how to do it; and Miss May helped me to mix the earth right."

"But what are you going to do with so many, sweetheart?"

"That 's the best of all, Muddy Dear. They are all sold! Miss May told us there would be a big demand for plants this year, and the transplanted ones do better than the others; so I thought I 'd raise some. Miss May told me she knew a lot of people who would like to have them, and I took orders." Betsy pulled forth a tiny red book, and displayed an imposing list.

"What do you think—fifty cents a dozen for the ones planted together in the big cigar-boxes, —they hold just a dozen,—and ten cents apiece for the ones in the pots by themselves!"

Jack counted the boxes, "Twelve!"

"And thirty separate ones, not counting yours."

"Gee-whiz!" whistled Jack, "that will be—"

"Nine dollars!" Betsy squealed in delight.

Daddy shook his head impressively. "You will make the family fortunes yet, Betsy mine."

"And you can't guess what it 's for!" said Betsy. "Our class is going to adopt a war-orphan for a year. You would n't think those cunnin' baby plants could help do so much good, would you?"

"Nor a baby girl, either," murmured Muddy Dear softly.



AN INFORMAL CALL. DRAWN BY BEATRICE STEVENS.

THE AR-TIC-U-LA-TING ALPHABET.

By ELIZABETH GORDON.



Proud Mother A.

Said Mother A, "We're proud, indeed.
They've chosen us to take the lead,
But prouder yet that we can say
A. M. E. R. I. C. A."



The Busy B's

Said Great Big Busy Mr. B.
"I bring Boy Babies Bright with me.
His brother, small b, laughed and said,
"Yes, but I tuck them all in bed!"



Cordial Mr. C.

"I'm very glad," said Mr. C.
"To be myself, for without me,
There'd be no Christmas,
and, how shocking, No Chocolate
Creams to fill each stocking!"



Delighted Mr. D.

Said D, "I so dislike to say
'Do this,' or, 'Don't do that,' all day,
But I just smile from ear to ear
When I am used for 'Daddy Dear!'"



Earnest Mr. E.

"I stand for Evergreen," said E;
"The kind that makes the Christmas-tree,
And Easter Eggs the Bunnies bring
To show that it is really Spring."



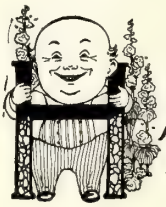
Funny Mr. F.

Said F, "I could work in a show.
Because I'm Magical, you know,
I take a lazy word like 'lag'
And turn it, just like that, to Flag!"



Said Genial Mr. G.

"I stand for Goose and Gander too,
And 'twas for me the Garden Grew.
And only think! How sad 'twould be,
There'd be no Green Grass
without me!"



Happy Mr. H.

Said H, "I am a cheerful chappie,
I'm always Home and always Happy;
And though it really does seem funny,
I Have to Help the bees make Honey!"



Important Mr. I.

I is a funny little elf,
He's always talking 'bout himself,
But without him, we are afraid,
We'd have no Ice for lemonade.



Jolly Mr. J.

Said Great Big Jolly Mr. J.
"I Jog along in my own way;
But think a bit, should you lose me,
There'd be no Jokes - nor Jam for tea!"



Kindly Mr. K.

"I stand for many things," said K.
"For Kings and Kites,
and Kits that play,
But yet the word that I like best
Is Kindness; that leads all the rest!"



Loving Mr. L.

"I stand for Lake and Light," said L,
"Laughter, and other things as well,
But Oh! what makes me happiest,
I bring you Love - and Love's the best!"



Merry Miss M.

"To bring you Mirth and Merriment,
Money and Marshmallows I'm sent,
And this gift, dearer than all others,
They let me give all children
Mothers!"



Neat Mrs. N

Said Mrs N. "I send to you
New Years, & clothes all Nice and New,
And make you understand, somehow,
The time to do a thing is Now."



Popular Mr. O.

Said Roly-Poly Mr. O.
"I'm popular, I must be so,
'Cause every where I go I hear
Somebody calling me 'O dear!'"



Polite Mr P.

"I'm Patriotic as can be,
Polite and busy, too," said P,
"With 'Beg your Pardon,'
'If you please,'
I Plant Potatoes, Peanuts, Peas!"



Queer Mr. Q

Said Great Big Q to Great Big O
"It's Queer, we look alike, you know!"
Said O to Q." We really do;
You'll have to wear a curlie-cue!"



Rollicking Mr. R

"I bring the Rain, and Rainbow too,
When Sun Beam helps
by shining through,"
Said R;" and Rivers, where can float
Big ships - and baby's little boat!"



Surprising Mr. S.

"I'm first in Santa Claus" said S,
"And last in Christmas Happiness;
And without me, it's Simply Shocking.
No one could hang a
Single Stocking!"



Terrible Mr. T.

"No one," growled Great Big Mr. T.
"Would even think of crossing me."
His little brother laughed and said,
"When I'm not crossed
I lose my head!"



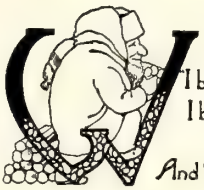
U for the Union.

"I heard a Mother say," said U,
"Dear little child, I love just you!"
"I know folks like me, 'cause, you see,
There'd be no Union without me!"



Very Cheerful Mrs. V.

"Double You looks like two of me,"
Laughed dainty cheerful Mrs. V.
"Bothers like that one soon forgets
In gathering purple Violets!"



Willing Mr. W.

"I always Work," said W
"I bring the Wind that howls 'Woo-oo!'
I bring Wild Wolves!
and Winter's storm,
And Wood to burn to keep you Warm



Expressive Mr. X.

"I'm cross," said X; "I'm made that way
Because there's not much I can say."
His little sisters, charming Misses,
Said, "Cheer up, X! You express kisses!"
xxx xxxx xxx



Young Mr. Y.

Said Y. "I'm such a funny fellow
I just adore myself in Yellow,
It makes me very happy, too,
That I am used to help spell YOU!"



Lazy Mr. Z.

Said dizzy, Zigzag Mr. Z.
"I'm just as laZy as can be;
So that is why, dear little friend,
They've put me way down at
THE END."

"NOTHING SPECIAL—JUST A STORY"

BY EMMA J. PRICE

Mr. John Edward Jones, editor of the New York "Evening Star," leaned forward in his chair and looked straight into the face of the young man who stood beside his desk.

"Why," he asked, with characteristic abruptness, "did the 'Wireless' fire you?"

A quick flush crept up under Jimmy Moore's dark skin; for a moment he seemed to hesitate.

"It was this way, sir," he finally blurted out; "there was a mix-up about an assignment. When I explained it to Mr. Thomas, the editor, he said he did n't believe me."

"Well?" prodded Mr. Jones, when the pause following the statement became prolonged.

"W-e-l-l!" echoed Jimmy Moore, and then plunged in headlong. "Well, sir, I pasted him. You know, sir," he added, with an apologetic smile, "there are a few things that even a reporter can't take; especially when a fellow knows he 's in the right."

A gleam of amusement sprang up in the keen gray eyes that had never left Jimmy's eager young face; but the voice that spoke was level and cold.

"Young man," said Mr. Jones, "should you, by any chance, become associated with the 'Evening Star,' I advise you to leave all *'pasting'* to the clipping department."

The advice grimly given was unheard and unheeded. Jimmy Moore had seized upon the words vital to him.

"Mr. Jones," he stammered, "is there—is there any chance of my becoming associated with the 'Evening Star'?"

"Well," pondered the editor, "I d-o-n'-t know. I need a man—need him badly; but I want a good one—a general hustler; somebody to send out on special assignments—"

"Give me a try, sir," broke in Jimmy. "I 'm sure I can do it."

He drew a small leather case from his pocket. "If you 'd like me to, I can take my own pictures," he said, holding the camera up for inspection. "The 'Wireless' people considered my work pretty good, sir. Of course," he added hastily and diplomatically, "I know the 'Evening Star' would n't touch some of the stuff the 'Wireless' puts out, but—"

"Go ahead!" was the quick interruption. "Get out and try it. Nothing special—just a story. If you can rustle up something worth while, bring it in to-morrow morning and—well, we 'll see."

He hastily jotted down a few lines and handed them to Jimmy. "Keep off of these," he said; "they 're taken care of. Use your own judgment about the pictures; we can throw them out if we don't want them."

"And if I should stumble into something urgent, shall I get it in for this evening's issue?" asked Jimmy, vainly striving to steady the tremor of excitement in his voice.

"Why, of course!" was the reply, snapped out with vigor as the editor turned back to his desk, ignoring the boy's attempted thanks.

Realizing his dismissal, Jimmy turned toward the door, but stopped again as the man at the desk whirled suddenly toward him.

"Moore," he said sharply. "Remember! No more 'pasting' but plenty of 'punch.' Get a good stiff punch in your story. Understand?"

"I understand, sir," answered Jimmy.

Once on the sidewalk, Jimmy Moore stood for a moment and looked about him. The world that a few hours before had seemed so gray and dreary now appeared bright and beautiful. He threw up his head and squared his shoulders as if a great weight had been taken from them.

From a near-by drug-store the familiar blue sign of a well-known telephone company projected. Catching sight of it, Jimmy crossed the street, entered the store, and hurried into a telephone booth. After a moment of impatient waiting he broke into speech.

"Hello! Hello, Mother!" he cried. "Yes, this is Jimmy and—guess what?"

But before the listener at the other end of the line could reply he was proclaiming his news.

"Off again! Gone again, Mother dear!" he cried triumphantly. "I mean, I 'm off again. I 've landed with the 'Evening Star.' That is," he corrected, "I 've been given a try-out, and I 'm going to make good or—or—or break a trace! Think of it, Mother!" he added earnestly. "From the 'Wireless' to the 'Evening Star'—special work, too! Why, I 'm bound to make good! Such an opportunity will be a long time in coming my way again."

Despite the two and twenty years that had passed over Jimmy Moore's head, the proverbial apron-string knot remained intact. Indeed, day by day, year by year, the bond existing between Mrs. Moore and her tall young son became stronger and deeper.

Stronger and deeper on Jimmy's part, as years

brought added realization of the sacrifice and effort it had cost his plucky little mother to give him the education and advantages that had fitted him for his chosen profession, journalism.

Also, with years, another realization had come to Jimmy. The realization that the nest-egg left them by his father had steadily dwindled, until now it could scarcely be called a nest-egg; the realization that his own efforts, his own earning ability, were all that stood between them and the ever hovering wolf at the door.

So earnest and successful had been Jimmy's endeavors that the gaunt "varmint" had kept well in the background; creeping forward a step only when the break between Jimmy and the editor of the "Wireless" had occurred. A break that was followed by anxious days, jobless days, in which Jimmy went from office to office in a vain search for work—days followed by evenings in which Jimmy smiled cheerily, and his mother beamed back with equal cheer, across the little supper-table, on which baked beans substituted, with growing frequency, for meat.

Evenings in which Jimmy whistled with customary shrillness and discord as he brought in the coal and split the kindling; while his mother, not to be outdone, softly crooned "Annie Laurie" as she washed up the dishes—all of this in the fond belief that each was unaware of the anxiety that filled the heart of the other, an anxiety that looked continually from the eyes of both.

It was when Jimmy opened the top drawer of the bureau in his mother's room and took from the right-hand corner the black pocketbook, opened it, and turned over their last greenback, that he heard, for the first time, the creeping, padding footsteps of the wolf.

A sound so appalling that from very fright he had gathered courage, the courage of desperation, to beard Mr. Jones, the lion of Gotham's editorial world, in his den. In fear and trembling, amazed at his own temerity, he had approached the great newspaper man, had, with simple straightforwardness, asked for a chance, and—had got it.

To the misty-eyed mother, the relief in her boy's voice, as it came over the telephone, was pathetically apparent.

"Why, Mother," he went on with increasing enthusiasm, "do you realize what it means? It 's a lot fatter job than the one on the 'Wireless.' We shall be rich, in the Crœsus class—"

He stopped abruptly. "I *am* rather counting my eggs," he said with a laugh, and then added doggedly: "But these eggs are going to hatch. If I can once get in, Mother, I know I can stick; and all it takes to get me in is a story—a story with a punch. 'Nothing special—just a story,' Jones said, 'but a story with a punch.' I 'm off now to look for it. Good-by, Mother."

With eyes and ears stretched to their fullest extent, on the alert for excitement of any kind, Jimmy Moore proceeded up Broadway. From club to hotel, from hotel to club he progressed; brow-beating hotel clerks and club stewards, hailing acquaintances, buttonholing policemen, chatting, questioning—yes, "nosing everywhere," as he said to himself—in his quest for a suitable



"'WHY,' HE ASKED, 'DID THE "WIRELESS" FIRE YOU?'"

groundwork for the story that was to play so important a part in his journalistic career.

But alas! As Jimmy progressed, so also progressed the hours. Noon had come and gone. The afternoon was slipping away with unthinkable rapidity; and Jimmy—well, Jimmy was minus material for his story "with a punch."

Emerging from a down-town hotel, partly from weariness, partly from lack of further fields worthy of investigation, he paused and looked uncertainly about him. Digging down into his pocket, he produced a note-book and read over the result of his morning's labor.

"Stale, flat, and unprofitable!" he muttered discontentedly; "and not a picture!"

In great disgust he thrust the papers back into his pocket and turned sharply about, to confront a stalwart guardian of the peace.

"Hello, Jimmy!" was the cordial greeting; for Jimmy's popularity with a vast number of the blue-coats of the city was indisputable.

"Hello yourself, Mike!" was the equally cordial

reply, followed by a tragic appeal: "For the love of other Mikes, put me on to something! I 've got a story to write, and I can't land a thing."

The policeman instantly responded: "Sure! How about the accident at Eighty-second Street? Big automobile smash-up, you know? Two of 'em busted to bits. Just happened. Some millionaires with broken bones, I guess." And then he looked around in dismay. "Well, if he ain't gone!" he exclaimed; "and running like a deer."

And like a deer Jimmy ran—down the street, down into the nearest subway station, catching on the fly an uptown train. Arriving at the street named, he let no grass grow under his feet.

Before the door of a big apartment-house lay the wreck of a limousine and a big touring-car. Lingering about were scores of excited men and women, pushing and crowding in their morbid desire to learn the details.

Edging his way through the crowd, Jimmy drew near the police officers in charge, closely scrutinizing each one in the vain hope that he might locate a familiar figure to whom he could give the "Open Sesame" high-sign.

"No go, Moore. They won't let you in, and they won't tell you a thing!" said a weary voice. "I 've tried 'em."

Quickly turning, Jimmy confronted Peterkin, one of the best-known reporters of the New York "Evening Star." As he recognized him, the wind in his sails went out with a puff.

"Jupiter!" he gasped. "You 're on the job and sitting tight!"

"Just so," agreed Peterkin. "Sent special. Suppose you 're out for the 'Wireless'?"

"No," said Jimmy. "For the 'Evening Star'."

"Since when?" scoffed unbelieving Peterkin.

"Since morning," responded Jimmy.

"Git!" said Peterkin, with an eloquent flirt of his thumb; and, with a lowly bow to ethics, Jimmy got.

Disgruntled and disgusted, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, he strolled aimlessly along, across town. On reaching Madison Avenue, the very stillness of the block that stretched before him drew him down it.

"Some houses!" he thought, glancing up at the handsome residences that towered above him on either side of the street. "They are sure some houses!"

"The big-bugs all away," he further ruminated as he noted the boarded-up doors and windows of the entire block. *"B-r-r-r!"* he shivered, quickening his pace. *"B-r-r-r!* It 's like a cemetery."

Presently he stopped again. "Now that *is* a pretty place!" he exclaimed. "What I call a really pretty place."

He looked admiringly up at the imposing white building before which he stood. "People coming home, too," he added; as he saw that the vestibule door stood open, and that several windows of the lower floor had been raised.

"Yes, sir! Some house!" he repeated mechanically, and was about to move along when an interruption came.

Down Madison Avenue, driven at a great speed, came an automobile; its labored chugging breaking, startlingly, the stillness of the street.

"Limousine, too," thought Jimmy, idly wondering why any one under the sun would shut himself up in a cage like that on such a beautiful autumn day.

With a quick swerve, the "cage" drew up to the curb and stopped—close to Jimmy and directly in front of the big white house. Almost instantly the driver was on the ground; the door of the machine was flung open, and two men sprang out. In the arms of one was a square box which he deposited, with evident care, on the pavement close to the curb.

"Moving-picture people," commented Jimmy, moving a step nearer.

"Get back, you!" bawled one of the men, as he dashed wildly about, chalking lines on the pavement. "Get away from here! We don't want your face in this picture!"

But Jimmy, after withdrawing the step he had advanced, stood his ground, and very soon things began to happen.

Up the steps of the big white house ran the other two men, one stopping to give the bell a vigorous push, while the other stepped into the vestibule and stood close behind the door that led into the hall. The man with the chalk was beside his camera, shouting instructions and steadily grinding; between shouts he scowled viciously at Jimmy.

"Pleasant gentleman!" chuckled Jimmy, and then forgot all about him. His attention became centered on the men in the vestibule.

The door of the house opened, and a man, unmistakably a servant, appeared on the threshold. Jimmy saw the flash of the foremost man's fist as he lunged forward with, apparently, all of his strength. He heard the solid impact of the blow as it caught the man at the door just under his chin and sent him reeling back into the hall.

"Geewhillikens!" gasped Jimmy. "That was realistic, all right, all right!"

Then he saw that the men had entered the hall and closed the door. From out of the house came sounds of unmistakable strife and, Jimmy fancied, a call for help.

"How do you manage it?" he called to the

man on the curb, forgetting, in his interest, the scowls previously lavished on him. "How do you get that?" waving his hand toward the house.

"Another camera inside," was the brief reply.

It was then that Jimmy's hunch came to him.

"Oh, by Jove!" he suddenly spluttered. "I 'll write this up; I 'll write up making a 'movie.' It 's been done before, but I 'll do it again, with pictures from life, and call it 'Movie Day.'"

He drew his camera from his pocket, watched



"HOW ABOUT THE ACCIDENT AT EIGHTY-SECOND STREET?"

his chance, and when the man on the curb stepped forward to look searchingly up and down the street, Jimmy, unobserved, snapped him up.

And then once again the moving-picture scene became an outdoor one. Down the steps came the two actors; between them they bore a chest of considerable dimensions.

"They 're simply great!" exclaimed Jimmy as he noted the clenched teeth and swelling muscles of the two men. He looked quickly toward the other man. "He 's so sweet-tempered that I reckon he 'd do worse than bawl me off if he caught me at this," he laughed; "but here goes!" And again his camera clicked.

"Got 'em!" he cried triumphantly. "Got 'em between scowls, and he did n't even see me!"

The rest of the performance was a trifle perplexing. Just as the most interesting point was reached, just as the men strained and panted in their efforts to hoist their booty into the automobile, the man at the camera deserted his post and sprang to their assistance.

"Why, he 's missing the best part," thought Jimmy, disappointedly; "but I won't." And just as the chest landed with a thump on the floor of the limousine his camera clicked again.

"I suppose they 'll finish the picture up somewhere else," he decided, as one of the men seized the camera from the curb and entered the automobile, his companion following. The driver sprang to his seat, and the machine moved away.

"Just for luck!" said Jimmy Moore, and took a final snap-shot of the departing vehicle.

Supper was ready when Jimmie reached home that evening, and his mother was watching for him. A single glance at her son's face told the anxious little woman that the day's outcome was not all that Jimmy had hoped for. It was not until they had settled themselves at the supper-table that she broached the subject.

"Well, son?" she then said gently.

"No, Mother," responded Jimmy. "I did n't find quite what I was looking for; but," he added hopefully, "I think I can work up a pretty good story from the material I 've collected; particularly if some pictures I got turn out all right." And knowing her deep interest, he briefly outlined the events of the day.

When supper was over and the usual chores done up, Jimmy slipped away to the diminutive room on which he bestowed the dignifying title of "studio." It was there that he carried on the work of developing and printing his pictures. That done, a busy evening followed, and when at last, with a sigh of relief, he threw his pencil aside, the clock in the dining-room had long since struck twelve.

"Done!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Done!" He reached across the little table on which he had worked and gathered up some pictures that lay scattered about.

"They 're fine," he said presently, after a prolonged scrutiny. "I 've never done better. Why, I can actually see the scowl on that camera-man's face!"

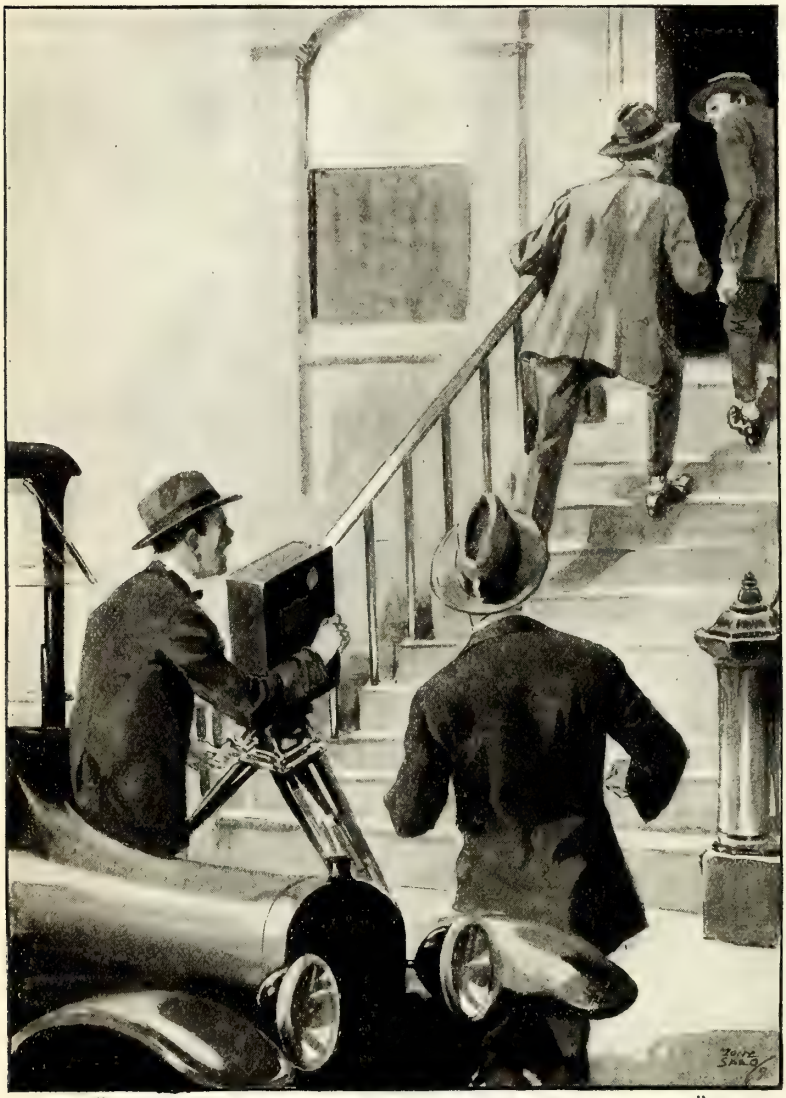
He laid the pictures aside, collected together a number of written sheets that littered the table, and settled down in his chair to read them.

"Now, if I were Mr. Jones," he announced, when he had finished his careful perusal, "I 'd call that a pretty good story. But unfortunately, I am not the editor of the New York 'Evening Star.' At least, not yet," he added with a laugh; "but who knows?"

Turning out the lights, he sought his own room and was soon in bed. "Looks as if I was wrong about those people coming home," he thought, as

a delicious drowsiness crept over him. "Evidently the big white house is vacant. Nobody in his right mind would have 'movie' people carrying on like that—" Jimmy Moore was asleep.

When, on the following morning, Mr. John Edward Jones arrived at the office of the New York "Evening Star," the first sight that met his eyes was Jimmy's eager, smiling face.



"UP THE STEPS OF THE BIG HOUSE RAN THE OTHER TWO MEN."

"Humph!" mentally commented the editor, as with a curt nod he passed into his private office; "at least the boy 's prompt."

To Jimmy, on the anxious bench, it seemed an eternity before word came that Mr. Jones would see him. Hastening into the office he stood once more beside the editor's desk; and once more the keen gray eyes were fixed on his face. He waited in silence.

"Well?" came the habitual interrogation of Mr. Jones.

Quickly Jimmy dug down into his pocket and brought forth his precious papers. "I was on Madison Avenue yesterday afternoon," he began, speaking very rapidly, "and I ran into some moving-picture people making a reel. It was quite interesting, so I 've written it up and—"

"Don't want it! Don't want it!" exclaimed the editor, turning away in evident disgust. Then, before the boy could make reply, he swung back toward him.

"Great reporter you are!" he snapped. "On Madison Avenue watching a 'movie' film being made, while the greatest robbery of the year was going on right under your nose."

The considerable newspaper experience of Jimmy Moore had taught him one invaluable lesson. Namely, when in doubt let the other man do the talking. With remarkable alacrity he retired into his shell.

"Yes, sir?" he said, politely and interrogatively.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" mimicked Mr. Jones, and continued sarcastically, "somebody, nobody knows who, walked off yesterday afternoon, nobody knows where, with a chest of exceedingly valuable valuables."

It was then that, as the saying goes, Jimmy Moore "sat up and began to take notice."

"Have n't you seen a paper?" demanded Mr. Jones.

Jimmy had n't, but he made no response. He reached over and seized upon the paper the editor had thrust toward him. With eager fingers he opened it. On the front page, just below the flaring headlines that proclaimed the robbery, was a picture, an exterior view, of the big white house

before which he had stood on the previous afternoon.

For a moment Jimmy's head whirled, but with an effort he steadied himself and deliberately read every word of the somewhat lengthy account.

From it he learned that the family of Mr. Grayson Scott, one of New York's wealthiest bankers, had returned to their home on Madison Avenue at six o'clock the evening before. Charles Parker, the butler, a trusted employee, for years in the service of the Grayson Scotts, had preceeded the family by a few hours, arriving at the Madison Avenue house about noon.

On the morning of the same eventful day the trust company, of which Mr. Grayson Scott was the president, had received, from Mr. Grayson Scott, himself, a telephone message to the effect that a chest of valuables, stored for safe-keeping in their vaults, should be delivered at his house into the hands of Parker any time after twelve o'clock that day. This, the bank messengers asserted, had been done; and a receipt from Parker bore out their statement.

When, at six o'clock, the Grayson Scotts, with their various additional servants, reached home, they found the house in darkness, the vestibule door open and the windows raised.

Receiving no response to their repeated summons, an entrance was effected and an investigation made. Parker, the butler, unconscious and badly injured, was found propped against and securely tied to the newel post.

Of the great chest, containing a quantity of silver plate, and many priceless jewels belonging to Mrs. Grayson Scott, there was no trace. So far, no light could be thrown on the mystery concerning what had happened between the time of the delivery of the chest into Parker's hands and the arrival of the Grayson Scotts at their home. The serious condition of the butler made it impossible to obtain any information from him; indeed there were doubts as to the man's recovery.

By the time Jimmy Moore reached the last word, he had forgotten that he stood in the presence of the "Lion" editor; had forgotten everything, save that in his pocket he held a "scoop." Forgetful, also, of his manners, he seized a chair, drew it up to the desk, and, unbidden, plumped down into it.

"Mr. Jones!" he cried, stammering in his endeavor to say it all at once. "*I* can tell them what happened from four to six—I was there and saw it! *That 's* my moving-picture story. They pulled the whole thing off in broad daylight, before the whole world, by pretending they were 'movie' people. Why, one man came along while they were right in the middle of it, and did n't even stop! It 's nothing unusual nowadays, you know, to run into 'movie' people."

Eagerly he placed the pictures, one by one, before the bewildered editor, explaining them and recounting his adventure in quick, terse sentences. When he came to the end, he looked up into the keen gray eyes and saw there what, with all of his boy's soul, he longed to see—interest and amazement.

"I don't deserve much credit," he said, with regretful honesty; "I did n't know the real thing when I saw it; but," he added with the smile that had helped him over many rough places, "there 's a 'punch' in this story all right, Mr. Jones—a good stiff one. I saw the butler get it!"

"Moore," was the editor's sudden question, "can you write that just as you told it to me?"

"Can I?" answered Jimmy. "Yes, *sir!*"

"Do it!" was the laconic command. Then, with a quick exclamation, he turned to Jimmy.

"Why, man!" he said sharply, almost excitedly, "that reward is yours. It 's yours for the asking."

"Reward?" stammered Jimmy.

"Yes, reward!" snapped Mr. Jones. "A reward of one thousand dollars for information leading to the recovery of the valuables and the capture of your friends, the 'movie' men."

"One thousand dollars!" gasped Jimmy faintly, and then repeated, with fine disregard of grammar, "*me* get one thousand dollars?"

Mr. Jones reached across the desk, seized up the pictures, and again looked at them.

"Yes," he said with conviction, "you! Why, man, you 're not only giving them a good photograph of the three men involved, but in this one, where the automobile is driving away, you 're throwing in a picture of the automobile license to boot. The number is distinct. It will be playtime for the bloodhounds. It ought to be a walkover for the police.

"Go to see Mr. Grayson Scott himself," he went on. "Show him these pictures, tell him your story, and the reward is yours. Better go the minute your story 's written. But write *now* —and quick, too!"

As Jimmy hurried toward the door, Mr. Jones, as he had done the day before, whirled toward him.

"Jimmy," he said, and Jimmy felt his heart stop and then flop all the way over at the familiarity of the address, "Jimmy, hold on to those pictures. We 'll copy them, but we want them back. They belong to that story of yours—that story with a 'punch.' Now get!"

And, for the second time in this story, Jimmy "got."



THE SCHOOL-BOY BAND OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 21, NEW YORK CITY.

THEIR BAND

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WHEN the children of Public School 21, in New York City, begin school in the autumn they are escorted by a band—a real band of thirty-three musicians, school-boy musicians, all under fifteen years of age. And in this school there has been a band for ten years! But it is so hidden away in its east-side neighborhood that we have heard nothing of it all this time, despite the fact that twice a day—as the children enter school in the morning and after their noon recess—its bugle-call, followed by a spirited march, has attracted the attention of hundreds of workers, fruit venders, passing truckmen, women bending over wash-tubs or with babies in their arms.

It was Flag Day when I first heard the band. And though it was not yet nine o'clock Mott street had been awake for hours. In a big court-yard in the center of the school three thousand children were assembled. In front of them stood thirty-three boys garbed in trim blue coats, blue caps, spick-and-span white trousers, and carrying instruments, almost bigger than themselves, which gleamed in the sparkling sunlight. There in front was the American flag, the flag of the City of New York, and the dark blue banner of the school. From the windows of class-rooms small American flags were waving. The drum gave its signal, and the band burst into the "Stars and Stripes March" as the children marched into school.

The older boys were to have an athletic meet. And was it not an American patriotic day? The black eyes of the children of Italy were eager with anticipation.

"We 're going to march to the ferry," said their principal, Mr. Pugliese. "We 're going to Staten Island. Will you march with me and

follow along the streets we go?" And then, dodging children, too young to be in school, and narrowly escaping upsetting push-carts filled with fruit and gay with leafy branches, we started off.

We passed along streets packed so closely with admiring humanity it seemed as if we should never get through, but the band and its escort held complete sway. At its head was the drum-major, a fine Italian boy, with straight shoulders, black eyes, keen and responsive—a born leader.

From every window heads peered forth. There were employers and employees. There were girls in factories, there were men in sweat-shops, there were brokers and bankers, and all gazed at the boys and their band.

As we approached New York's Municipal Building the boys broke into "Maryland, My Maryland," "The Home of the Free and the Brave," and "America, I Love You."

"Does n't it seem strange," I said to Mr. Pugliese, "to hear such American tunes in the midst of all those dark Italian faces?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Pugliese, "it is just there that you do not understand. Those children are not hyphenated Americans. Every child is carrying a flag in that procession. They all know what that flag means. They have a reverence for Italy, which is right—it is a sentiment, a memory; but for this land they would give their lives. In them patriotism is deep. They inherit the material of which the Pilgrim Fathers were made, for they, too, inherit the courage of pioneers. Their parents have had the bravery to strike out, to leave Italy, to come to a land of hope and promise, but nevertheless new—everything different. And to take a new path requires bravery, it awakens patriotism. Their eyes have the Italian fire, but their hearts thrill with American loyalty and pride.

"But there!" he broke off, "that drummer-boy is the most expensive one I have! He forgets himself! He gets so enthusiastic. He has broken three drums this year. He gets carried away with your American tunes." The drum was booming louder, louder all the time.

"But tell me about your band," I asked. "How did it start? Why do you have it?" But the minute I had asked the last question I regretted it, for I had seen reason enough in the smiles and joy of Mott Street—that street of closely packed homes, of poverty, and often hunger.

"We have had it about ten years," Mr. Pugliese replied. "It was started by John S. Huyler, who bought the uniforms, paid all the expenses, and kept it up until his death. Then a group of ten people each promised one hundred dollars a year until 1916-1917. Some of them then continued their help, but we had to get others. It is kept up by voluntary contributions. But surely many will want to assist us!" And Mr. Pugliese looked as if never a doubt could enter his mind but that the band would always exist.

"They play at neighborhood affairs. They went on a trip to Princeton for one of the biggest college games. They played in the Memorial Day Parade, and received a testimonial of thanks from the Grand Army of the Republic. And at the Bronx fête—yes, all around my boys play."

"But they play so well," I said wonderingly. "It is really a good band."

"Of course it is!" returned Mr. Pugliese. "It would be of no use to have a poor band. We have plenty of talent. And we have plenty of recruits. The band never lacks players. You see, we have not only this band that you are hearing, but we have a second one of the same size. They train three times a week, just as these boys do, but they never play in public or for the children. We draw from the second band to replenish the first as the players leave school.

"Many of our graduates have gone into big bands, and some into orchestras. If they have not taken up music as a profession, all who have played with us are earning fifteen or twenty dollars a week more in the evenings by playing at different affairs. We are not a vocational school, but we have a vocation to offer." And he smiled. "It makes the tone of the school so different, and the tone of the neighborhood, too," he added. "It is a happiness to them, to parents, to babies, to old men. You must hear to appreciate it, and you must see the crowds who watch us every day to know of the pleasure it brings amid the daily struggle for existence."

We were approaching the ferry. It had been a hot day, but somehow I had n't felt the heat on that long walk. And when Mr. Pugliese stated: "You are not tired—you have walked two miles! You would never know you had gone so far—my children are such good company!" I agreed.

To get the meaning of that band, go and hear it from the balcony of the school. Look down into the court at three thousand children. Hear the music, and then look around at the windows of the tenements and at the congested street.

Gleaming through their poverty there is happiness. They are having a little of the beauty of life. For children it is a vision into a better world. And the daily life of the parents who can pause and watch children marching to the stirring music of that band is not all work, but one with some rays of sunshine, too, some melody, some chords of beauty.

THE PRINCE OF THE SEA

(A Legend of the Vikings)

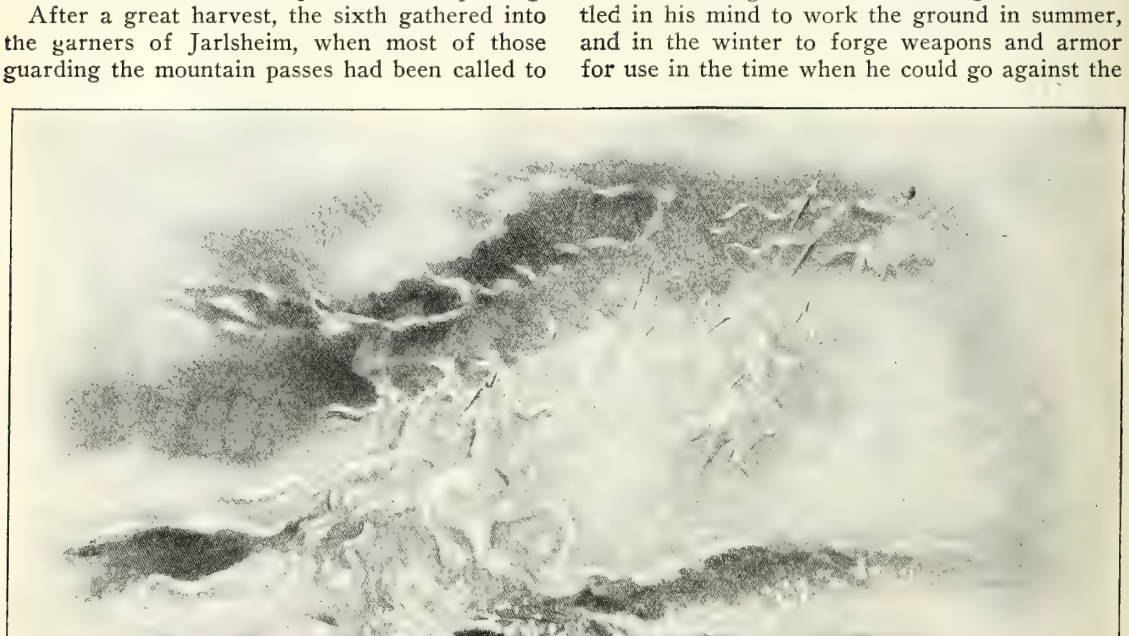
BY JOHN V. SEARS

When the Rotherns, the stranger folk, came over the mountains into the Norseland, Jarl Erick and his sons went forth to battle against them. The Rotherns were driven back, but only Rulof, the younger son of Erick, was left to return home. Rulof married Elfriga, the fair, and built Jarlsheim in the midst of the Norseland, where he lived with his wife in peace and happiness, tilling the land, raising cattle, and administering justice as a right jarl [earl] should do.

The years passed, but no children came to the home of Jarl Rulof and Elfriga. They sat at their board alone. There was love and plenty, but no little ones to share them. There was no son growing up to stand by his father; no daughter to take her mother's place at the spinning.

After a great harvest, the sixth gathered into the garners of Jarlsheim, when most of those guarding the mountain passes had been called to the harvest-fields, the Rotherns suddenly appeared and overcame the few that were left. Then, descending upon the land, the enemy destroyed Jarlsheim and forced Rulof and Elfriga to mount and ride for life, with their house-folk and such possessions as they could quickly take in hand. They fled westward and tarried not until they came to the great sea. And there, though they knew it not, they had come to their own. It was not the land, but the sea, that held for them their destiny.

On the shore, sheltered by a point jutting into the sea, they found a village of fisherfolk who lived by supplying their spoil to near-by towns. These simple people received the fugitives most kindly, giving of their best with such good-will that their guests rested content, until Elfriga fell homesick for Jarlsheim and growing things and gardens and kine. Thereupon Rulof took land, and, being a farmer and a fighter, he settled in his mind to work the ground in summer, and in the winter to forge weapons and armor for use in the time when he could go against the Rotherns and win back the wealth of which they had despoiled him.



"THE HORSES OF THE SEA-KING, WITH PENNONS FLUTTERING OVER PLUMED WARRIORS."

To regain their home and punish their enemies was the hope of their lives, until all the world



"THE PRINCE OF THE SEA LEADING THEM."

was changed for them by the birth of a child, a lovely little girl, who throve as by divine favor, and grew so wondrous beautiful she was named Breida, the shining one.

Breida was ever a home-child, the companion of her mother, and early skilled at the spinning; but her first delight was to be on the shore, and her first footsteps led to the sea. As a maid, she was kind, friendly, and pleasant with her companions, and dearly loved by them, but she sought them not, wandering alone on the sands when she could be away from the hearthside. The fame of her loveliness spread abroad, and many suitors clad in fine raiment came from near and far, bringing rich presents; sons of her father's battle companions came, brave young berserkers who would fain have carried her off without leave, only that in her presence they fell timid; even kings' messengers from the south came, offering a crown for her hand; but Breida was moved by none. She cared more for the young fishers, and was frankly interested in them, their boats and their work, but each was like to another in her regard, and they all knew she was one apart, a being of finer mold than any folk they had ever seen. It was not for them she loitered by the sea, and oftentimes her far-off gaze reached above and beyond them as they went and came with the tides.

Elfriga, being inland bred, was disquieted by her daughter's faring, and besought Jarl Rulof to bear her company and win her away from the waterside. So the jarl walked with his daughter on the sands, and learned something of the spell that held her. Scenes he knew familiarly showed new forms at her suggestion, and dim outlines of things remote took definite shapes before his eyes.

"See!" she would say, "see the procession of rearing and plunging horses racing out beyond the point and away into the sky!"

"Yes," he would be obliged to admit, "that does look like a line of galloping war-steeds. What we really see, my child, is the surf curling along over the outer edge of the bar. But how like a troop of wild horses! Strange, I never noticed it until now!"

"It *is* a troop of horses," she would answer joyously, "the horses of the Sea-King, with pennons fluttering over plumed warriors in dazzling armor, and the Prince of the Sea leading them!"

At another time, she might point out to him a great galley, larger than ten fishing-boats, sailing by with silver shields along her sides, and

the Prince of the Sea on the prow, looking shoreward.

"You make me see things as you see them!" the jarl would exclaim. "That looks like the biggest boat in the world, with a tall mast and wide-spread sail; but, in truth, it is one of those great pines that sometimes fall into the water from the forests on the shores of the fiords, with a sheet of spray thrown up on the far side."

The only reply would be, "It is the Prince."

Often at evening the level sunset rays revealed to Breida the distant home of the Prince, the city of the Sea-King, with towers and battlements, shimmering like pearl-shells, and forms of trees waving against the red of the sky, where the sun goes down over the edge of the ocean.

The fisherfolk told of islands in the west, but too far away to be seen from the shore. Breida was wiser than they, because she knew her islands were between the clouds and the water, to be seen by illumined eyes, at the enchanted hour when day and night meet on earth, while above the coming darkness there is still a last glow of light fading out in the heavens. The long evenings of summer often held her late on the shore, and when her father came for her, she would tell him of these visions of her future home. After her days with her kindred were accomplished, she would be taken to the sunset-land to dwell with her Prince of the Sea.

Elfriga was deeply troubled with these dreams of a prince not of this earth, and a home for her daughter beyond the edge of the ocean, for naught but dreams could they be.

But one day came Breida to her from the shore with both hands full of jewels—diamonds, emeralds, and pearls.



"SHE AWAITED HIM AT HER ACCUSTOMED PLACE ON THE SEASIDE."

To the eager questionings of her amazed parents, the maiden answered that the bright things had been given to her by the Prince of the Sea. She had been sitting in her accustomed place, awaiting the twilight, when a troop of riders came swinging in with the rising tide, and from the crest of a great roller the Prince leaped to the sands, like an osprey alighting from his soaring flight. An instant he knelt before her, and then the surf broke over the beach, a shower of spray dashed upon her, and he was gone. Instead of being drenched with brine, Breida had found her lap full of brilliant pebbles, and had brought them home.

Then it was that Elfriga learned what the goddess Freya had decreed. Her daughter was to be the Princess of the Sea. The jewels were a wedding gift from the shining one. Jarl Rulof took them to the city, where they were declared to be of incalculable value, and a cunning artificer from the south wrought them into a glory of gems for Breida's wedding. For her bridal also, her mother gave her a mantle of linen, embroid-

ered with silver of such fine texture that it looked like the laced foam spreading over the back of a crested wave.

The Prince visited his bride-to-be at twilight. She ever divined the day of his coming and she awaited him at her accustomed place on the sea side of the point where she had first seen him. Meanwhile, he builded a home for her on the headland at the end of the point, whence she could look far out over the ocean. No man saw how the building was done, as a silvery mist hung over the headland, but ere long the mist cleared away, and a noble palace appeared. There were towers and battlements shimmering like pearl-shells, and on the highest tower, next the sea, a cresset-fire burned at night to show belated fishermen their way home.

When the castle was ready, the Prince of the Sea came in a ship bigger than ten fishing-boats, with a tall mast and wide-spread sail. Ten silver shields were locked together upon the bulwarks, five shields on either side, so no man could enter or look inboard. Majestic and splendid in a flowing mantle embroidered with silver like unto Breida's, the Prince led the maiden to Freya's altar, where they were wed. Then ship and departed. Breida and the people watched on the shore until, borne by the fair wind, the ship was lost to sight where the islands of the sunset-land gleam red and gold between sea and sky.

As often as the moon changed from old to new, the Prince came from the sea to the castle on the headland, and abode three days. Health and happiness came with him, and the welfare of the people thereabout. Thriving, both by fishing and by farming, their store increased, the treasures of both sea and land being theirs.

Breida's home was the happiest on the shore, and, in course of time, a family of eleven sons grew up there. Stalwart men they became, majestic of mien and mighty in stature like unto the Prince, their father, all except the youngest, Alfred, the counselor. Slender and of graceful bearing, like unto his mother, though latest born, he was wiser than the others. But he loved not arms or rude ventures, joining Breida in keeping watch on the shore rather than his brothers on their wild hazards by land or sea.

When the ten elder brothers had gained the strength of manhood, the Prince, coming upon them at twilight bathing like dolphins in the surf,



"THERE WERE TOWERS AND BATTLEMENTS SHIMMERING LIKE PEARL-SHELLS."

at the palace on the headland all the people were feasted during three days, and were given presents, and thereafter the Prince entered into his bade them go and take the shields from the sides of his ship, each one a shield and each also a sword hanging behind the shield. All save Al-

fred were thus armed, and the Prince taught them to lock their shields together for defense, and to strike between them with their swords for offense. "Alfred," said the Prince, "shall bear neither sword nor shield. He shall work scathe to none, and no ill shall ever befall him. His part shall be that of adviser and scald. He shall make your songs, war-songs and feast-songs, and shall give you sage sayings to remember. When he speaks and puts forth his hand, his work shall be accomplished, but he shall not put forth his hand in strife."



"A SHIP BIGGER THAN TEN FISHING BOATS."

Strife came to the ten full soon, as they were called to be the guardians of the village against invading foes. When the fishermen were humble folk, with no possessions worth the taking, they were not troubled by enemies. Their poverty was their protection. Later on, bruit of the wealth they were gaining went abroad through the land, and robbers came to despoil them. Often it was the robbers themselves who were despoiled, the brothers falling upon them and driving them to flight for life. So far from reaching the fishermen's village, the marauders did not always return to their own.

Then came the Prince to abide during the three days of the changing moon. To his ten sons he said: "You have been tried in war and have proven yourselves men. It is now right for you to marry. Build for yourselves a ship like unto my ship; hang your shields upon it, five on either side, and sail southward until you find ten royal princesses to be your wives. Take Alfred with you to be your counselor. Go forth, and when you return, you shall each find a home builded for you on the headland like unto Breida's home; save only Alfred, who will abide with his mother."

The builders of the fishing-boats worked with the young men, following the directions of the Prince, felling the trees, riving the planks, hewing the timbers, and shaping the mast. The maids and wives of the village spun the flax and wove the fabric for the sail, and when the ship was ready to launch, the ten brothers hung their shields upon the bulwarks, five on either side.

On a day named by Alfred, they set sail southward before a fair wind, and kept their way until they came to the safe harbor of Trondhjem, and there rested. They were hailed with great delight by Snorr, King of Trondhjem, and by his people, who were much distressed by an invasion of the Rotherns, the stranger folk. Fenwin, King of the Rotherns, had ten sons, and these sons would have the royal princesses to be their

wives; and when the royal maids refused to be thus mated, King Fenwin came with his horde against Trondhjem, to win with the edge of the sword the ten daughters of King Snorr as brides for his sons.

King Snorr spoke to Alfred, declaring that if the sons of the Sea Prince would rid Trondhjem of the Rotherns, they and not the sons of Fenwin should wed with the royal maids. Then Alfred said, if the maids pleased, so it should be. And the ten princesses declared they would wed with the sons of the Sea Prince. Thereupon, the ten brothers locked their shields together, five on either side, and placing Alfred in their midst, went forth singing their battle-song, elate and joyful.

Then came they to the Rotherns, and drove through their horde as a plow runs a furrow through a fair field, heeding nothing of the swords and spears that battered against their shields. When they reached the center of the horde where stood Fenwin, Alfred went alone to the king, and, putting forth his hand, commanded the king, saying, "Come thou with me!"

The king obeyed, and the ten closed around the two and returned as they had come, leaving the way marked with fallen Rotherns. After Fenwin had been housed in the Trondhjem stronghold, Alfred went alone to the ten Rothern princes, and bade them return with their horde to their own land, leaving their horses and arms as a ransom for their leader, who should in due time follow them. "Go," he said, "and come not again to this coast."

Then were the ten daughters of King Snorr wedded to the ten sons of Breida. All Trondhjem held high festival, and King Snorr spread his board ten days for all comers, one day for each bride. On the eleventh day, Alfred bade the brothers and their brides to enter the ship, as the moon change was at hand. Northward they sailed with a fair wind, until, toward evening, they saw the cresset-light burning on the headland tower.

At the hour of dusk, between day and night, they made landing, and found Breida, the shining one, radiant in jewels and silver-flowered mantle, waiting in her accustomed place to welcome her sons and her daughters. Greeting the ten brides, she said to them: "You have come to fill my place. The care I have given my sons is now to be yours. From my home they go to the home each one of you shall make for her own; you to be the home-makers and home-keepers, while your husbands fare on the seas as Freya has decreed. Now are my days accomplished here, and I go to my place in the Sunset Isles. Alfred I leave with you to be your guide and your scald. Sagas and songs he shall make for you, war-songs and feast-songs, and hymns to the gods, and sage sayings he shall give you to be remembered forever. Ten years and a day shall he abide with you, one year with each family, and on the last day, at twilight, he shall come to this, my accustomed place on the shore, and we will come to him and bear him away to the city of the Sea King, beyond the edge of the ocean."

As the sons and daughters arose from kneeling at her feet, a soft glow of twilight illumined the place, and the Prince of the Sea stood before them. Majestic and splendid, the Prince spoke to them in love and approval, but his words saddened their hearts as they knew he was saying hail and farewell. He told them that now they must direct their own lives, for Breida and he must leave them.

"You are not left portionless," he said. "Your possessions shall be worthy of your high estate. I give to you, my sons, the heritage of the sea. On all coasts the folk who take riches from the sea shall pay you tribute. Go forth with stout hearts and gather in your dues. You shall know no fear, for neither the hand of man on the land, nor the stress of the storm on the water, shall prevail against you, and you and your sons and your sons' sons shall be known of all the world as the Masters of the Sea, the Vikings of the Norseland."

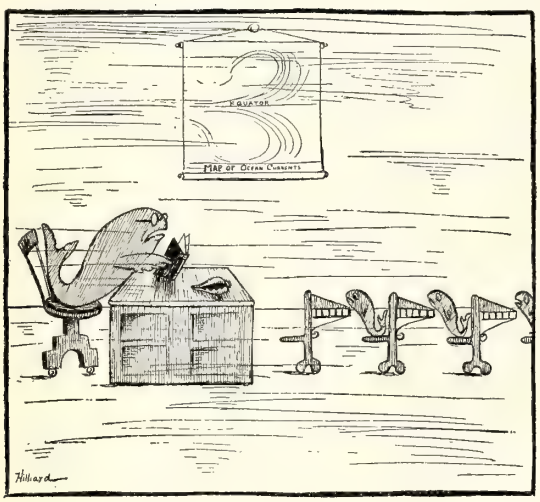
Taking Breida by the hand, the Prince entered into his ship, and sailed westward with a fair wind toward the Sunset Isles. Their children and the people of the village stood on the shore, and watched the passing of the ship until the last gleam of her white sail was lost between the red bars and the gold bars of the sky beyond the edge of the ocean, and Breida and the Sea Prince were seen of men no more. But the words he spoke remained, and have been fulfilled. His children and his children's children, generation after generation, were long known of all the world as the Masters of the Sea, the Vikings of the Norseland.



A FISH STORY

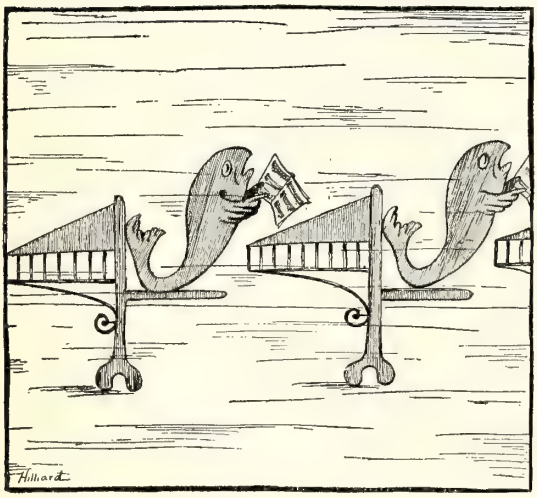
BY HELEN HILLIARD

COME, children, I 'll take a trip with you;
We 'll go wherever you wish,
Suppose we go down in the ocean blue
And visit a school of fish.



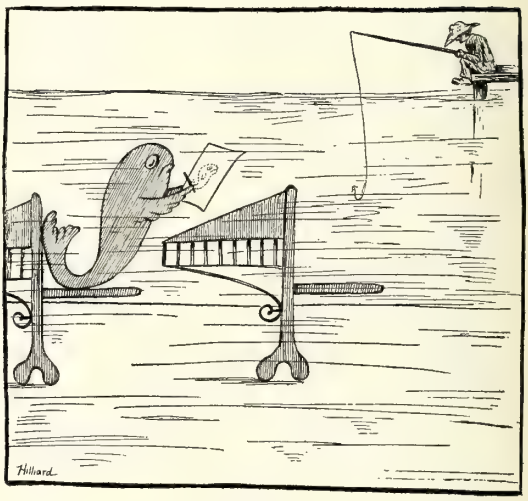
I

We 'll find them each at his tiny desk,
As good little fish should be,
Cod and herring and mackerel,
All down in the deep blue sea.



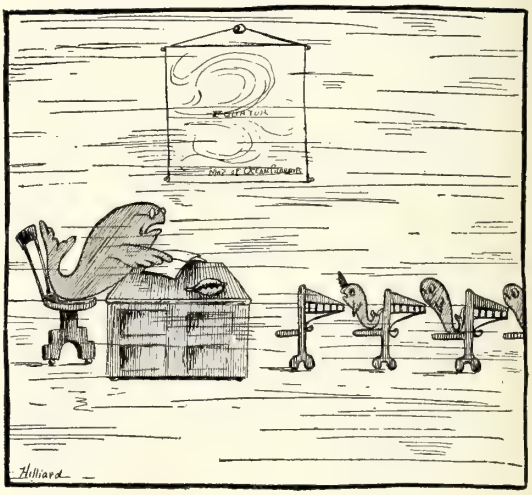
II

They 're having a singing lesson now,
And beating time with their tails;
But the tunes seem rather strange to us,
For they always sing in scales!



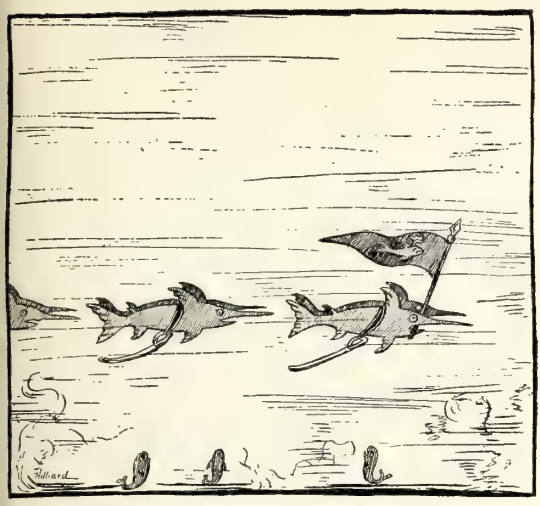
III

A drawing lesson will follow this,
But they draw with dots so fine;
For every fish, from the very first,
Is taught to avoid a line!



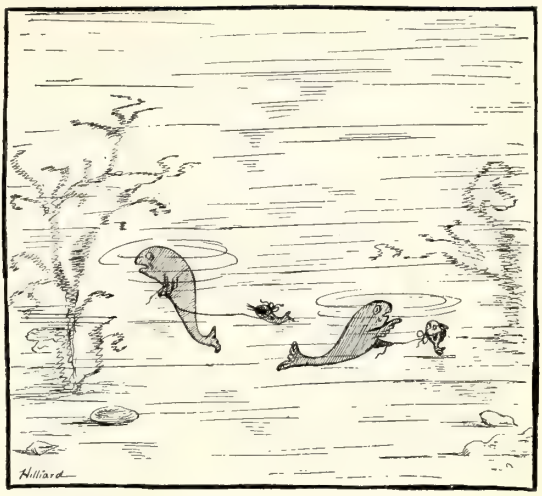
IV

And now up goes a tiny fin
From the smallest fish in the class,
"Please, teacher, may we go to the door
To look at the soldiers pass?"



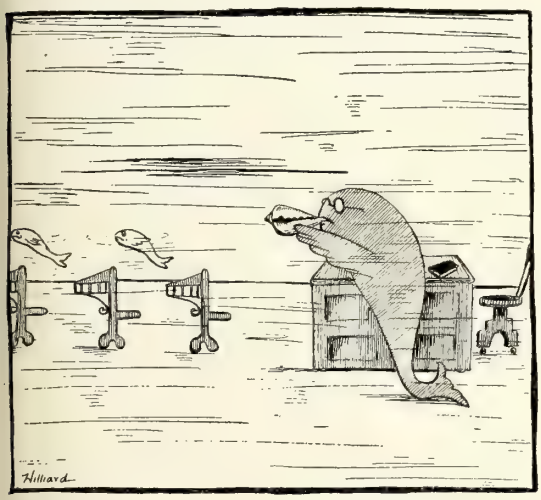
V

The teacher says "Yes," and they all swim out
And wave their fins on high
As a regiment full of swordfish brave
Goes gallantly swimming by.



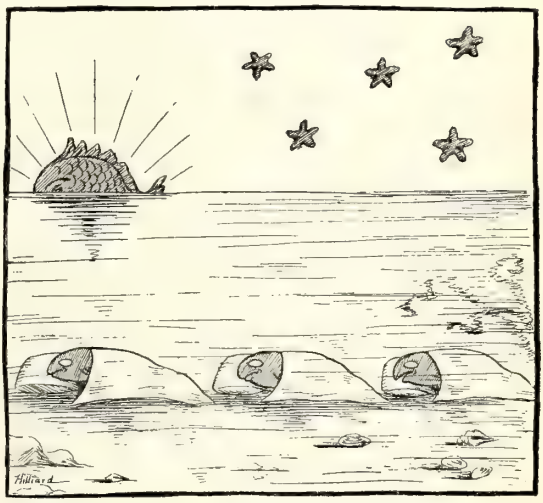
VII

For a while they play in the seaweeds tall,
Far under the ocean foam,
And romp with their catfish and dogfish pets
Till their mothers call them home.



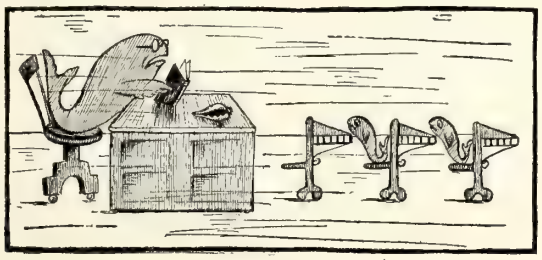
VI

Then back to their lessons the wee fish float,
And eagerly they recite,
Till the teacher blows on a conch-shell loud,
And school is out for the night.



VIII

And then, when the sunfish has set in the west
And the starfish shed their gleams,
They all go to sleep on the bed of the sea,
Wrapped in their happy dreams.



SANDY

BY CAROLINE BIRD PARKER



"HERE, Bob-bee! Bob-bee!" And the voice of Bobby's mother finally penetrated through the warm covering in which the boy was so tightly rolled.

He reflected a moment before calling a sleepy, "All right!" gave himself a good stretch, which was accompanied by a noisy yawn, then cautiously put one foot on the icy floor. He drew it quickly back to the warm nest. "Ugh!" said Bobby, and snuggled down again. He could hear his mother bustling about downstairs, and knew that, for the moment, he was forgotten and could snatch another forty winks.

But Bobby's mother came of a long line of people who had been trained in Scotland, and who never left a task unfinished. "Sandy," she called; and Bobby knew the game was up, for Sandy was a tawny Scotch collie, who also had been trained to do things thoroughly.

"Sandy, it 's time Bobby was up. Go get him."

And Sandy looked like a cloud of dust as he dashed up the stairway and into the little room under the roof. Bobby gripped the clothes and rolled over to the back of the bed.

"Woof, woof, woof!" barked Sandy, for he was a gentleman and fought like one, offering his salutations before opening fire.

"Go away!" growled Bobby.

Sandy took one corner of the covering between his strong teeth, braced his feet, and the fight was on. Bobby clung desperately to his corner, but little by little the dog gained in the tug of war, and finally the clothes all lay on the floor. Bobby reached for the pillow; but just as he was ready to take aim, he saw the tip of Sandy's tail disappearing.

"Woof, woof, woof!" said Sandy to Bobby's mother, which in dog language was, "That job is done. What next?"

"Good dog," said Bobby's mother. "Go and lie down and you shall soon have a fine breakfast as a reward."

"Good nothing!" muttered Bobby, as he scrambled into his clothes. "I 'd like to have the say about your breakfast. You 'd be one hungry dog before you got it."

When Bobby was dressed, he went down the stairs almost as expeditiously as Sandy had done, for the smell of the cooking breakfast was very inviting.

"Hurry up, Bobby; you are late. Bring in some wood, and we 'll be ready when Father comes in. And he 'll be ready, too, and cold, and we must have everything nice and hot for him."

Bobby's father was one of the men who worked on the wharves and helped to load the great ships with provisions, not only for the troops which were being carried across the waters to fight in a strange country, but for the people over there who were no longer able to provide for themselves.

Bobby was really a very good worker after he got started in the morning, and he soon came in from the woodshed with a generous armful of wood which he dropped into the box, letting one stick fall outside, accidentally, of course, but in the direction of Sandy, who was toasting himself by the fire. But Sandy knew boys better than he ever let on, and he had been keeping one eye on Bobby ever since he came downstairs. When the stick landed, the dog was half-way across the room.

"Gee, but it 's cold!" said Bobby, blowing on his hands.

"I should say so," said his mother; and she went to the window and wiped off some of the frost. "I wish your father would come. It must have been a terrible night on the wharves."

"The sailors out on the water must be awful cold," said Bobby.

"Indeed they must! It 's bad enough to have to cross the ocean in this cold and stormy weather, but those poor fellows run a very good chance of being thrown into the sea by one of those pesky U-boats."

"What makes Germans so mean?" said Bobby.

"Oh, just made that way, seems like."

Just then Bobby's father came stamping in, swinging his arms and slapping himself vigorously, and the discussion of German nature was necessarily postponed.

"Well, Mother, this *is* a morning, and perhaps you think the night has been balmy," said the man of the house, as he danced about in front of the fire. "Don't think you 'll insult me by offering me a hot cup of coffee."

"Sit right down," said Bobby's mother; "everything is ready."

"Woof, woof!" barked Sandy.

"Oh, you 're always ready for food!" snapped Bobby. "I 'd like to see the person who could give you enough to satisfy you."

"I 'll bet Sandy had to pull you out of bed again this morning," said Bobby's father. "Don't mind him, old dog, his bark is worse than his bite."

Every one did justice to the good breakfast, and the father talked of his night's work. "The boys are all on board and will sail away during the morning. I hate to think of what will happen if a German torpedo ever strikes that ship, though, for there 's a powerful lot of ammunition tucked away on her."

After breakfast Bobby's father offered a simple, but fervent, prayer of thanksgiving for the keeping of the family safe through the night, ending with a petition for the protection of the boys who must brave the perils of the sea that they may go to a foreign land and fight for the preservation of liberty and freedom.

Bobby but dimly understood, and deep in his heart he envied the soldiers whom he saw almost daily marching to the boats and sailing away, while the bands were playing and the people cheering and the flags flying. To him, the war game seemed one of gay music and attractive uniforms. To be sure, some of the women cried as the regiments marched past, but Bobby considered this a matter of sex.

After a little, Bobby was started for school. Father went to bed, and only the mother and Sandy were left to watch over the house, and Sandy had to do most of this, for the mother was kept too busy to worry much about whether any one walked away with the house or not.

She had cleared the table and was washing the dishes when suddenly something terrific happened. It was as though the earth had blown wide open. The side of the house where she was standing flew away into space, and she went after it. She landed in the middle of a vacant lot across the street, and she lay quiet still for a long time, for she was stunned.

When she came back to consciousness, she saw fires springing up in many places. She was never a person who made a great fuss about things or wasted many words, and now she simply said to herself: "Well, it 's the judgment day, sure enough, and apparently I am the only one left. There is nothing to be done, and I might as well lie here and wait for the next thing to happen." She knew she had never done anything very bad and she felt sure that somehow she would be taken care of. That must be a very comfortable feeling on a real or an imaginary judgment day.

Just as she was beginning to wonder if she ought not to get up and look about a little, and had discovered that she was so bruised that she could not move, she felt a cold wet nose rooting into her hand. She opened her eyes ever so little, and sure enough! there was Sandy—a pitiful-looking and frightened Sandy—crouching close to her, and whining, as if to ask her to tell him what had happened to them. She stroked Sandy's head very gently, and he settled down beside her with a satisfied little whimper, as if to say, "I know I am all right now."

After a time, things seemed more real to Bobby's mother, and she wondered if, perhaps, there might not be a little of old Earth left. The sky grew redder and redder from the fires, and she could hear the shouts of people. Very soon, many whistles began to blow and the sound of some of them seemed to be familiar.

"What has happened to us, Sandy, dog? Where are we? Where is Bobbie?" she whispered.

At the last question Sandy pricked up his ears and gave a faint little *"Woof, woof!"* which may have meant, "In bed, I dare say."

And then, Bobby's mother did a most unheard-of thing for her—she began to cry! And she cried harder and harder. That was too much for Sandy, for he knew that, if she made a fuss over the situation, it must be pretty bad. So he lifted his nose and gave a long howl; and as that did not seem to comfort his mistress, he gave another, and another, and another, and between the two of them they made considerable noise.

Pretty soon Sandy straightened himself up and turned his face toward the house and started to run; but he was so bruised and lame that he only went a few steps; so he just sat down and howled some more. And then a faint halloo came across the field, and Sandy answered; and then the halloos came nearer and nearer, until even Bobby's mother heard them and answered, "Here, John, here!"

And sure enough, it was Bobby's father, with Bobby close at his heels, who had heard Sandy's S.O.S. They were stumbling across the lot, and Sandy was limping out to meet them.

The part of the house in which the father was sleeping had not been so seriously damaged; and, while he was pretty well frightened, he was not hurt. You can hardly imagine, though, what it would be to be awakened by a noise that seemed to split the earth and to get up and find part of your house and your entire family gone. And that was what happened to many of the families who lived in Halifax on the morning when one

great ship ran into another and all its cargo of munitions exploded. The terrible thing that Bobby's father had feared if a torpedo should strike the ship that he had been helping to load, had happened right in their own harbor to another boat and very nearly wiped out the town.

Bobby had not reached his school when the great explosion came. It threw him to the ground, but he was far enough away from the water-front to escape serious injury. He scrambled to his feet and ran for home, where, as you already know, he found only a part of his house—but, fortunately, all of his father.

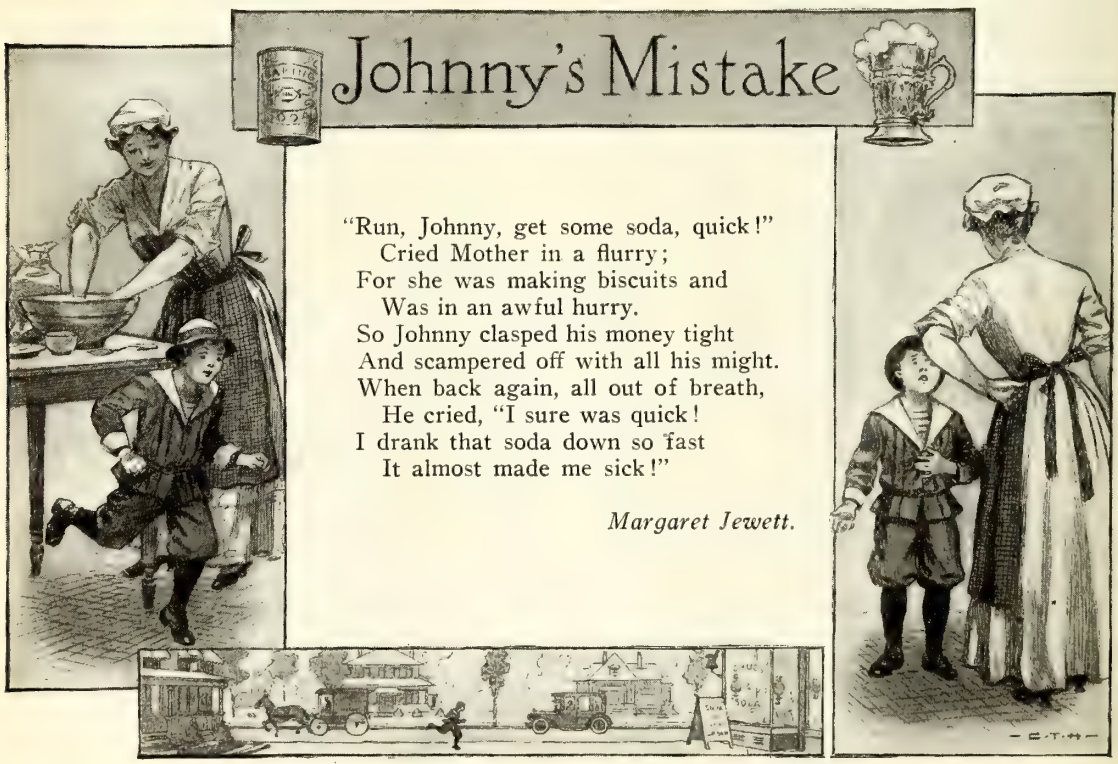
They both ran up and down the street, calling "Mother!" Bobby had been the first to hear Sandy, and he and his father started in the direction from which the sound came. Very soon they met poor bewildered Sandy, who led them back to the dear mother. The father took her in his strong arms and carried her to the house, Bobby and Sandy following close behind.

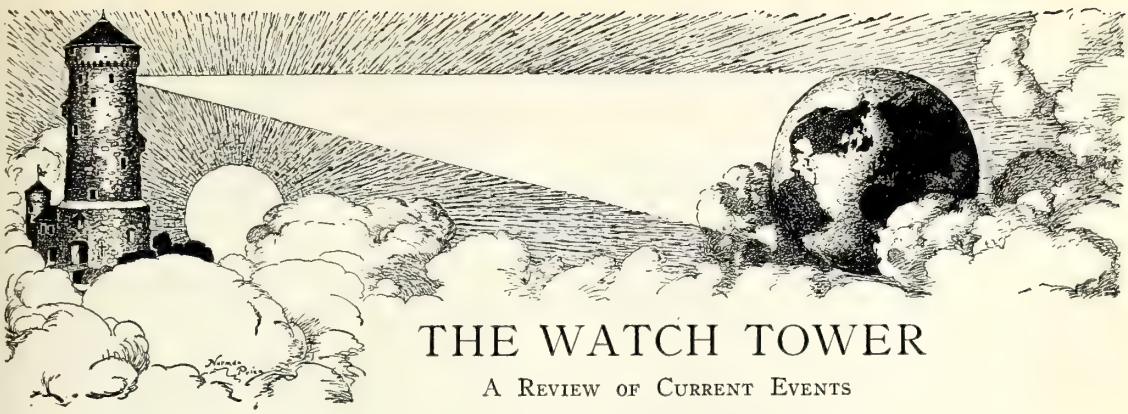
The mother, as usual, was game, and thought of every one but herself. She was so happy over being once more with Bobby and his father that she improved very quickly and took charge of the affairs of the family. She sent her husband to his mother farther back in the town, fearing that her home, as well as those of Bobby's uncles and aunts, might have been demolished.

The grandmother's house was in pretty good shape, though most of the windows had been broken. She herself was the most alive of the little group that Bobby's father found assembled. And when he came and reported that *his* family were all safe, there was great rejoicing.

Bobby's father saw that the mother would be much more comfortable here than in her own shattered home; and so he and one of the uncles went for her and carried her safely up the hill. You can imagine the family reunion. Sandy was quite the hero of the occasion, for, as they all said, but for him Bobby's mother would almost surely have perished in the bitter cold. And they knew that they were one of the few families in their district of the city who were all spared.

But we will not talk about that, for every one knows what happened to that stricken city. Our story has to do with Bobby and his family, and not the least important member was, as I am sure you will all agree, Sandy.





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

DID THE END BEGIN IN JUNE?

This installment of The Watch Tower's record of the war is more cheerful than some of its predecessors were able to be. June, 1918, we should say, as the month draws to its end and the August pages are to be written, will be remembered as the month in which the end of the war began to be distinctly foreseen. Not that it could at that time be dated, but that the successful outcome for the Allies changed from a thing of hope to one of reasonably confident expectation. The Watch Tower has never been for a moment pessimistic; but it has not been impressionistic, either.

In June one German drive after another was beaten back. Neither of their objectives—the coast ports nor Paris—was reached. The Allies gave ground slowly, and with no loss of any kind that could compare with the German sacrifice in lives. If the Channel ports had been taken, England would have been in the greatest danger. Paris might have fallen without consequences nearly so serious to the defenders of civilization. Paris is not so vital, in a military sense, as it was in the time of the Franco-Prussian War. Hindenburg knew this, and counseled concentration on the push toward the coast, but it is said that his advice was overborne by that of other German generals. This very fact was cheerfully significant for the friends of freedom. Dissension in the German high command marks the beginning of the end of that unity in purpose which was the principal source of German strength in the first three years of the fighting.

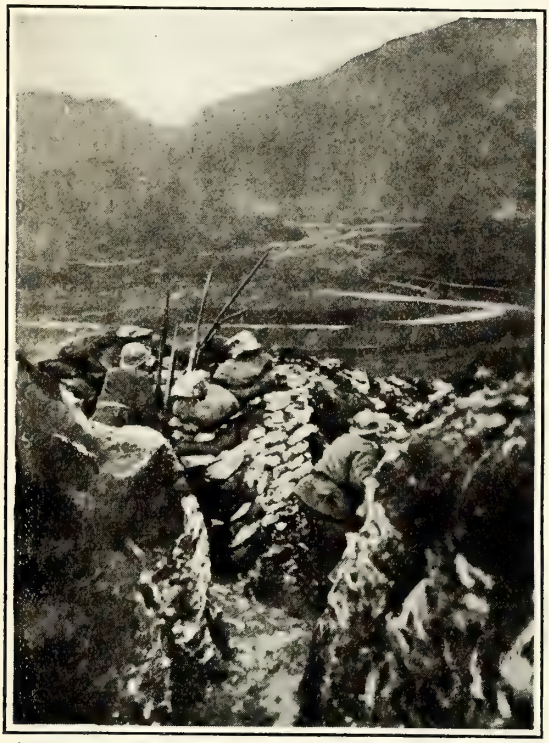
On June 15 the Austrians began their drive. It was met valiantly by the Italians, whose endangered morale was shown to have been revived; and it failed to gain any of its important objectives. Nature fought on the Italian side, for the Piave River came in flood, and harassed the



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GENERAL PERSHING ADDRESSING AMERICAN OFFICERS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE FRONT.

Austrians in their attempt to break through the long line of defense, back of which Venice, Padua, and the north Italian cities awaited the issue. A large Austrian force that succeeded in crossing



© Western Newspaper Union

AN ITALIAN OBSERVATION POST ON THE PIAVE RIVER.

the river was cut off. Allied artillery and airmen shot down vast numbers of fleeing Austrians, and many were drowned. The defeat turned into a rout, and Austria suffered a disastrous reverse from which her armies could not recover in many weeks. The Trentino, on the southern slope of the Alps, is Italian in spirit, though ruled by Austria; and Italy fights her best when trying to win back her lost provinces. Italian strategy plus courage defeated Austrian courage badly directed by its high command.

Meanwhile, there were serious disturbances in Austria; and while up to the time of this writing they had not developed into revolution, still they promised, for the weaker member of the Teuton alliance, a failure like that of Russia. Austria appealed to Germany for help, especially food supplies; but German expectations of vast acquisitions from the Ukraine had not been realized, and Germany had to leave her ally to his own resources.

Turkey seized the American Consulate at Tabriz, Persia, and that looked very much like an "act of war" that would lead to an American declaration against the Kaiser's friend, the Turk. This might lead to the sending of Japanese forces into that part of the world, and open the way to the taking of Constantinople—which would be a fatal blow to German ambitions for southward expansion.

In the last week of June the German Foreign Minister, Kuehlmann, announced Germany's readiness to exchange "specific peace terms" with the Allies—as if they had not already been stated as explicitly as words could do it! The Kaiser was "furious." It looked like another silly German game, and certainly scored no gain for the Teutons.

It was announced that American troops in training were being taught principally the art of warfare in the open.

Without attaching undue importance to any of these things, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that they bulked into a cheerful prospect for America and her friends among the nations.

The Anglo-Saxon boast is, "We may bend, but we will not break." German psychology is different. The German says, "You may break me, but you will never see me bend."



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CLIFF HOUSES USED BY AN ITALIAN LOOKOUT POST.



© Committee on Public Information

GENERAL PASSAGA OF THE FRENCH ARMY DECORATING THE FLAG OF THE 104TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, THE FIRST AMERICAN REGIMENT TO WIN THE FRENCH WAR CROSS FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY UNDER FIRE.

Germany may be expected, when the time comes, to break quite suddenly—and very completely. There is no courage in a whipped bully.

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM

For months Russia was a mystery to the rest of the world. In June of this year it was still pretty hard to find a key to the puzzle, but it was clear that the unhappy land was moving toward some sort of a solution of its problem.

The ex-Czar was reported to have been assassinated; to be safe; to have been executed, after a hasty trial, by the Bolsheviki. There were various, and conflicting, reports of Bolshevist successes and reverses, culminating in a plausible enough story to the effect that Lenine and Trotzky had fled, that Korniloff had taken Moscow, and that the Grand Duke Nicholas had either been proclaimed Czar or had decided, on receiving an offer of the imperial crown, to wait for the Russian people to vote for him.

Meanwhile, the governments of the Allies were trying to formulate a policy. Should they intervene, or await developments? Should there be a show of force, or should they give Russia only economic assistance? At the end of the month it was announced that the Government at Washington was arranging to send a commission to study the situation, and make recommendations for action.

Germany had not by any means completed her conquest of Russia; that was the one clear, comforting fact in the situation. Russia was still struggling to adjust herself to the new conditions. And all we, as individuals, could do was to watch and wait, and trust that when the Governments of Great Britain and the United States *did* act, it would be with wisdom as well as firmness.

If Russia's troubles have been, as it seems easy to regard them, the result of the peculiar Slav temperament, we have all the more reason to be thankful that we, as Americans, are given to working out our high ideals by practical methods.

SEMPER FIDELIS

There was a time when the marines were made fun of by soldiers and sailors. That time was passed long ago. Germany knows!

By their gallant conduct in the June fighting in and about Château-Thierry, Cantigny, and Xivray, the men of the Marine Corps thrilled America through and through. Their victory at Cantigny was especially important, as it drove the German hordes back from the munitions factories and stores which the French had established

there, and the taking of which would have been a tremendous advantage to the Germans.

"Semper fidelis," "Always faithful," is the motto of the corps, and "First to Fight" is their slogan. Every young American, looking at our



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EIGHT HUNDRED MARINES FORM THE WORDS OF THEIR WINNING SLOGAN.

picture of eight hundred marines drawn up to form the letters of this slogan, will tingle with patriotic pride. And we are certain that no member of this justly honored branch of the service will mind if we add to our praise of its gallantry the remark that it gives America the more pleasure because it is not exceptional, but typical of the courage and faithfulness that distinguish our American men in the field.

GERMAN IN OUR SCHOOLS

In the July Watch Tower there was an article on the boycotting of German ships by the British Seamen's Union. There has also been set afoot a movement designed to secure twenty million signatures to a pledge against the use of any article "made in Germany." Another phase of the perfectly natural, though perhaps not morally justifiable, inclination to refuse to have anything to do with Germany after she is defeated by the free nations is the agitation against continuing to teach the German language and literature in our schools.

After all the arguments, for and against, have been taken into consideration and weighed against one another, the final argument against the study of German seems to be that the nation led astray by insane rulers has made use of every contact with the rest of the world for propaganda. The farther the German language travels, the more wide-spread is the baneful influence of the German philosophy of life, with its contempt for everything that the civilized nations hold dear—peace and honor and justice between man and man, nation and nation.

The argument to which most weight has been given by those who oppose action against the use of the German language in our schools is that pupils who have partially completed courses in it would be deprived of credit toward diplomas if the study were to be suddenly and completely discontinued.

Even if the second argument is correct, we should like to know how many American boys and girls there are who would care to have it applied to their own cases, after considering what is implied in the first argument? We must not let prejudice sway our reason—but it does really seem that there are most excellent reasons why, for a good while, at any rate, we should shun the German language and the literature that embodies the old, bad German kultur!

THE SUBMARINE RAID THAT FAILED

It must have been a good deal of a shock to the few Americans who had been thinking of the war as "three thousand miles away" when, on the morning of June 4, they read in the newspapers that eleven vessels had been sunk by German submarines off the Jersey coast. But the raid did not amount to much, and actually caused more of curiosity than of fear.

The Germans at home were told that our shipping had been paralyzed, the transportation of troops stopped, the coast cities bombarded, and that the hated Yankees were living in terror.

None of these things actually happened, for the transports continued to carry soldiers and quantities of supplies to France and England, and

the Yankees did not scare a cent's worth. There was less of alarm than there was nineteen or twenty years ago, when Spanish cruisers were believed to be about to bombard Boston and New York. And if the object of the raid was to draw part of our naval force from the other side, where it was waiting with the Allies' fleets for the German warships to come out,—as they probably will when their cause is lost on land and the last desperate effort is to be made,—it failed completely.



© International Film Service

THE STEAMSHIP *Herbert L. Pratt* ASHORE AFTFR BEING TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

The whole effect of this campaign, from a military point of view, was negligible. As has happened time after time, German *schrecklichkeit,* or frightfulness, had no effect except to stiffen the spirit of the enemies that Germany's rulers have made for themselves at so terrible a cost to the German people.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE.

As a naval parallel to the story of David and Goliath, the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* must yield first place to that of the tiny Italian torpedo-boat that sank an Austrian dreadnaught in June.

ONE of the directors of the Krupp gun works said the Kaiser is personally responsible for the war. This is not news to us Americans, but it is good for the German people to hear. After the Kaiser has laid his sword at the feet of the Allies he will have to settle his account with his own people—and it will be a terrible reckoning!

THESE two facts go together: In January we built 57 ships; in February, 84; in March, 138; in April, 165; and in May, 185. The American record for riveting, beginning with 2720 a day by one gang (riveter and two assistants), went by swiftly successive steps to 2805, 2919, 3055, and 3415. Our shipbuilders, like our boys "Over There," shoot straight and fast.

AND that reminds us to ask: Did you win a prize in the Ship-building Poster contest?

THE Greeks won an important victory in Macedonia in June.

THE great French newspaper, "Le Matin," said that the American soldiers had shown themselves "equal to the French." A high compliment! The French nation has, through four years of trial, shown itself equal to the best and brightest ideals of our own nation.

IN 1917 there were some 26,000 casualties, including not less than 10,000 deaths, on the railroads of America. Do you approve or disapprove of Director-General McAdoo's order creating nearly 1000 safety committees?

EARL GREY, the British statesman, said, early in the war: "There is more at stake in the war than the existence of individual states or empires or the fate of a continent. The whole of modern civilization is at stake." It is therefore fitly to be called The War in Defense of Civilization.

THE National Woman Suffrage Amendment may be postponed from time to time, on one pretext or another, but its ultimate passage seems as certain as the return of peace to this war-worn world. But it would take a bold prophet to try to put a date on it!

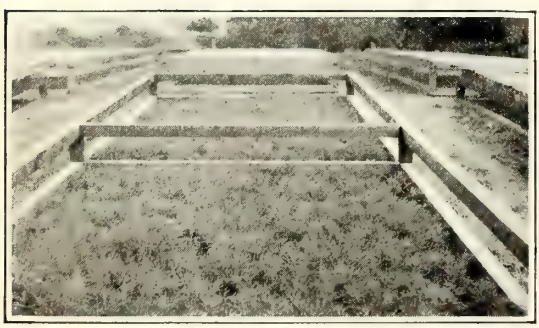
WHAT IS REFORESTATION?

Most of the land which we now call the Eastern States and New England was at one time a great forest, where the Indians hunted and fought, and through which great rivers flowed silently the



"EVERY FIVE TO SEVEN YEARS THE PINE-TREES BEAR A LARGE CROP OF CONES."

year round, with little change on account of rain or melting snow. The roots of the trees held the moisture for many weeks and months, permitting it to escape gradually to the beds of the streams, where it found its way at last to the ocean.



A BED OF ONE-YEAR-OLD SEEDLINGS. ONE POUND OF SEED WILL PRODUCE 10,000 PLANTS.

In place of that dense, dark, primeval forest, as it has often been called, we now have thousands of acres of "waste land," covered with small oak and chestnut "sprouts," or with piles of dead brush from the limbs of the trees which have been cut; and in some places only rocks remain where the big trees once stood.

Whenever a match is dropped carelessly, or a spark from a passing train falls among dry leaves, it may cause a forest fire to spring up, which may result in great loss before it is discovered and put out.

How much richer we should be as a nation if we could have some of the old forests back again! We need fields for the cattle, and for the raising of grain, and places to build our homes. But we need woods as well—woods enough to supply us with lumber, and to protect our streams, and shelter the wild birds and animals.

One of the best ways to assist nature in the work of forest-building is to plant numerous small pine-trees during the spring and fall, or, to be more exact, from April to June, and from September 15 to November 15. Men who devote



YOUNG PLANTATION OF PINE, TEN YEARS OLD, ON WHAT WAS FORMERLY A BARREN HILLSIDE.

all of their time to this and other woods work are known as foresters, and that branch of forestry which has to do with growing trees on waste land is called reforestation.

The first step in this interesting field of work is the gathering of the seed. Every five to seven years the pine-trees bear a large crop of cones, and about the first of October the seeds begin to fall from them and scatter themselves over the ground; for every seed possesses a gauzy wing by which it is often carried a long distance after it leaves the mother tree. Men gather the pine-cones while green, and later extract the seed by threshing.

The following spring, beds are prepared, and

in these the seed is sown during the months of May and June. One pound of seed will produce



AT THIRTY YEARS THE PLANTATION BEGINS TO RESEMBLE A REAL FOREST. IT MAY NOW BE THINNED OUT AND A FEW TREES SOLD AS LUMBER OR CORD-WOOD.

about 10,000 small trees, called seedlings. When the seedlings are two years old they are usually transplanted, and at the end of another year or two they are ready to be planted permanently on the rough mountain-sides, or wherever there is any waste land, and from that time they must fight their own way. They are planted six feet apart. One man makes the holes with a mattock, and two other men follow, placing a tree in each hole and stamping the dirt firmly about the roots. By this method over a thousand trees can be planted on an acre of ground in a single day.

After the first few years the trees begin to grow very rapidly, becoming at the end of ten years as high as a man's head, or higher. In twenty to thirty years they begin to resemble a real forest, and a few can then be removed and sold as lumber or cord-wood, so that those remaining can have more light and a better opportunity for growth.

To obtain a full-grown forest requires about fifty years. This seems a long time to wait, but through all these years the trees perform their functions of protecting and beautifying the land, in addition to producing lumber. Any young person can invest money for the future by planting pine-trees *now*. The land increases in value from the very day it is planted, and in many cases it would lose some of its value if left idle. We spend a good deal of money for education, in preparation for a life work which is intended to make us useful citizens and to enable us to make a comfortable living. Many schools now include forestry in their courses and in place of the usual Arbor Day exercises, where one tree is planted on the school grounds, large numbers of trees are being planted on school property. Why would it not be a good plan for young folks to begin earning money while in school by planting a few acres of land to pine-trees? Would not tree-planting be the act of a good citizen, and a careful investor?

J. R. Simmons.



"TO OBTAIN A FULL-GROWN FOREST REQUIRES ABOUT FIFTY YEARS."

CATCHING EGGS ON THE FLY

How to pick fresh eggs out of the air and land them safe within a mail-car flying along the tracks at the rate of fifty-eight feet every second —forty miles an hour—is enough of a problem to make any parcel-post enthusiast cudgel his brains.

If the fast mail has to stop at every little station and puff around while the mail-bags are being loaded, then it is no longer a fast mail—it has slipped back dangerously near the slow-freight class.

At Shirley, Illinois, in the "corn-belt" section of the State, an automatic mail-handling system has been installed which handles eggs so gently that out of a carton of fourteen that were shot into a car that was going at the rate of fifty-eight miles an hour, not a single one was broken. In fact, eight eggs out of the fourteen hatched when placed in an incubator. Other tests have been made with mail-pouches containing glass jars, fruit jars, pasteboard boxes, and other fragile articles. The pouches have been both received and delivered in perfect safety even when the train was flying along at a sixty-mile clip, or eighty-seven feet a second.

How does this system operate?

At the receiving-door of the car is a gathering-arm, or cradle, that swoops past the pouches suspended from the station cranes, picks them off nimbly, and deposits them gently within the car.



PICKING UP THE POUCHES ON THE FLY.



RECEIVING TROUGH AT STATION, ENDS RAISED, AND CRANES IN POSITION.

If there is any mail to be thrown off at this station, it is discharged from a special delivery-chute that empties the pouches on a long, wooden trough. When the station is passed, the gathering-arm and the delivery-chute take their original positions, the gathering-arm folding up closely against the side of the car within the protection of an angle-iron pocket, and the delivery-chute returning safely within the car.

To operate this system the delivery-clerk does n't have to stand listening for the engineer to blow the whistle for the station. The system works itself. When a train gets near the station, the car-trip on the axle of the mail-car comes in contact with the automatic track-trip, located 456 feet from the mail-service station. This contact starts the mechanism. Three slowly revolving cams control the three main operations. The first controls the mail-car doors, opening and shutting them. The second cam gently opens the receiving-chute so that it becomes fully extended before the station trough and mail-cranes are reached, holds it in extended position to conduct the mail-bags, one after another, from the station cranes into the passing mail-car while the train travels another 180 feet; and then, when the train has

passed the cranes, it returns the chute to its position to the side of the car. The third cam, in the meanwhile, has extended the delivering-chute from the rear door, caused it to deliver the mail-bags into the station trough, and then gently returned it to the mail-car. The first action of the car mechanism after it is tripped at a station is to unlock the car doors; the last is to lock the doors, and then automatically lock the entire mechanism out of action.

Under the ordinary system no mail-man can guarantee that the mail-pouch he slings out at the wayside station will land just where he wants it. He cannot guarantee that it will never get under the car-wheels. He cannot know that the contents will not be damaged.

It is for these, and a dozen other reasons, that mail clerks, railway officials and post-office experts are doubly anxious to secure an automatic mail-handling apparatus that will operate like clockwork.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

THE BLACK ROBBER

LYING in the shadow of a small bunch of fir trees down on the seashore one day when the tide was out, and peering through the tall grass growing between me and the beach, I noticed three or four gulls wading about. Once or twice I saw a gull rise a few feet in the air and then drop a clam on a large boulder that lay directly opposite my hiding-place. Upon striking the rock the clam-shell would break and then the gull would descend and feast at his leisure on the contents of the broken shell.

Suddenly I saw two crows fly silently into view and alight near the big boulder, where one of the gulls was tugging and pulling at something in the sand. Presently the gull rose slowly in the air with a large clam in his beak, and when directly over the boulder he let it drop. Instantly the nearest crow was up in the air like a black streak. Swooping in under the astonished sea-gull, he seized the clam as it fell and flew away up the shore, leaving the angry gull to dig another clam, if he could find one.

From where I lay I could see the black robber endeavoring to break the clam-shell by holding it in his beak and knocking it smartly upon a rock. Not succeeding in this, he flew upward a short distance and tried the sea-gull's method, which was apparently successful, judging by the crow's actions about the top of that rock for the next few moments.

As I turned away from the beach I could hear



THE BLACK ROBBER PLYING HIS TRADE.

the *"Kil-ee, kil-ee,"* of the gulls answered by a harsh *"Caw-caw-caw!"* from a distant pine stump where the black robber was again on the lookout.

Later I learned that when the fishing season is on and the herring are plentiful the gulls seldom trouble themselves about clams, but prefer the herring fisheries, where they rob each other occasionally. So you see this might be called a case of robbing a robber.

BY F. V. WILLIAMS.

AN EAR OF INDIAN CORN

NOTHING could be more romantic than the true story of Indian corn, yet we have been in the habit of paying no attention to it, or, when we did notice it, of confusing it with many different sorts of grain.

We so often use the word corn to mean Indian corn that we sometimes forget that it is often used as the name of other grains. The original, particular meaning of the word is nothing more nor less than "kernel," and this is what it signifies in the Bible verse, "Except a *corn of wheat* fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

There are many uses of the word in the general way. There is the story of Samson, for instance, and how he tied fire-brands to the tails of foxes and burned "the standing corn of the Philistines." And there is the picture of Ruth gleaning the corn in the field of Boaz. In Scotland people mean oats when they talk about corn, and in many other parts of Europe they mean rye. Then there is corn which grows in England, with the poppies blazing through it; but this is really wheat, of the sort white flour is made of.

But the Indian corn, or maize, is as different as America is different from Europe. Strange to say, no one can tell when this grain first began to be cultivated, but it is almost certain that it first grew in South America. When white men discovered North America this was the most useful article of food the red men had. True, they had beans and pumpkins and squashes, and they gave these and their corn patches a certain rude kind of cultivation, but corn was their main stay. Sometimes they ground the kernels into a fine powder and of it made a sort of bread. They gave some pieces of this to Columbus soon after he landed, and he found it capital eating. He wrote home to Spain about it, calling the powder by its Indian name *"mahiz,"* or as near as his Spanish tongue could come to it, and it is from this that we get our word "maize."

Sometimes the Indians parched the kernels. Roger Williams has left us a record of how he used to travel about with the Indians of New England,—often going with "neare 200 of them at once, neere 100 miles through the woods,"—and of how every man of them would carry "a little basket" of the parched meal on his back and on this they would all live in the wilds for days. "With a spoonfull of this meale," said he, "and a spoonfull of water from the Brooke, have I made many a good dinner and supper."

Sometimes, again, they would eat the kernels as we do pop-corn. Even though they popped it in a little different way, the idea was the same. Benjamin Franklin tells us just how the farmers in his day did it, and they copied their method from the Indians. "An iron pot," said he, "is filled with sand, and set on the fire till the sand is very hot. Two or three pounds of the grain are then thrown in and well mixed with the sand by stirring. Each grain bursts and throws out a white substance of twice its bigness."

We ourselves use this grain in many different ways. We make of it hominy, and southern corn-pone, and johnny-cake, besides corn dodgers, and baked Indian pudding; and in Mexico their cakes called "tortillas" consist largely of Indian corn.

Besides this, there are the side- or "by-products." There is corn-starch and laundry starch. Sugar and molasses and even oil can be extracted from this plant. Even the stalks, leaves, and husks are used for various purposes. Inside of the corn-stalk there is a substance that helps in the building of battle-ships. It is packed into the hull just back of the steel armor, and serves to lessen the leakage in case a shot goes through the steel outside. From the leaves and husks, fibrous threads are made, as well as paper, and even a coarse kind of matting. And in some parts of the country the cobs when dried are utilized as fuel and save coal.

It is hard for us to realize what this plant meant in the early history of our country. Our ancestors saw how the Indians planted this grain of theirs without any long plowing or harrowing of the ground. They watched how they "scratched the seed in"; watched how they "girdled the trees with a stone hatchet, so as to destroy their leaves and let in the sunshine"; and then saw to their astonishment how the corn grew and flourished. True, it would have given a better crop if the preparation had been better, but it did grow, and best of all, without being either harrowed or winnowed, it made good food. John Fiske, the historian, tells us that in his opinion this plant actually saved the lives of the starving colonists in the first terrible winter or two on that bleak New England coast.

And even yet the story is not all told. Who knows, indeed, but this is only the beginning of it. For now that the world war rages, we discover that although the Indian corn does not keep well enough to send abroad, it can nevertheless be made a mainstay for those at home, and so, by releasing the wheat for shipment to our allies, it can indirectly but very truly help to win "the war to make earth safe for Democracy."

How many of us, I wonder, even though we do picture the maize on some of our five and ten cent pieces, really appreciate it, or how many remember that we owe it to the red men!

ESTHER MATSON.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

MARY JINNY IN NATURELAND

The Ostriches

By Sally Clagett



"HOPPITY HOP," Mary Jinny whispered one day after lunch, "let 's go call on the ostriches!"

"Come along," said Hoppity Hop, wrinkling his pink nose and leading the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich greeted Mary Jinny and the white rabbit very kindly, and showed them their nest, which they had just dug in the sand. It seemed awful big to Mary Jinny, for it was at least four feet across and a foot deep, but Mrs. Ostrich told her that it would have to hold fifteen or twenty eggs, and to show Mary Jinny how large the eggs were, she drew a picture of one in the sand with her bill.

"It takes forty days to hatch the eggs," she said, as Mary Jinny looked at the drawing.

"Forty days!" exclaimed Hoppity Hop; "don't you get terribly tired?"

"I should get very tired," Mrs. Ostrich answered, as she drew a little more sand out of the hole, "if my husband was not so kind and thoughtful. He sits on the eggs part of the time, and that gives me a chance to rest and get something to eat."

Just then Mr. Ostrich ducked his head deep into the sand, and Mary Jinny, who had always heard that an ostrich did that when he was frightened, asked Mrs. Ostrich what he was afraid of.

"Afraid of!" laughed Mrs. Ostrich, curving her long neck so she could look down at the little girl. "He is n't afraid of anything—he 's just hunting pebbles. Ostriches have no teeth, and they have to eat pebbles, or something hard, to grind the food for them. If they did n't, they 'd die of indigestion."

"Oh, dear, dear!" shrieked Hoppity Hop. "What is he doing now?"

Mary Jinny's eyes opened wide in amazement. Never had she seen anything so strange. Mr. Ostrich was whirling madly around, his wings outstretched, just as though he was waltzing. Mrs. Ostrich gave a gasp and rushed up to him.

"Stop that," she ordered angrily. "Don't you know that if you fall and break your leg the lions will eat you?"

She was quite out of breath when she came back to where Mary Jinny was. "Ostriches love to dance like that," she panted; "but it 's very dangerous. They get dizzy and fall, and they are so heavy that they break their legs. Only



"'AFRAID OF!' LAUGHED MRS. OSTRICH, CURVING HER LONG NECK."

last week a lion ate up one of my uncles who had broken his leg in that way and could n't protect himself."

"His legs look awfully strong," said Mary Jinny, as Mr. Ostrich came toward them.

"They *are* strong," Mrs. Ostrich answered. "Ostriches fight with their legs and feet. Then too, Mary Jinny, an ostrich takes a stride when he is running of twenty-two to twenty-eight feet. He can run faster than your papa's gray horse when he is galloping, and his legs have to be strong to do that. Come here," she called to Mr. Ostrich, who was again burrowing in the sand, "and show Mary Jinny your feet."

Mr. Ostrich sidled up very bashfully and held up one of his big feet. Mary Jinny shivered as she saw that the strong toes were armed with claws that looked as though they cut like a knife. She was really quite frightened until Mr. Ostrich lowered his head and she saw how kind his big, soft eyes were. Then she put up her hand and stroked the white plumes in his wings, which pleased Mr. Ostrich very much indeed.

"If you 'll come back at molting-time," he said kindly, "I 'll give you some plumes."

"Oh, will you?" cried Mary Jinny.

And the ostrich nodded, thinking how easy it was to make people happy.

Hoppity Hop nibbled at Mary Jinny's hand. "It 's getting late," he whispered, looking up at the sun.

"Why so it is!" Mary Jinny answered sorrowfully. "I guess we 'll have to go." So, saying good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich, and wishing them good luck with their family, Mary Jinny and Hoppity Hop set out on their homeward journey.



"MR. OSTRICH WAS WHIRLING MADLY AROUND, HIS WINGS OUTSTRETCHED."





St. Nicholas League for August

THIS being one of the supposedly hot-weather months, the two scenes in the above decoration bring to mind more vividly than words could picture it the spirit of the great outdoor season, wherein we roam the fields under blue skies or float idly down the limpid lakes and streams of midsummer. Other and varied aspects of the high tide o' the year are mirrored, also, in many of the photographs that adorn these August pages of the LEAGUE, and in some of the clever little poems inspired by the title "Sun and Shadow." As for the prose stories, they present exceptionally interesting episodes and phases of the great conflict that overshadows all our thoughts—and set forth, too, in a style very true to life. It is good to note, moreover, that the fun-making instinct, natural to American boys and girls, cannot be kept from manifesting itself in appropriate words or incidents, and comes to the surface in some of the little stories, and several of the clever drawings.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 222

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Mabel C. Warren** (age 17), New York; **Helen Garrison** (age 17), Idaho; **Dorothy C. Hess** (age 15), New York. Silver badges, **Dorothy V. A. Fuller** (age 14), Arizona; **Mary L. Comfort** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Meribel Covert** (age 13), Missouri.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Marthedith Furnas** (age 14), Ind. Silver badge, **Margaret Trotter** (age 10), Ohio.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Margaret J. Sanders** (age 17), Connecticut. Silver badges, **Walter H. Taylor** (age 11), Virginia; **Gertrude Lederle** (age 17), New York; **Mary Louise Johnson** (age 13), Kansas; **Violetta Curtis** (age 14), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Harry B. Milner** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Eleanor U. Hesseltine** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Helen W. Stanford** (age 12), California; **Lorraine Armstrong** (age 16), Connecticut; **Carita Ortiz** (age 10), Delaware; **Rose Loveland** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **John H. Sherburne, Jr.** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Auker Winther** (age 12), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Mabel P. Gilman** (age 11), New Jersey; **Barbara Beardsley** (age 13), California. Silver badge, **Katherine M. Dennis** (age 15), Ohio.



BY ELEANOR U. HESSELTINE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY J. SELLERS BANCROFT, AGE 13.

"MY BEST NEGATIVE."

SUN AND SHADOW

BY KATHARINE BROOKS (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

THE sky that was this morning bright and clear
Is overcast. The afternoon is drear.
This morning from the Southland blew the breeze;
This afternoon the north wind sways the trees.
A mammoth rain-cloud hides the sunny sky;
Beneath it, land and sea in shadow lie.
The rain is beating on the earth below,
Now, in a lull, the leaves in eddies blow.

The great black cloud that hid the sky from view
Floats on, revealing at its edge the blue.
And soon the sun is shining through the rain,
And it is happy harvest-time again,
While in the East a colored arch appears—
Sweet Nature's sunny smile shines through her tears.

HELPING TO WIN

BY MABEL C. WARREN (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1916)

HE was only a mite of a lad, but the heart that beat beneath his shabby little coat was warm with loyalty. He watched with wistful eyes as they passed—the sailors and soldiers marching on to fight for the great cause of humanity. And as he watched, his shoulders straightened and his fists clenched together in hard little knots. For an instant he imagined himself one among them, as tall, sturdy, and daring as they. Then he looked down at himself disdainfully. It was not the shabbiness of his suit, but the smallness, that vexed him.

"Might as well 'ave been a girl!" he muttered. "What 's a little feller good fer, anyway?"



"MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY LILLIAN EDDY, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

He thrust his hands in his pockets with contempt. His fingers touched something round and cold there.

"Earned it all meself, anyhow—and that 's somethin'," he told himself comfortingly, as he drew from his pocket a silver dollar.

The lad started briskly off, a vision of ice-cream and candy before his eyes. Suddenly he stopped to watch a man come out from a small wooden booth and tack up a poster alongside the cash-window. The small boy could not read what the poster said, but his eyes rested approvingly on the picture there. It was an appealing picture of Uncle Sam holding a golden-haired girl, with a boy near by looking up at them. "Gee, that feller ain't much *bigger 'n me*! What 's he doin'?" asked the lad pointing a dirty finger at the poster.

The man turned about, and, seeing the urchin beside him, explained the story of the poster. It was all about War Savings Stamps, how boys and girls could buy them, how it was their part in helping to win the war.

The small boy considered, then held out his money. "Say, Mister, gimme a dollar's worth."

"'T ain't much," he reflected, but then, as an after thought, he added, "Guess it 'll have ter do till I get big enough ter fight."



"MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY HELEN W. STANFORD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

HELPING TO WIN

BY DOROTHY V. A. FULLER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN the whir of the airship *America* had died away in the distance, Herr von Cliner, otherwise Sam Brown, was a spy on V—— Ridge, forty miles back of the German line. A German by birth, but a citizen and lover of Canada, he had at the beginning of the war tried to enlist in the Canadian army. His surprise and disappointment knew no bounds when, because of his German name, he was refused. But he felt that his country needed him; so, changing his name, he enlisted in another part of Canada and was some weeks later in France.

Adapted as he was to such a mission by his knowledge of German, he had been chosen to go back of the German lines on V—— Ridge, and return in a week with maps of all the trenches and a copy of all orders issued during that time.

So here he was. A sentinel, seeing a man in the dress of a staff officer, hailed him. He had begun his great adventure.

The end was more exciting than the beginning. On the last day of his week, with all his maps and papers, he started for the spot where the *America* was to meet him. Hearing a footstep behind him, he turned to find himself confronted by the sentinel. The man raised his gun.

"You come along with me," he said grimly.

There was only one thing to do, go. But a spy's death——

Suddenly a whistle was heard behind the sentinel. The man swung on his heel. As he did so, Cliner grabbed the man's gun. It did not take him long to bind the fellow, then he hurried on. The whistle was the noise made by the *America* when landing. In five minutes Cliner and his precious papers were on their way to the Allied armies.

Ten days later the British took V—— Ridge, and Cliner received a medal for helping to win.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

BY ELEANOR C. SLATER (AGE 15)

(*To a Cherry-Tree*)

(*Honor Member*)

For many years you 've stood there, staunch and true.
You 've guarded me while playing, wild and free;
And oft affrighted, I have run to you
And have been comforted, dear cherry-tree!

Such sunny hours were those together spent,
When I was wont to nestle in your arms,
And you were decked with blossoms, May-ward sent
To grace the springtime with your fairest charms.

But now a shadow dark has streaked with gray
The sunshine hitherto unmarred in me,
For heartless men are taking you away!
Farewell, my comrade true, my cherry-tree!



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET J. SANDERS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1916.)

HELPING TO WIN

BY HELEN GARRISON (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June,* 1918)

On my way to the village I was thinking of "Helping to Win." Our village is just an ordinary village, quite like many others. Looking at the houses along the street, I wondered, "What are you who live in all these houses doing to help win the war?"

I was answered by the window posters. In a window of every house is a food-conservation card. Each housekeeper has pledged herself to help conserve food. She has even consented to do without wheat products altogether till after the harvest, in order that England, France, Belgium and our own boys in khaki may be fed.

Then, the Red Cross posters number almost as many as the conservation cards. One little house in which I am interested has six crosses on its poster. The family is very poor, yet every one is a member of the Red Cross, even the baby. A large house down the street has two crosses on its card; the man from there is in France, assisting in Red Cross work.

The Third Liberty Loan posters appear everywhere as more and more people subscribe.

The red and white flag with the blue star is seen in every block where one house, at least, has this service emblem in its window. How proud the families are of that flag, in large houses and small cottages! They have given their best to their country. One house has two stars on its flag—two sons gone! In a neat little cottage one star appears—a widow's only son, but she sent him willingly. We who are at home console ourselves with Milton's line:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Thus far we have tried to do all things required of us. When the harder things come, we shall endeavor to meet them cheerfully, even—if need be—to the placing of the gold stars on our service flags.

HELPING TO WIN

BY MARY L. COMFORT (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

"I think it 's just a shame! I 'd rather not play at all," scolded Peggy Page, standing in the midst of a group of school-girls.

"You know she must play, or we can't have the match; and I 'd rather play and lose than forfeit the game to Hillside," said a second speaker; and to this all the other girls on the basket-ball team agreed, for the matter had not occurred to them before in this light.

The girl in question was Betty Cooper, a new girl on the school team, who knew little of basket-ball. She played forward, for both Kitty May, to whom that position belonged, and her substitute were sick, and there were no other girls in school that could play. The game with Hillside was the event of the year, for the two were keen rivals, and Hillside had won the year before.



"JUST ARRIVED." BY CLAIRE RICHARDSON, AGE 15.

So it was decided that Betty was to play. She knew perfectly well that she played badly and that the girls did n't want her on the team. And she determined to show them that she could play. So every afternoon she went out and practised throwing the ball into the basket. But the others did not know that.

Therefore, when the great day arrived, they prepared for defeat, and when the Hillside center scored a goal they felt sure of being beaten. When the same team made another goal, the Hillside defenders cheered triumphantly.

But the noise suddenly ceased when Peggy sent the ball over the brim, and fifteen minutes later repeated it. The score was now even and the excitement intense, for there were only five minutes more to play. Suddenly, just a minute before the end, Betty caught the ball, and, to the great surprise of all, sent it into the basket, thus winning the game. She had only made one goal, while Peggy had made two, but she had *helped* to win.



BY VIRGINIA A. McCALL, AGE 11.



BY LORRAINE ARMSTRONG, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET BROOKS, AGE 15.



BY MARY M. WARD, AGE 15.



BY CARITA ORTIZ, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HARRY B. MILNER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1918.)



BY ALEXANDER GMELIN, AGE 11.



BY LOUISE PATTERSON, AGE 12.

"MY BEST NEGATIVE."

SUN AND SHADOW

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1917*)

See how the skies bend overhead in hot blue space, and glare
Down at the bare, dry housetops and the scorching length of street,
And how the trees hang lifeless, and the heavy, deadened air,
Is motionless and dry with the intenseness of the heat!
And the overbearing stillness wakes up suddenly and sings
With the shrilling angry cadence of the locusts' rasping wings.

And now see how the clouds are rolling up in inky piles,
Interlaced and split with lightning that illumes the growing dark;
And the light against the frowning black looks just like sudden smiles.
Hear the thunder sounding nearer—growling ominously—hark!
A jagged flash, a mighty boom—Ah, here it comes! the rain! the rain!
And hear! the wind is driving it like tapping fingers on the pane.

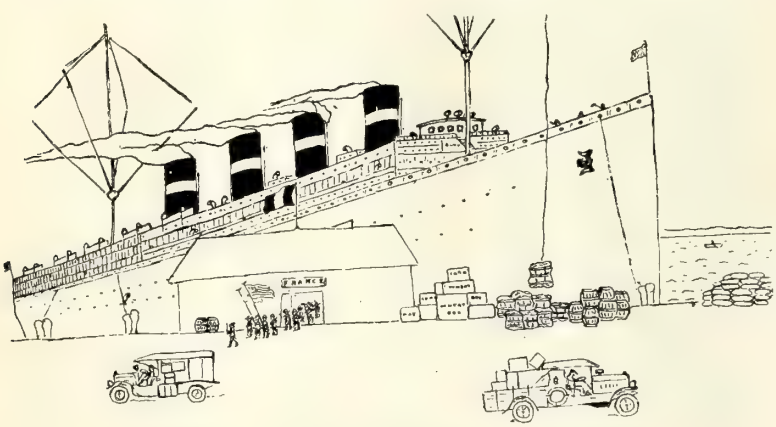
HELPING TO WIN

BY MERIBEL COVERT (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Jason never could have plowed the field with the fire-breathing, brazen-hoofed bulls if Medea had not spent time in the valleys gathering blossoms to be boiled in water to make a magic ointment for the hero. And because of this maid's help, Jason escaped an opposing army, grown from dragon's teeth. With only a few drops from the vase of magic juice that Medea gave him, Jason caused the dragon guarding the Golden Fleece to sleep.

Democracy has been kept from some of the peoples of the world just as the Golden Fleece was kept for years from Jason. Our expeditionary force in France is looked upon by the French and British—and the Russians, I believe—as truly heroic as the Argonautic Expedition was heroic in mythological ages. The submarines are to be avoided as a terror as much as were the clashing rocks. Our loans, our thrift stamps, our war-saving stamps, our Y. M. C. A., our Red Cross, are so many kinds of blossoms in the magic ointment for our warriors, who are against the armies fighting for autocracy.



"JUST ARRIVED." BY WALTER H. TAYLOR, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.



"MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY ROSE LOVELAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

HELPING TO WIN

BY LUCY FITZHUGH LAY (AGE 14)

Well, Jim, you certainly have neglected me! I have written to you twice since you left, and you have only written me a post-card. Panther Patrol has got along fairly well without you, but we certainly do miss our old patrol-leader.

We have been very busy lately with many different things. About a month ago we collected almost a carload of "ole cloes" for the Belgians. Early in the summer we took to every home the garden calendar, issued by the Chamber of Commerce. Of course, we helped in the Thrift Stamp Campaign, and most of us have three War Saving Stamps.

By the way, do you remember old Mr. Ballister, that crabbed old man who lives in that big house just outside of the city? As far as we know, he has never done anything for the good of humanity. But some one went to him and woke him up, so now he is one of the "livest" men in the State, and has subscribed to everything going. He gave us his lot down near Union Station for our "war garden." We work an hour every afternoon and almost all of Saturday. He told us that the motto was, "Every scout should feed a soldier," and he meant us to feed three!

Did I ever tell you about that drill we gave for the Red Cross? Everybody said it was a grand success. We made over three hundred dollars. So you may see from this that we are rather busy.

Well, I wish I were at Oglethorpe, doing as big a bit as you are. If I were nineteen instead of fifteen, I would be with you.

I simply must stop now. Don't forget me, and please write!

Bill.

SUN AND SHADOW

BY MARGARET TROTTER (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

In the shadow of the forest,
With its leaf-flecked, cool retreat,
You may walk through trail and thicket
And may very often meet
One of Nature's shy wood-children,
Furry-coated, bright-eyed, sleek,
With its tiny-footed patter.
Quiet now—you must not speak!

In the sun and in the shadow,
It will scurry all about.
If you are so very silent,
It will seldom find you out.
And will go about its business
Here and there, on guard, alert,
Pink nose twitching, fluff tail switching
Ever fearing harm or hurt.

Now the sun sinks low, the shadow
Lengthens slowly, and the night
Softly covers trail and thicket.
Wood-child, with your eyes so bright,
Should you not be hurrying homeward?
There! He 's gone, with tail aflirt,
Into log or hole or thicket,
Nature's wood-child, safe, unhurt.

A RED CROSS STORY

BY JOSEPHINE W. FOCHT (AGE 14)

All the residents of Glenmarle and Northfield had come to see the sham battle between the Glenmarle and Northfield Home Guards, followed by a Red Cross exhibition of the dressing of wounds.

The people, with one exception, watched it with intense interest. From his camp stool, Philip Sansbury viewed it with contempt. After it was over, nurses threaded their way through the crowd asking for contributions for the Red Cross. Seeing one coming toward him, he sauntered away on pretense of looking at two pack mules.



"MY BEST NEGATIVE."
BY ELIZABETH E. WELCH, AGE 14.

Philip was what people of to-day call a "pacifist." He had done nothing to help America in her crisis. War was beneath him.

Something struck him—then, darkness!

When he came to, he was in one of the hospital tents. His head was bandaged, and it ached.

"What 's the matter?" he asked.

"A mule kicked you; that 's all," replied a nurse.

Two men carried him on a stretcher to the big gray ambulance.

"But you must n't take me to the hospital. I have never done a thing for the Red Cross, and it ought n't to help me," he protested.

"The Red Cross aids every one, friend or enemy. Its purpose is to help the weak and suffering, and you have been injured," was the answer.

In the hospital Philip learned what the Red Cross really is, one of the most beautiful ideas of mankind. He saw its work with his own eyes. He saw now why people offer their lives for the Red Cross work.

Is it necessary to say that he gave to it a check for fifty dollars when he left?

"I don't believe in fighting, but I believe in the Red Cross, now that I know what it is," he said.

The next day he enlisted as a stretcher-bearer.

A RED CROSS STORY

BY DOROTHY C. HESS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1915)

He was lying on his back, staring with unseeing eyes at the dead white wall of Base Hospital No. 2. He was thinking—thinking of the battle in which he had nearly met his death. It seemed ages and ages ago, when he had been fighting in the midst of the densest smoke and the most blinding fire; he had been fighting, and then——

Suddenly he turned to the gentle, white-clad woman who sat by his side.

"How," he asked, "how in heaven's name was I saved? I would n't have believed it possible, unless it had really happened to me."

"It was through the marvelous courage of one of our doctors that you were brought here," she said. "He went out to get the wounded, where the fiercest fighting was going on. Many times he faced death.



"JUST ARRIVED." BY GERTRUDE LEDERLE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

You were only one of the many he brought back to life. His ambulance has been marked for months by the Boches. But his life, so far, has been miraculously guarded from danger. It must be because of the great good he is doing."

"And where am I now?" the wounded man asked.

"In Base Hospital number two, just back of the lines," answered his nurse.

"Oh, but it 's good to be alive!" sighed the man.

SUN AND SHADOW ON A MOUNTAIN STREAM

BY MARY LOCKETT (AGE 14)

High from a mountain of snow,
Onward and downward you go,
Leaping and falling;
Loud, loud is your song
As you hurry along;
Roaring and tumbling and foaming you go
To a strange world below.

Thus has your journey begun,
When, from a world of sun,
Downward you hurry
Through forests dark and green,
Where sunlight is seldom seen;
Then out 'neath the wide blue sky once more.
Thus softer and softer grows your song
As you meet shadow and sun
While you hurry along.

A RED CROSS STORY

BY ALICE WRIGHT (AGE 11)

Dundee was a beautiful big dog. His hair was long and silky. He had wandered downtown looking for his mistress, who had gone shopping. Now he was following a well-dressed stranger.

The stranger stopped on the way and bought some fruit. On putting the change into his pocket he dropped a five-dollar bill. Dundee, seeing it, picked it up in his mouth and followed the man until a whistle behind made Dundee turn. On looking ahead again the man had disappeared.

With the bill still in his mouth, Dundee trotted on. Turning a corner, he saw a girl, dressed in the Red



"JUST ARRIVED." BY MARY L. JOHNSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Cross nurse's uniform, selling Red Cross tags. "Come, have you a Red Cross tag? Donate to the Red Cross," she was calling.

Stepping up boldly, Dundee dropped the five-dollar bill at the girl's feet.

"Well! Well! What a patriotic dog!" said the girl, picking up the money and looking around for its owner. But as none appeared she tied a Red Cross tag to the dog's collar. She patted his locks and said, "Good dog!" How proud Dundee felt to think he had given to the Red Cross!

Just then along came Miss Keed, Dundee's mistress. After the girl told the story Miss Keed said, "I wonder where he got the money?"

Not long after Dundee went with his mistress, who was now a nurse, to the battle-field as a Red Cross dog. He faithfully found the wounded men.

Long after he still wore the tag which was worn and marred.



"JUST ARRIVED." BY KATHERINE W. CHADWICK, AGE 12.

SUN AND SHADOW

BY ANNE FITZ GERALD (AGE 15)

Over the earth lies a shadow of pain,
Dark'ning the world like some demon-raised storm;
Out of the thunder-clouds cometh the rain;
Shall not the earth be washed clear of its stain?

Out of the cloud comes a flashing of light,
Stirring men's hearts like the touch of a flame,
Giving us strength to endure through the fight.
Is not the sun after shadow more bright?

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Elizabeth Earle
Judy Holmes
Priscilla S. Parker
Lydia C. Baker
Dorothy R. Burnett
Ruth Brim
Martha Hazzard
George M. Shepherd, Jr.
Jack Steiss
Margaret Donaldson
Helen Symonds
Peggy McDiarmid
Margaret Parkman
Nancy R. Combs
Mary Higgins
Dorothy Hartshorn
Mary M. Kern
Elizabeth Bettmann
E. Thom
Bertha D. White
Marie Mirvis
Reitza Dine
Jean M. Tod
Martha C. Macatee
Lillian A. Beck
Dorotha S. Hill
Vivian Green
Mary Culp
Margaret Stevens
Adelaide Humphrey
Rudolph Cook
Tanis J. Watson
Dorothy Brey
Philip W. Dodd
Anna R. Lay
Virginia Powell
Irene Sarles
Silvia Wunderlich
Pauline Guye
Nathalie E. Freid
Edith Clark
Mabel Benedict
Mary Lindsay
Margaret B. Downs
Margaret Jones
Suzanne R. Cross
Susan T. Jennings
Amie H. Medary



"MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY ELEANOR HILLYER, AGE 13.

Katrina E. Hincks
Beatrice Howell
Eleanor Y. Fritz
Mary H. Howland
Marian Marsh
Bernice Robinson
Helen Pancoast
Aline Fruhauf
Ruth P. Fuller
Esther Leary
Margaret Parsons
Christine R. Braley
Ruth Thomas



"JUST ARRIVED."
BY ROBERT FINK, AGE 12.

Givenfread E. Allen
Mary E. Dearborn
Margaret B. Johnston
Meyer Lisbanoff
Rebecca Cohen
Cleo Feagin
Viola Engman
Margaret Buell
Katherine Garvey
Alice Moncrieff
Dorothy Van Buskirk
Helen Covert
Margaret Horton
Marjorie B. Stoutenburgh
Joseph P. Smyth
Edith de Takacs
Constance Klugh
Frances Hoffman
Amelia Zanet
Geoffrey Finley
Edith I. Hunt
Irene Crothers
Billie Phair

VERSE

Catherine Parmenter
Fanita Laurie
Elizabeth T. Nelson
Marion W. Smith
Florence Crosby
Dorothy R. Oppenheim
Anna Payne
Hilda E. Tilberg
Elizabeth H. Hart
Louisa Butler
Rosamond Castle
Anna W. Barker, 3rd
Emily Ross
Alfred Galpin, Jr.
Charles L. Norris
Marion A. Greene
Ruth Hayward
Betsy Ashmore
Carol Joy
Teresa McGurk
Mayo Castleman
Lois Andrews
Catherine L. Spencer
Nathalie F. Peugnet
Faith H. Poor
Mabelle H. Emory
Lillian Bubeck
Margaret D. Jefferson
Marcia M. Perry
Christine B. Young
Charles Arnhols
Mary Walter
Joseph Creamer
Joan Cochran
Elizabeth Boulton
Margretta Wilson
Ruth Dewberry
Marjorie Stoner
Frances M. Bolles
Mary C. Pangborn
J. Asher
Margaret J. Harper
Grace Holcomb
Pauline L. Davis
Marguerite Munger
Eliza B. Davis
Waldron O'Connor
Sarah E. Nusbaum
Barbara Leighton
Hope Aspell
Virginia S. Tate
Catharine Abell
Jean M. McKenna
Ellen Cook
Marvin Barlow
Gwendolyn Maddocks
Gertrude Hebbard
Mildred Lull
Edith D. Steinmetz
Isabel Sproull
Edmund Abbott
Frances Heineke
Dorothy Judd
Katherine Whitney
Elisabeth Robbins
Dorothy Seymour
Edith S. Wood
Evelyn Abraham
Cecil Williams

PHOTOGRAPHS

Verdie E. B. Fuller, Jr.
Caroline Foster
Helen Hartzell
Margaret M. Yard
Grace Finn
Margaret Miracle
Lucile Frymoyer
Nancy Rhodes
Elinor Angell
Priscilla Bullitt
Margaret Smith
Harriet Pratt
Dorothy Ward
Janet Marchant
Betty Purviance
Sylvia F. Moulton
Louisa Jay
Edith G. Tweddell
Margaret H. Manning
James Imbrie, Jr.

DRAWINGS

Charles L. Stainback
Virginia Birch



"JUST ARRIVED."
BY VIOLETTA CURTIS,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Marion S. Smith
Rosa R. Vipond
Janet Studholme
Thomas C. Betts
Susanne McKinney
Barbara Cooke
Katherine B. Hyde
Mildred Dole
Fannie Wright
Richard S. Ross
Sidney New, Jr.
Winifred Wellman
Charles E. Baldwin, Jr.
Samuel M. Clarke

PUZZLES

Eleanor Hugo
Natica Nast
Kathleen Hayward
Beatrice Dunham
Nan Carey
Frances Jay
Elizabeth Klink
Ruth Campbell
Louise Jay
Ruth Killoch

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 226

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 226 will close **August 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **August 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **December.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Christmas Hymn," or "Christmas Bells."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Best Christmas."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Holiday Photograph."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "An Indoor Study," or a Heading for **December.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

The older readers of St. Nicholas and their parents may be interested to know that the story, "The Prince of the Sea," published in this number, was written several years ago by Mr. John V. Sears who, in his childhood, was for some years a resident pupil in the school at the famous Brook Farm Community, and came into more or less close contact with men and women who attained celebrity, Emerson, Hawthorne, and others, of whom he had many entertaining recollections. In sending the manuscript, indeed, Mr. Sears wrote as follows:

"George Ripley, president of the association, Theodore Parker, minister of a near-by church, Charles Hosmer, the brother of Harriet Hosmer the sculptor, Margaret Fuller, and others were in the habit of telling stories to the children of the community gathered together for that purpose, with a good sprinkling of the older people, too, who were often quite as much interested. In fact, systematic story-telling was a feature of the place.

"Charles A. Dana, then a young and enthusiastic student of the Norse sagas, devised and framed from folklore a number of "Legends of Beginnings," intended, no doubt, for instruction as well as for entertainment. I send you one of these, entitled, "The Prince of the Sea," which is my own recollection of a Norse legend told by Mr. Dana."

Our magazine and its readers are fortunate in obtaining the practical article on canoeing which appears in this issue and its value is enhanced by the statements made in this letter from the author.

Cohasset, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have canoed for twenty-five years. For five years I was a member of the most successful canoe-racing crew in the history of New England. At that time I made a study of the various systems and strokes, and learned all the tricks and "canoe stunts" known. Since organizing a girls' camp I have taught probably one hundred girls to paddle. *We have never had an upset.* Furthermore, because of the increased efficiency of our stroke, we are able to outpaddle, without especial effort, practically every crew we have met on our trips. *We go farther in less time, with a minimum of effort.* (This, of course, does not refer to racing, but to pleasure paddling, and cruising.)

John B. May, M. D.

The author of "One Bullet Earns $50,000" adds to the remarkable incidents which he has recorded a postscript to this effect:

The following items appeared within the last two years in Western papers which have a reputation for authentic mining news.

Butte, Aug. 5.—The Y. M. C. A. of Butte will be aided in paying for the construction of its building by mining a rich vein of ore found shortly after the excavation for the foundation was started. A Butte mining engineer came to the officers shortly after the work was begun and told them to keep their eyes open, as there were indications of a big vein of ore in the property.

After digging a short depth, ore was struck, and since that time great quantities have been taken out. It is said that the Y. M. C. A. will realize about $110,000 from its mine.

In December a campaign was held in Butte and $250,000 was raised for the erection of the new building. The Y. M. C. A. then bought a site valued at $110,000 for $40,000 and decided to build a $350,000 structure and put a $100,000 mortgage on it. The money received from the ore will make the mortgage unnecessary

Helena, Montana.—As a result of a gold nugget being found in the street here, Helena witnessed a gold stampede to-day. Broadway, from its intersection with Main Street up the hill, was lined with men and boys hunting nuggets in the gutters. A pioneer prospector set up a fifty-year-old washer, and was rewarded with pay-dirt at once. Youngsters found a number of nuggets, estimated at between $100 and $200 in value.

The water-supply of Helena is a stream which has its source up in the mountains. Probably some convulsion of the earth has opened up a pocket near some underground feeder-stream, and discharged its golden contents into that stream. Or one of the gigantic snow-slides, so frequent at this time of year, may have torn great boulders from their centuries-old beds and opened up a vein of the precious metal.

Anyway, prospectors have rushed up there to search for the source of that gutter gold. Whether they find it or not is "something else again," as *Morris Perlmutter* was fond of saying.

I must confess, however, that the "disappearances" have often been as spectacular and thrilling as the discoveries. Only twenty-five miles from where I am writing is the famous old abandoned "Emma" mine which made a score of millionaires. On the last day the mine was worked they took out $20,000 worth of ore. The next day the drills ran into a bed of barren shale—the vein had faulted and utterly disappeared. They never after took out enough value to pay for the postage-stamps on the superintendent's reports.

Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

My Dear St. Nicholas: I am going to tell you all about the top of Mt. Hamilton. It is not a very high mountain and would not be of any importance if the Lick Observatory had not been placed here. The lense in the large telescope is thirty-six inches in diameter. The building that the telescope is in is seventy-five feet in diameter. The floor is raised and lowered by water-power. The dome goes around, so as to have the big telescope pointed at the opening. Sometimes we have as many as two hundred visitors on Saturday night.

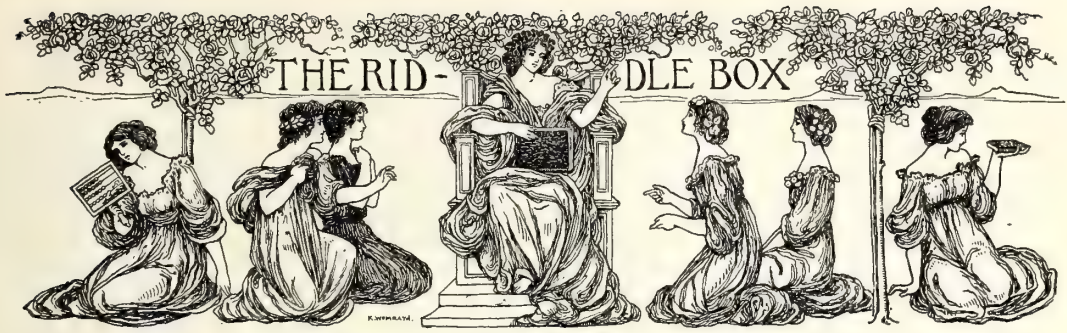
Your loving reader,

Eleanore S. Walker (age 14).

Dear St. Nicholas: I was walking on the dock when a king-bird pecked me. "There must be a nest around here," said Father. I looked, and sure enough there was a nest with four eggs in it! No wonder the bird was angry. Later I was going down on to the dock to take a picture of the birds, when I saw one of the baby birds drowning. Mr. Morgan and I tried to save his life, but we could not. Bob and Ruth Morgan, Miss Rey, and I had a funeral, and we buried it. We sang "For those in peril on the sea," and "There's a friend for little children." But we sang "There's a friend for little birdies." Miss Rey made the tombstone.

Love,

Frances Adams.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

Cross-word Enigma. Sacramento.

Transpositions. George W. Goethals. 1. Regal, Glare. 2. Heart, Earth. 3. Stone, Onset. 4. Steer, Reset. 5. Negus, Genus. 6. Lease, Easel. 7. Throw, Worth. 8. Ledge, Glede. 9. Loire, Oriel. 10. There, Ether. 11. Caret, Trace. 12. Thole, Helot. 13. Later, Alert. 14. Della, Ladle. 15. Tales, Slate.——Charade. Scab-bard.

Broken Gems. Diamond, ruby, emerald, turquoise, garnet, amethyst, sapphire, topaz.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Kaiserism; finals, Democracy. Cross-words: 1. Kindred. 2. Absolve. 3. Interim. 4. Sirocco. 5. Elastic. 6. Recover. 7. Inertia. 8. Skeptic. 9. Magnify.

Illustrated Numerical Enigma. "Some falls are means the happier to arise." *Cymbeline,* Act IV, Sc 2.

Endless Geographical Chain. 1. Dakota. 2. Tacoma. 3. Madrid. 4. Idaho. 5. Honolulu. 6. Luzon. 7. Ontario. 8. Iowa. 9. Waltham. 10. Amherst. 11. Stromboli. 12. Lisbon. 13. Onega. 14. Garda. (Dakota.)

Some Queer Misses. 1. Missal. 2. Mister. 3. Missile. 4. Missing. 5. Mistake. 6. Missive. 7. Mischief. 8. Mistletoe. 9. Mistrust. 10. Mistral.

Mixed Word-square. 1. April. 2. Plane. 3. Raven. 4. Inert. 5. Lento.

A Soldier's Acrostic. Primals, Fountain pen. Cross-words: 1. Feature. 2. Oarlock. 3. Unkempt. 4. Notable. 5. Thought. 6. Abolish. 7. Infests. 8. Noxious. 9. Package. 10. Empress. 11. Newness. From 1 to 7, sweater; 8 to 17, toothbrush; 18 to 22, socks; 23 to 27, knife; 28 to 31, book; 32 to 41, cigarettes; 42 to 44, gun.

Metamorphoses. 1. War, wan, ban, bun, gun. 2. Cent, dent, dint, dine, dime. 3. Not, net, yet, yes. 4. Book, boot, coot, cost, cast, case. 5. Lamp, damp, dame, dare, dark. 6. Bowl, boll, bill, bilk, milk. 7. Less, mess, moss, most, molt. mole, more. 8. Yarn, darn, dark, bark, back, sack, sock. 9. Gain, lain, loin, lorn, lore, lose, loss. 10. Man, ban, bay, boy.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the May Number were received, before May 24, from Mabel P. Gilman—Barbara Beardsley—Katharine M. Dennis—Dorothy Nixon—"Midwood"—Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi."

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number were received, before May 24, from William G. Thwaits, Jr., 12—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 12—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 12—Clark Simmons, 12—Helen H. McIver, 11—"Bonae Amicae," 11—K. Burman and D. Goss, 10—Gwenfread Allen, 10—Alice Poulin, 9—Miriam J. Stewart, 8—John M. Pope, 8—Lydia Cutler, 8—Elinor Chapple, 7—Elizabeth and Ada, 6—Priscilla S. Parker, 6—Katherine B. Hyde, 5—Valinda Hill, 5—A. Louise Campion, 5—Caroline Bear, 5—Rosamond Castle, 4—Elisabeth Freeland, 4—Eleanor U. Hesseltine, 3—Elizabeth B. Henson, 3—I. Honora Straight, 3—M. Martin, 2—M. Bloomfield, 2—A. Q. Thompson, 2—M. Speare, 2—E. Allen, 2—K. Brown, 2. One puzzle, B. S.—C. E. K.—M. I.—M. G. and M. C.—C. B. and H. G.—M. C.—V. P.—D. H.—S. B. F.—E. K.—A. K. M.—F. M.—M. S. B. G.—P. C. S.—K. K.—C. R.—E. S.—B. R. N.—E. S.—A. D. C.—F. K. H.—E. W.—E. R. H.—K. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell the name of a famous author, and my finals spell the title of one of his books.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A character in "Ivanhoe." 2. The religion of Mohammed. 3. An African. 4. Compact. 5 To annoy. 6. Opposite. 7. A Latin word meaning "name." 8. Pertaining to a city. 9. Discordant. 10. Beneath. 11. Proportion. 12. To shake or agitate. 13. A large island of the West Indies. 14. Pertaining to the dorsal or upper part of the hip bone. 15. To mark. 16. A cup with a long handle used in ladling, dipping, or carrying liquids.

RICHARD DE LA CHAPELLE (age 15), *League Member.*

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in the following words so as to make four new words which will form a four-letter word-square.

NINA, PACE, NAIN, STEP

GENEVIEVE TAPPER (age 15), *League Member.*

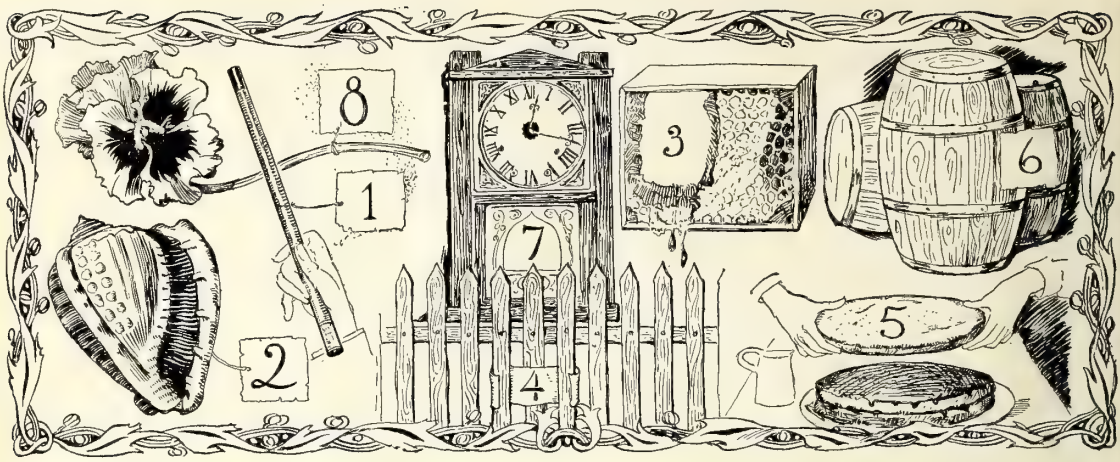
ADDITIONS

Example: Add a conjunction to a heavy weight and make a fastening. *Answer:* But-ton.

1. Add a human being to an era, and make to direct. 2. Add a beast of burden to be slightly sick, and make to attack. 3. Add a rodent to a color, and make a flexible stem of the palm tree. 4. Add an emmet to a pronoun, and make part of a flower. 5. Add a point to a favorite, and make a scarf. 6. Add owns to a number, and make to hurry. 7. Add away to a statute, and make a bandit. 8. Add a short sleep to relations, and make a square piece of linen. 9. Add a sticky substance to obtain, and make a mark to shoot at. 10. Add a kind of meat to allow, and make a Shakespearean character. 11. Add part of the head to something worn on the head, and make an insect. 12. Add to undo to strike, and make a foundation of stones thrown together without order. 13. Add human beings to a unit, and make to threaten. 14. Add away from to a termination, and make to displease. 15. Add equal to decay, and make a talking bird. 16. Add an affirmative to a pen, and make foamy. 17. Add a sheltered place to method, and make an open passage. 18. Add a poisonous serpent to anger, and make to desire with eagerness. 19. Add to mistake to a conjunction, and make a special business intrusted to a messenger.

When these nineteen six-letter words have been rightly guessed, the initials will spell two famous battles; the letters of the fourth row, reading downward, may be transposed so as to form five words which answer to the following definitions: 1. To vibrate. 2. To lament. 3. To whip. 4. To separate. 5. To draw, as a vehicle.

GEORGE GOODYEAR.



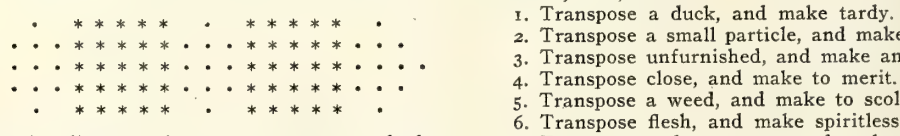
ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects have been rightly guessed and the words written one below another, the central letters will spell the surname of a famous man who was born in August, 1809. Designed by

HELEN E. SANDERSON (age 14), *League Member.*

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)



Though the diagram shows two squares and three diamonds, the puzzle contains three squares and four diamonds.

I. Diamond: 1. In congratulate. 2. To allow. 3. A city of Italy. 4. A measure of weight. 5. In congratulate.

II. Square. 1. Barm. 2. To penetrate. 3. To expiate. 4. Dried leaflets of cassia. 5. To negotiate.

III. Diamond: 1. In congratulate. 2. Ancient. 3. A feminine name. 4. A cave. 5. In congratulate.

IV. Square: 1. A giver. 2. A modification of oxygen. 3. Unusual. 4. A large lake in Russia. 5. To unbend.

V. Diamond: 1. In congratulate. 2. To strike. 3. A measure of capacity. 4. A number. 5. In congratulate.

VI. Square: 1. A swamp. 2. To diminish. 3. A bird. 4. To direct the course of a vessel through the water. 5. A masculine name.

VII. Diamond: 1. In congratulate. 2. An indentation. 3. Darkness. 4. A common article. 5. In congratulate.

ANKER WINTHER (age 12).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of eighty-three letters and form a quotation from a famous address by Abraham Lincoln.

My 66-45-36-9 is current. My 40-49-79-13 is warmth. My 10-25-30-3-16 is belief. My 54-72-59-20-83 is to examine an account officially. My 70-68-8-75-64 is fluttered. My 77-32-34-26-56 is to agitate. My 5-22-61-51-42 is to call loudly. My 62-73-53-27-76 is beneath. My 28-15-7-38-81 is to submit to. My 47-2-11-19-57 is an organ of the body. My 24-12-31-6-18 is power. My 78-55-82-44-1 is a test. My 69-39-17-63-33 is to move suddenly. My 29-58-74-71-48 is a pattern. My 67-60-65-80-21 is immature. My 52-14-37-43-23 is to change. My 46-41-4-35-50 is to deride.

KENNETH BUCKLIN (age 11), *League Member.*

TRANSPOSITIONS

Example: Transpose price, and make small beds. *Answer,* cost, cots.

1. Transpose a duck, and make tardy.
2. Transpose a small particle, and make a paragraph.
3. Transpose unfurnished, and make an animal.
4. Transpose close, and make to merit.
5. Transpose a weed, and make to scold.
6. Transpose flesh, and make spiritless.
7. Transpose a heavy cart, and make a measure.

When these changes have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell what all the countries of the world should be permitted to enjoy.

DOROTHY HILTON (age 12), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* my *last* to a museum,
To get a job and earn some pay;
The people came in throngs to see him,
And did my *whole* the place all day.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE

AN OBELISK

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)



Crosswords: 1. In America. 2. A measure of length. 3. A circular frame turning about an axis. 4. Small, carnivorous animals. 5. Ponderous. 6. Confectionery. 7. Burdened. 8. To cause to make haste. 9. To worry. 10. Not identical. 11. A stream of burning vapor. 12. More subdued. 13. To meditate. 14. Heaped. 15. Tardier. 16. Spacious. 17. Suited to the use of the hand.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous Secretary of the Treasury who was afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE, JR. (age 15).

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Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

WE illustrate this month the low values of the last issue of Colombian Republic. As a rule, collectors do not show any great interest in the stamps of this country. We do not quite understand why this is. Personally, we like them. We always have done so and doubtless always shall. Possibly the reason many do not care for them is that there are too many issues, too many varieties of perforate and imperforate stamps. Then, too, the designs are not always interesting, and certainly the workmanship often leaves much to be desired. On the whole, however, there is so much that is interesting—they "shade up" so well, and the earlier issues, especially, are so novel in design—that we love to handle them. This last issue is far better in workmanship than are most issues of Colombian Republic. Most of the stamps of the set bear portraits, and perhaps portraits are really more appropriate for stamps than anything else. One does not seem to tire of them as one often does of a pictorial set. As will be seen in our illustration, the size is a little unusual. They are rather tall for their breadth. The effect of this, however, is not at all displeasing. The general design of the stamps illustrated is the same—only the central portrait varying. The one-half-cent (yellow) portrays Caldas; the one-cent (green), Camilo Torres; the two-cent (red), Narino; four-cent (purple), Santander; five-cent (blue), Bolivar. The names are in small letters just below the head. The series runs in the usual values up to the ten-pesos.



Through the courtesy of one of our readers, Mr. Paul S. Smith, of Ben Avon, Pennsylvania, we are able to describe the two higher values of the "French Orphan" series. It seems that Paul is fortunate in having friends in France who send him the new issues of that country as they are issued. He has noticed our illustrations of the lower values, and sends us the two higher ones for the benefit of his fellow-readers. In shape and size the 50 c. and 1 f. are the same as the 35 c. recently illustrated. The 50 c. is brown, its value 50+50. At the top are the words *Republique Française,* at the bottom *"Orphelins de la Guerre."* The central picture is the statue of a lion, a war statue erected in France typifying the strength and bravery of the nation—"France, strong as a Lion." The 1 f. (value 1 f. + 1 f.) is purple in color, but very similar in design. The central picture represents an allegorical figure leading the sons of France forth to victory.

INVERTED CENTERS

ONE of our readers writes us asking what is meant by the phrase "inverted centers." She has probably been reading the papers recently, with their account of the new "invert." Where stamps are printed in two colors, the frame in one color and the center in another, it sometimes happens that a sheet gets printed wrongly. One part is upside down in relation to the other part. It is taken for granted always that the frame, which usually contains most or all of the wording, is right side up, while the center (usually a picture) is "inverted" or upside down in respect to the frame.

In a recent article about the new airplane stamp, bi-colored, we predicted that it would be found with the center inverted. And four sheets of this kind have been discovered. Three were turned back to the Post-office Department, but the fourth escaped the authorities. It was sold "over the counter" in Washington.

The fortunate purchaser of this sheet recognized the value of his prize and offered it to stamp-collectors. It was finally sold to Colonel Green for the sum of $20,000 or $200 for each of the one hundred stamps in the sheet. This is undoubtedly the highest price ever paid for inverted centers so early in the life of the stamp. On the other hand, there have been very few inverts to come on the market in an entire sheet. It is understood that Colonel Green has broken up the sheet, reserving a large block for his own collection. He has given some of the stamps away, including one copy which is to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. The remainder have been put in the hands of a Philadelphia dealer to dispose of, his asking price being $250 for a good specimen.

This airplane issue has been an unexpected advertisement of our hobby, and will, without doubt, be the impelling impulse to the formation of many a stamp collection.

While the price of $200 seems high, it will not prove so unless many more of these inverts are found. Past experience shows this. The first bi-colored stamps of the United States were issued in 1869—an issue short-lived and, at the time, despised, but to-day very popular. In this issue the 15-cent, 24-cent, and 30-cent are found inverted. Unused they are exceedingly scarce; while, canceled, they are catalogued at from $200 to $1500 each. The Pan-American issue in 1901 was bi-colored, and the 1-cent and 2-cent are known with inverted centers. Of the 2-cent value less than one hundred copies are known to be in existence, and these are valued at about $500 each.

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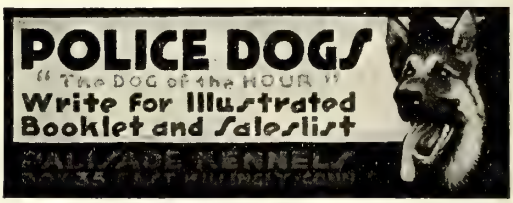
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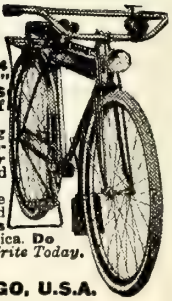
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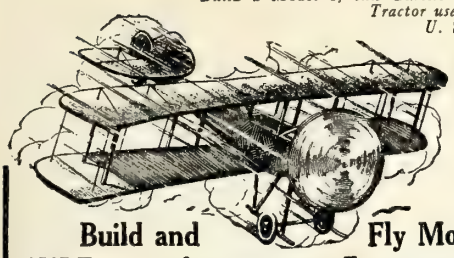
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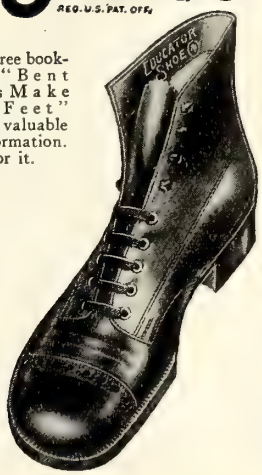
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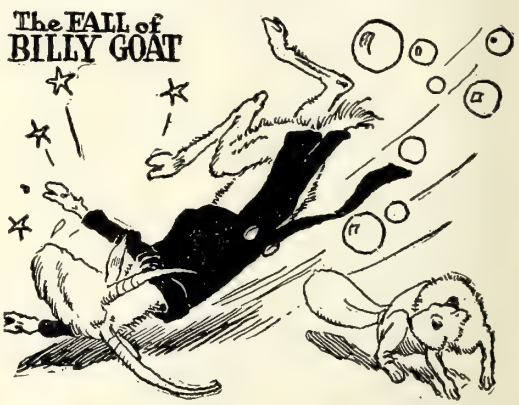
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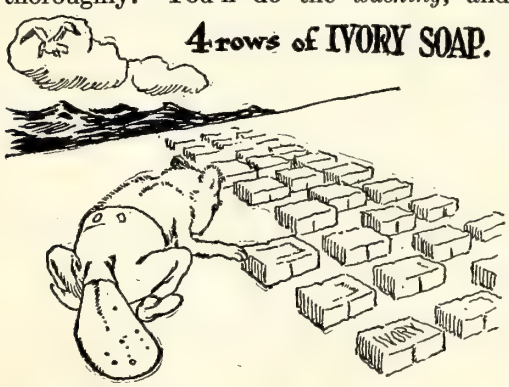
POOR Billy Goat! Those caramels stuck tighter than a plaster. His frantic efforts for release grew harder, Dears, and faster. 'Most smothered by their stickiness; of thoughtfulness bereft, that poor distracted Billy Goat went butting right and left. Regardless of the muss he made, he butted here and there and left the most unpleasant spots all 'round and *everywhere*. The tidy boat, from stem to stern, was splashed with caramel, and how much worse it might have been I must refuse to tell.

At last, Ben Beaver had a thought how he might save the boat from farther sticky ravages of that wild Billy Goat. "Ho, friends of mine!" cried Beaver Ben. "When all seems lost, then we must use our wits and save the day by guileful *strat-e-gy*. We first must capture Billy, then we'll wash him thoroughly. You'll do the *washing*, and, my friends, just leave the rest to me." The crew all wondered what he'd do. "By all good things that *float!*" cried Gnif, "I'd like to *see* you catch that sticky Billy Goat!"

Ben Beaver did not speak, but his wise eyes were bright with hope as right across the deck he lay four rows of IVORY SOAP. Then, pouring water over these, with most impressive thuds his flat tail beat the



IVORY SOAP to slippery piles of suds. Then going for that Billy Goat he very *gently* hit his caramel-ous nose and cried, "TAG, Billy Goat—you're IT!" Now Bill was one good sport so he turned from his sticky track and blindly tried with strength and haste to *tag Ben Beaver back*. Then came the "FALL OF BILLY GOAT," for as he lurched across the slippery "No Man's Land" of soap, he slipped and fell, *of course*. So all our crew pounced right on Bill, and as the legend tells, he soon was washed of every trace of sticky caramels. Our Bill, rejoicing to be clean, sang joyfully as he helped cleanse the shop of mussy spots with pearly IVORY. "Oh, ah," sang he, "what would life be, ah, where the blessed hope of being safe from sticky woes without pure IVORY SOAP?"



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JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK
(THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE)

So, children dear, thus ends this tale
In peace and purity;
But very soon you'll hear some more
About your IVORY.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE



Boys!
Never Miss a Good Picture

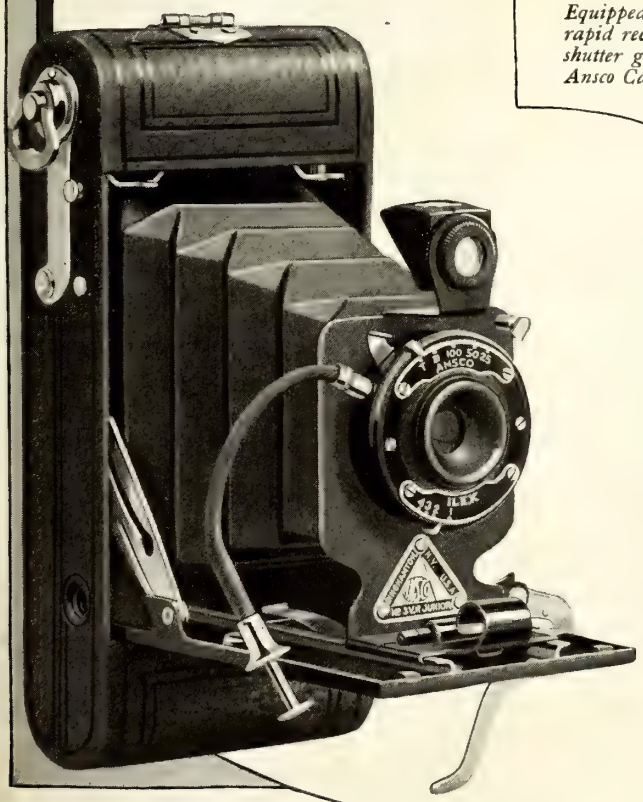
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For your name and address we will send you *absolutely* free a dandy 5x7 enlargement "The Old Swimming Hole." First come, first served; so get your request in early.

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"Stick to those U.S. Tires, Son, they're right all the time"



You can't go wrong on United States Tires for motorcycle or bicycle

United States Motorcycle Tires are made with automobile fabric, and are extra strong all through. They stand the pace of hardest service. The Usco Tread is the most popular motorcycle tire in America.

For bicycles, United States Tires include a dozen treads to suit every wheel and every rider. Every one of them is extra good value for the price. Every one has the stuff in it to wear and wear and wear. That's what United States quality means.

When you go to buy tires, ask your dealer to show you the United States line. Pick the tread that suits you best but "Be sure it is United States". Three of the treads that boys like best are the Chain, the Heavy Service Traction with herringbone tread and the Cord Tire for Bicycles.

United States Cycle Tires
are Good Tires



tice to Reader: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed over-seas. NO WRAPPER—NO ADDRESS. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



SEPTEMBER · 1918

How Soaps affect your skin

THE sensible, modern woman wants a soft, clear skin—for that is the skin Nature intended her to have.

Nature tries to keep your skin soft by supplying it with natural oil. The less you interfere with the natural oiliness of your skin the softer it will be. The cleansing must be thorough and refreshing, but must not disturb these natural oils.

You know from experience that some excellent soaps tend to roughen the skin. They simply have too drying an effect on the natural oils. The skin relies upon these natural oils to keep it soft and clear and flexible.

The very most you can ask of a toilet or bath soap is this:

It should be made of pure materials which cleanse perfectly without disturbing the skin's own natural oiliness.



. . . Make no mistake about it—no matter to what new field she turns, she will always be the woman at heart, greeting her new responsibilities with a smiling face . . . Frankly glad of her natural womanly charms—caring for them always with a high order of common sense.

Fortunately the choicest materials are not costly. It is in a proper balancing of these materials that the soap-maker's real art comes.

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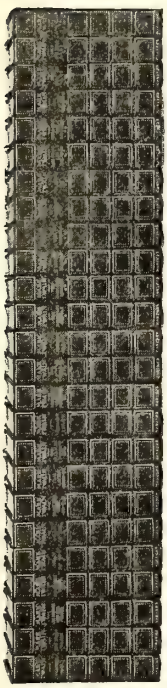
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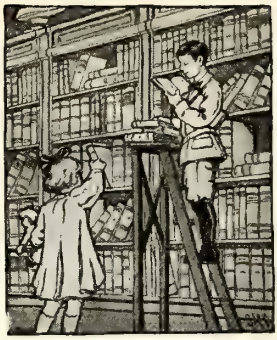
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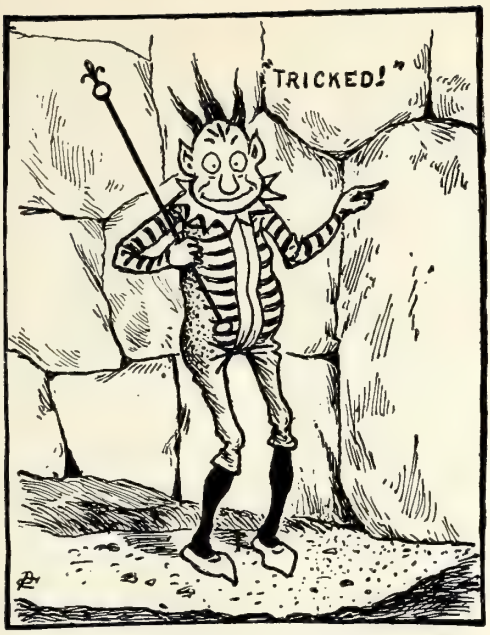


THE BOOK MAN

THE Brownies are back again! How many boys and girls will be delighted to hear that, and how many happy memories will stir in older heads at the mention of the magical word! And this time the Brownie Man, Palmer Cox, promises something entirely new. "The Brownies and Prince Florimel" is the name of the new book, which The Century Co. will publish on September 13 ($1.50) and it is all one story this time, with a beginning, a middle and an end. Moreover, while all the old favorites reappear, there are several new ones, mermaids, for instance, and a whole kingdom of fairies. Indeed, there are three kingdoms in the book, Brownieland, Fairyland, and Demonland, and the Brownie man has peopled them all, in pictures and in text, as only he knows how to do.

The Brownies have had an illustrious history these last thirty years; they have outrivalled and outlived all their competitors, the Kewpies, the Goops and the rest. Perhaps that is because they are not mere inventions but real characters handed down from folklore, and made still more kindly, entertaining, and human by the artist-author who has immortalized them. "Brownies, like fairies and goblins, are imaginary little spirits, who are supposed to delight in harmless pranks and helpful deeds. They work and sport while weary households sleep, and never allow themselves to be seen by mortal eyes." That is printed in the front of every one of the Brownie books (there are twelve of them now), and it partly explains why they are so universally loved.

"How in the world did you ever come to think of such quaint, funny creatures?" Mr. Cox was recently asked. "Well," he replied, "the Brownie as you see him today is the result of a sort of evolutionary process, as it were. I first commenced to draw bears and other animals dressed up in fantastic costumes and met with such success that I began to hope I might bring my work into national prominence. I wanted something for a series of pictures I had in mind and at last I remembered the Brownies of the old Scotch



FROM "THE BROWNIES AND PRINCE FLORIMEL"

tradition and decided they were just what I wanted. It was a happy thought for me, an inspiration, I might almost say, in the light of subsequent events. The public set the stamp of approval on my Brownies from the first, and you know what that means. I have no favorite among them: they are all the same to me. You never heard of any of my Brownies doing anything that was really bad. They wouldn't be Brownies if they did."

So there you have the story of Mr. Cox's connection with the Brownies and his opinion of them. Perhaps it will interest you to know also that, like a Chinaman reading a book, Mr. Cox draws his Brownies backwards, beginning with the feet and finishing with the head.

"Whoever reads "The Brownies and Prince Florimel" will surely agree with the writer who recently remarked: "Perhaps no creation in art, during the past thirty years, has drawn the attention of the public more readily than the happy-hearted Brownies. From the man in second childhood to the babe in arms, all are interested when their eyes fall on the make-up and features of a member of the cunning band. The children drop their toys and forget the swing the moment the broad smile of the mystic goblin appears among them. The criticisms go on, and a warm welcome for a new book is assured." Particularly is this last true of "The Brownies and Prince Florimel," the first new Brownie book to appear in five years.

The Book Man

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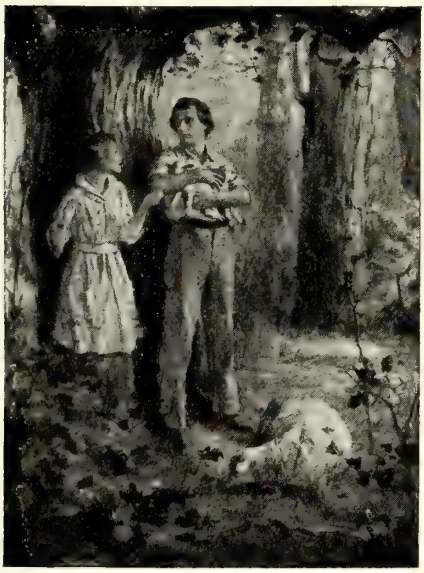
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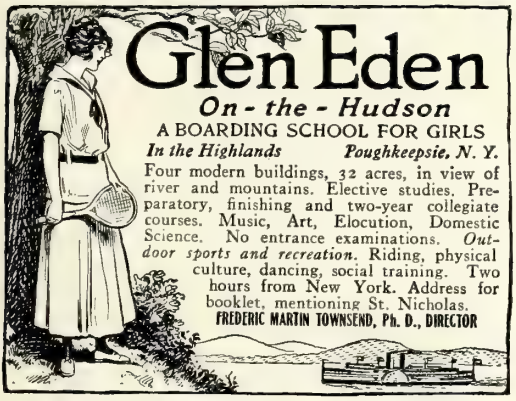
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To learn is not merely to read in books, for that in itself is but a part of the whole. To learn must bring with it, as well, a development of character, a creating of higher ideals, a putting forth of self activities.

As one great educator has said:

> "We must fit the children so that they may enter partnership with the world and win for themselves adequate standing room. In every possible way we should recognize the fact that the children in our schools are going to spend their lives in work."

Children have vocational likes and dislikes and since they can be discovered with proper observation, educational work should recognize them.

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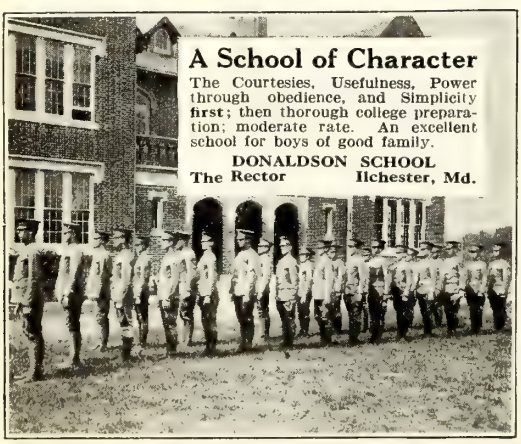
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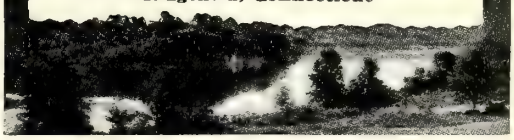
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ST. NICHOLAS

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THE DREAMER OF THE MIDI

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

IN THE fair French province of Pyrénées-Orientales, in that far southern portion where rugged mountains divide the Gallic land from Spain and jut out into the Mediterranean to form the promontory of Cape Cerbère, there lies a little valley; and in that little valley there lies a little town. Rivesaltes it is called, and the world has not heard much about it, because the people living there are peasant folk, who for centuries have done nothing more spectacular than herd their sheep and goats and tend ther vines on the hillside, and, when the autumn days come, gather the harvests and crush the grapes into sparkling Muscat wine. But sometimes in these quiet corners of the earth things happen that are destined to lift them from obscurity to prominence. And so it happened in Rivesaltes, for there one day, in a gray old house on the outskirts of the village, a child was born. He first saw the light on a cold winter morning, in January, 1852, and no one in the region thought anything about it beyond being glad that a boy had come to brighten the home of Monsieur Joffre, the cooper. But on a September day, some sixty years later, the Rivesaltes folk went to that house and garlanded the steps with flowers, because the child born there had come to be acclaimed by all the world as the savior of France.

IT WAS a sunny April morning, and a lad not quite twelve years old was trudging along a highroad that wound up over the Pyrenees slopes and across to the Spanish side of the mountain. He was on his way home from school and was very eager to get there, because something that had just happened made this day the most eventful one of his life. He seemed not to see nor hear the sights and sounds around him, but swung rapidly along, his blue eyes fixed ahead as if they saw something no one else could see. They did see something, too, a big stone building in Perpignan where he hoped to go that autumn; for young Joseph Joffre had just won a very coveted honor—he had solved every problem in the difficult examination given his class the day before and through the year had done so well in his studies that the master said the Rivesaltes elementary school could serve him no longer, and he was now ready to enter the *lycée* at Perpignan.

The news seemed too good to be true. Perpignan! Some of the older village boys were there already, and every time they came home they told how much they liked it. There were interesting subjects studied, and the town was as interesting as the school. It had an eventful, romantic history, and Joseph could think of nothing better than to roam about its narrow, crooked streets, around the great cathedral founded more than five hundred years before by King Sancho of Majorca, and into some of the older, more storied, places that dated back from the far-off time when Perpignan was the capital of the ancient countship of Roussillon.

Monsieur Joffre was at work in his shop as the lad went in at the door, setting some staves into a frame and making ready to shape them into a barrel. He was one of the best coopers in the region, and had built up a business that paid him well enough to satisfy every one of his modest desires, and he hoped that after he was gone one of his sons would carry on the trade as successfully as he had done. He smiled at sight of Joseph; but as he listened to the information he had to give, a sober expression went across his face, perhaps because the achievement of one so young amazed him, perhaps because he had other paths in mind for his son. But whatever his thoughts or plans, he called over to the mother, who was out among the vines on the hill. The Joffres followed the custom of many other well-to-do French peasants in those days, and while the husband brought in money with his trade, she managed the little farm so well that it never failed to yield abundantly. She was a comely woman, with the dark, bright eyes and glossy hair so often found among the daughters of the Pyrenees country, and she smiled at hearing the schoolmaster's recommendation. Then as they talked about it, as they discussed the sacrifices such a course would entail, she exclaimed: "But why should n't our Joseph go? Even now he works out sums more quickly than the older boys, and in geography and history, too, he stands at the head of the class. He will do well there, I am sure."

"I do not doubt that," the father said slowly, "for I have made up my mind that if our Joseph amounts to anything it will be at his books, and not at the cooper's trade."

The boy looked up abashed as his father spoke, for he knew the village gossip concerning him. He liked his studies better than anything else, and did not show much aptitude when it came to working around the shop, which led some of the villagers to say he was too much of a dreamer to be a success. He might become a schoolmaster or even a secretary to the mayor, and to be sure each of these was an honored calling and something worth while, but that would not be half as good as being a cooper with a fine business of his own. But his mother, who knew the gossip also and realized what was passing in her boy's mind, laid her hand on his head and said, "Never mind, son; we are not all born to excel at the same craft."

So it was decided that Joseph Joffre was to go to Perpignan, and to Perpignan he went that autumn, to the old southern town near the blue southern sea, to learn in the school-room of the *lycée* what he could not learn at Rivesaltes. He was tall for his age and very fair, younger than the other boys, and awkward and bashful; moreover, he spoke in a halting, deliberate way that seemed to heighten his clumsiness. But he was looked upon as almost a wizard in mathematics. There were lessons in other subjects, too,—history, literature, philosophy, sciences, and languages,—and he did well in all of them save one —German, for which he had no liking and which somehow would not stay in his head. No matter how hard he tried, he could not master those awful Teutonic genders, and when he should have written *"der,"* was quite sure to write *"die"* or *"das."* But in algebra and geometry he amazed everybody, and nothing delighted him more than to work out difficult problems and theorems. And it was this ability that enabled him to serve his country so well later on, for the facility acquired when a boy in the use of figures and symbols made it possible for the general fifty years later to solve seemingly impossible problems with regiments and divisions.

Joseph stayed on in the Perpignan school for several years, distinguishing himself in the classroom, having a part in the sports of the boys, and spending delightful hours along the quaint old streets that held such fascinating stories, prowling around the old cathedral, and making friends of the artisans who worked in leather and wood and brass. Perpignan is in that section called the Midi, the south country, the sun-land of France, and its people have all the charm, all the love of pleasure and color and brightness that is the heritage of those who are born where the sun is hot and the sky is eternally blue. They work, but they laugh as they work, and seldom are they so weighed down by care that they are not ready for a merry jest or story, so the blacksmiths and saddlers and barrel-makers of the town were never too busy nor too serious to welcome the boys from school. Sometimes Joseph did sums for them, computed the cost of materials and reckoned up the income from their trade. Sometimes, too, there were afternoons with shepherds from the mountains, who spent long, lonely months following their flocks through the urn-like valleys, and who twice each year came down to the old French town to sell their sheep- and goat-skins. He had no difficulty in talking to these men, because the people of the Pyrénées-Orientales speak not the French of Paris, but a Catalan dialect, which is as much Spanish as French.

Joseph finished the *lycée* course just as he had finished the elementary school at Rivesaltes—so brilliantly that his masters urged him to go where he could receive further instruction; and then, encouraged by his success and spurred on by an

ambition that had been his secret for some time, he decided on a course that seemed a very daring one for a cooper's son. He would go to the Polytechnique School in Paris. Those who were fondest of him admired his aspiration as much as they feared his disappointment, while others declared it was but another proof that he was only a dreamer, because he could not possibly get there.

The Ecole Polytechnique was in those days the goal of every ambitious French boy, because from its doors some of the greatest men of the country had come. The applicants were from the most favored homes in the land, sons of men distinguished in every line of achievement and scions of the old French nobility, some twelve hundred every year, each of whom hoped to be of the hundred and twenty-five or thirty privileged to enter. That is why it seemed a daring ambition for a barrel-maker's son. But there was a light in Joseph's blue eyes that told he meant to succeed.



"HIS BLUE EYES FIXED AHEAD AS IF THEY SAW SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE COULD SEE."

And he did succeed. He took the difficult examination, ranking fourteen in a class of one hundred and thirty-two, and the only reason he did not rank first or second was because he still had his old trouble with German, and in that subject made a failure. But his other examinations were models of neatness, clear thinking, and precise knowledge, and his mathematical perfection caused the professors to open their eyes.

So he left the quiet life of the peasant town. That autumn saw him established as a pupil at the Polytechnique, and now began Joseph Joffre's first experience in the handling of men. The École Polytechnique was conducted on military principles, and his standing well toward the head of the class gave him the office of sergeant of the hall. There is a story that he had a hard time keeping order among his comrades, for he was only sixteen and younger than most of them. But although the experience was discouraging at the time, and for a while lowered his standing, it taught him lessons that served him well in the future. In the regular subjects, however, he

made high grades—in everything but German, for which he had such a dislike that it was almost a by-word around the school.

Suddenly, over the calm of his student days, a storm broke. Trouble came from beyond the Rhine, and what for some time had been a dispute between France and Germany became the war of 1870. School had just closed for the summer, but instead of spending a vacation in the sunshine of the Midi, young Joseph now became a sub-lieutenant in a regiment of engineers and was promoted from student to soldier of France. He was sent to one of the Paris forts to help in repairs and building, and stayed there throughout the campaign, doing nothing spectacular, but carrying out every direction with a quiet efficiency that proved to the experienced eyes of the officers that here was a youth of whom something might be expected in the future. When in a crowd, he had very little to say, and was still regarded as awkward and bashful; but among friends he was genial and merry, and the boys who knew him found him excellent company. They liked his frankness and his unassuming ways, and even those of high birth forgot his peasant origin in admiration of his good-heartedness and fairness.

When the war ended he went back to school, graduating a year afterward as a lieutenant of the engineers, and for a long, long time nothing more was heard of him. Down in Rivesaltes, however, the dubious had changed their opinion, for peasant folk, being people of no attainment themselves, think even an officer of low rank is quite a personage. They began to speak of him as "Our Joffre," to look forward to his homecoming visits with eagerness, for the young man still loved the old home in the shadow of the mountains and spent his vacation times there; and when once in a while some one suggested that he had not risen as rapidly as several of his classmates had done, they nodded their heads knowingly and said, "Wait and see."

They waited a long time, however, but no word of any brilliant achievement of his came to the town. He was finally promoted to a captaincy, but for thirteen long years did not go beyond that rank. Yet Joseph Joffre was not passing his days in idle inactivity, even though he did not make any spectacular advancement. The quality that had made him the star mathematician at Rivesaltes and Perpignan made him a successful engineer also, and the chief engineers of the army knew that whenever he was assigned to a piece of work he would do it well. He was commissioned to build fortifications at Pontarlier and Montpellier, and then, his young wife having died, a restless fever seized him. He wanted to get away from the places where he had lived and worked, so he applied for a mission in Indo-China, and next we hear of him in far-off Hanoi, as chief of the engineering department.

It was anything but a pleasant life there in that distant corner of the world, among a curious, dark-skinned people and in a climate that took yearly a terrible toll of fever victims; but one thing helped to make the isolation bearable. The men who served under him loved him, because he was still the unaffected peasant from the Pyrénées-Orientales, and with the same genial kindness that had made him popular when a boy, he won the hearts of the soldiers. They came to call him "Father Joffre." After he went back to France they gave his name to a street, and often in the sultry evenings they sat at the barracks talking about the bulky man with his clear blue eyes and halting peasant speech and wished he had stayed among them.

Years passed, and Joseph Joffre steadily rose. Now he was professor of fortification in the military school at Fontainebleau, now on a mission to the Pescadores Islands or Formosa, and now in the heart of Africa, building a railroad from Kayes to Bafulabe. For three years he stayed in the lonely Sudan, sometimes quelling a native uprising, sometimes erecting an army post or laying a stretch of railroad, and sometimes for weeks there was nothing more interesting or exciting than to sit in his tent, clad like a Bedouin in a burnoose, reading some military book and wishing between the pages that he were back in France. But his work was there, and he put the best of himself into it. He studied the life and conditions of the desert people and took note of each tiny detail that might be of use to his land; and during this time he was given the important commission of leading a column to Timbuktu and helping to take that mysterious city in the name of France.

Timbuktu lies in the very heart of the Sudan, and, up to this time, had been regarded by all the world as a forbidden spot. Inhabited by the Tuaregs, a tribe of Mohammedan blacks who hold the place as sacred as the Turks hold Mecca, scouts of the tribe were ever on the watch for strangers whose presence it was believed might defile their shrine. Never a day passed but these solitary watchers, mounted on camels and armed like brigands, made their rounds across the hills that shut in their sacred city, guarding every approach to it from dawn till dark, and so well did they do their work that in over a hundred years only four Europeans had succeeded in reaching it, and of these was an English officer, one was

a French explorer, and one a German named Barth. Each carried back to Europe stories about the place that excited the people at home, for each realized that it was one of the most important positions in the dark continent. It lies in a curve of the Niger on the edge of the Sahara, and is the crossing-point of all the caravan roads. "Meeting-place of camel and canoe," it has been called, since there it is that the river transportation is shifted to land, and, in holding it, the Tuaregs controlled virtually all the trade of central Africa. Therefore it was not strange that Major Bonnier, a brilliant officer in the French colonial service, conceived the idea of extending the zone of his country's influence as far as Timbuktu.

It was a hazardous undertaking, but Major Bonnier was a great soldier, and a great soldier, like an architect or explorer, is a poet who sees beyond disagreeable details to the glorious fulfilment of a dream. He visioned a trading-post for France at Timbuktu, and, looking beyond the noxious marshes that must be crossed, saw the tri-color float from a garrison there. He sailed with a flotilla, going up the Niger four hundred and seventy miles from Segu, directing Major Joffre to lead a force by land.

Those moving by boat reached their destination without difficulty, but disaster lay ahead. The Tuareg natives of the place looked with bitter distrust upon the coming of the Frenchmen, and although they received their gifts with assurances of friendship, one night the warriors of the tribe took them by surprise, and the entire company, including Major Bonnier and eleven officers, were massacred without mercy.

The land expedition followed the outer line of the Niger inundations. Because of the marshy nature of the country through which it passed, it was forced to proceed more slowly than the flotilla, and did not reach Timbuktu until almost a month after the death of Major Bonnier and his men. On the way, Major Joffre heard of the fate of the others, and, being now in full command, might have turned back. But he did no such thing. Although he knew that to advance might be going into a death-trap, he pushed ahead in the quiet, determined way so characteristic of him. He made friends of the tribal chieftains, as the other officer believed he had done, but he was so constantly on the alert that there was no chance of falling a victim to treachery. Six months after leaving Segu, Joffre was back there again, having successfully established French rule in central Africa.



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GENERAL JOFFRE AND LORD KITCHENER MAKING OBSERVATIONS FROM A TRENCH IN FRANCE

This brilliant achievement brought him before the notice of every one in France. And now was assigned to him one of the most stupendous tasks ever given a military engineer, the building of the enormous fortifications at the bay of Diego-Suarez, on the island of Madagascar. Here again Joseph Joffre proved his ability, for the commission was executed so successfully that it was regarded as one of the most marvelous feats of modern engineering. The awkward boy from the Pyrénées-Orientales suddenly appeared upon

the horizon as a distinguished personage, and there was much talk of the officer who not only led a column to Timbuktu successfully, but who proved himself a master-builder. He was promoted from major to colonel, made officer of the Legion of Honor, and recalled to France.

One promotion followed another. In 1901 he became a brigadier-general, commanding the artillery at Vincennes. Four years later he received command of a division. In 1909 he was placed at the head of the army corps at Amiens, while a little later he was made inspector of military colleges, and finally, in 1910, became a member of the Superior War Council, thus reaching the highest rung of the ladder of military prominence to which a Frenchman can hope to climb.

The Superior War Council is the supreme organ of military authority in France. It is presided over by the minister of war, and eleven members make up its personnel, one of whom, in case of war, becomes commander of the armies in the field. But even when appointed to this high post, Joseph Joffre probably did not dream that soon he would be Generalissimo of France, because General Pau was then the most distinguished member of the council, and it was well known that upon his brow the laurel crown would fall. But to the surprise of many, when the vice-presidency of the war council was offered to Pau, he declined, saying that he was already sixty-two years old and at sixty-five would have to retire. So General Joffre was declared to be the man best fitted for the position, and thus it happened that the boy from Rivesaltes became chief of the army of France.

Throughout French territory his promotion was greeted with enthusiasm by the soldiers. Those who had worked with him on fortifications at Pontarlier and Montpellier, who had shared his lonely years in the Sudan and Indo-China, and who had gone into the death-trap of Timbuktu at his command, believed in his power and spread their belief abroad, so that in the summer of 1914, when the Germans broke over the border and he took command to repel them, the confidence of the people was his. Down at Rivesaltes by the Pyrenees they thought with pride that he was born among them, and when news that war was now a certainty was first taken to the village they said: "What if it does come? Have n't we got our Joffre?"

Then what days for the people of France and for all who loved her, when hope gave way to anguish, and anguish to despair as seventy-five divisions of Prussians plunged steadily, rapidly westward! At first the people believed that if Belgium could hold out a few days longer the German legions would never cross the Meuse. But the border forts of Namur fell. The advance reached St. Quentin and Amiens, and bands playing "The Watch on the Rhine" were heard in the valley of the Oise. In the lovely forest of Compiègne, where the gay Parisians spent their holidays, patrols of Uhlans were seen. Lille and Senlis went down before the invaders, several times a German aëroplane flew over the Eiffel Tower and the Hôtel des Invalides, dropping bombs down into the Paris streets, and the capital was moved to Bordeaux. Some of the people began to doubt General Joffre. Why, if he was able to cope with the situation, did he not stop the enemy, instead of keeping his soldiers in retreat, while the Prussians came near, terribly near, to Paris? But the heads of the war department and the soldiers in the ranks still held their faith unshaken, believing that although he was slow to take offensive action, he must have a good reason. So, while critics grumbled and some even demanded his displacement, General Joffre went on with his plans and let nothing swerve him from the course he believed to be the right one to follow.

Then suddenly things changed, and the army of France turned on the troops of Kluck, Hausen and Buelow.

The battle began the fifth of September, at which time General Joffre issued his "Order of the day," a proclamation that will be a glory to France as long as the world endures:

"At the moment of engaging in a conflict upon which the fate of the country hangs," he said, "it is necessary to remind every one that the time has passed for looking backward. Soldiers, we are attacking. Advance as long as you can. When you can no longer advance, hold your position. When you can no longer hold it, die!"

All the world knows the story of the Marne, when for five terrible days the artillery roared and the best blood of France dyed the soil, while the women of France and those too old or too young to fight waited with bleeding hearts at home. It remembers how, when the morning of September tenth broke over the river, part of the German right wing had disappeared, and how the move of General Foch, in the center of the French line, beginning what is known as the battle of La Fère Champenoise, turned what had been the advance of the Prussian Guard and Saxon army into full retreat. Where was General Joffre then? In a hut at the rear of the army, clad only in his pajamas (because there was no time to stop and dress), working out problems as he had worked them out long before in the schools

of Rivesaltes and Perpignan and later at the École Polytechnique. Colored pins represented the armies of France and Germany, and he moved and massed them about the table as, later, was done successfully on the field, the telephone carrying his orders to the officers on the battle-ground.

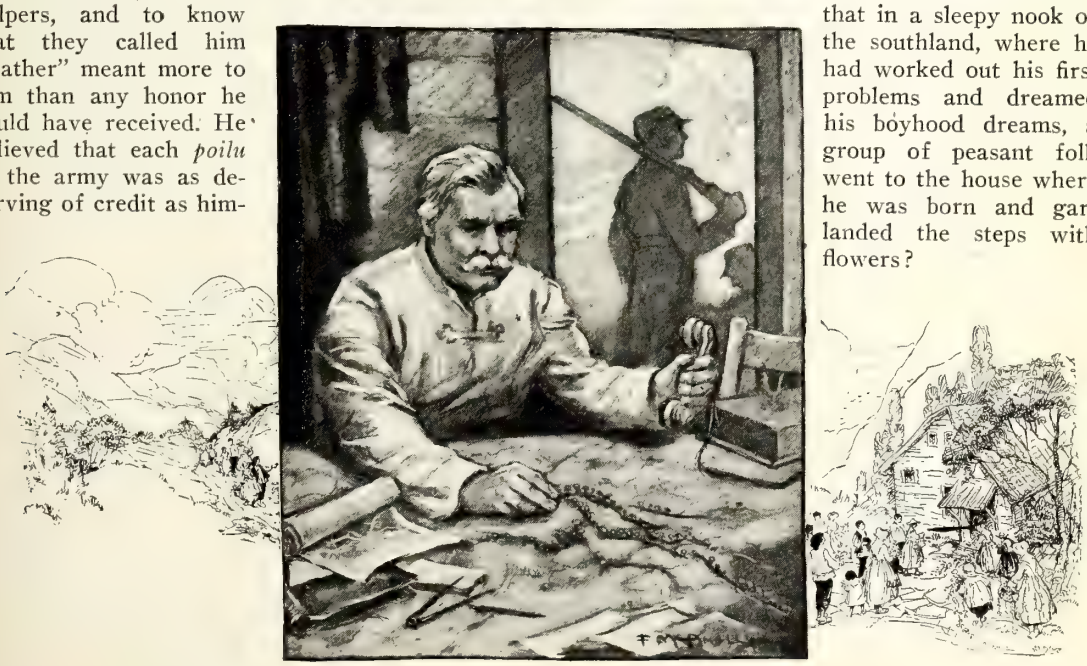
When word flashed round the world that the enemy had been halted on the edge of the river Marne, when peasants in remote corners of Brittainy and Lorraine and Ariège heard that Paris was saved, they said a miracle had been performed, and there rose a story that the Maid of Domremy, who had delivered France five centuries before, had appeared at the head of the army to show the soldiers the way. But the men who served through that history-making period know that what saved France was the clear head of a commander and the glorious courage of the troops. They heard that order of the day and determined to heed it. They set their faces grimly, while their eyes and hearts said, "They shall not pass," and went into the fight. Perhaps, had General Joffre been a war lord, or a haughty personage to whom his soldiers were just a piece of material to be shifted about without consideration and without pity, the result might have been different. But Joffre the general was like Joffre the boy, an unassuming son of the soil. He loved his men and they knew it. Because scarlet trousers made their wearers an easy mark for the enemy, he abolished the conspicuous uniforms. He regarded his soldiers as friends and helpers, and to know that they called him "Father" meant more to him than any honor he could have received. He believed that each *poilu* in the army was as deserving of credit as himself, and did not hesitate to say so in a document sent to the troops after the Battle of the Marne.

"As for me, if I have done any good, I am rewarded by the greatest honor that ever came to me during my whole career, the honor of commanding men like you. It is with deep emotion that I tender you my thanks for what you have done. I owe to you the realization of that toward which all my energies have continuously strained for four and forty years—I mean the *Revanche* [revenge] of 1870."

Words that come straight from the heart ring true, and there is no deceiving those who hear them. The battle-scarred men beside the river knew that their chieftain's message was no pose (and all France knew a little later that it was no pose), when he said: "I do not want people to talk about me any more than the others. I am a citizen of the Republic, nothing more."

His actions as chief of the army proved indisputably that throughout that rain of shell Joseph Joffre was working for France alone.

Is it strange, then, that far down in a corner of the Pyrénées-Orientales, where breezes from the blue Mediterranean blow in like airs from enchanted isles and a white highroad festoons between the vineyards up over the slopes and across to the Spanish side of the mountains, that they speak of him fondly as "Our Joffre?" Is it strange, when Paris joined in thanksgiving after the victory of the Marne, and prayers went up from the church of the Madeleine and St. Sulpice and among the vaulted arches of Notre Dame, that in a sleepy nook of the southland, where he had worked out his first problems and dreamed his boyhood dreams, a group of peasant folk went to the house where he was born and garlanded the steps with flowers?



THE TIGER AT THE FORD

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

"My! You 've had the old luck again, have n't you?" said Nannie Markham, as she and her brother Tom met at the gate that summer afternoon. Tom was carrying a fine string of bass.

"Oh, pretty good," Tom answered, but in a tone altogether non-committal. This red-haired girl with the shining face, though three years his junior, had a nimbler wit than he and was somewhat inclined to tease; and Tom, university student though he was, found it by no means easy to keep her in the state of meek subjection he thought proper for younger sisters. Moreover, he had some right to be exacting as to his success in fishing, since he was by common consent the best fisherman in Hazelton. For these reasons he said nothing more now, and it was only at the supper-table that the story of the day came out—a story, as it proved, of disappointment. Tom was talking to his father now, and not to a girl, and he had no hesitation in telling of his defeat.

"I hooked that old tiger down at the ford again to-night," he said, "and he got away again, as usual. I 'd give five dollars to bring that bass home with me! It sounds pretty tough, Father, but do you know, that fish wrapped my line around a root and then broke away?"

"Tut, tut, boy," said his father, smiling. "I 'm afraid you 've got that big bass on the brain. How many times is it that you have caught him?"

"Caught him? I have n't *caught* him at all," said Tom. "But I 've *hooked* him three times."

"Oh, and is that the same one that caught the swallow?" asked Nannie, eagerly.

"I did n't say he caught a swallow," Tom answered, a red spot flashing into either cheek. "I said he *tried* to catch a swallow; and he did, too. You 'd better get along back to your school-books, any how. We are talking of things girls know nothing about."

"Well," was the quick reply, "any girl who sits at this table and does n't know about bass, and 'wagiacs, and mad-toms, and hellgrammites, and —and, yes, and swallows too, is deaf—that 's all I 've got to say; except that I don't usually bother with school-books in August." And Nannie turned to her mother and left the two men to finish their talk.

The swallow story was a rather delicate subject with Tom, as it had been the cause of much hilarious comment in his own home. Of course, he could not say certainly that it was the tiger that leaped at the bird; but such was his very firm belief. And, indeed, matters had come to such a pass about this particular fish that far more doubtful stories of him might easily have found credence. In spite of the fact that bass do not readily change their quarters, it had come to be believed that this was the same fish that, two years before, had his lurking place in the deep waters back of the Harris's, three miles up the river, and later at the mouth of Meadow Creek, a mile nearer town; and that he had now come to the town ford was thought to be new proof of his boldness and his cunning—of his boldness, because the town ford was the most public place on the river, and of his cunning, because, as the waters thereabout were quite shallow, they were little frequented by fishermen.

Tales of the big fish multiplied almost daily. The new iron bridge, fast supplanting the ford, crossed there, and the Sandy Hook people, coming and going over the bridge, became quite familiar with the big bass, while the boys in the swimming-hole, two hundred yards above, said they saw him often. Tad Cummings, who had been plowing corn down at the Cross place, came dripping into town one night with a tale of a leaping fish and a drinking horse that had whirled and flung its rider; and one shamed youth, haled before Squire Mellen for shooting fish from the bridge, had been summarily discharged when it came out that he had been after the tiger with a cat-rifle.

"Huh!" said the old squire, contemptuously; "you go hunt bull-frogs with your pea-shooter. It 'll take a crack wing-shot with a shot-gun to get that bass; and that the law does n't allow."

Tom's petulant advice to his sister about the school-books had an unexpected sequel, and a sequel that had its own place in the story of the tiger at the ford. It was true, as Nannie said, that it was not now the time of year for school-books, but books of any sort could not well come into the Markham home without Nannie's knowledge. At any rate, the strange book on the hall table, the morning after Tom's tale of misadventure, caught her eye, and she picked it up on the way to her reading-room, as she called it, a bending apple-tree in the bottom of the yard with a spreading fork within easy reach. Here the girl ensconced herself with the book and a cushion or two, out of sight, and also out of sound of any ordinary noise within the house.

That night at supper Nannie was unusually

quiet, but looked up at last in a little pause in the conversation.

"Tom," she said, "Dr. Henshall says in that book of his on the black bass——"

She got no farther.

"Nannie, you got that book of mine?" Tom demanded instantly.

"Oh, is it your book?" she asked. "I saw it here in the house," she answered, "but I did n't know you were after me. Let me tell you about Dr. Henshall. He says"—

"I 'd rather find out what he says for myself, thank you," Tom interrupted. "And if you will let me have my book, I think I can, although I have only a few days left."

"I forgot that," said Nannie, penitently. "And



"WHEN THEY WERE SEATED, NANNIE UNFOLDED HER SCHEME." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lying on the hall table, and, as nobody was using it, I thought I would see what it was about."

"Mother, can't something be done with her?" pleaded Tom. "Here I hunted high and low for that book this morning, and she was sitting down there in her tree-top reading it all the time."

"I 'm afraid I don't know any way to keep Nannie from reading," said Mrs. Markham. "And besides, Tom, I think I told you that maybe your sister had the book."

"Why did n't you answer, Nan?" said Tom. "You don't mean to say you did n't hear?"

"Certainly I heard somebody making a noise up indeed, indeed, Tom, I did n't know you had n't seen the book yet."

Tom had no more trouble on the score of Dr. Henshall's book; but his sister was a persistent sort of person, and a day or two later the clerk at the town library said to him, "Nannie's going to be a fisherman, too, is she?"

"Not that I know of," Tom answered. "Why do you think so, Miss Hannah?"

"She 's reading up on the subject, at any rate," said the clerk. "She 's had me ransack the library for all the old files of sporting magazines, or anything else that has to do with fishing."

But Tom was too full of his own designs just now to pay attention to Nannie's reading. The session at Washington-Lee would begin next week, and the boy was eager to make a final settlement with the big bass down at the ford. His reputation along the river had been well won; and it fretted him not a little to have to acknowledge defeat.

But while he was still cudgeling his wits for some new device that might ensnare the tiger, news came that threatened an end of the fishing. It was reported that there had been heavy rains up the river, which meant, of course, muddy waters. The report proved but too true, and the next morning the Shenandoah, loved of all lovers of clear streams, came down as thick and yellow as some land-locked pond.

Tom was almost too sore to talk about it, and when Nannie gave him a nod in the hall and then led him out of the back hall door, he followed in bad humor.

"Why all this mystery?" he asked. "Want to tell me something else Dr. Henshall says?"

"You come on," Nannie answered. "I don't want Mother to hear, or she may stop us."

She led him to the apple-tree, and made him get up into it with her. When they were seated, she unfolded her scheme.

It was something she had found, not in Henshall, but in one of the old magazines she had been reading—a plan for taking the big bass; and a plan that seemed to Tom, at the first hearing, not only novel, but ridiculous.

"Why, Nan, if anybody caught me trying it, I 'd be laughed out of town," he told her.

"But how would anybody know what you were trying to do?" was the quick reply. "And besides, anybody who can be laughed out of town, ought to be."

She had a way with her, this sister of his, and won him over in the end, at least to give the plan a trial. The river was near by, every thing needed was at hand, and it would take no great while to try the thing out.

"But there 's no earthly use in your going," Tom said to her when he had at last agreed. "I can do everything that is to be done, without your help."

"No, sir!" she said, her brown eyes flashing on him. "It 's my plan, and you sha 'n't have it without me. And, oh Tom, I do so want to go!"

"All right, then, have it your own way," he agreed. "But if you get into the river, or if you make yourself the laughing-stock of the town, remember it is not my fault. Go, now, and get ready."

When she came down to him, presently, she had a bundle under her arm.

"What have you got there?" her brother asked.

"It 's an apron," she answered. "My big gingham apron."

"But did n't you forget the dust-pan and brush?" he said. "I 'll wait here while you run back for them."

"Come on, silly," said Nannie, starting off with a quick glance over her shoulder. "If Mother sees me, the jig is up."

It took but a few minutes to reach the bank where Tom's boat was chained, a little way below the swimming-pool. They got into the boat, Nannie taking up all the seats but one and laying them in the bottom.

"Why do you do that?" Tom wanted to know.

"Don't you see they might be in the way?" answered Nannie, as she seated herself on the single board left in place, and carefully spread over her lap the apron, with her two hands grasping the corners.

"You can go ahead now," she said; and Tom, standing behind her, pushed out into the river.

The plan they were to try to-day was little else than that used along the coast by the mullet fishermen. The bass in the muddy waters always crowded out to the edge of the river, said the article Nannie had read; and if a boat were pushed close along the bank, the bass would, like the mullet, begin to leap over, or into, the boat.

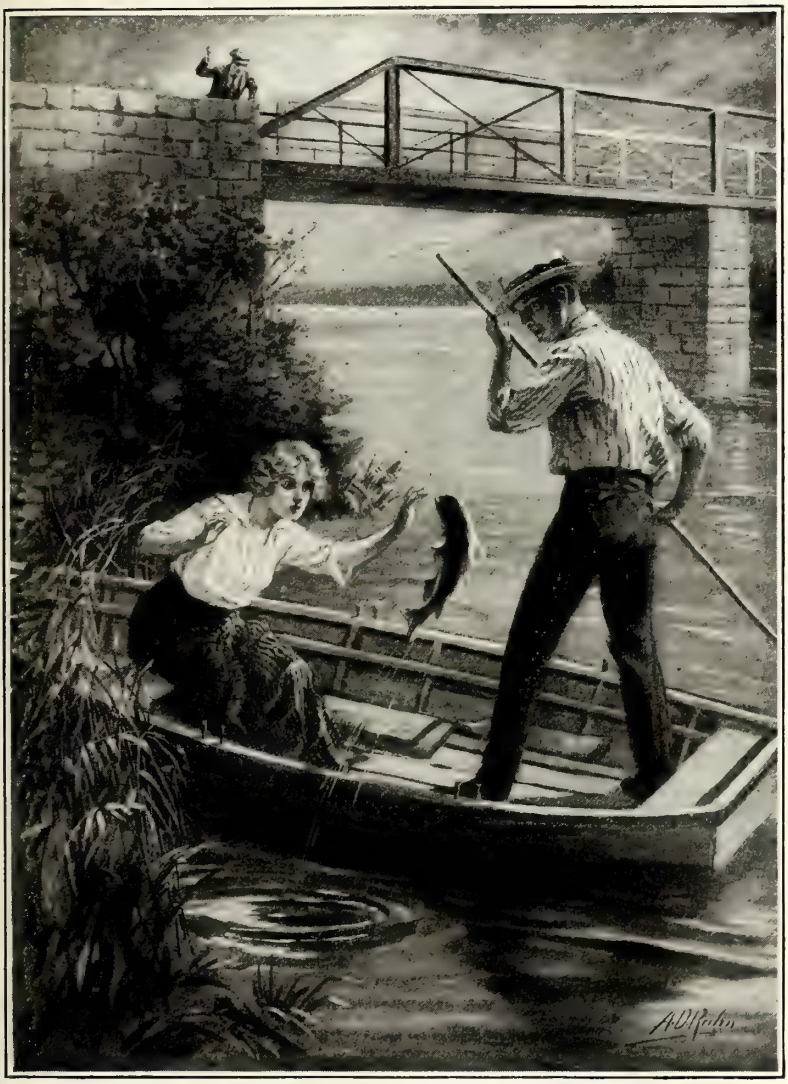
Tom pushed across the stream, intending to move slowly down one side and up the other, close under the bank. He reached the far side and began to move down, pressing inshore as much as he dared, when he saw an automobile coming down from town to the bridge, and evidently in trouble. It came puffing and snorting and, moving more and more slowly, finally stopped on the steep abutment of the bridge.

"Just what I was afraid of!" exclaimed the boy, in deep disgust. "I did n't want to be caught at this business; and now Jess Crambler's automobile has stalled on him, right here in the middle of it, and Jess Crambler's mouth will be blabbing it all over town."

"Push on down the river," said Nannie. "That man 's in trouble, and he is n't going to pay any attention to us."

There was no help for it now, and Tom went on. Looking down into that ugly, roily flood, Tom saw that any other plan was out of the question; and he set himself to see the thing through. Moreover, he had once or twice some glimmer of hope. The fish were undoubtedly out on the edges of the stream, and one leaped over the boat, while several times Tom's pressing in shore created quite a commotion in the water between the boat and the bank.

But that was all; and after poling along in silence for some time, Tom concluded he had had enough of the new method of taking bass.



"SUDDENLY A GREAT FISH LEAPED INTO THE AIR."

"I 'll turn around there just below the bridge," he said. "And, Nannie, you be sure, now, you don't tell anybody about this foolishness."

"I won't, then," she answered with a meekness that made him half ashamed.

They had reached the bridge now, and, as they slipped under it, came into full view of the stalled automobile. Crambler saw them at once, and came to the edge of the abutment.

"Hello!" he called; "what luck, Tom?"

"Luck?" Tom repeated contemptuously. "What do you mean? Luck at what? Do I look as if I was fishing?"

"Oh, it 's just a boat-ride, is it?" said Crambler, grinning. "I thought of course you were at the old business."

Tom gave him no further attention, but turned instream to cross the river. His one thought now was to get back to the boat-landing as quickly as possible. He had no intention of crowding the bank going up the river; but the current was stronger than he thought, and, in turning, he ran in quite near the bank. It chanced that just at that spot was a long thick patch of water-weeds; and as the prow pushed in among them with a swishing, crunching sound, suddenly a great fish leaped into the air between the boat and the bank. He meant to leap over the boat, of course, and would have made it had it come on him broadside, rather than at an angle. As it was, he fell back into the boat, and Nannie, forgetting all about the apron, instantly fell on him full length.

Jess Crambler above on the bridge was hopping up and down in wild excitement.

"It 's the tiger, Tom!" he yelled. "That 's right! Lay on him—set on him—knock him in the head! It 's the tiger, I tell you!"

Tom locked his fingers in the gills and held up the fish, the scarred old veteran of a hundred fights, beaten at last by the sheerest chance.

"Yes, it 's the tiger," Tom said, and turned to his sister. "I owe you five dollars and a world of thanks," he said. "But is the fish mine?"

"To be sure," she laughed. "What should I do with him?"

He stooped and held the big bass over the gunwale. "Good-by, old fellow," he said, unlocking his fingers. "I 'm a fisherman, and not just a lucky man; and I hope we 'll meet again."

And with one sweep of his broad tail, the tiger was out and off and gone!

BILLY MAYES' GREAT DISCOVERY

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Lost Island," etc.

CAPTAIN EZRA BLAKE, seated on the edge of the deck-house of the little schooner *Molly and Kate*, was trying to do two things at once. He was superintending the unloading of ballast by a crew of four men and a boy, and he was answering the questions of Billy Mayes, who sat beside him. Billy was twelve and Captain Ezra was almost five times twelve, but they were great cronies. The *Molly and Kate* had tied up to Forster's Wharf only last evening, and already this Saturday morning Billy was on hand to hear what wonderful adventures had befallen his friend on the latest voyage. The *Molly and Kate* carried lumber to fascinating southern ports like Charleston and Savannah and Jacksonville and even, less frequently, Havana, and never a voyage but what Captain Ezra returned with a new budget of marvelous tales for Billy's delight. Some day Billy was going to sail with the captain and see the astounding places and things with his own two very blue eyes—see Charleston and Cape Hatteras and the Sea Islands and Florida. But more especially he would visit Pirate Key, for it was on Pirate Key that the captain met with his very startlingest adventures. Billy had never been able to find Pirate Key on any map, but as the captain explained, it was n't very big and few mariners even knew of its existence. Somewhere between the Marquesas and the Dry Tortugas it lay, and beyond that the captain declined to commit himself; which, under the circumstances, Billy considered quite proper, since it seemed that the natives of Pirate Key were a peculiarly sensitive people and much averse to publicity. Even the captain, with his winning personality, had had much difficulty in making friends with the inhabitants. The first time he had tried to land, many years ago, he and his crew had been fired on with poisoned arrows. Captain Ezra could still point out the scars on the old blue dory astern there.

The captain, with one mild grey eye on the crew, had just finished a soul-stirring account of the hurricane that had met them off the South Carolina coast on their northward trip, and Billy was still glowing with pride at the thought of knowing so intimately a person of such nautical skill and personal bravery,—for, although the captain had n't said so in so many words, it was very plain that only heroism and remarkable seamanship had brought the *Molly and Kate* safely through great peril,—when "Long Joe" Bowen, shoveling ballast sand near by, was conquered by a perfectly terrible spasm of coughing. Captain Ezra viewed him silently for a moment and then inquired mildly:

"Been an' swallered some o' that sand, Joe?"

"Long Joe" nodded and said, "Yes, sir," in a very husky voice.

"M—m—; well, you want to be more careful," advised the captain, most sympathetically; " 'cause if you ain't, I 'm likely to have to swab out your throat for you, an' that 's a remarkably painful operation, Joe."

There was no response to this, but Billy could see "Long Joe's" shoulders heaving and knew that he must already be in much pain. Billy, like his friend the captain, had a very sympathetic nature. When the sufferer appeared to be easier Billy looked up again at the captain's seamed and ruddy countenance and asked:

"Did you get to Pirate Key this time, sir?"

"Pirate Key?" responded the captain. "Oh, yes, we was there a couple o' days. Not on business; but, you see, I 'd promised the king I 'd drop in on him the next time I was down around there. Seein' as he leads a kind o' lonely life, an' him an' me bein' particular friends, as you might say, I didn't have the heart to say no to him."

"Was he quite well?" asked Billy, politely.

"Pretty smart for an old feller. You see, Billy, he 's—let me see—why, he must be well over a hundred now."

"A hundred!" gasped the boy.

The captain nodded gravely. "Them Pirate Key folks lives a long time. They don't go to school until they 're twenty. If they did, you see, they 'd forget all they 'd learned afore they was what you might call middle-aged."

Billy pondered that. Not going to school until one was twenty had much to be said in its favor. Still, it was revolutionary, and he decided to put it aside for further consideration.

"And how was the queen and the prince?" he asked interestedly.

"Well, the queen was fine; but the prince had been an' ate something as did n't agree with him. The royal physician was real worried when I got there; but I give him a couple o' doses of kerosene oil an' it did him a power o' good."

"The—the physician?" asked Billy, doubtfully.

"No, the prince, o' course. There was n't noth-

ing the matter with the physician." The captain sounded slightly vexed. "He 'd been an' ate some —some—what 's this now?—some hoki-moki fruit." He viewed Billy sternly. "The *prince* had."

"Really?" asked Billy. "What is hoki-moki fruit?"

"Well," replied the narrator, knocking the ashes from his pipe and thoughtfully scraping the bowl with his knife, "it 's sort o' like a orange an' sort o' like a apple."

"Oh!"

"An' it 's pizen if you eat it afore it 's ripe. Don't never touch a hoki-moki fruit till it 's purple, Billy."

Billy promised instantly. "Only," he added, "I might not know it, Captain Ezra, if I was to go to Pirate Key. Is it round? Does it grow on trees?"

"More square than round, you might say. It grows in clusters as big as that water-cask there. Hundreds of 'em together. An' they grow high, because, if they did n't, the wild horses would eat 'em when they was green an' die. That 's one o' the wonders o' nature, Billy."

"Yes, sir. But I did n't know horses ate fruit."

"Ain't you ever see a horse eat a apple? Why, they 're plumb fond o' apples. Bananas, too—an' watermelons. Guess the only kind o' fruit a horse won't eat is cocoanuts." The captain filled his pipe leisurely and in silence. Then: "Another peculiar thing, Billy, is what you might call the—the affinity o' the hoki-moki tree an' them wild horses. They can't keep away from 'em, the horses can't. There 's something about the—the tree itself that draws the horses; something in the wood, they say. You don't never find any bark on a hoki-moki tree low down, because the wild horses keeps rubbin' themselves against it. Seems like they just can't resist the—the sub-tile influence. It 's extraordinary."

Billy agreed emphatically that it was. "Are there many wild horses on the key?" he inquired after a moment.

"Thousands. The natives catch 'em an' train 'em. The king has more 'n three hundred horses in his private stable, an' the queen, she has about a hundred, an' the prince, he 's got maybe thirty or forty." The captain applied a lighted match to his pipe and puffed blue smoke clouds into the spring sunlight. "They kill 'em for their hides, too," he went on. "They make fine leather."



"'REALLY?' ASKED BILLY. 'WHAT IS HOKI-MOKI FRUIT?'"

"I should n't think they 'd need leather," said Billy, "being just savages."

"Savages!" The captain viewed him reprovingly. "Don't you ever let 'em hear you say that, son! Benighted, in a manner o' speakin', they may be, but they ain't savages. As for leather, why, they make saddles an' harnesses an' travelin'-bags—"

"Traveling-bags!"

"—An' trunks." The captain paid no heed to the interruption. "An' here 's another peculiar thing. You may be able to explain it, but I can't, an' I never heard any one who could. Them hoki-moki trees has just as much affinity for a horse-hide as they has for the horse himself. Lay a horse-hide saddle twenty feet away from a hoki-moki tree, an' just as soon as you lets go of it it 'll begin to move right over to the tree and try to rub itself against it. Now you explain that!"

"But I can't," said Billy, wide-eyed. "It—it 's most—most extro'n'ry!"

"It surely is!" declared the captain. "What you might call one o' the marvels o' science. I ain't never— That the lot, Joe? Well, I guess it 's most dinner time, ain't it? Talkin' always gives me a powerful appetite. Sing out to Steve to start that galley fire an' get a hustle on him!"

Billy's thoughts dwelt a good deal for the rest of that day on Captain Ezra's interesting discourse, and when he went to sleep, it was to dream terribly complicated things about wild horses and hoki-moki trees and the fascinating inhabitants of Pirate Key, who wore the scantiest attires, but indulged themselves in traveling-bags! Sunday was always a hard day to live through, for after church and Sunday-school were over many empty hours stretched ahead. This Sunday, however, was not so bad, for Mr. Humbleton came to call in the afternoon and brought Arthur with him. Arthur was fourteen and a youth of affairs and position in the community, as became the son of a bank treasurer. For one thing, Arthur was captain of the Broadport Junior Baseball Team. Billy and Arthur were graciously allowed to retire from the society of their elders to the sanctuary of the little side porch, where the chill of an easterly April breeze failed to penetrate. Billy was glad of the opportunity to talk to Arthur, for he had a request to make, and after several false starts he managed to make it.

"I wish," he said, after swallowing hard a couple of times, "I wish you 'd let me play on the nine this year, Arthur."

Arthur Humbleton observed him frowningly. Then he shook his head. "I don't see how I could, Billy," he answered. "The team 's all made up, in the first place, and then you are n't much of a player. Maybe next year—"

"I can play in the out-field all right," defended Billy, eagerly.

"Oh, most any fellow can catch a fly," replied the other carelessly. "There 's more to baseball than just that, Billy. You 've got to know how to run the bases, and bat, and lots of things."

"I can run bases just as fast as—" Billy paused. He had been going to say, "as you can"; but diplomacy came to his aid. "As fast as Tom Wallace can," he substituted.

"Maybe, but you can't bat a little bit," responded Arthur, triumphantly. "You know you can't."

"If I had more practise—"

"No, sir; you could n't ever be a real, corking batter." Arthur was kindly but firm. "A fellow has to have the batting eye. Of course, I don't say that maybe, if you worked awfully hard this year and practised every day, you might n't be a lot better; but I don't believe you 'll ever be a real star, Billy."

The subject, engrossing to both boys, continued for some time, and in the end it was agreed that Billy should become a sort of unofficial out-field substitute, with the privilege of practising with the nine sometimes and making himself useful chasing the long flies that infrequently went over Mr. Bannerman's garden fence. As Mr. Bannerman was aged and crabbed and disliked having small boys wallow across his asparagus-bed in search of baseballs, the position assigned to Billy promised as much danger as honor. But he knew himself to be fast on his feet and knew Mr. Bannerman to be slow, and he accepted gratefully. Soon after that, Arthur was summoned hurriedly by his father, so hurriedly that he left behind him an enticing blue paper-bound pamphlet entitled, "How to Play Baseball," which Billy happened on just before supper and which he surreptitiously studied later behind the shielding pages of "Travels in the Holy Land."

But he found it difficult to understand, until he happened on a dozen pages at the end of the booklet devoted to advertisements. There were soul-stirring pictures and descriptions of mitts and gloves, bats and masks and balls. He admired and coveted, and mentally compared the prices set down against the articles with the contents of the little box in his top bureau-drawer that was his bank. The comparison was n't encouraging. Billy sighed. And just then his eyes fell on a word that challenged attention. "Westcott's Junior League Ball," he read. "Regulation size and weight, rubber center, all-wool yarn, double cover of best quality selected *horse-hide*. Warranted to last a full game without losing elasticity or shape."

Billy read it twice. Then he became thoughtful. After that he read the description again, and his eyes became big and round. Later, in bed, with the light from the electric lamp at the corner illumining the ceiling, he lay sleepless for a long hour, experiencing the triumph that thrills all great discoverers and inventors.

The next morning he surprised every member of the household by being downstairs in advance of breakfast *and with his shoes tied!* His mother viewed him anxiously and felt his face, but was unable to detect anything abnormal save, perhaps, a certain intensity of gaze and impatience of delay. There was a full half-hour between breakfast and school, and Billy made the most of it. Captain Ezra was smoking his pipe on the wharf when Billy arrived, breathless, on the scene.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the captain. "Ain't you round kind o' early?"

But there was scant time for amenities, and Billy plunged directly into business. "Are you going down South again, pretty soon, sir?" he inquired anxiously. The captain allowed that he was; as soon, in fact, as the new cargo was aboard, which, if he was n't saddled with the laziest crew on record, ought to be in about four days. "And are you going to Pirate Key?" Billy continued. The captain blinked.

"Well, I might," he replied, after slight hesitation. "Why?"

"Because I want you to bring me a piece of that hoki-moki wood, sir, a piece big enough to make a bat. You see—"

"A bat? What sort of a bat?"

"Why, a baseball bat. Could you, do you think? It would have to be that long—" Billy stretched his arms—"and that big around,—" Billy formed a circle with his small fingers,—"and it ought n't to have any knots in it. Is hoki-moki very knotty, Captain Ezra?"

"Knotty? N-no, I would n't call it that. I—" He coughed and cast a troubled gaze toward the lighthouse point. "What was it you wanted it for, now?"

"A baseball bat," answered Billy, almost impatiently. "I thought if you could get me a piece big enough, I could get Jerry Williams, over at Morris's carpenter shop, to make it for me. Could you? Would it—would it be much t ouble to you, sir?"

"Why, n-no, only—hm—you see I ain't plumb sure of gettin' to Pirate Key this trip, Billy." Billy's face fell, and Captain Ezra went on quickly. "But I ain't sayin' I won't, you know. Fact is, it 's more 'n likely I will. An' if I *do*—"

"Oh, will you, please?" cried Billy, beaming. "How much would it cost, sir? I 've only got twenty-two cents, but if you 'd take that, I 'd pay you the rest when you came back." He dug into a pocket, but the Captain waved the suggestion aside.

"Shucks!" he said; "a little piece o' wood ain't goin' to cost nothin'. Why, I guess I could bring off a whole tree, if I wanted it. I guess there ain't anything on that there island I could n't have for the askin', Billy, the king an' me bein' so friendly. Tell you what I 'll do, now. I 'll get 'em to cut a piece o' that wood an' make the bat for you right there. How 'll that be?"

Billy looked dubious. "Why, that 's awfully kind, sir, but—but do you think they 'd know how to make a baseball bat? Bats have to be made awf'ly particular, Captain Ezra, or else they are n't much good."

"Don't you worry about that, son. They have been makin' their own bats on Pirate Key for years, an' I guess there ain't no better ones to be had."

"Why, do they play baseball *there?*" gasped the boy.

" 'Course they do! Leastways, they play what 's pretty near like it. The—the general idea 's similar. They 're plumb crazy about it, too. They got a eight-club league down there—"

But at that moment the bell in the town-hall clanged its first stroke, and Billy fled.

During the four days that the *Molly and Kate* remained at Forster's Wharf Billy and the captain met twice; and when the schooner finally sailed, the captain had full, detailed, and most explicit instructions regarding that length of straight, well-seasoned hoki-moki wood that was to be brought back either in the rough or shaped into the Pirate Key idea of a baseball bat. After that there was nothing for Billy to do save await the return of the schooner.

April gave place to May, and the Broadport Juniors began to play Saturday afternoon games on the back common and to practise diligently on other days after school was over. Billy served a rigorous apprenticeship in the out-field, chasing flies that went over the heads of the regular players and several times scrambling over Mr. Bannerman's fence and recovering the ball from under the rhubarb or from between the rows of early peas. So far, fortune had attended him and he had escaped with his life. Now and then he was allowed to take his turn with the batters and stand up at the plate while Waldo Hutchins pitched his famous "slow ones." Practise is supposed to make perfect, but Billy was still a long way from perfection as a batsman. Nor could either he or Arthur Humbleton observe any great amount of improvement. But Billy persisted, consoling himself with rosy dreams of the future. Almost any day, now, the *Molly and Kate* might return, bearing Billy's Great Discovery.

Meanwhile, the Juniors won from Scalfield Grammar School, were defeated by the West Side Reds, and were annihilated by the Downerport

Eagles. And then, as it seemed to Billy, just in the nick of time to prevent a similar fate at the hands of that especial rival, the Broadport White Sox, the *Molly and Kate* tied up again at Forster's Wharf!

That was an eventful day in Billy's life—eventful from the moment he heard the glad news to the moment that he was back at the house with the precious hoki-moki bat in his possession. He had scarcely heard Captain Ezra's detailed and interesting account of the securing of the article. For once, anxious to put the bat to the test, Billy thought the captain just the least bit long-winded! But he banished the thought almost instantly, blushing for its ungraciousness, and quite overwhelmed his benefactor with thanks ere he hurried away with the bat tightly clutched and one jacket-pocket bulging with a perfectly good "genuine horse-hide" ball that had seen only two weeks' service in practise and had been acquired from Captain Humbleton for fifteen cents.

Subsiding, much out of breath, on the edge of the side porch, Billy once more examined his prize with eager eyes. As to shape it looked as fine as the best "wagon tongue" ever made. There was no doubt about it, those Pirate Key natives knew how to make a baseball bat! Billy was just a trifle disappointed about one thing, however, and that was its lack of novelty. To all appearance the bat was quite like any other bat, except that the inscription "Genoine Hoki-Moki Wood" appeared half-way along its smooth length. The words were printed in uneven characters, and evidently with pen and ink, and the ink had run with the grain of the wood. The varnish was still new and just a bit sticky; but that was to be expected, since varnish always dried slowly near salt water. Hoki-moki wood was, contrary to Billy's preconceived idea, light instead of dark, closely resembling ash. A surprising feature was the twine-wound handle. It seemed strange that the natives of Pirate Key should know of that refinement. His respect for them grew tremendously then and there!

Having examined the bat to his heart's content, he stood up and swung it experimentally. It proved the least bit heavier than he could have wished, but that was n't anything to trouble about. He had frequently heard Jack Cantrell express a preference for a heavy bat, and Jack was the hard hitter of the Broadport Juniors. Remained now the supreme test, and Billy approached it falteringly. Suppose it failed! Suppose Captain Ezra's tales of the peculiar properties of hoki-moki wood proved false! Billy feared that the disappointment would be more than he could bear! Nerving himself to the ordeal, he laid the bat at the edge of the porch, squeezed the horse-hide ball from his pocket, and deposited it with trembling fingers against the house. Seven feet separated ball and bat, and as he withdrew his fingers he gave a deep, anxious sigh. For an instant it seemed that the experiment was to fail, and Billy's heart sank sickeningly. But then, as he stepped back across the boards to the porch's edge, the miracle happened! Slowly, irresolutely, the ball moved, rolled a few inches, stopped, went on, gathered momentum, and traveled straight along a board until it bumped companionably against the hoki-moki bat!

Billy shrieked his triumph, and danced ecstatically on the mignonette bed. It was true! The Great Discovery was proved!

Again he tried the experiment, and again the ball yielded to the magic influence of the bat as the needle of a compass yields to the influence of the north pole. Thrice the experiment worked perfectly. A fourth time the ball, having been placed farther to the left, collided with the handle of the bat, jumped it, and rolled over the edge of the porch into the flower-bed. Billy waited for it to rise up and come back again, but that effort appeared beyond it. Considering that a distance of eighteen inches intervened between porch floor and flower-bed, Billy felt that it would be asking too much of the ball. Anyway, it atoned, a minute later, by rolling nicely from house wall to bat with what seemed greater alacrity. Billy was more than satisfied.

I feel that I ought to inform the reader of a fact that quite escaped Billy, which is that the outer edge of the side porch was fully an inch and a half lower than the inner, being so built that water would run off it. I doubt if Billy ever knew of this. Certainly, the slope was not perceptible to an unsuspicious vision. I make no claim that the slope had anything to do with the remarkable behavior of the ball. I am willing to believe that the ball would have rolled across to the bat had the floor been perfectly level. I only mention the fact in the interest of truth.

Later, Billy sought the back yard and tried throwing the ball in the air and hitting it with the bat. At first this experiment proved less successful than the other, but presently he found, to his great delight, that he could hit almost every time! To be sure, he did n't always hit just square, but he *hit!* That absorbing occupation came to an end when the ball went through a cellar window with a fine sound of breaking glass. Thereupon, Billy recovered the ball and went innocently in to supper.

That night, for fear of burglary, Billy slept

with the hoki-moki bat under the covers beside him.

The next day was Saturday and the day of the White Sox game. Billy spent most of the morning knocking the ball against the backyard fence, and only desisted when Aunt Julia informed him from an upstairs window that she had a headache and would go crazy if he did n't stop making all that noise. Billy stopped and went and sat on the side porch, with his feet in the mignonette and the hoki-moki bat hugged to his triumphant breast, and dreamed dreams worthy of Cæsar or Napoleon.

The Broadport Juniors wanted to win to-day's game more than they wanted to win any other contest in a long and comprehensive schedule. The White Sox team was comprised of boys who lived on the Hill. The Hill was the town's patrician quarter. Just about every one who lived up there had an automobile and a chauffeur to drive it and wore his good clothes all the time. The juvenile residents of that favored locality were, in the estimate of the down-town boys, stuck-up and snobbish, and had a fine opinion of their baseball prowess. The worst of it was that their opinion was justified, for the White Sox—the down-towners jeeringly called them the Silk Sox—beat almost every team they went up against! Last year the Juniors had played two contests with them and had been beaten decisively each time. And so Captain Arthur Humbleton and all the other boys of the Juniors and all their adherents—including mothers and brothers and sisters and an occasional father—were especially keen on a victory. And when, in the first of the sixth inning, the White Sox finally solved Waldo's delivery and made three hits, and, aided by an in-field error, sent four runs over the plate, the Juniors' bright dream faded and despondency gloomed the countenance of Captain Humbleton. The White Sox had already held a one-run lead, the score at the start of the sixth having been 12 to 11, and now, with four more tallies added, they looked to have the contest safely on ice.

Billy, his precious bat held firmly between his knees, occupied a seat on the substitute's bench, a yellow-grained settee borrowed from the High School across the common. He had twice offered his services to Arthur, and they had been twice refused, the second time with a scowl. Billy was absolutely certain that he could, if allowed to face the opposing pitcher, who had n't much but a fast ball to boast of, anyway, deliver wallops that would radically alter the history of the game. But the hoki-moki bat was no better than any little old sixty-cent stick so long as he was not allowed to use it. To his credit is the fact that he had determined, in case the White



"SLOWLY, IRRESOLUTELY, THE BALL MOVED!"

Sox held the lead at the beginning of the ninth inning, to entrust the bat to others, should Arthur still refuse his services. That was real self-denial, real patriotism. As much as Billy wanted to wield the wonderful hoki-moki bat himelf, victory for the team stood first.

The friends of the Juniors clapped and cheered as "Wink" Billings went to bat in the last of the sixth, and the one who cheered the loudest was Captain Ezra Blake. The captain had come at Billy's earnest and repeated behest, and had togged himself out wonderfully in honor of the occasion. The captain did not, Billy suspected now, know a great deal about baseball, for he cheered just as loudly when a villainous White Sox rapped out a two-bagger as he did when one of the Juniors stole home from third. But it was very evident that the captain's intentions were of the best.

The last of the sixth developed no runs for the Juniors, nor did the seventh add to the score of either side. In the eighth the White Sox captain got to third with two down and tried to tally on a bunt past the pitcher's box. But short-stop ran in, scooped up the ball, and nailed him a foot from the plate. The Juniors started their inning by a safe rap that placed Cantrell on first base. Myers sacrificed neatly, and then the next man connected for a screeching liner that was too hot for the Sox second baseman, and Cantrell scored the Juniors' twelfth tally. But the score was still four runs to the advantage of the White Sox when Stone hit into a double and ended the inning.

Captain Humbleton pretended a confidence he did n't feel, and assured the team that all they had to do now was hold the Sox and then bat out a victory. It sounded easy, but Billy felt defeat impending. He tried to get a word with Arthur before that youth hurried off to his in-field position, but failed. The White Sox started by putting a runner on first in consequence of Waldo Hutchins's inability to pitch strikes. Then a bunt was mishandled by the catcher, and there were runners on first and second, and things looked very bad. The next player was thrown out, but the others moved up. The in-field crept closer. The White Sox left-fielder tried hard to slug, missed two, and finally popped up a silly little foul that dropped comfortably in the catcher's mitt, and the Junior nine's adherents cheered loudly, Captain Ezra's voice dominating all like a fog siren. There was another period of doubt and anxiety when, after knocking the ball everywhere save between the foul-lines, the Sox first baseman finally whaled out a long, arching fly. The bases emptied and the runners scuttled home, but Leo Smith arose to the occasion like a veteran—which he was not—and pulled down the ball!

"Four to tie 'em and five to win!" shouted Arthur, as he trotted in to the bench. "Come on now, fellows! Let 's get this! We can—What is it, Billy? Don't bother me now!"

"I 've got to, Arthur," said Billy, firmly, a tight clutch on the captain's arm. "You 've got to listen a minute. If you want to win this, you must let me bat, Arthur. I can't help hitting with this bat, honest, and—"

"You 're up, Waldo! Work him for a base. Get it somehow!" Arthur tugged impatiently, but Billy held like glue.

"You see, it 's a hoki-moki wood bat, Arthur, and hoki-moki wood has a—a infinity for horsehide. All you 've got to do is just swing the bat, and the ball comes right up and hits it. It 's the greatest discovery of—"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the captain. "Let 's see your old bat. 'Hoki-moki wood', eh?" he jeered. "Where 'd you get this contraption?"

And still holding him firmly, Billy told him, and in spite of his expression of incredulity, Arthur was secretly a little bit impressed. "Oh, shucks!" he said, "I don't believe it, Billy! It ain't possible! 'Course, you might have luck—" He paused and frowned intently, and then, with a short laugh, added: "Maybe I 'll give you a chance, Billy. We 'll see."

Billy had to be content with that. Meanwhile, Waldo Hutchins had waited and walked. An attempted sacrifice, however, failed to work, and Waldo was cut off at second. The runner was safe on first. With one gone, the audience began to disperse slowly. Then the Juniors' right-fielder landed squarely and rapped past third, and hope crept back into the breasts of his teammates. The departing onlookers paused in their exodus. The Sox second baseman let the throw from the pitcher pass unchallenged over his head, and the runners advanced to second and third. The cheering grew frantic. The coachers shouted and danced. "Slim" Gaynor did his best, but only laid the ball down in front of the plate and was tagged out before he had taken two strides toward his base. Two on, now, and two gone.

Billy, his heart racing and jumping, watched Arthur anxiously. But Joe Ware was allowed to take his turn. Joe was an uncertain batter. The White Sox pitcher tempted him with a low one and with one on the outside, but Joe refused them. Then a fast one went as a strike, and another hit the dirt just behind the plate. The pitcher scowled and would have grooved the next

offering had not the catcher signaled for a pass. So Joe walked, filling the sacks, and cheers rent the air. Arthur himself followed, and the bunt that he trickled toward first was a veritable



"BILLY, STILL CLUTCHING THE BAT, STREAKED FOR FIRST!"

masterpiece, for it sent a tally across the plate, moved runners from first and second, and placed him on his bag!

But three runs were still needed to tie, and four to win, and two were out. Billy arose from the bench, pale but determined. The moment of martyrdom had arrived. He would offer the hoki-moki bat to Steve Sawyer, already hurrying to the plate, and—

But as he moved toward that youth, Arthur, shaking the dust from his clothes, at first, caught sight of him and recalled his half-promise. And perhaps he had what he would have termed a "hunch." At all events, his voice sped up the base-line.

"All right, Billy Mayes!" he shouted. "Hit it out! Let Billy bat, Steve!"

And so Billy, with a choking feeling in his throat, went on to the plate and faced his fate. Mutters of surprise and disgust followed him from the bench. The White Sox pitcher observed his small form with a frown that held bewilderment and amusement. Then, noting that the rookey was evidently nervous, he laughed his derision.

"See who 's here, Jim!" he called. "Home-run Baker, ain't it?"

"No, it 's Tris Speaker," returned the catcher. "Be good to him, Tom!"

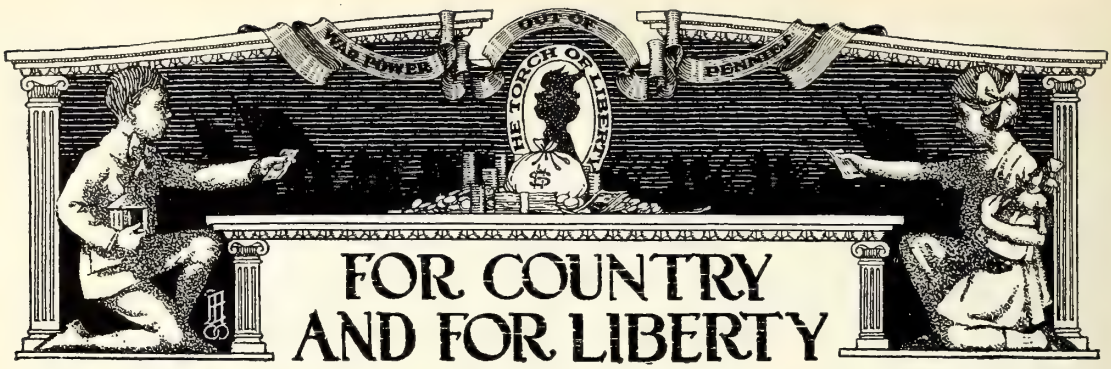
The pitcher grinned and wound up. Billy pushed his bat far back. The runners danced and shouted, coaches yelled, the in-field jabbered. But Billy did n't hear a sound of it all. The ball was on its way now. He tried to watch it and could n't. But he swung the hoki-moki bat around just as hard as he knew how, putting every ounce of his strength into it—and something happened. There was a resounding blow, electric tingles shot up Billy's arms, he staggered, and then, still clutching the bat, he streaked for first!

Far into right-field sped the ball, just inside the base-line. In raced the runners. Billy raced, too. Pandemonium assailed his ears. As he reached the first bag he sent a final look after the ball, and his heart leaped with joy. Straight behind Mr. Bannerman's garden fence it fell, right among the early peas and bush Limas!

"Take your time, Billy!" shouted the coach at first. "It 's a home run, kid!"

THEY never did find that ball, for Mr. Bannerman appeared on the scene most inopportunely; but it did n't matter, and no one cared. The Juniors had won, 17 to 16! The hoki-moki bat had proved itself! And Billy Mayes was a hero!

There were unbelievers who denied to Billy's famous bat any special virtue, but Billy knew what he knew and had seen what he had seen, and his faith was unshaken. But, and here is the sorry part of my tale, it was several years before Billy made another home run; for although he became a regular member of the team and, as time passed, a fairly dependable hitter, the hoki-moki bat had lost its cunning. It was not the bat 's fault, however. It was due to the fact that, owing to the war, baseballs were no longer covered with horse-hide!



SPENDING AND HELPING THE ENEMY

Contributed by the War Savings Society Bureau

UNCLE SAM needs twenty billions of dollars or so this year for the war.

What does Uncle Sam do with this money? He spends it just as you or I spend our money.

What does he spend the money for? For ships, guns, shell, clothes and food for the soldiers and sailors, and for many other things needed to carry on war.

What do you and I spend our money for? For houses to live in, food to eat, clothes to wear, and for other things of greater or less use to us.

But some of the things we want are exactly the same things Uncle Sam wants, and some of the other things we want, while not exactly the same as the other things Uncle Sam wants, require, in order to be made, the raw material, labor and transportation that are also required for making the further things that Uncle Sam must have.

Uncle Sam could not perhaps use your new suit. But he could have used the wool that is in it, the labor that fashioned it, and the transportation agencies that were necessary to carry it.

Hence, every time you buy something that you do not positively need, you are selfishly withdrawing from service to Uncle Sam raw material and supplies, labor and transportation. There is available only a certain amount of raw material of all kinds; labor can be pushed only to a certain limit; and, beyond maximum capacity, nothing further can be expected from the railroads.

Before the war, we used to cater to our own private needs. Now, about one half of all that we can produce must be put aside for war purposes. If that is to be done,—and it must be done if we are going to win,—each must do his "bit."

We cannot eat our cake and have it, too! We cannot insist upon eating and dressing and having a good time as before, and expect our Government to put up a winning fight. When we save, we stop competing with Uncle Sam—and that means with the boys in the trenches.

Better still, when we save and put our savings in Thrift and War Savings Stamps, we are saying to our boys in the trenches: "Here, boys, count on me. Here is food, clothing, and medicine. If this is not enough, I 'll do even better."

The best way to do "even better" is to join a War Savings Society. Then in "our crowd," in "our shop," in "our office," we 'll learn to do without by all agreeing to do without the same things.

YOUR PART IN FINANCING THE WAR

WITHIN a few weeks after the appearance of this number of ST. NICHOLAS the Government will ask the 105,000,000 people of the United States to buy the greatest issue of loan bonds ever offered at once by any nation on earth.

The Government proposes to spend during the coming twelve months about twenty-four billion dollars. Assuming that the sale of War Savings Stamps will bring in $1,500,000,000 of this amount and that federal taxation will account for $7,000,000,000 more, it will be seen that the sum of $15,500,000,000 must be raised through the sale of Liberty Bonds—in two sales periods, the Fourth and the Fifth.

The coming Fourth Liberty Loan issue will amount to at least $6,000,000,000 and may be $2,000,000,000 more than that. Compare such a figure with the trifling two- and three-billion-dollar sales of the recent past.

The "real thing" means for America—sacrifice;

sacrifice of everything that America can possibly do without. The total income of everybody and every company in the United States amounts to fifty billion dollars a year. So of every fifty cents earned during the coming twelve months, twenty-four cents must go to the Government in taxes or loans.

The people of the United States have not yet begun to sacrifice as they can. The commercial agencies report that it has been the greatest year in history for all sorts of retail businesses. The people have been buying freely. But now comes the supreme test of their patriotism. Can they do without the things they are accustomed to enjoy? We shall know the answer in October.

ST. NICHOLAS prints on the preceding page a contribution by a writer with the War Savings Society Bureau telling why we must save.

Boy and girl patriots, read and think about these arguments. They are easily understood. Take them into your lives during the next four weeks; and when the Fourth Liberty Bond Sale opens, be ready for your part in financing the war.

"Save to save liberty."

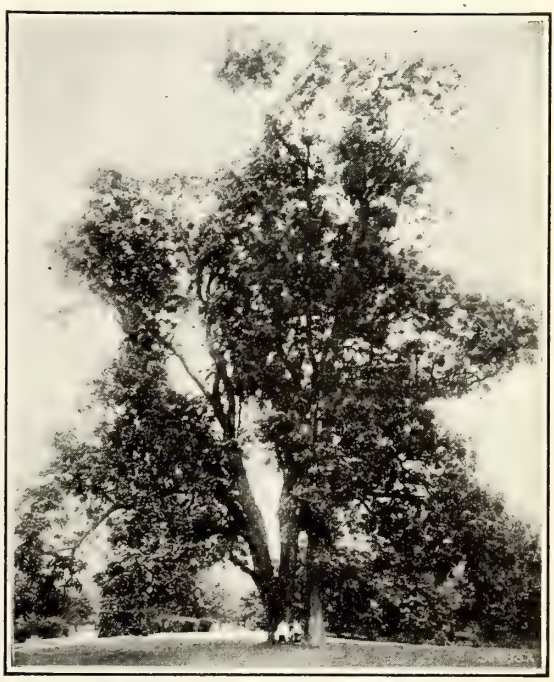
FINDING THE BLACK-WALNUT TREES

THE country boy who knows where the bass lurk in the early autumn, where the catbirds nest, where the swimming-holes are deepest, and such things, has become a friend in need to Uncle Sam, who is now relying heavily upon this boy's lore of the outdoors to help the Government solve the problem of securing a sufficient supply of black-walnut wood for aëroplane propellers and gun-stocks.

Of all our native woods, only black walnut will do for these purposes. The airplane propeller-blades must be exceedingly tough. They revolve so rapidly in action that those on seaplanes are sometimes splintered by water dashing against them. Properly seasoned walnut gun-stocks will not warp away from the metal parts of the guns. Mahogany is the only substitute for black walnut; but leaving its high cost out of consideration, it must be imported from the tropics, and our ships nowadays are too precious to be spared for such commerce if we can obtain suitable wood at home.

A century ago there was a huge supply of black walnut in the United States. The forests of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, the Middle Atlantic States and the southern Appalachian Mountains were full of these majestic trees. But the pioneers quickly discovered the beauty and durability of the wood, and for several decades it was the wood used almost exclusively for furniture and the balustrades and interior trimmings of houses. In addition, the farmers used it for fence-posts and in other places where permanence was the prime consideration. Such extensive use, in time, virtually wiped out the commercial supply of black walnut.

The war has brought the first great demand for black walnut that there has been for twenty-five years. Each aëroplane must have not one or two, but four or five, propellers, the extra ones to be on hand in case of breakage; and this country is setting out to build aëroplanes by the tens of thousands. It takes one hundred board feet of walnut to make a single propeller. Add to this the supply needed for gun-stocks by millions and millions, and it is easy to see why the Government's construction program calls for sixty million feet of black-walnut lumber each year. Sixty million feet of black walnut a year would be no mean order if we possessed whole forests of these trees.



A BLACK-WALNUT TREE OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND. HEIGHT ABOUT 150 FEET.

But while the trees no longer exist in entire groves, as they once did, yet the authorities knew that there must still be hundreds of thousands

of black-walnut trees in the United States, isolated ones growing in front yards or at the edges of cow-pastures or in the farm wood-lots. There is scarcely a farm-house in the walnut area that does not dry its store of oily nuts each fall. The problem was to locate these trees. For the Government itself to build up an organization of men to find these trees would be a tedious and expensive operation. The simplest way was to ask the boys, who stain their fingers each autumn gathering and shucking the nuts, where the trees grow. And this, in effect, was done.



RANGER AND FOREST GUARD ON FIRE-PATROL DUTY, MONTANA.

Our Forest Service took up the matter, and through its agency, President Wilson called upon the Boy Scouts to help in the walnut census. The Forest Service also enlisted the help of the Department of Agriculture's county agents, who have charge of the Four-H Clubs, and through these two organizations, the Boy Scouts, and the various juvenile agricultural clubs, the Government quickly reached nearly every nut-gathering boy in the United States.

The hunt for these trees is a fine, free, exhilarating form of patriotic service, and a most valuable one, too. Already the black walnut has been dubbed "The Liberty Tree," and it seems to merit the title from its important part in the war, although we should not forget the Douglas fir of the Northwest, used extensively in shipbuilding.

The search for the trees is to continue indefinitely, but the earliest returns indicated that there is plenty of black walnut for our present war needs at any rate. In the first two weeks of the census the Boy Scouts alone found over two million feet of black-walnut timber, or enough trees, say, to make a woods about a mile square. The Scouts of Illinois did the best in this opening period, locating 476,300 feet of timber; Tennessee followed with 321,000; then Virginia with 267,000, New York with 187,400, Texas with 156,600, and Missouri with 146,300. These were the banner States.

Experience has shown that of the average black-walnut log only twenty per cent. will be



GUN-STOCK MATERIAL—BLACK-WALNUT LOGS AT THE MILL.

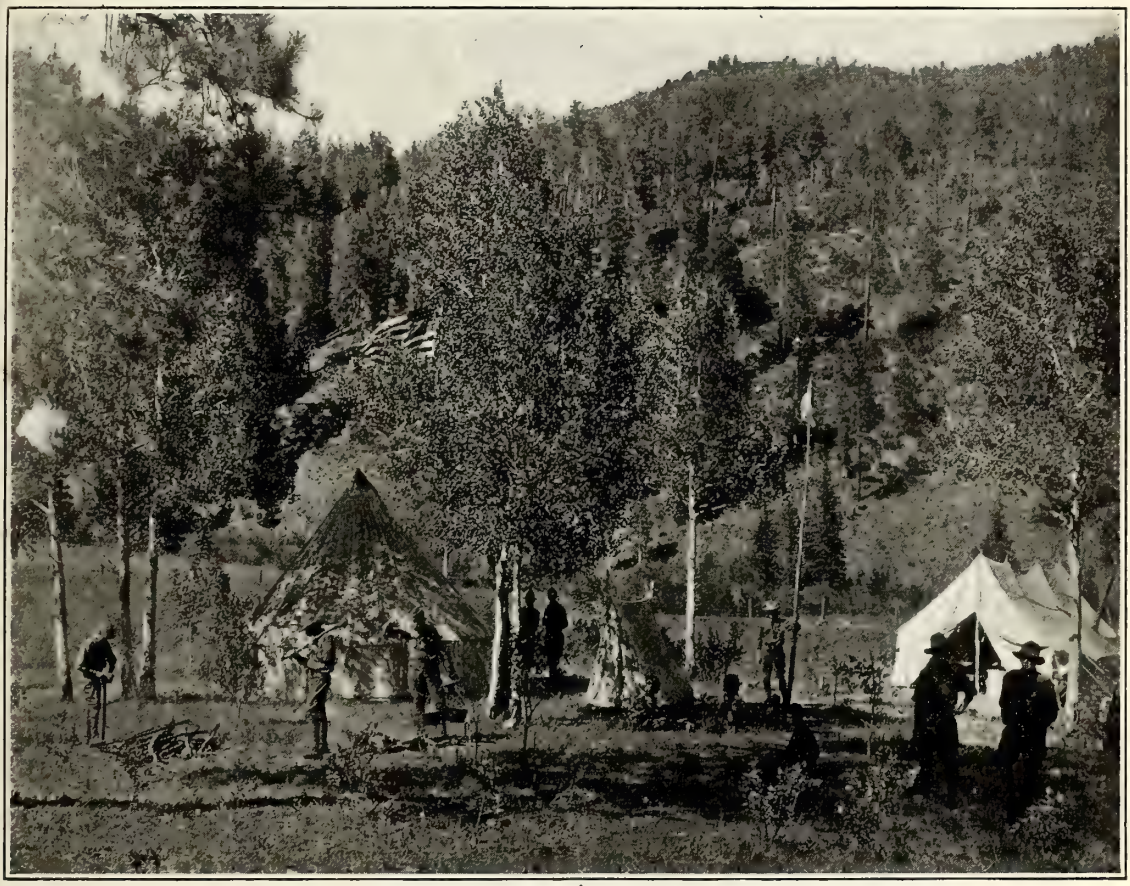
wood sound enough for aëroplane propellers, sixty per cent. will do for gun-stocks, and twenty per cent. will be unfit for war use.

The Government is not buying this timber. The Forest Service merely lists the location of

trees and puts the owners of them in touch with contractors supplying wood to the Government.

The hunting of black-walnut trees is by no means the only opportunity to help in the war which the federal Forest Service gives to boys.

For a time the Forest Service considered a plan to utilize the Boy Scouts of the Western States as volunteer rangers, but this plan was abandoned not because of any lack of willingness on the part of the Scouts, but because the



A BOY SCOUT CAMP IN THE SANTA FÉ NATIONAL FOREST, NEW MEXICO.

The service was one of the first to feel the loss of men to the army. The Government's forest rangers are splendid men physically, morally, and in spirit, just the sort to rush to arms at the Nation's call. The draft and voluntary enlistment took many of them, but a greater supply of them was taken by the forestry regiments which Chief Forester Graves took to France to get out the timber which the American Expeditionary Force needed in its construction work.

As a result, the service was in a quandary how to provide adequate protection to the national forests. In this work it is calling upon boys. The Government, in one great forest district, is now issuing formal certificates to boys who protect the trees from fires and the useful birds and animals that live in the forests.

service would not assume the responsibility of assigning boys to duty that might result tragically. Fire-fighting in the national forests is a hazardous occupation.

As a substitute, the service, this year more than ever, is encouraging boys to use the forests as camping-grounds. In many desirable places the service men have built shelters, concrete fireplaces, and other conveniences for campers. When boys camp in these woods the rangers are usually present to instruct them in wood lore. The campers keep a lookout for fires, and, if one occurs, they are on hand as an auxiliary fighting force.

Under this arrangement some splendid camps have been established this summer in the great timbered areas of the public domain. A typical

one is maintained at Wahtum Lake, Oregon, maintained by the Boy Scouts of Portland. The boys sleep in tents, but they have built and own a permanent mess and assembly building at the site. The government trail between the camp and the Columbia Highway leads past a dozen beautiful waterfalls.

The boys of the normal school at Deadwood, South Dakota, camp every summer in the Black Hills National Forest. Last October, when a fierce fire broke out in the forest within four miles of Deadwood, they had occasion to use some of the woodcraft learned from the rangers.

The fire spread swiftly, jumping four miles forward the first day. There was no adequate fire-fighting force at the ranger's headquarters, and even at the great Homestake Gold Mine near by there was no labor to be had. The district supervisor could hire only thirty-five men to help him, but one hundred and twenty-five of the normal-school boys volunteered for the fight.

Not one of those boys had ever encountered such gruelling work before. The supervisor cut out ahead of the fire, and with his followers constructed a "trench," which is a roadlike strip entirely cleaned of all vegetation. Along this strip they made their successful stand, holding the fire to an area of two thousand acres. There was no sleep or cessation of work for any one during the first two days and nights. When the fire was controlled, the Government established a camp for the boys, who had a merry time sleeping in relays and patroling on the lookout for new flare-ups.

AMERICA'S HOUSE-PARTY FOR HER SOLDIERS

The five million people of Ohio, it is said, have made Camp Sherman, at Chillicothe, something more than a cantonment—it has become a spirit; and every homesick recruit who has been stationed there for training has discovered that the act of going to this war is religion rather than an adventure.

The people of Ohio did this through organized hospitality expressed through the War Camp Community Service. In effect, they set up at Chillicothe a permanent house-party where the soldiers of Camp Sherman could be entertained outside the cantonment in the wholesomeness of home surroundings. The Camp Sherman soldier is not an outcast among strangers, with only the cold assurance that the nation is behind him with its money and material wealth. On every hand he can and does experience the warm appreciation, gratitude, admiration, and love of the people at home. The army which carries such an assurance to France will be invincible.

Yet that is just the sort of an army we are sending across the ocean; because what has been done at Camp Sherman by the War Camp Community Service has been duplicated at all the other training spots in this country. Thousands of boys and girls are finding opportunity to take a hand in the great war enterprise through the medium of the War Camp Community Service—to do effective work for victory.

The War Camp Community Service is part of the Commission on Training-camp Activities of the War and Navy Departments—an official organization—having charge of all entertainment activities in the zones outside of the camps. Let us take a typical case to show what the Service does to give a training-camp a good environment.

At Deming, New Mexico, a community of two thousand population, the Government set up Camp Cody. Deming, obviously, was not equipped to entertain forty thousand soldiers in their off time; so the War Camp Community Service stepped in and with its money—contributed voluntarily by people throughout the United States—built a great athletic stadium in an abandoned water-supply reservoir, created more than fifty places of amusement in Deming, including a 160-acre amusement park with a half-mile of "Midway," a race-track, an automobile speedway, and a grand stand seating ten thousand; staged a huge Wild-West show and a barbecue, constructed many swimming-pools, and brought in athletic directors.

In thirty-four other villages near camps the Service conducted similar work.

To return to Chillicothe: that city had hotel accommodations for less than five hundred visitors a week, and every day the visiting friends of soldiers at Camp Sherman numbered from two to five thousand. So the War Camp Community Service found rooms to accommodate these strangers, established cafeterias, set up club-rooms where soldiers might entertain their visitors, sent entertainment troupes into the cantonment, and right at the gates of Camp Sherman furnished a spacious community house which included a library and restaurant in its equipment.

And this was typical of the work done in two hundred and four other camp towns.

It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand enlisted men spend their leave in New York. To keep these men from falling in with evil

companions, the War Camp Community Service has opened more than forty clubs for enlisted men, has leased a modern hotel to furnish lodgings for soldiers at a low price, conducts every Saturday night a great community dance where fifteen hundred soldiers and sailors can meet nice girls, presents concerts at various theaters, and brings the men in touch with New York families who wish to extend home hospitality to soldiers.

There are twenty-three large American cities visited by soldiers from training-camps, and in all of them the War Camp Community Service acts as host. In many ways boys and girls have been able to help in this important work. This is especially true in Washington, the capital, which is the center of a cluster of a dozen or more camps and cantonments, some of them the largest in the country.



SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT AT THE WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE HOUSE, CAMP SHERMAN, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

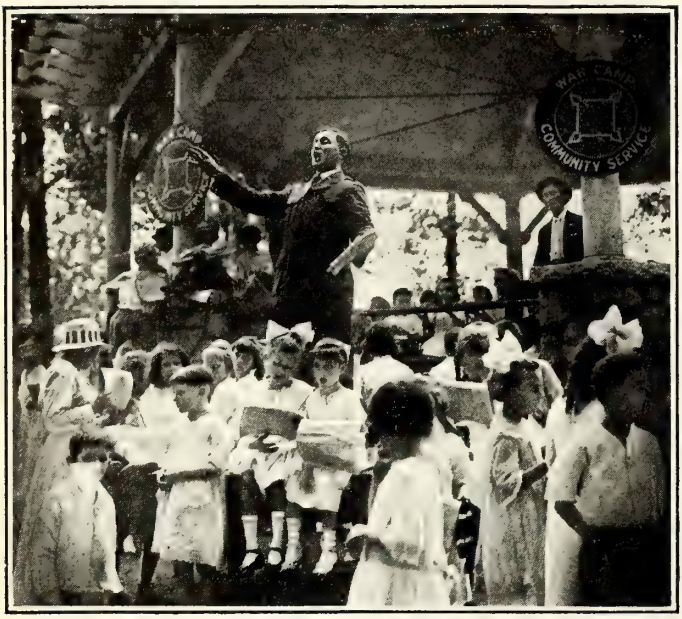
In Washington the entertainment problem was a dual one. Not only were there one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers encamped near by, but the government offices in the first year of war had added to their forces about one hundred and fifty thousand extra clerks and executives. Equipped as the city is to accommodate large crowds, Washington was scarcely prepared to make comfortable and happy a permanent crowd that almost equaled in size the city's pre-war population.

The matter was serious for the Government. Because of crowded conditions in the city, homesickness became epidemic among the new Government clerks, most of whom are girls, and they began leaving the city by thousands. Presently the Government found itself hiring twelve hundred new employees every week, while seven hundred older ones were quitting the service in disgust, leaving Uncle Sam with a net five hundred workers after his expense in breaking in over a thousand of them.

The problem of making Washington a happy city was turned over to the War Camp Community Service. The Government had built acres of temporary office structures in the great park near the Washington Monument, and the great need in this newly populated district was for restaurants open at the lunch half-hour. Into this district the Community Service sent licensed lunch-wagons and trucks, manned by Campfire Girls and Girl Scouts and victualed by boy and girl volunteers and their mothers and adult directors. These volunteers, using materials bought by the War Camp Community Service, made lemonade and iced tea, dainty sandwiches, ice-cream, and cakes. The first wagon sent out sold its entire stock in twenty minutes; and since then the wagons have become a welcome and permanent feature of Washington.

Then to find friendships for strangers, the Service established all sorts of community enter-

prises in Washington. On the high bank of the Potomac, Camp Columbia came into existence, where any girl employee might live during the warm weather, receive military instruction under



A COMMUNITY "SING" AT GRANT'S PARK, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

army sergeants, attend lectures and moving-picture shows, and help cultivate the camp community garden—all for one dollar a day. The initial enrollment of 250 quickly grew to 800, and then the Camp Community Service set out to establish thirty additional permanent and week-end camps.

As the present summer progressed there were numerous community motion-picture shows and community "sings" on the slope leading up to the Washington Monument; and here, too, there were vesper services with the Marine Band and eminent speakers every Sunday afternoon. At these gatherings the Boy Scouts of Washington acted as ushers, the biggest occasion of all being the city's celebration of Bastille Day on the afternoon of Sunday, July 14.

Then every Sunday afternoon at one of the big high schools of Washington there is a community "sing," directed by the singing leaders from Camp Meade and the Marines' camp at Quantico on the Potomac and attended regularly by thousands of soldiers and civilians. Out of this has sprung a movement for a permanent community opera in Washington, starting next winter, and several hundred Washington boys and girls are now being trained in chorus and hallelujah singing by the military song-directors. John McCormack and several other well-known artists have volunteered to take part in these operas.

For the soldiers who visit Washington, the War Camp Community Service has established two clubhouses, with ample dormitories, restaurants, recreation rooms, and the like. Here Campfire Girls act as waitresses in the restaurants and Boy Scouts as bus boys and "bell hops."

Walter Reed Hospital in Washington had twelve hundred patients or more at all times during the present summer—invalided men from the



AN INFORMAL CONCERT AT THE WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY.

A.E.F.—yet the high-school girls and the girls' Sunday-school classes of the city kept them bountifully supplied with jellies, cakes, fruit, scrapbooks and puzzles. In fact, the hospital looked to no other source for these comforts.

With these and dozens of other activities, the

War Camp Community Service is making Washington something more than a happy city: it is making it a happy family, with the soldier-boys and the girl-clerks the brothers and sisters. And it is creating this same spirit in hundreds of other cities and towns, drawing the nation together as a homogeneous whole and putting the victory spirit into army and civilians alike. And before very long this official organization will be asking for the volunteer funds which must support it. The response is sure to be generous, for those who cannot participate in the work can at least contribute to the fund that makes the people of our country the permanent hosts to their soldiers.

WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" READERS ARE DOING

It is evident that the young readers of St. Nicholas are as ingenious in devising ways of helping their country win the war as they are in composing poems, writing essays, making drawings, or snapping photographs for the St. Nicholas League. In response to the appeal for experiences in practical patriotism a number of readers have written telling of their own interesting work or that of their companions "for country and for liberty."

Mary Holden, Eleanor Hubert, Miriam Fogy, and Jean Wilson found themselves occupying four adjacent seats in a Hartford, Connecticut, school last spring, and the four girls promptly formed a "Four Corner Club"—at first just in fun; but later the club was put to practical patriotic use. The girls found a playlet that suited their limited numbers and gave it and four "talking tableaux" to an appreciative audience, winding up with a sale of ice-cream and candy.

"We got twenty-three dollars in all!" writes Mary Holden about it. "And with that money we adopted a fatherless French child, whose name is Andrée Genou, age ten, and we are going to write to her and send her presents, etc."

Laetitia Bolton, of Washington, D. C., is adding to the Red Cross revenue by designing, making, and selling paper dolls and costumes.

For inspiration in sacrifice for country read this contribution from Florence Poole Hankins, of Richmond, Virginia:

The second-year class of the Collegiate School for Girls, of which I am a member, decided at a class meeting that every member should make some sacrifice and give the money to the Red Cross. Some gave up a new dress; some did with one less pair of shoes; some sold their most cherished possessions, among them new hats, bicycles, and other things; some worked in their back-yard gardens; and nearly every one gave up her allowance for at least a month!

It was a surprise to the other classes when the following day, at assembly, our sponsor told them what we had done. The president and vice-president of our class presented the school with a Red Cross flag, and on it were pasted pictures of dresses, hats, bicycles, and everything else we had given up to help "make the world safe for democracy."

How the pupils of a school at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, carried on a War Savings Stamp campaign—and had a good time doing it—is told in this letter from S. Louise Dickinson:

I am writing to you to tell you about the thrilling war between our sophomores and freshmen. Our school is the same as others, I guess. The sophomores (pretend to) hate the freshmen. (I 'm a sophomore.) We generally haze the lower class mildly, but this year our "Cicero" teacher, Mrs. C., thought of a dandy way in which we could overwhelm the verdant freshmen. It was a W. S. S. Contest. Each of the two classes had exactly the same number in it, so we were evenly matched. Five points were given for each War Stamp owner and a proportionate number of points for each Thrift Stamp owner. The class having the most money invested in stamps got ten points. Every morning at 10.30 Mrs. G. posted the score on the assembly-hall board. My! did n't the leading class cheer! And did n't the other class work to raise its score before the next morning! We sophomores were surprised and aggrieved to see that the lowly freshmen, whom we had thought to "squelch," could hold their own with us. The last day of school was celebrated with a big "drive," and we were sure we had won until we found that the freshmen were busy, too. So at recess we hovered anxiously over the board. The hall was in dead silence while Mrs. G. put the final score on—then chaos broke loose among the freshies. For they had beaten us—*by three-tenths of a point!*

Contributors should remember that the experiences related should be those of young people, preferably of the writer or immediate friends. Send letters to Robert F. Wilson, 312 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned; but St. Nicholas will send the writer of each letter used a pennant bearing the motto, "For Country and For Liberty."



A Good Old Boat

By George M. Johnson.

Joe Randall's back-muscles heaved and his lungs throbbed under the strenuous efforts he was making to pedal his bicycle up the steep grade of Maple Avenue.

"Some hill!" he muttered, the words hissing out through clenched teeth; "but Christopher Columbus! I 'll make it, or know why!"

Then with a whiz and a smooth purr from its powerful two-cylinder motor, something flashed by Joe and on up the hill at a forty-miles-an-hour clip—the latest model three-speed motor-cycle.

"Thunder!" groaned Joe, as the motor-cycle disappeared over the distant top of the hill in a little cloud of dust, "if that is n't a regular honest-to-goodness insult!"

Joe abruptly ceased his efforts to pump up Maple Avenue; the ease with which the motor-cycle rider had outdistanced him in the difficult climb had taken all the spirit out of the bicyclist —made his legs feel like lead, his lungs dry.

"Don't see why anybody was chump enough to lay out a town in this place, anyway," the boy complained to himself, as he walked up the grade, trundling his bicycle beside him. "Might as well glue a collection of buildings to the side of the Grand Cañon and call it a city! Wish the responsible parties had to spend their lives pushing bikes up these choice hills of ours with never a chance to coast down. Certainly would pay 'em back proper and then some. Only wish I could manage to get me a motor. These thunder-pups sure do shine on the hills. Pretty soft, pretty soft!"

Half an hour later Joe, his message delivered, was back in the business part of the town, where an irresistible magnet seemed to draw him to the vicinity of Sam Wilkins's store. Mr. Wilkins sold sporting goods and bicycles, and was also agent for a popular make of motor-cycle. In his show-window, glistening with nickel-plate and resplendent with satin enamel, reposed a motor-cycle, with three-speed gear, foot-boards, electric lights, two brakes, double-clutch control, everything that engineering skill could put into a two-wheeled motor-vehicle.

"How 's the delivery business, Joe?" asked Mr. Wilkins, in a friendly tone, as the boy entered his shop, after a few moments of admiring gaze at the display window.

"Pretty good," replied Joe. "Got all I can take care of—more, too."

"That so? Then you need a motor-cycle. You could pick up enough extra work to pay the cost of up-keep, and you would n't have to break your back pedaling up the hills.

"Been thinking so myself," agreed Joe, "but I have n't the coin to buy a machine in the first place. Now what 's the cost of that bus in the window?"

"Three hundred and twenty-five dollars as she stands," answered the dealer.

Joe made a wry face, laughing a bit at the thought of his buying that wonderful machine.

"Might as well tell me to buy a twelve-cylinder limousine," he said, "with solid gold rims and platinum trimmings."

"I did n't mean for you to start with that one. Why not try a second-hand machine?" suggested Mr. Wilkins.

"Nothing doing!" exclaimed the boy, wisely. "It would drop apart in a little while; repairs all the time, too. First use is the best."

"Certainly, first use *is* the best, but we guarantee the second-hand motor-cycles of our make just as we guarantee the new ones. Now look at this."

Mr. Wilkins led the way to the back of his store, where he pointed out to Joe a used motorcycle. It was n't much to look at, but the tires were in first-class condition, and there was certainly nothing about the machine to suggest that it was ready to "drop apart."

"That boat is four years old," remarked the dealer, "but the motor has just been thoroughly overhauled in our shop, and I know that it is a good buy. In fact, for the price I ask, sixty-eight dollars, it is a regular bargain; you see she 's equipped with a horn and lamp."

He pedaled the engine over, whereupon it started without any difficulty, running quietly and smoothly.

Joe's eyes grew big with eager interest; to them the battle-scarred veteran looked wonderfully attractive.

"I 'd like it," he said regretfully; "but it can't be done. I have n't more than a third that much money to spare."

"Now listen, Joe," said the dealer, earnestly; "I 'm going to make you a proposition—a proposition that I would n't make to every boy. I make it to you because I 've watched you build up your private delivery and messenger business in town here, and I know you are a hard worker and reliable. I 'll allow you fifteen dollars as a trade in price on your bike, you pay me twenty dollars in cash, and a balance of thirty-five dollars at the rate of five a month. I 'm charging you two extra because of the instalment buying. And the machine will carry a full guarantee."

Joe thought hard for a moment. Then—

"I 'll take you up, Mr. Wilkins," he said decisively, already thinking how much better it would sound to have his business cards read "*Motor-cycle* delivery and messenger service," instead of "bicycle."

Thus it was that Joe Randall joined the rapidly increasing ranks of motor-cyclists, though Joe's riding was more largely a matter of business than pleasure.

Buying the motor-cycle had been something of an experiment, but Joe shrewdly reasoned that in any business it was necessary to take a chance occasionally. And after all, he was not taking such a terrible chance in purchasing the machine on such reasonable terms. The only thing he did n't like was going in debt to do it, but there was no other solution of the problem.



"'I 'D LIKE IT,' JOE SAID REGRETFULLY, 'BUT IT CAN'T BE DONE.'"

Any doubts as to the wisdom of his course were quickly dispelled. The old machine was true blue; it had been owned by a young man who did not ride it so very much, owing to ill health, and who, for the same reason, rarely

rode it hard. It is the continuous speed-work, forty-five miles an hour over rough roads, that knocks out a motor-cycle before its time; so that as far as actual performance went, Joe's second-hand mount was virtually as good as new. And the earnings of his delivery and messenger service quickly increased through the greater speed and ease with which he could do the work. The upkeep of the motor-cycle cost just a trifle less than Joe's increased earnings, so that the dealer's prediction was verified. Joe was well pleased, but he could n't help looking forward to the time when he would really own the machine, clear of the indebtedness which he was paying off at the rate of five dollars a month.

And he also looked forward to the time when he might be able to afford a three-speed machine, with one of the dandy new parcel-vans mounted on a side-car chassis—an outfit designed for just such work as Joe was doing. But that was far ahead—so far in the future that Joe hardly dared hope about it.

The months had passed by, and now Joe had become an expert rider—expert also in taking care of his faithful motor-cycle, for the dealer had impressed upon him that a motor-cycle is a rather delicate bit of machinery, one that requires a reasonable amount of care if it is to continue to deliver the goods in a satisfactory manner. Certainly Joe's motor-cycle never had cause to complain of the way in which it was treated by its owner.

We have already referred to the hilly condition of the town in which Joe Randall lived. This was due to the fact that it was a river town, located on the bluffs that bordered the low, marshy bottom-land through which the river flowed. Since this stream was subject to annual floods, some of them quite disastrous in their effects, the buildings of the city were naturally located on the high land, or bluffs, safely above the reach of flood waters. It was far less convenient than the level land along the river, but any one would prefer the inconvenience of living on the side of a steep hill to the far greater inconvenience of waking up some morning to find his cellar and the lower part of his house full of muddy water—not to mention the fact that when this particular river went on one of its annual rampages it was perfectly capable of washing away a strongly built house.

Maple Avenue was one of the most important streets in the city. It differed from most of the others in having a much longer grade, for after ascending the bluffs that bordered the river it continued onward into some higher land, a section where many of the wealthy people of the place lived. The long, continuous pull up this grade put a severe tax on the climbing power of all kinds of vehicles. When an automobilist wanted to impress an acquaintance with the excellence of his car, he would simply say: "Well, she can pull up Maple Avenue on high."

Which statement usually settled the discussion.

Maple Avenue terminated with a sharp curve into a highway that swung along parallel with the river, and close to the stream at this point. The sudden turn, combined with the steepness of the hill, made the place exceedingly dangerous to traffic, and huge, glaring signs warned all vehicles of this fact. In addition, during the hours of daylight, there was an officer stationed at the bottom of the hill to control the traffic. The river highway was an important link with other towns in the valley, and as there was also a pretty steady succession of automobiles passing up and down Maple Avenue, this officer usually had plenty to do.

Many of the people in the residential section along the upper part of Maple Avenue were steady customers of Joe's, and there were few days that did not see him chugging up the steep grade on his motor-cycle. Instead of finding it a burden, as when he had done his work on a bicycle, Joe now took a genuine pleasure in the ride; he had always felt a sort of personal grudge against that hill, and his easy surmounting of its difficulties appealed mightily to his imagination—it was a triumph, a victory over an antagonist that had often worsted him in the past, and therefore all the more agreeable.

One morning, as Joe went spinning up Maple Avenue, he noticed a large touring-car parked at one side of the street. He thought little of this except to note, as he flashed past, that the wheels of the machine were not cramped around into the curbstone, as was done by most drivers when leaving their cars on the grade. This was near the top of the hill, and Joe, as he went on about his business, speedily forgot about the carelessly parked automobile.

When little Bobby Stedman went outdoors to play that morning, he was delighted to see that his daddy had left the touring-car in front of the house. Bobby climbed into the tonneau, and for a time amused himself by imagining that he was being driven about the country by a chauffeur in gorgeous yellow-and-scarlet livery. Presently it occurred to him that it would be more fun to drive the car himself; so straightway he told the chauffeur of his plan.

"Very good, sir!" said the imaginary scarlet-and-yellow individual, and he obediently got out of the front part of the car.

Bobby thereupon, in a dignified manner, climbed from the tonneau and slipped into the driver's seat, behind the big steering-wheel. There he sat with his hands on the wheel; but after a few minutes he remembered that when his daddy drove the car he did certain things with those mysterious-looking levers that seemed to come up through the flooring of the machine. Bobby gave a tug at the nearest lever, but he could make no impression on it, for his fingers were not strong enough, so he slid down from the seat and put both hands into the business, paying particular attention to a little knob that projected above the top of the lever.

Suddenly, with the faintest of clicks, that little knob yielded, and Bobby felt the lever move. He squealed with delight and redoubled his efforts, with such success that the lever moved some more. Something else moved as well, for the small boy had released the emergency-brake, which, not set up nearly so tight as it should have been, was the only thing that held the heavy car on the grade. Slowly and silently it started down Maple Avenue, and Bobby again squealed with delight at the sensation of movement. He climbed back to the driver's seat and grabbed the wheel, as he had seen his daddy do. Just then he heard a wild yell from the house, and Mr. Stedman leaped down the front steps, sprinting along the walk to the street.

Bobby did n't feel quite so delighted now; the car was gaining in speed, and the way his daddy yelled and ran down the walk convinced the little chap that something was decidedly wrong. He began to whimper a bit, badly frightened, and wishing that he had played in the yard instead of in the big touring-car.

Mr. Stedman put on all the speed he was capable of, but the automobile had too big a start; his effort was useless. From the veranda of the house sounded the frantic scream of a woman, as Bobby's mother saw what had happened and realized the awful tragedy that seemed inevitable. The heavy car, with nothing to stop it as it coasted down the smooth pavement, would be traveling at a terrific speed by the time it reached the bottom of Maple Avenue, three quarters of a mile below. And there was the river—

It was just at this moment that Joe Randall, his errand concluded, happened to be coming back down the hill. He was coasting along at a moderate pace, his motor dead to save gasolene. In an emergency Joe could think quickly; it took him less than two seconds to grasp everything that had taken place, though by then the car was a hundred yards ahead of him, shooting rapidly down the steep grade.

Joe did n't stop to consider the danger he would himself incur; that thought never once entered his mind. His job was to save the "kiddie"—how, he hardly knew.

Quick as a flash he threw in his clutch and dropped the lifted exhaust-valves. The motor started with a sudden purr, and then Joe twisted the left control—the throttle—around to the limit. So abruptly did his machine accelerate that it fairly seemed to leap through the air, and Joe whizzed down Maple Avenue like an arrow. That old machine of his, thanks to the excellent care it had received, was easily capable of going fifty-five miles an hour on the level; down a hill like Maple Avenue there was really no limit to its speed.

The automobile ahead, with its increasing momentum, began to swing dizzily from one side of the street to the other. But it always kept to the street, for when the front wheels scraped the curb on either side, instead of climbing the curb and continuing on into somebody's yard, it was shunted back to the roadway again. Fortunately, it happened that at that particular time Maple Avenue was empty of traffic.

By the time Joe had overhauled the runaway it was easily traveling over thirty miles an hour. Bobby Stedman was lying on the seat, crying bitterly. The motor-cyclist had to face a very difficult problem, and had no time to lose in solving it, for the end of Maple Avenue was approaching at terrifying speed; seconds were precious. He had to climb, somehow, from his motor-cycle to the running-board of the automobile, which, as it careened crazily from side to side, threatened every minute to destroy both him and his machine.

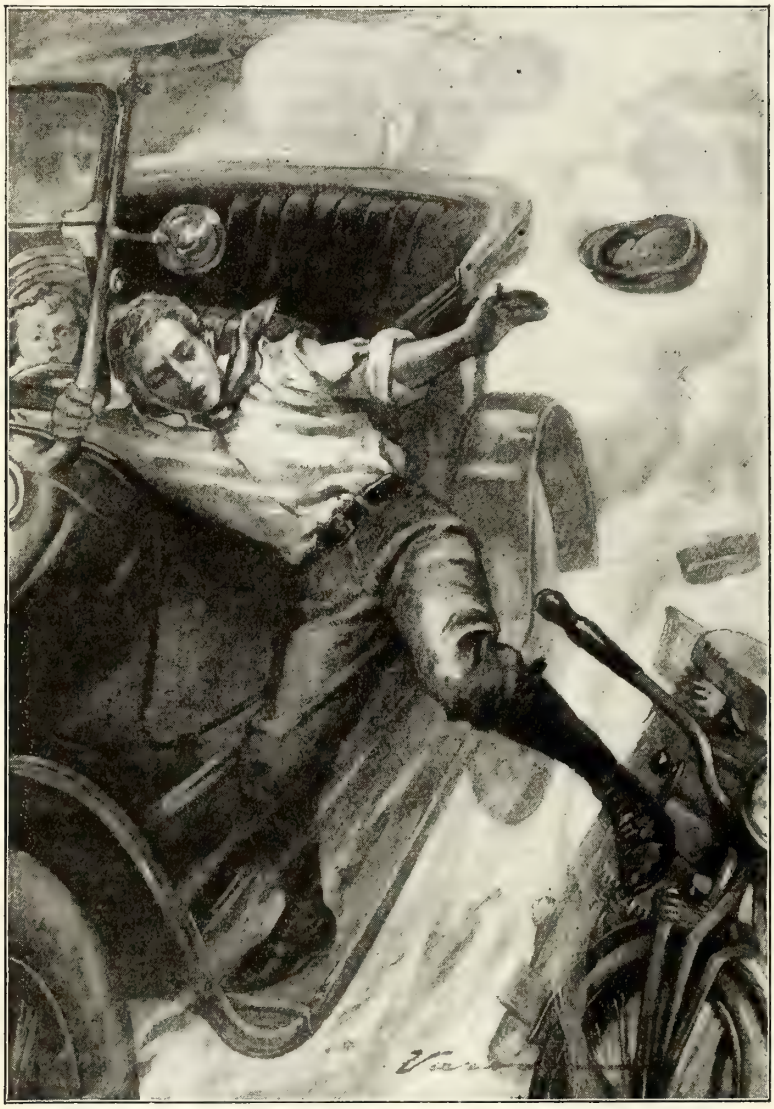
Joe reached out and firmly seized the side of the car with one hand, steering with the other, and then, with a desperate half-leap, he cleared the saddle of the motor-cycle and, with one foot on the running-board, clung to the lurching automobile, while there came a sickening crash, as the cycle, minus its pilot, did a dive into the curb and then on into a telephone-pole. But Joe did not hear it.

With his heart pounding furiously, Joe slid into the driver's seat, one hand gripping the wheel, while he pulled at the emergency-lever with the other—not too suddenly, for he realized that locking the wheels at that speed meant a fearful skid, with a sure wreck to follow.

The car slowed down a trifle, and Joe eased back the lever another notch.

Traffic-officer Jones, at the bottom of the hill, looked up Maple Avenue in time to see a huge touring-car rushing madly down the grade, with

a hatless young fellow at the wheel. Officer Jones had not seen what took place before, but he knew that the car was going too fast, and he pompously held up his open palm, a warning signal to stop. The big car was slowing down, but not enough to suit Officer Jones. He shouted angrily at the heedless autoist, and then leaped nimbly to one side, just avoiding being run over. The auto whirled around into the river road on two wheels, but presently stopped a little farther on. Officer Jones was not accustomed to having his orders flouted in this high-handed way. To say that he was angry would be putting it mildly; Officer Jones was mad clean through, furious, his face redder than the reddest beet you ever saw. He ran around to the stationary car, shaking his fist.



"WITH ONE FOOT ON THE RUNNING-BOARD, JOE CLUNG TO THE AUTOMOBILE."

"What do you mean by coming down the hill that way?" he shouted savagely. "Why don't you stop when I tell you to?"

Joe sat humped up behind the wheel, shaking all over. Now that the horrible danger was past, the reaction had set in; he felt tossed about like a rubber ball in a whirlpool; a terrible sensation of nausea gripped him. Officer Jones's words came to him as from a great distance. He did n't like Officer Jones anyway—he had always longed to "sass" him.

"Oh, dry up!" he snapped, glaring at the officer.

Then everything seemed to go black and red and jump up and down in a crazy way. Officer Jones's round red face grew in size until it was like a huge balloon, and Joe did something he had never done in his whole life before—he fainted.

After a bit Joe came to himself, dimly wondering what had happened. He was lying by the road, his head soaking with water, and a man and a woman, the latter with a little boy in her arms, were anxiously bending over him. Then it all came back to Joe.

"I 'm all right now," he muttered, feeling vastly ashamed of himself for fainting.

Mr. Stedman helped him to his feet; Mrs. Stedman, with tears streaming down her face, was brokenly trying to tell Joe how grateful they were to him for what he had done.

"It was n't anything," said the boy, uneasily, wishing he could slip away. He did n't like "scenes" of this sort.

The remembrance of his motor-cycle came back to Joe; he wondered what was left of it; not much, probably.

"Got to go back and see about my motor," he said, starting away.

"I 'll take you up," offered Mr. Stedman, "if you 're willing to trust yourself in my car again."

Back up the hill they went, stopping at the place where the wrecked motor-cycle lay. Joe's heart sank when he saw it. The forks were broken, one wheel crumpled and its tire burst, and the frame seemed badly sprung, with the motor wrenched out of place.

"Where did you buy the machine?" asked Mr. Stedman.

Joe told him.

"Well, don't worry about it. I 'll get an expressman to cart it around to Wilkins's place and have him fix it up as good as ever."

"All right; much obliged," said Joe, but down in his heart he felt that the poor old machine, no matter how it was repaired, could never be "as good as ever" after this.

After a time Joe went home, worrying over how long it would take Mr. Wilkins's repairman to fix up the machine. He knew they were very busy during the riding season, and that "big jobs" like this often took a week. He decided to ask Mr. Wilkins to lend him a bicycle, so that his business would not entirely get away from him during the wait.

About four o'clock that afternoon he went around to the shop to see how things were getting on. They had probably not even started on the work, but Joe wanted to see about borrowing or renting a wheel.

"Hello, glad to see you!" cried the dealer, heartily. "Quite some stunt you pulled off this morning. Mr. Stedman's been telling me about it. Seemed interested in you, too; asked me a lot of questions. Your boat 's all fixed up, waiting for you to take away. We rushed the job through in double-quick time.

"Gee, that 's fine!" exclaimed Joe. "Guess she was n't hurt as bad as it looked at first, huh?"

"Well, she was pretty bad," conceded the dealer, judicially. "Yes, sir, she was sure one sick-looking bird when the expressman dumped her in on us. 'What 's this bunch o' junk, anyway?' he asks me; 'a motor-sickle, or an old kitchen stove?' Ha, ha!" and Mr. Wilkins laughed heartily at the recollection.

Joe did n't feel like laughing. If his machine was that badly damaged, what *could* it be like if repaired so speedily.

"She 's out in the back room," went on the dealer. "Come along and take her out."

Joe followed him into the back room. A new three-speed model with a parcel-car attached was standing there, but Joe could see no signs of the faithful old tub of which he had come to think so much.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"There she is," laughed Mr. Wilkins, pointing at the three-speed and van. "What do you think of her?"

"Wh—wh—what 's the idea?" stammered Joe.

"That 's no idea, son; that 's a motor-cycle. And a mighty classy outfit, if you ask me."

"Whose is it?"

"Yours."

That was too much for poor Joe. He stared first at the wonderful machine before him, then at the smiling dealer, then back at the machine again. Finally Mr. Wilkins took pity on his perplexity.

"It 's like this," he explained. "Mr. Stedman wanted to do something for you to show his appreciation for your saving his little boy's life this morning,—not to mention saving a three-thousand-dollar car at the same time,—and when I told him about your delivery and messenger service, he bought this outfit right off the floor and told me to give it to you with his compliments."

"And the old machine? She 's not fixed up?"

"Bless you, son! she 's gone for keeps, worse even than you thought! She 's traveled her last mile, but she was a good old boat while she lasted."

"Yes," said Joe happily, his eyes dancing with joy as they took in the beauties of *his* wonderful new machine, "she sure was!"



THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Chapter IX

MONSIEUR CONCLUDES HIS STORY

The interest of Monsieur's listeners grew even more tense, if that were possible, as he continued:

"Mettot and his daughter Yvonne, on hearing the news, forsook all and came to America to take possession of the baby, which was still being cared for at the hospital where its parents died. The Mettot family had not prospered with the years, the present Jean's father having unfortunately lost the modest fortune that the original Jean had acquired. They were living in a very humble way in a small French village, and virtually sacrificed their all to come over to America on what they considered an almost sacred charge.

"What then was to be done? Jean Mettot cast about in his mind for some time, considering the matter, but at length came to the conclusion that the crisis spoken of by the original dauphin had now arrived, and the time was come to disclose the secret to some one. But to whom? That was the great question. Suddenly he bethought him of the present Marquis de Fenuoil—myself. He had not the slightest idea whether the secret of the dauphin's escape had ever been transmitted in our family, but, taking the risk, wrote me a full account of the whole proceeding, throwing the present little orphan, so to speak, on my mercy.

"And now, at last, I enter. I cannot indeed, give you the slightest idea what this wonderful news meant to me. The secret *had* been transmitted—aye, it had become a sacred tradition in our family! Many long and fruitless searches had we made, myself, my father, and my grandfather before us, to trace, if possible, the fate of that lost dauphin. Not one of us but would have sacrificed our all to have been sure of the after history of our adored little monarch. The portrait that you have seen, and those of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI which I have always kept veiled, have been our most cherished family possessions, especially that of the dauphin. We worshipped the memory of that heroic little uncrowned monarch.

"Can you, then, understand what it meant to me to find myself at last on the track of his descendant? For a time I could scarcely credit it. But I knew from my grandfather of the part played by the original Jean Mettot, and I could see no reason to doubt that this tale of his descendant was also genuine. My first impulse was to send for them at once and bring the child up as my own son till he should be of a suitable age to disclose the secret to him. But there were a number of very strong objections to that course. I need not mention them all. One is sufficient. I have never, for the past twenty years, been strong. My health is only sustained by constant treatment with physicians, and I spend three quarters of my time at sanatoriums and health resorts. I am seldom in residence at my French estate. There were a number of other legal reasons, which you would scarcely understand, why it was not wise for me to appear to be adopting a child, presumably as my heir, but I will not recount them. I will only say that I decided on a course which may seem strange to you, but which appealed to me as wisest at the time.

"The child was a mere baby, not yet a year old. I concluded that for the present it would be best to leave him in America, the land that his kingly ancestors had chosen to adopt. In Jean Mettot's name I leased the very Durant farm-house that belonged to the boy's father and would one day be his own, sent the Mettots there with their infant charge, and instructed them to bring up the boy in ignorance of his real ancestry, until such time as I should deem it best to come over to America and take charge of his affairs. They have worthily fulfilled that charge, and have kept me constantly informed of his growth and progress.

"In truth, I never supposed it would be so long a time before I should find it possible to get here. One matter after another, my health chiefly, has delayed me, though I have often planned the trip. During this past year, however, the news sent by our friends the Mettots has been somewhat disturbing to me. In order to explain this, I must now disclose to you my plans for Louis Charles Durant. They are, as you will see, far from any schemes for restoring the Bourbon monarchy in France! That would be in direct opposition to the wishes of the dead dauphin. No, I wished him to share the secret of his wonderful ancestry, but only as something to be proud of. I wished him to grow up as my own son, and when the time was ripe, I would legally adopt him. There were several obstacles in the way of this at first, which have lately been removed. But in my own heart he would never be my son, but the *king* who should rightfully have ruled over me! I wished

him to study statecraft and become a great political light, a French one, and perhaps some day make a great name in the world. He should be a king of men in deed and act, if he could not in name and right. These were my ambitions for him. I felt that he *must* fall in with them!"

His three listeners stirred uneasily, and the catbird in the tree above them uttered its odd, catlike cry. It was a tense moment. Monsieur paused a few seconds and gazed out over the blue heat-haze on the river. Then he went on:

"It was, therefore, disturbing tidings that I began to receive from Jean Mettot. At first his reports had been satisfactory in every respect. The boy was upright, manly, and entirely lovable in nature. He had, up to his tenth or twelfth year, developed no traits that would seem in opposition to my plans for him. But of late the news of him had been very unwelcome to me. To begin with, he openly avowed that he had no special interest in France or in French history and traditions. He was American to the core, and actually boasted of it. This was not surprising, however, considering the fact that he had been born and brought up in this land. I promised myself that the difficulty would be easily overcome—later. But there was something that troubled me more.

"The Mettots began to report that he was developing a strongly *mechanical* turn of mind, that he was constantly working with tools and contriving unique devices of his own for various mechanical purposes—in short, that he was following directly in the footsteps of the unfortunate Louis XVI. It has always been my contention that if that monarch had devoted himself more to the affairs of his kingdom and less to tools and locks, he never would have lost his throne. To me it was an ominous sign. But even then I hoped that it might prove only a childish whim and fade away in other interests as the years progressed. It did not, as you well know. I feel it now to be a family inheritance, impossible to overcome. I have resigned myself to it, only praying that in time other matters more important may overgrow and stifle the tendency.

"But I realized, also, that the day could no longer be delayed when I must make this trip across the ocean and see with my own eyes the great-grandson of our long-lost dauphin. Perhaps you think it strange that I did not send for him to be brought to me. But I had my reasons for that, also. I wished to see the boy in his own natural environment. I wished him to know nothing of myself. I wished to study him and learn his character, watch him at his work and play, observe him with his friends, and discover for myself his ambitions and tendencies. How could I know that I would really care for him *personally*, or he for me, unless I followed this course? I loved him already for his *ancestry*. But I wished to love him if possible for *himself*. And as I am an old, childless, lonely man, I wished him to love me for *myself*. And only by coming here incognito, I deemed, could this be accomplished.

"Well, *mes enfants*, I came. And with the history of my stay here you are fairly well acquainted. At the first, I confess, I was bitterly disappointed. The boy was a fine, upstanding, splendid specimen of American boyhood, but—he was thoroughly *American!* He resembled in no way that I could see, facially at least, the portrait I had brought with me in order to compare with him. That, of course, was entirely natural, yet I was disappointed. At times I thought I could discern fleeting resemblances, but they were only fleeting. Only at the time he was so very ill did I seem to see in him a resemblance to the little dauphin as he must have appeared when thin and pale from his life in prison."

Here the three girls glanced at each other. Noticing the look exchanged, the speaker remarked:

"Yes, that is what I meant by the 'Temple look,' which, you say, Louis overheard. But to continue: the worst disappointment was that terrible mechanical trait, which I found it impossible to overcome and to which I have now resigned myself. We had our quarrels and disputes over that subject, as you know, but I felt myself at last unable to cope with so strong a passion. I will speak of other things.

"I need scarcely tell you that, with these passing months, I have come to care deeply and tenderly for this boy. He may be different, entirely different from my ideal of him, but I have come to recognize his fine, genuine manliness, the entire lovableness of his character. His attitude toward me has never deviated from the courteous and thoughtful and attentive (except in the one instance of his boat, and I myself was at fault there!), and I feel that he is even developing a sort of fondness for me with the passing of time. And when you realize that he knows nothing whatever of my real identity or object in being here (though he rather suspects some mystery, I believe), this is all the more admirable. As for my feeling for him—I adore him, mesdemoiselles! I can say no more. He is the worthy descendant of a king—even though he be not *French* in anything but ancestry!

"You can easily see, then, what it meant to me when he made that astonishing announcement a few weeks ago. Could anything be more terrible for me to hear than that this most dangerous of

all careers should be the chosen one for my adopted son-to-be? It is incredible to me, even yet. I am praying daily that the whim shall pass from him. In the first shock of it, I thought that the time had come when I must disclose to him the truth, whether I was ready to do so or not. Yet, on second thought I again hesitated. There is one link in the chain that is still missing. It is for that I am waiting, for I do not wish him to be made acquainted with the secret till I can lay all the evidence before him, complete.

"You remember, perhaps, that I spoke of a document, prepared by the dauphin, and hidden by him in some spot, the secret of which he disclosed only to the original Jean Mettot. It was his wish that the document be delivered to his descendants should a crisis ever arise when it would be thought necessary to disclose the secret to them. That document, I am sorry to say, we have as yet been unable to discover. The original Mettot described the hiding-place in a sealed letter which he gave to his son, who in turn transmitted it, still sealed, to our John Meadows, here. Now, unfortunately, when this John Meadows and his daughter came to America, they did not bring the letter with them, because they supposed that they would be returning at once to France. And, more unfortunately still, since they have been here, their little home in France has been burned to the ground, and the letter, of course, disappeared in the conflagration. Meadows never read the letter himself, and has only a vague remembrance of his grandfather once saying in his hearing, when he was only a child, that he believed the hiding-place of the document to be somewhere near a chimney. And that is absolutely the only clue we have had to work on.

"I need not tell you that the search for that important paper has been unceasing since I first arrived—and even before that. Every nook and cranny about each of the chimneys, from attic to cellar, has been searched, but with no result. And unless the very house is torn down, I see no hope of finding it. Beside that, it may have been found and possibly destroyed by the strangers who have lived in the house. However, I do not yet utterly despair of recovering it, and should it come to light, I would then make the great disclosure to Louis and formulate my future plans. Circumstances *may* be such, however, that I shall have to put him in possession of the secret before the document is found. But I should be sorry to do this, as I wish him to feel that our evidence for this strange story is complete.

"And now, my young friends, you know it all. I have hidden nothing from you. I have shown you even my inmost heart. I have only one request—that you keep this thing a secret from every one, especially from Louis."

He stopped, and there was silence. The catbird above them had flown away. The river was unruffled by the slightest breath. The water had ceased its "lap-lap." The afternoon stillness was complete. Carol and Sue sat motionless in their corner, their hands clasped, their eyes wide and intent.

Suddenly the Imp flung herself to the ground and buried her face on the old French gentleman's knees, a passion of choking sobs shaking her little body. He laid his hand on her head and murmured in a startled voice:

"Little one—little one! What is it that troubles you?"

"Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!" she cried. "What a little *beast* I 've been! Can you ever forgive me? *How* I have misjudged you!"

Chapter X

August Fourth, 1914

July 27, 1914. It is ten days since that strange afternoon down at the old boat-house on the river. I have been in a kind of dream ever since. I cannot somehow believe that I 'm just plain, ordinary Susan Birdsey, living on out-of-the-way little Paradise Green, to whom nothing unusual ever had, or I thought, ever would happen! Paradise Green is no longer the prosaic place it was. It is the secret spot chosen by history as the home of one of her most romantic characters. Who would ever have thought it? And I, Susan Birdsey, am one of the three humble persons Fate has chosen to be the sharer of that marvelous secret!

I cannot help but think of what Miss Cullingford said when she suggested that we keep a journal—that some journals had been interesting and valuable additions to history. That, at least, is what I never supposed mine could possibly be. And yet, if she could only see it now! But she never will, of course, nor any one else, for I have promised Monsieur that I will never, without his permission, reveal a single word of what he has told us. Not, he says, because it would harm any one or make the slightest change in the world's affairs, but because of the poor "lost dauphin's" wish.

We three have talked of it incessantly, Carol, the Imp, and I. Somehow the wonder of it never grows any less. That such a thing could happen here—*here* on litttle Paradise Green! And yet, the Imp says, it is no new thing in history for an exiled king to hide himself away in a strange country in the humblest surroundings. Where *does* she get all these historical facts, anyway?

Even Carol, who 's fond of history and reads a lot of it, does n't know half as much about such things as the Imp. I am changing my opinion of her very much lately. I used to think she was such a scatter-brained, harum-scarum child, without a serious thought in her head. But I guess we did n't *know* her then and misjudged her a lot.

We have seen almost nothing of Louis since that day with Monsieur. He has been every day in Bridgeton, spending the time, I 'm perfectly certain, with that Page Calvin and his miserable aëroplane. It makes me perfectly sick to think of it, especially since what Monsieur has told us. (By the way, I can't get out of the way of calling him 'Monsieur,' but it 's just as well, I presume, because we 're not supposed to know he 's anything else!) Of course, Louis does n't realize what this all means to the old gentleman, but if he only knew that it was fairly breaking his heart, I do believe he 'd be willing to give up the thought of such a dangerous career and take to something else. I feel sure Monsieur suspects what he 's away at Bridgeton for, but he never says a word to us—just suffers in silence.

The Imp sees Monsieur and talks to him very often, as he sits on his favorite bench on the Green. He sits there a great deal, on that bench under the big elm, and reads his paper and watches us play tennis. Sometimes we all go over and talk to him, but he never says a word about what he told us that day on the river—not, at least, when we 're all together with him. He does speak of it sometimes to the Imp when they 're alone. She says that to-day he told her that the situation in Europe is very grave. That he is certain Austria is about to declare war on Servia, and if she does, the whole of Europe will be involved. There will be the most awful conflict the world has ever known.

The Imp asked him if France were likely to go into it, too, and he said he did not see how it could be avoided. France would always do what was right. But here 's the worst: he says that if France declares war, he will have to return immediately, important political and personal matters demand it, and he intends to tell Louis the whole truth and take him back with him. That piece of news seemed perfectly ghastly to me. And yet I honestly don't see how Monsieur can do anything else.

I felt to-day, after hearing this, that I simply must understand this European situation for myself, so I got the daily paper and read up everything I could find about it. And I have to confess that I was not much wiser after it than I was before. So I got hold of the Imp and asked her if she could explain the thing. And she said:

"Why, it 's this way. Monsieur told me all about it. Austria considers that she 's got to



"'OH, MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR!' SHE CRIED. 'CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?'"

make Servia get down on her knees and beg pardon because the Austrian archduke was killed. So Austria 's sent Servia a note proposing all sorts of concessions that Servia will never stand for in the world. The Servians answered that note yesterday and were willing to do everything that they could, but there were two or three other things Austria demanded that they can't possibly do. Austria wants the whole thing or nothing, so of course she 'll take this opportunity to declare war. Russia has always sort of sympathized with the Servians, so, if they get into trouble, she 's going to give them a hand. And Monsieur says she 's already mobilizing her troops. Germany is in a compact always to help Austria out, so that 's where *she* comes in. And Mon-

sieur says she 's been waiting forty years for this opportunity to let herself loose on Europe, so she is n't going to let such a chance as this pass! And France has a promise to stand by Russia, and England 's in that, too, so you can easily see what a time it 's going to be!"

The Imp's explanation has made the situation a little clearer to me, I 'll admit, but the whole thing makes me terribly depressed. I 'm glad I don't see much of Louis now. I simply cannot be with him and act natural, as if nothing were out of the ordinary. I cannot face him and think who he really is, and keep the wonder and pain and bewilderment of it all out of my expression.

August 1, 1914. Austria declared war on Servia a couple of days ago. The Imp rushed up to my room with the paper that morning, in a terrible state of excitement, to announce the news. But we 've had worse since, and it 's all turning out as Monsieur said it would. We, that is the Imp and Carol and I, were all going in to Bridgeton to the circus to-day, but we 've given it up. None of us seemed to have the heart for that kind of a lark in the face of what is going on and what it means—for Louis. He still unsuspectingly goes off to see Page Calvin every day, and never guesses what the European situation may mean to him, I 'm certain. Of course, he could n't for a moment imagine how it could have any bearing on *his* affairs!

Louis's birthday comes in a couple of days,—on August fourth,—and we 're planning a litttle surprise-party for him. We 're going over there early in the morning,—Dave and Carol and the Imp and I,—and just casually ask him to walk across the fields to the old boat-house with us. When we get there, we 're going to suggest to him that he take us out in the launch for a while. And when we get back, we 're going to bring out a big spread, that we 'll have hidden in the boat-house previously, and have a regular feast down on the platform. In the middle of it all, we 're going to present him with a pretty gold watch-fob that we all chipped in for, and Monsieur is going to give him the most beautiful watch. Monsieur, of course, is to be a member of this party. The Imp asked him, and he seemed delighted with the idea. Under ordinary circumstances, I should consider it all the greatest lark; but as things are, it seems as if I could hardly endure it—to sit there all day and look at Louis and think what he 's soon going to learn from Monsieur.

August 4, 1914. The worst has happened,—the very worst! It makes me sick beyond words to read what I last wrote in here—about having a surprise-party, a *picnic!* It was a surprise-party right enough, but the surprise was very much on our side, after all. We all started over for Louis's this morning, just as we 'd planned. We 'd been up at six o'clock, carrying the "feed" (as the Imp calls it) down to the boat-house, and everything was quite ready. Dave could n't go over with us at the last minute, because Father had some urgent errand he wanted him to attend to in Bridgeton, and he promised to join us later.

I confess we were n't any of us as hilarious over this as we 'd ordinarily be, for we all feel awfully depressed about things. But we had n't a suspicion of what was ahead of us.

We 'd hoped to see Monsieur or Louis around outside, but no one was anywhere in sight. So we knocked at the front door, and Louis came and opened it.

In all my life, I 'll never forget how that poor fellow looked. It was *stricken*—I can't think of any other word that expresses it so well! He did n't seem surprised to see us, but, instead of inviting us inside, said:

"Come out on the Green and sit on our old bench for a few minutes, will you? I 've got something to tell you."

We followed him in dead silence, and we knew that something awful must have happened.

"Have you seen the morning papers?" he asked, when we were seated.

I said: "No. What 's the matter?"

"France has declared war!" was all he answered. Somehow, he did n't need to say another word. We knew the whole thing. It had come—at last! There was n't one of us that could think of a word to say, not even the Imp. And she 's usually quick enough with a reply. But she seemed struck dumb. After we 'd all sat there without a word for what seemed six months, Louis said:

"I 've heard the whole story from Mon—I mean from the marquis. I know that you know it, too. He told me so. I understand that he did n't intend to tell me to-day—that you were going to give me a surprise-party for my birthday. Thank you, girls, all the same. I—I—" He could n't say any more just then, but sat staring away at nothing.

"It was the news in the paper that changed it all," he went on at last. "Germany has invaded French territory and violated the neutrality of Belgium, so, of course, war is inevitable. The marquis is very much excited, and feels that he must go back at once to offer whatever assistance he can to the Government. I shall go with him."

He said all this in the strangest way—in a sort of dull, monotonous voice, as if he 'd just learned it by heart and had n't the slightest interest in it.

And he had n't even mentioned the other matter, either. It was the Imp who spoke first.

"Louis," she said, very quietly, "were you sorry to hear about—about that other matter?"

He did n't answer for a minute and just sat looking off into space again. Finally he said, in the same monotonous voice, "It 's killing me!"

"But, Louis," I found the courage to say, "it 's really a very wonderful thing, and you ought to be proud of it."

"Proud of *what?*" he demanded fiercely.

"Of—of being the descendant of a French king," I said.

"I 've been proud as Lucifer all my life to be an *American!*" he answered. "What are French kings to me? And I *am* an American, too. Not a thing he 's said can make me anything else. I don't care if my ancestors did come here from France. Every true American's ancestors came from somewhere else, if you go back far enough! That does n't alter things."

"Well, that is perfectly true. You are *just* as much an American as ever," I admitted, thinking of that side of it for the first time. "And if that 's so, I can't see what you 're so downhearted about."

"What do you think it means to me to give up all my plans and ambitions in life and go over to France and become a French nobleman—by adoption, and all the rest of my days devote myself to every interest but the one I 'm wrapped up in and fitted for?"

"But, Louis," began the Imp, "if you feel so—strongly about it, why do you have to do it? Could n't you persuade Monsieur to let you do something else? He 's simply devoted to you. Surely he 'd be willing to meet your wishes, somehow."

"You don't understand," answered Louis. "Can't you see how I 'm under an absolute obligation to meet *his* wishes? I 'd be an ungrateful brute if I did anything else. You must certainly realize what his ancestor did for mine. I would n't be in existence to-day if it had n't been for what the original marquis did to help the—the dauphin to escape. Why, I 'm even under a tremendous obligation to the Mettots for the very same reason. And then, there 's something else that makes it even worse. I 've never had a cent in this world, that has n't been supplied by M—by the marquis."



"'LOUIS,' SHE SAID, VERY QUIETLY, 'WERE YOU SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT—ABOUT THAT OTHER MATTER?'"

"You 've had this farm, have n't you?" I interrupted. For Louis has always told us this farm was his, or, at least, would be when he was of age. That was all the Mettots had ever told him about his affairs.

"Oh, yes, so I thought!" he answered rather bitterly. "But of course, I did n't know that my father had died leaving this place mortgaged to the hilt, and I would never have owned a penny of it if the marquis had n't stepped in and redeemed it and paid every cent of the expenses of my bringing up. Oh, I 'm tied hand and foot by the deepest of obligations."

We were all silent for a very long time after that. I, for my part, could n't think of one thing more to say. Louis was just resigned and quiet and utterly hopeless. And to try and comfort him and put the best side on things was a perfect farce. None of us attempted it.

"When do you go?" I asked presently.

"In a week or so," he said. "As soon as things can be arranged. Monsieur—I mean the marquis, has asked me to 'beg that we be excused from the surprise-party in view of what has happened.' He also wished me to explain to you that you are at liberty to tell any one you wish that I am to go to France to become his adopted son, but that the other secret you will always kindly keep among yourselves."

"Louis," said the Imp, "instead of our giving you a surprise-party at the boat-house to-day, I guess the surprise is all on us. Anyhow, here 's a birthday present we were going to give you, but we had n't intended to present it *this* way. You 'll understand, though." She handed him the watch-fob, and he took it in a sort of dazed, unseeing way. But he thanked us a lot, and said Monsieur had given him the watch after they had had their interview.

"I 'll never forget you," he said, "and you need n't think, because I 've got to go to France, that I 'm not going to see you again, either. I 'm coming back here just as often as I can manage it, and I 'll be just the same old Louis. You 'll see!" This thought seemed to give him the only comfort he had.

"But what about the Meadows's?" asked Carol.

"Oh, they 're going too, of course," he answered. "The house here will be closed, but the marquis has agreed, as a concession to me, to keep it and not sell or even rent it to any one else. Then I can come back to it once in a while and live in the old way for a time. He 's an awfully good sort, I will say, and is only doing this because he sees I 'm just all broken up over things. Well, I must go back and help him send off despatches and pack. It 's a hateful job. Come over and see Aunt Yvonne. She 's all upset over this, and instead of feeling joyful, as I should suppose she would, is quite miserable about something—I can't understand what."

He went off across the Green quite dejectedly. It was heartbreaking to watch him.

But the Imp says one thing is certain. They evidently have n't told him about those papers that can't be found.

(To be concluded)

GRANDFATHER AND I

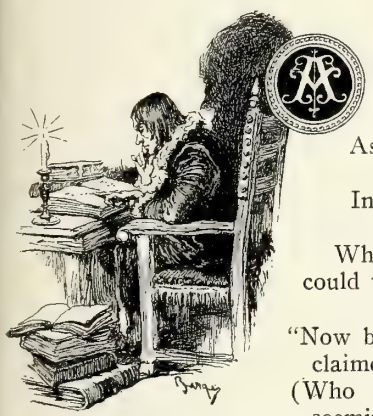
BY M. W.

SOMETIMES, before the lights are lit,
Grandpa and I, we love to sit
Before the fire, and watch each spark
Go dancing up the chimney dark.
And then we talk, and we both plan
Just what I 'll do when I 'm a man.
And Grandpa likes to tell what he
Did when he was a boy like me.
But sometimes Grandpa's voice is low;
And then I 'm sorry, for I know
He 's thinking boys can grow to men,
But Grandpas can't be boys again.

The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Scholar.

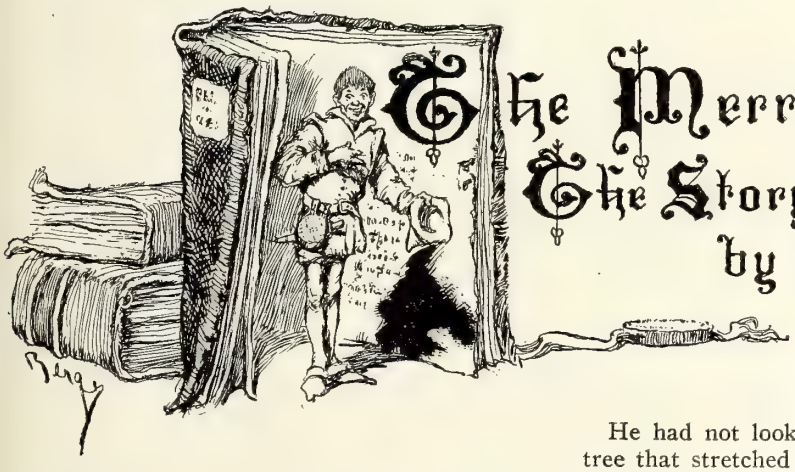


As lean as was his purse; as pale
As parchments he pored over; frail
In body as a sapling tree—
Who but a Scholar could this be?

"Now by my troth," exclaimed the Squire
(Who pity hid 'neath seeming ire),
"Why should he waste himself like this?
All manly life and sporting miss?
Read, starve, and skimp from morn till night
Till all his good red blood turns white
And he is naught but skin and bone?
Best leave the dusty books alone;
More worth, I 'll warrant, one's own wit
Than all the stuff dead monks have writ."

But though the Squire pooh-poohed the Greek
And other tongues the youth could speak,
He could not scorn the Scholar's store
Of wisdom gleaned from ancient lore,
Nor mock the ardent love of truth
That lit the lean face of the youth
The while he uttered discourse sage
Befitting graybeards thrice his age.

The Travelers thought that he might spurn,
In telling tales, to take his turn;
But when the pretty-spoken child
Begged for a tale, the Scholar smiled.
" *'Ri-de si sapis,'* little man"
("Let the wise laugh," the proverb ran),
He said, and with good-will began.



The Merry Clown.

The Story told by the Scholar.

Once upon a time a king, who was younger than he was wise, was walking along a road in his kingdom, when all of a sudden he heard some one laughing and laughing so loud and so long that a body listening might have thought the whole world was merry as a wedding-bell. And the king looked about to see who this might be who was so gay of heart.

He had not looked far when under an apple-tree that stretched its branches over a wall and across the road he spied a country clown laughing so heartily that he held his sides lest they should split.

"Come now," said the king, a little crossly, for the royal cook had spoiled the pudding that day and he was not in the best of humor, "what is all this noise about?"

"Well, an it please your Majesty," said the lad,

"I had just settled myself for a cat's nap upon the green grass under this fair tree, when down came an apple and bumped me on the nose—ha, ha and ho, ho!" and he laughed as if he never would stop.

"An apple!" repeated the king, who for the life of him could not see what there was to laugh about. But lest he should show his ignorance, he said no more, and walked away with his head in the air.



"'COME NOW,' SAID THE KING, 'WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT?'"

The more he thought of it, however, the more he wanted to know why the clown laughed. So on the very next day he went out and lay down on the green grass under the branches of the apple-tree, and shut his eyes. Nor had he been there long when, as Fortune would have it, the wind blew by and down fell an apple right on top of his majesty's nose. Bump came the apple, and up jumped the king in a great hurry.

"What is there to laugh about in this?" he cried. "My nose is black and blue, I know. That country clown is an idle, prating fellow, and it will be well for him if I never set eyes upon him again."

He did not set eyes upon him for a long time, but one day, as he was walking through his gardens, he heard some one laughing and laughing so loud and so long that a body listening might have thought it was holiday time for the whole world. And when the king looked around to see who it was that made so merry, there was the country clown as dripping wet as if he had turned a somersault in a rain-barrel, but laughing till his sides were like to split.

"So it is you," said the king, frowning at him as hard as he could, "with your noisy laughter! Pray, what is it all about?"

"An it please your Majesty," said the clown, as soon as he could speak, "I only sat down among the roses to wait for my master, who is a seller of cattle to your Majesty's stables, when the gardener came by. 'It has been a hot day and roses will bloom the better for a drink,' quoth he; and splash came a bucket of water about my head—ha, ha and ho, ho!" And he laughed and laughed till the king would fain have laughed with him, but what there was to laugh about, he could not for the life of him see.

The more he thought of it, however, the more he wanted to know why the lad laughed; so the very next day, just at the time the gardener watered the flowers, he went out and sat among the roses. And he had not been there long when the gardener came by. He did not dream the king sat among the bushes, no, not he!

"It has been another hot day, and roses will bloom the better for a drink," quoth he; and he emptied his bucket—splash, splash—right upon the king's head!

"Ods splutter!" gasped the king, jumping up in a hurry, to the gardener's great astonishment and dismay. "What is there to laugh at in this, I 'd like to know." And off he went in a great way, declaring that it would go hard with the merry clown an he found him again.

And just as if the clown had had warning, the king saw and heard no more of him for such a long time that he had almost forgotten him. But one day in winter, as he stood at the palace windows looking out at the snow-covered trees and icy pavements, he heard some one laughing and laughing as if there were not a care in the world. And when he looked to see who it was, there was the merry clown sitting on the pavement holding his sides and laughing as if he would never stop.

"What," said the king, opening the window and calling down to him, "are you still at your foolish laughter? Tell the jest and tell it truly or it will go hard with you."

"An it please your Majesty," said the lad, "I was just passing the palace, and, looking up and seeing your Majesty, I was thinking how pleasant it must be to be a king, when both feet slid from under me, and the next thing I knew I was sitting here on the ice—ha, ha, and ho, ho!"

"A foolish fellow with an empty pate," said the king; but for all of that, he would have liked to know why the clown laughed. And the lad was no sooner out of sight, than the king made haste to walk on the pavement and look up at the windows, just as the clown had done. And as Fortune would have it, when he came to the ice, out went his feet and down came the king, as mad as a hen that a farm wife has ducked.

"I shall show this clown how to make sport of me. Every bone in my body might have been broken for all he cared!" he cried, as he struggled to his feet again. And he sent and had the clown brought back and cast into the palace dungeon.

"We 'll hear no more of his noise," he said to himself. But one morning, not long after, as he was standing in his courtyard, he heard some one laughing and laughing as if it were May morn. And peeping down through a tiny window in the palace dungeon, from whence the sound seemed to come, he spied the clown sitting upon his pallet, laughing as heartily as he had laughed under the fair tree when the king first saw him.

"An it please your Majesty," he cried, when he saw the king looking upon him, "it is far from my wish to disturb your quiet, but as I lay here on my pallet with my heart breaking for a sight of home, I minded me all at once of the day when my little red calf ran between my legs and upset me in a trough of sour milk—ha, ha and ho, ho!" And he laughed till his sides were like to split.

And then the king was puzzled! He was so puzzled that he could not even enjoy the pudding that the royal cook had made for his dinner, though it was as tasty a pudding as was ever brought to a king's table.



"THE KING MADE THE CLOWN ONE OF HIS CHIEF COUNCILORS."

"Why should a lad in a dungeon laugh because a red calf once upset him in a trough of sour milk?" he asked himself a hundred times. And at last, when he could find no reason, he sent and brought the clown out of prison and made him one of his chief councilors.

"For if he knows what his jests mean, he knows more than the king, and so must be a wise man indeed," quoth he.



BY ELIZABETH G. YOUNG

It was hot, even for the San Joaquin Valley in September. The Stanislaus River, shrunk to a muddy ditch, made not a sound as it slid languidly between its steep, curving banks. For miles around not a sound broke the stillness, except for a short, pulsing sigh, like the feverish breath of summer—the engine of the pumping-plant that filled the flume from the river.

Four linemen lay on the river-bank under a dusty tree, taking their noon hour. They had already finished their luncheon and were talking, while Sam Fitch, the contractor for whom they were working, went back up the road to look after the horses.

"Somebody 'll get the job, you know that," Joe Burdette began again, half as if talking to himself. "They 've got the flume; they 've got to have the 'phone-line," he went on, "and why should n't one of us fellows get the contract for putting it in? The profit on the job would just about put a fellow right with Sam, too."

Abruptly Joe sat up and began throwing stones at a structure on the hillside below. It was the irrigation flume, trailing its pine-board length like some strange highway across the chaparral desert toward the farm-lands below. He was still thinking of Sam Fitch.

"You 've got wheels in your head, Joe. If there was such easy money in that contract, why has n't somebody in Stockton taken it?"

There was finality in Bill Gould's voice, and Joe could see the other two, Frank Dunlop and Oscar Hanson, nod approvingly as they looked at him.

The contract they were discussing was one for a telephone-line which the water company wanted put in from the pumping-station, where they took the water out of the cañon, down to the main office in town, with branch lines along the section-flumes. The difficulties of the work, so experienced contractors said, would eat up all the profits, and yet the four boys continued the problem of putting the line through, and no consideration of hazards chilled their interest.

The reason of the interest was that a most unusual opportunity had suddenly been offered to them—an opportunity open only to one, but which Joe and Bill both coveted. In friendly rivalry each was looking about for the capital which he needed to give himself the chance.

The opening was this: Sam Fitch was going to South America on a sub-contract to put in lines for a mining company's town, and he wanted a man to go along as partner. Of course there were conditions. The partner must be a young chap, preferably some one who had worked for Sam and whose ability was proved, some one capable of taking charge of the field work while Sam attended to the office, and some one—here was the hardest part—some one with at least five hundred dollars capital. For Sam had scarcely enough money to finance the thing himself. He could, of course, have borrowed the money outright, but he preferred to take a partner into the deal. And anyway, he had to have with him a man in whom he had confidence. He had talked it over privately with both Joe Burdette and Bill Gould, either of whom would have suited him, and had urged them to "get busy and rustle the cash." He was starting south early in November, and must have some one settled upon before that time. And here, right to their hand, had come the water company's advertisement for bids.

"It 's not the fellow who 's afraid of losing out that makes the big stakes," Joe went on arguing. "The men who 've made their fortunes out here in California took big chances at the start."

"They knew the chances were a sure t'ing," Hanson insisted, with true northern caution. "I 've seen fellows lose out, also."

"That 's all right," Joe admitted cheerfully,

"but there 's a big profit waiting for the man that puts that 'phone-line through."

"Why have n't you put in your bid, then, Joe?" Bill teased.

The other two boys grinned. Joe flushed a little. He knew he was a sort of standing joke wherever he worked, for he was always saving odd bolts and bits of machinery, tinkering after hours with an old rifle or a clock, or making a toy for some child. Whenever anything went wrong, he always had some scheme for mending the breakdown or getting around the difficulty; and though the other fellows laughed at him for his devices, he knew there was something in them.

"Well, now," he admitted, "I have been thinking of going after that job."

"Invented something, I suppose?" said Bill.

"Setting the posts is what 'll eat up your profits," Frank Dunlop contended. "You can't dig holes in this rocky country for nothing."

"They are n't going to cost so much this time," Joe said, whereat the others laughed derisively, and Bill announced: "If you can bid on that contract, Joe Burdette, hanged if I can't, too! You may be smarter at inventing things, but I can beat you to it when it comes to figuring straight costs and profits. I don't believe you ever give a thought to what your contraptions for saving money are going to cost."

Joe smiled, and yet the good-natured taunt stuck in his mind. Certainly, the boys were not much impressed by his announcement that he intended to bid on the contract. A day or two later Joe heard that Bill's father had said that if Bill could get that contract and make two hundred and fifty dollars out of it, he would furnish the other half of the money for the South American work. That seemed almost to settle it for Bill.

"And yet it 'll be close figgerin' to get even two hundred and fifty out of the job," Sam Fitch declared. "The old trail along the flume is all grown up, and it 's a long haul, bringing in poles through this rough country."

But this warning did not discourage Bill, and presently he announced that his bid was in. Joe put in his bid, too, and then waited in suspense.

By the time the contract was to be awarded, the work on the river road had been finished, and on that day the four boys all gathered at the post-office to await the opening of the mail. Joe was the last to come in. He found the other three standing where they could watch his and Bill's mail-boxes.

Frank Dunlop turned to him with a laugh. "If your bid 's accepted, will you give me a job stringin' the wires?" he asked.

"Can't afford to hire you," and Joe shook his head, his eyes intent on his mail-box. A letter went into it. He scarcely dared to hope; but as he stepped forward to take his place at the delivery-window, at that moment opened, he glanced at Bill's box and saw it was empty. "Well," he thought to himself, "if that letter 's something else, at least I 'll be no worse off than he is."

But the letter was not something else. One look at it, and his face must have told the story to the other boys, for they crowded round him, questioning and congratulating him. Joe's head swam, yet he noticed the queer, astounded look



"'SOMEBODY 'LL GET THE JOB,' JOE BURDETTE BEGAN."

in Bill's eyes as they shook hands. And then Bill's expression changed.

"I certainly hope you 'll get out on that all right, Joe," he said. "I bid a thousand, and, honestly, I don't see how you can make any profit on less. You must have invented some sort of an automatic wire-stringer."

Joe knew that they really wanted to be cordial, yet they dashed his pleasure a little, and, as he left them, his thoughts turned eagerly to Sam Fitch. "I 'll just drop in and tell the boss," he thought. "Mebbe he 'll make me a definite offer now on that South American business."

"Well, Joe, how goes it?" the contractor exclaimed cheerily, turning from his work-piled desk. "Lookin for a job?"

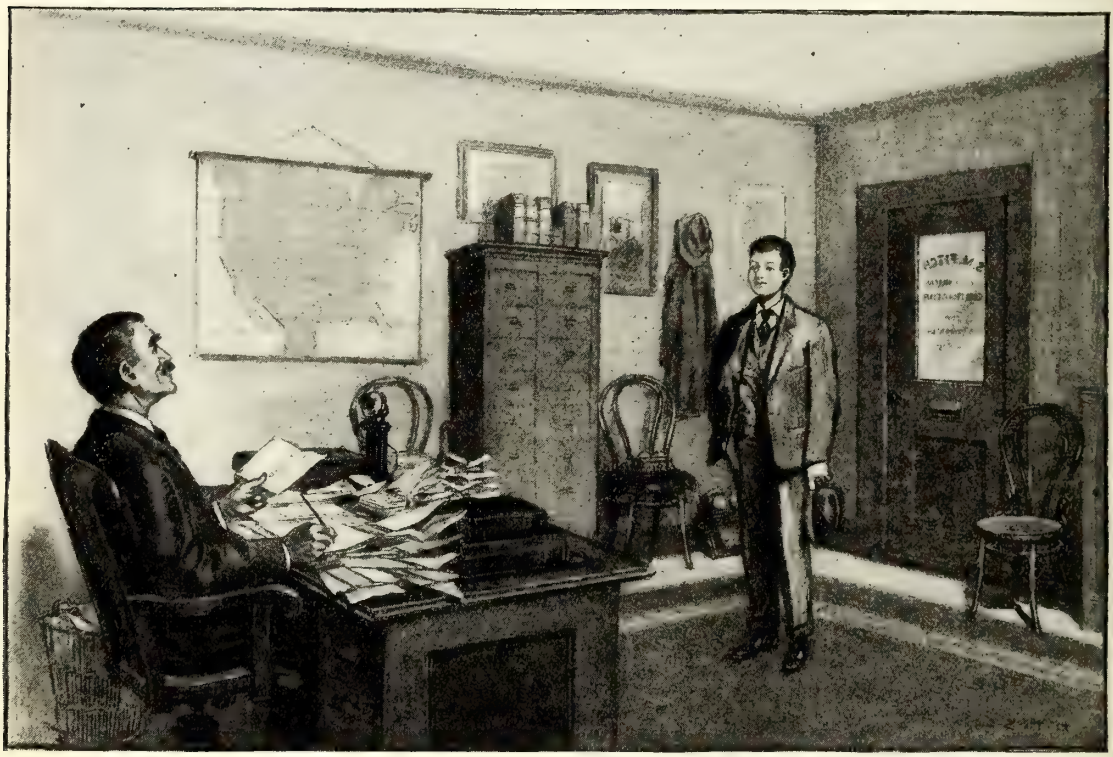
"I 've got one—that 'phone contract," Joe beamed.

"You don't say! Well, that 's good luck. I heard you 'd put in a bid. I suppose now you 'll be up to your ears in work."

"Mebbe so." Joe hesitated. He had always been very diffident about pushing his own interests, but, in spite of the comments of the boys, the fact that his bid had actually been accepted gave him a sort of audacious self-confidence that he found to be as surprising as it was pleasant, and he brought his errand out flat. "I wanted to see you about that job in Peru. You 'll take me, I suppose, if I clear the five hundred?"

"Well, perhaps so," Sam agreed, with evident relief. "You go ahead an' just let me know when you want me to come up an' look at your work. Then we 'll both know where we stand. And if you clear your five hundred and hand over a piece of work that the company O. K.'s, I 'll take you on and glad to do it—unless something comes up in the meantime."

That evening Joe was hard at it, planning his



"'WELL, JOE, HOW GOES IT?' THE CONTRACTOR EXCLAIMED CHEERILY. 'LOOKIN' FOR A JOB?'"

"Hm—" In a flash the friendliness had dropped from Sam, leaving the shrewd, cautious man of business. "Sure you 're goin' to clear your five hundred?"

"Why, I think so." Joe's assurance faded out before that change in the contractor's face.

"What 'd you bid, if you don't mind tellin' me?" Sam was speaking again.

Joe flushed faintly. "Eight hundred."

"Eight hundred!" Sam laughed incredulously. "My goodness, boy! what are you goin' to do the work on? What 's your plan?"

But Joe shook his head. All the old reserve had shut him in again, the feeling that Sam, like every one else, had no faith in his moonshine schemes. "I guess I 'd better wait and see how it works," he answered.

work, and the first thing in the morning he began gathering his supplies. It was a rather odd outfit that he finally assembled; telephone-wire, of course, insulators, and cross-bars. But the rest of the material looked more as if he were setting out to build a house than to plant poles—saws, hammers, spikes, an ax or two, four casks, and his camping outfit. Altogether it about half filled the big wagon he had hired.

"Would n't Bill think I was sure crazy if he saw me now?" he thought.

He left town that same evening, as there was a moon and it was cooler driving by night along the road that would take him to the head of the flume. As the team plodded soberly onward, Joe gazed ahead over the moonlit desert and meditated on his chances. He had no doubt at all of

his success in getting the line up, but he had begun to doubt whether the company would accept it when done, and whether Sam Fitch would not, after all, prefer to take Bill. A settled prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, and Joe realized that there was a prejudice against him as a dreamer. And then Sam had said, "Unless something comes up in the meantime."

Might n't that something be that Bill's father would decide to lend him the full five hundred?

Two weeks later Sam Fitch and his old crew, with one new lineman to take Joe's place, were toiling along the road toward the head of the flume. They were on their way to the river road to put in an extension of the telephone-line they had just finished. Their road was the old trail up into the hills and followed a zigzag slant from town to the river, crossing the flume half-way between the two. It was a rough road, and by the time the wagon had gone ten miles the boys agreed most fervently that anybody who expected to make money putting in a telephone-line between the head of the flume and the town must have invented some entirely new way of moving his equipment.

"If it costs Joe as much money to cut him a trail alongside the flume as it would to mend this one we 're traveling on, looks to me like he 'll have to go to jail for debt before he 's through," Frank Dunlop said, with a groan, as they bumped over an extra bad ledge.

"Poor Joe! I see what he makes—some experience; nothing more." Sam spoke over his shoulder from the front seat. "If old hands would n't touch the job, it stands to reason a green one ain't a-comin' out ahead."

"Joe was n't so awful green"—it was Hanson who said this, thoughtfully. "He has ideas sometimes."

"Ideas, yes," admitted Bill, "but not the practical sense that turns 'em into money. And it was money Joe was out for when he took this contract."

"I 'd just like to find out, though, how near a fizzle he 's making of this job, or whether he 's going to pull it off," Frank said.

"You 'll soon know all there is to know, I guess," Sam told him. "There 's the flume, now." And he pointed to a faint yellow streak a couple of miles ahead. "It 's so near sunset I guess we 'd better stop there and rest the horses and get a snack ourselves. We 've got a good pull left, and that 's the only place we can get water hereabouts."

The boys assented vaguely. They were too much absorbed in thinking of what they might



"JOE LOOKED UP, AND OVER HIS TIRED, DUSTY FACE BROKE A SMILE OF PLEASURE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

see at the flume to care about details. As the wagon bumped and grumbled along they were all thinking of Joe, each, in his own way, laying a sort of mental wager as to what they would see, failure or success. Though they all had good eyesight and all were searching keenly, there was nothing to be seen of human activity. Not a team, not a man, not a tent, no smoke-wreath from an evening camp-fire was visible in all the desert miles. And as far as the eye could reach, not a telephone-pole was to be seen along the flume.

Sam pulled up the sweating team and the boys tumbled out of the wagon and set about making a fire, guying each other and themselves as to what they had expected to find.

"There ought to be some sign of him around," Sam insisted. "He can't go back to town every night."

It was the most mystifying piece of work they had ever run against; and as they sat about eating their supper of bread and coffee, they continued to talk about it. It was after they had finished and were thinking of hitching up that Sam exclaimed abruptly, "What 's that noise?"

With one motion the boys sat upright, listening. For half a minute it was so still they could hear somebody's watch ticking. Then they heard something else. *"Pum! Pum! Pum!"* That was the way it sounded, faint, far-off, the hollow reverberation of some one pounding on a barrel.

"Hammering!" Sam said it solemnly. "Hammering up the flume. Listen!"

They waited, scarcely breathing, with straining ears. Yes, there it came from up the flume; and this time louder, as if it were coming nearer. The whole party scrambled up and ran to the flume.

It was nothing to shin up the heavy wooden braces to the top of the boarding. From there, every four or five feet, there were cross-girders, and along the center of these was laid a double row of planks, forming a foot-path the length of the flume. Along this in single file the five strung out, Bill in the lead. Below them swirled the water, deep and brown, with a stray chip now and then to show them how fast it flowed.

Suddenly Bill stopped. "He 's sure here," he said; "look at that!" He pointed to a handful of clean new chips that went by together.

Even as they paused to look, Sam exclaimed: "Why, there 's Joe now! Hello there! what in thunder you doin', young fellow?"

"What happened to that 'phone-line you were goin' to rig?" "Usin' it to fish with?" They had all crowded up on the narrow foot-way and all began speaking at once.

There, directly below them, on the middle of a raft piled with plunder, was Joe. Old brown shirt, old brown hat, overalls' pockets full of bolts and things, there he stood, nailing cross-pieces to the overhead ties of the flume. The noise of his own hammering had prevented him from hearing them; but now he looked up, and over his tired, dusty face broke a smile of pleasure.

"Come aboard," said Joe, and the boys swarmed down upon the raft.

"So that 's how you could take that contract!" Sam exclaimed. He was moving about, examining everything with his businesslike thoroughness, and the boys looked also, joking to cover the admiration they honestly felt at Joe's wit and enterprise.

A single glance was enough to show the raft and its equipment. The raft itself, built of the odds and ends of timber left lying along the flume, was a solidly constructed affair, buoyed by a cask at each corner. The equipment consisted of several reels of telephone-wire, porcelain insulators, cross-pieces, a supply of tools, and a light camping-outfit. Instead of setting poles, the problem before which all the contractors had gone down, Joe had used the girders and cross-ties of the flume to carry his wires. The current of the stream, as it carried the raft along, had unrolled the wire, and Joe had only to fasten it to the insulators and nail the cross-bars to the under side of the overhead beams.

"So easy! So cheap!" Sam said it in a low, impressive voice, as, his hands in his pockets, he gazed at Joe. "You would n't mind telling us now what it cost you to do this smart job, Joe? You told me you bid eight hundred—and this—why, you ain't lost anything, that 's sure.'

"I don't know whether I 've lost anything," Joe answered cautiously, "not till the job's passed up to the company. If they O. K. it—well, it 's costing me about two hundred and fifty, so you can see where I stand. But that was an awful lot to ask for this job, so maybe the company won't O. K. it."

"They would n't have accepted your bid if you 'd asked any less—they 'd have thought you were crazy," Bill declared. "They can't help paying it. So I can just see you standing on the deck of a steamer bound for Peru," he added heartily.

Sam clapped Joe on the shoulder. "I reckon they 'll pay you all right; but if they don't maybe we can borrow a little somewhere," he said. "Wits sure are money. And I 've got a pardner that 's got his capital with him wherever he goes. He carries it under his hat."



THE HIGH SHERIFF OF CHESTER (IN THE DOORWAY) AND THE STATE CARRIAGE.

HOW AN ENGLISH JUDGE CAME TO TOWN

BY HELEN MARSHALL PRATT

THE stately ceremonies which have attended the coming of an English judge to the county assizes, three times in each year, may be accounted for by the fact that the judge, on these occasions, represented the king, and for the time being was accorded courtesies not very different from those which would be offered the king himself.

In the quaint old city of Chester, which all traveling Americans know better, perhaps, than any city of England outside of London, it was the custom, before railroads were known, for the high sheriff of the county to meet the incoming judge with a body of men, armed with javelins, at the border of the county which he was leaving, in order to conduct him in safety to the place in which he was to reside during the term of the Cheshire court. This came to be a very imposing ceremony. On one occasion, sixty years ago, the office of high sheriff was filled by a baronet, who awaited the judge at the county borders with eighteen javelin-men, forty servants, one hundred tenants, his entire family (filling three stately carriages), trumpeters in two detachments, two prominent editors in their carriages, and several of the county gentry.

The procession in Chester, as I saw it several years ago, was somewhat less elaborate, but very handsome and imposing. The judge was met at the railway station by the high sheriff for the year, with his chaplain, riding in a very handsome state carriage drawn by a fine pair of bays in gay trappings. The scarlet coat of the sheriff, with its decorations of white and gold, his black, three-cornered hat, with white plumes, heavy white gauntlet gloves, and shining sword made an attractive picture, which was enhanced by the rich, clerical black silk robes of the young chaplain who rode by his side.

Two footmen, quite magnificent in their scarlet velvet breeches, dark-blue military coats faced with scarlet, cocked hats ornamented with white bands, and white gloves, rode, standing, on the rear platform of the carriage, from which they gracefully alighted in turn to let down the carriage-steps when needed. The coachman in livery handled the reins with as much pride and effect



"THE JAVELIN-MEN STOOD IN LINE, A DIGNIFIED ESCORT."

as if he had the king himself within the coach.

When the judge appeared to take his seat, his coming was announced by the two trumpeters, who were handsomely dressed in dark-blue coats, — silver-trimmed, and decorated with white silk frogs and loops, — white breeches, tall, shining top-boots, and white gauntlet gloves, and they carried richly decorated bugles.



ONE OF THE TRUMPETERS.

Besides these, there were fourteen javelin-men dressed in fine dark-blue broadcloth, having red pipings to their trousers, red linings and trimmings to the capes of their long blue coats, brass buttons. white gloves, and tall silk livery-hats, and they carried javelins about ten feet long. They stood in line, a dignified escort, on either side of the carriage when it came to a halt, and preceded it wherever it went, whether going to the church, the court-house, the station, or the hotel. The mingling of rich materials and colors, the stately demeanor of all who participated in the procession, the elaborate combination of scarlet and ermine in the judge's robes, produced a very interesting pageant, and evoked a band of admiring followers whenever it appeared in the streets of Chester.

As the judge represented his Majesty the King, he alone of the occupants of the carriage rode with his face toward the horses, the sheriff and his chaplain sitting to face him, and wearing no hats in his august presence, whatever the state of the weather.

Each day while the court was in session, the judge was conducted to the court-house in the most ceremonious fashion, the javelin-men walking in advance of the carriage, which proceeded slowly through the street. The trumpeters announced his arrival at the court-house by long peals on their beautiful bugles. And the judge, in his huge gray wig, swaying folds of scarlet and black and ermine, quite transformed from his usual appearance in private life (I understood that at home he was an indulgent grandfather), stepped out and entered the house of justice.

While the judge was the central figure in this tri-yearly pageant, the high sheriff was the mainspring of the occasion, for on him devolved the entire supervision and execution of all the ceremonies, ornamental and otherwise, of the session of the court. And singularly enough, the entire expenses, the coach, horses, trappings, uniforms, trumpets, javelins, and all the rest, were borne by him. All the liveries went out of official use at the end of his term of office, and became the property of their respective wearers, who are often old pensioners. Naturally, none but men of wealth could afford to accept a position involving such outlay. No incumbent held office for more than one year, however. During the seven centuries since the shrievalty has been known in Cheshire only three sheriffs have continued in office beyond this period.

The sheriff is chosen by the sovereign, at Windsor, in the presence of the state officers, and the election is usually the result of the recommendation of the retiring incumbent. The ceremony of election is called "pricking the sheriff," as it was formerly made, but I think not at present, by pricking with a pin against the name on a paper presented to the sovereign.

The sheriff gave a great dinner to the court at the opening of the session, to which were invited the most distinguished men of the county, including leading officials, members of the grand jury and the mayor and chief citizens of the town. Formerly, the sheriff also treated the javelin-men to a supper on their return from escorting the judge over the border, and after the advent of the railroad, although the corresponding journey became only a short walk from the railway station, the men still claimed their "supper money."



THE MAGNIFICENT FOOTMEN AND COACHMAN.



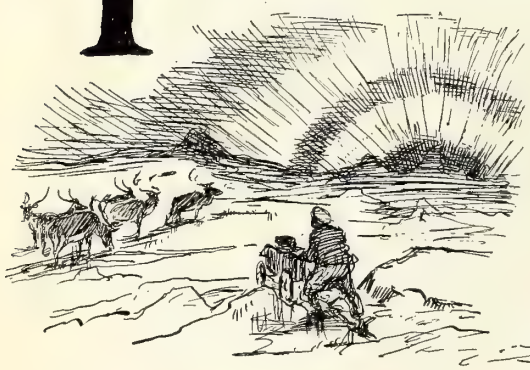
"TWO FOOTMEN RODE, STANDING, ON THE REAR PLATFORM OF THE CARRIAGE."

The Merry-Go-Round

by Arthur Guiterman

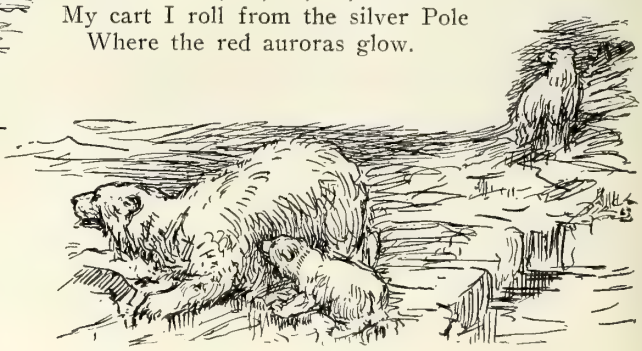


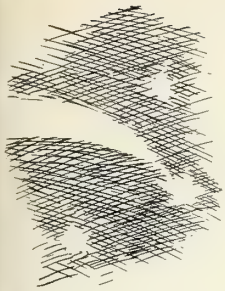
IN vagabond glee they met, those three,
For the haunts of childhood bound:
The ice-cream man, the pin-wheel man,
And he of the merry-go-round.



Their clothes were worn, their beards unshorn,
Yet I knew, when I looked again
With keener eyes to pierce disguise,
That they were faëry men.

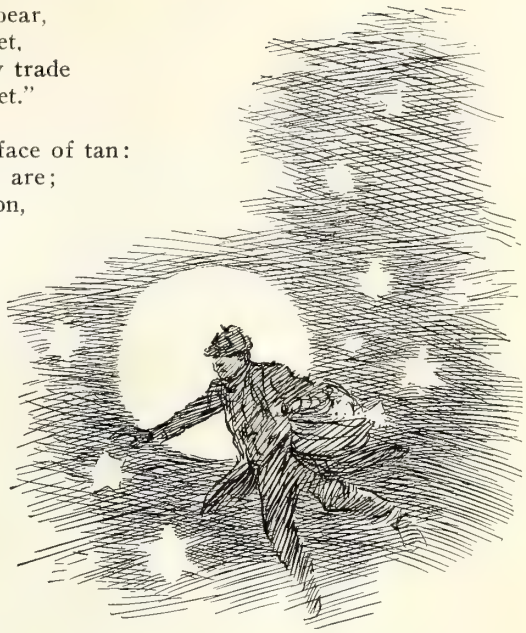
The ice-cream man the talk began
With a "Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!
My cart I roll from the silver Pole
Where the red auroras glow.





"In the ice-blue lair of the polar bear,
With cream of the reindeer fleet,
My cates are made for the kindly trade
That I ply in the parching street."

Said the pin-wheel man with the face of tan:
"I have been where the comets are;
This red balloon is a rising moon,
That wheel is a whirling star.



"When my wares run low, again I go
To the deeps of the midnight sky,
From the Milky Way where the meteors play
To heap my basket high."

"Ho, mount and ride!" the third one cried—
(Of the merry-go-round was he);
"Oh, mount and ride my steeds of pride
That steeds of magic be!

"The byways hum as the children come
When they hear my organ sound.
What road is there they do not fare
That ride on the merry-go-round?"

So they laughed in glee, the gipsy three
For the courts of childhood bound—
The ice-cream man, the pin-wheel man,
And he of the merry-go-round.



HOW THE YOUNG FOLKS HELPED

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

A GROUP of ladies in Kentucky's oldest town, Harrodsburg, which, by the way, was the home, for a time, of the famous pioneer Daniel Boone, was in need of a certain sum of money for its library building, and was anxiously casting about for means of raising the required amount.

To their rescue came a young doctor of the town, John Burton RoBards, who said, "Let the young folks help," and suggested a juvenile fair, agreeing to undertake its production, with the aid and management of the boys and girls. So the unique scheme was set afoot.



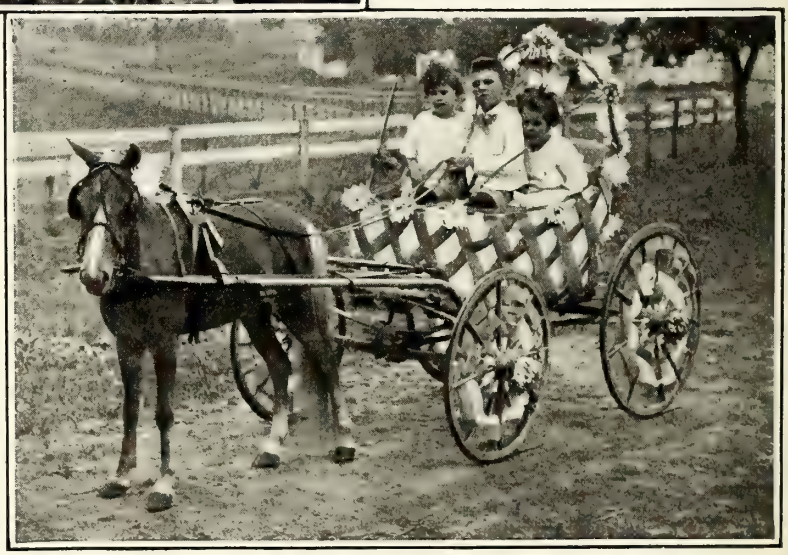
THE BEST DECORATED DOLL'S TURNOUT (AT THE RIGHT).

The young folk entered with enthusiasm into the plan. They were to have entire charge of the fair, filling every position from gate-keepers and ticket-sellers throughout the whole working staff. The music was furnished by the local Boy Scout Band, the directors had been appointed with care and judgment from among the older boys, the older girls had charge of the floral hall and the various domestic exhibits therein, which they themselves had made or grown or raised, and even the judges were selected from among the children.

The rings had some familiar earmarks of grown-up fairs, and a number of novel entries, appealing especially to juvenile interest, were introduced, among them being the best decorated doll's turnout, the most fetching and up-to-date doll costume fashioned by girls, the best stick-horse riders from two to four and from four to six.

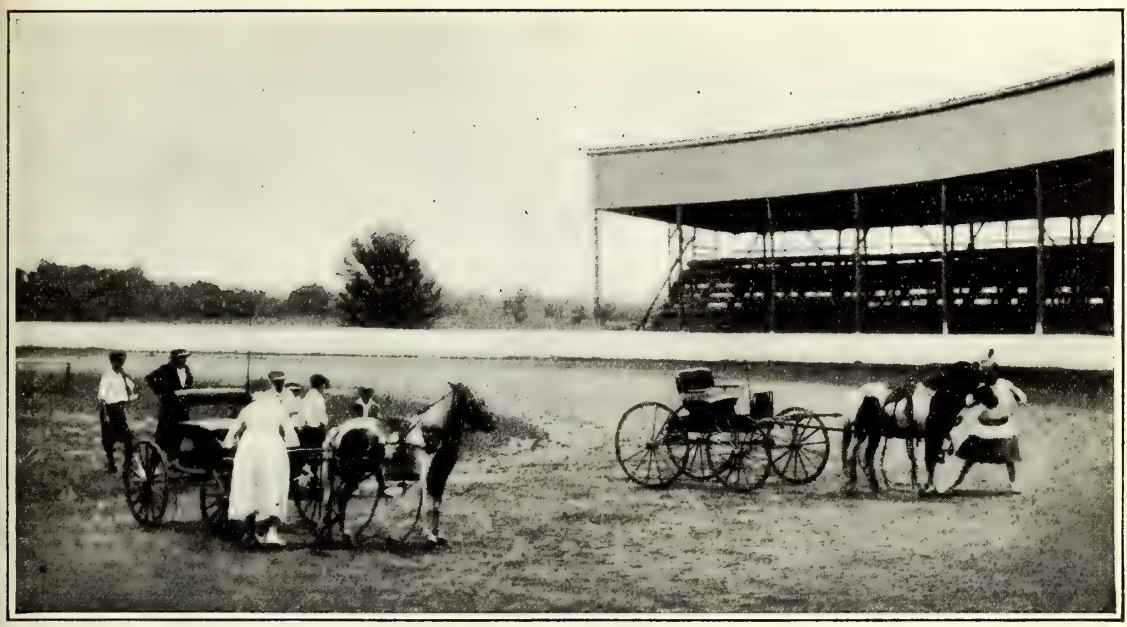
The successful contestant in the first stick-horse race was a bold and daring rider of three summers, who after each heat had his fiery steed carefully sponged and rubbed off by a diminutive colored groom in overalls and with a small tin pail of water; and so cleverly and with such earnestness did this attendant enact his rôle that the large audience applauded vociferously each time.

Another competition was for the best fowl in harness. There were chickens and ducks, turkeys and peafowls, drawing small wagons, but it was a boy with his trained goose, a most docile creature, who captured the prize.



AN ENTRY FOR THE DECORATED PONY-CARTS.

There were premiums given for the best goat roadster and wagon, the largest number of children in parade from any country school, the best decorated automobile and pony and cart by any



THE PONY-CART HITCHING-UP CONTEST.

boy or girl, the best boy and girl bicycle riders, and prizes for the winners of the foot-race, high jump, and three-legged race. Then there was a ring each for the boy and girl hitching up pony and cart most quickly (no snaps allowed), and other prizes for the best pet pup and kitten, the best dozen cans of tomatoes put up by the Girl's Canning Club, and the best bread, cakes, pies, pickles, preserves and canned goods by girls of from ten to fifteen.

The grand parade on the morning of the fair was quite a notable event, in some respects even rivaling that of a circus. The Boy Scout band headed the procession, followed by both town and county schools. Flags were flying, banners waving, the children giving their school yells, and everybody smiling and happy.

Of course nearly every parent was present, and usually most of the other members of the family, even to remote connections. The stores, banks, and business houses closed for the afternoon, and the town willingly lent itself to a half-holiday.

Youths presided over the booths where popcorn, lemonade, peanuts, and ice-cream cones were sold to a thirsty and hungry crowd.

The proceeds resulting from this unique entertainment were almost entirely profits. The fair grounds were loaned by the Fair Association for the day, the printing was contributed, the premiums, money, books, pictures, knives, dolls, balls, games, articles of clothing, medals, etc., were given by the different firms of the town and those of neighboring cities, and even the water and ice were furnished by the ice-plant. The programs also brought in a considerable sum by reason of the numerous advertisements secured for them.

So successful was the venture, the attendance being between three and four thousand, that the next season a second fair was given, this time for the benefit of the hospital.



THE DOLL-COSTUME COMPETITORS.

It met with all the success of its predecessor, and young folks' fairs of this sort might prove of valuable assistance to the Red Cross, and give opportunity to boys and girls to aid that noble cause by their energy and earnest endeavors.



His Opportunity

BY

Walter A. Frost.



(A True Story)

THEIR white tents stood well out toward the end of a point which thrust its rocky nose into Long Island Sound.

There were two tents: one in which Jerry and his father slept, and another, smaller but large enough, where they cooked their meals and ate them. They called the first tent the sleeping-tent, and the second the cooking-tent.

There were two cot-beds in the sleeping-tent, two trunks opposite the beds, two sweaters and two yellow suits of oilskins on the rope which ran parallel with the ridge-pole and two feet under it. There were two pairs of rubber boots in a box in one corner, two pairs of oars in the boat which was pulled up on the sandy shore of the cove near the tents. In fact, anyone would have thought that there were only two occupants of the white tents, the pine-covered point, and the clean-lined rowboat. And yet— Well, the people who sailed by the point in their yachts or steamed by in their launches saw something beside Professor Marshall and his son Jerry on the shore. And this something was always with them, walking when they walked, running when they ran, lying at their feet when they sat reading in the cool shadows through the long hot summer afternoons. Something? Yes, and it looked like a black mass of a thing, high-standing, big-boned and muscular.

Yes, the people on the decks of the yachts and the motor-boats and launches saw this big black something every time they went sailing or chugging past the point.

But the one who could have given the best description was a tramp who had watched Professor Marshall row out of the cove one afternoon, and had then run up to the tents and found Jerry and this big black something; and the something had reared itself before Jerry Marshall and had proved to be a white-fanged, brown-eyed, ever watchful Newfoundland dog. And the tramp, though he had a club in his hand, had dropped it, and shouting, "Hold him!" had turned and made a straight line for the woods which hid the point from the town behind.

"Good old boy, Larry," Jerry had said, stroking the great dog's head and trying to smooth down the curls which had erected themselves along the Newfoundland's ears.

But though Larry wagged his tail, as he always did when Jerry spoke to him, the big black head kept turned in the direction of the tramp, who still ran as if for his life.

"Good old Larry!" laughed Jerry Marshall.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r," replied Larry, though he rubbed his head against Jerry's side. For Larry was still thinking of the tramp. And when the man looked back, just before disappearing in the thick woods, he saw the Newfoundland still watching him.

"That point 's no place for *me*," said the tramp, as he came out on the road and faced for town.

When Professor Marshall came back, a few minutes later, and Jerry told him what had happened, Larry was again told what a good old dog he was. Upon which he reared himself on his hind legs and put his front paws on the professor's shoulders. Then he jumped up on Jerry Marshall; and because Larry weighed one hundred and fifty pounds and Jerry only one hundred and thirty, the two rolled over together on the ground.

"And yet," said Jerry to his father, as they were having their supper an hour and a half later, "I don't like Larry's always being the one to do things for us. I mean, it 's all on his side, for there is n't anything I can do for him. You know how he pulled me out when I broke through the ice last winter?"

"Yes, Jerry," said his father, "I shall always remember it." And he looked down to where Larry sat beside him, and put his hand on the great black head.

"I know I ought not to have gone skating,"—Jerry's father had told him not to,—"I know, Father," and Jerry shook his head, meaning that he would never disobey his father again. "But," he went on, "it was just the same then as it was to-day—Larry got me out of the hole. I mean, he scared the tramp by just looking at him and baring his teeth and growling, and last winter he jumped into the water and held me up until the men came with ladders and got us both up on the ice. It 's always Larry that does the favor and gives the help, and that is n't right. *It ought not to be all on one side that way!*"

"You 're right, Jerry," said his father; "Larry 's only a dog, of course; but he is true and faithful, and he has done more than you and I ever can repay. If we ever have an opportunity to do anything for Larry, we 'll be glad, Jerry, very glad."

Hearing his name, the Newfoundland rose from his haunches and rubbed heavily against Professor Marshall and then against Jerry.

"Oh, I know! you don't want anything done in return," said the professor; "but Jerry and I are n't going to take favors and forget them, old boy!"

And Jerry looked at Larry earnestly, for the boy played fair in everything he did, and he was longing for an opportunity to show his gratitude to the great dog. "I wish it would come," Jerry thought that night, after he had gone to bed. "I wonder if it ever will."

Coming? Yes. Jerry's opportunity was on its way.

The next morning the three walked to the town two miles away; and while Professor Marshall waited for the mail to be sorted, Jerry and Larry walked down to the dock, for the dog was hot and dusty, and Jerry knew that a Newfoundland, when he felt that way, would rather have a swim than a steak-bone. And the minute Larry saw the water, so cool and close, he trotted down to the steps and in another instant was swimming lazily about.

There were several women and children on the dock with Jerry, and they came to the rail and laughed and cried out as the big dog passed, then turned, swam back to where Jerry was, and turning once more, swam off again. Then, knowing that the dog was refreshed, Jerry whistled to him and started back down the dock to the land.

But instead of swimming to the steps, as Jerry had expected, Larry swam toward the shore, until, seeing Jerry on the dock, the dog turned and swam along under it.

"All right," called Jerry; "you swim in under it, and I 'll walk along on top of it!" Jerry laughed, as he bent over the railing, and Larry, meeting his eyes, seemed to wag his tail.

Then, suddenly, Larry seemed to have stopped swimming. No, not that, either, Jerry saw, for the big, black paws still swung through the water; but something was the matter, for, though Larry still swam, he did not move ahead an inch.

"What 's the matter, Larry?" Jerry called, for he always spoke to him as if Larry were a boy. "What 's the trouble down there? Are you floating?"

But this time Jerry's voice received no answering movement from the Newfoundland's head.

"Larry!" cried Jerry. "Larry!"

Still the great dog answered by neither act nor sound. Silent, his big, curly head thrust straight before him, Larry was trying, trying, trying—That was it! What was Larry trying so hard to do?

Then, in another moment, he began to swim around in a circle, his head and the front half of his body moving as if on a pivot, his hind quarters remaining just where they were. And now a low whine came from the great opened mouth—the big black head turned desperately toward the boy.

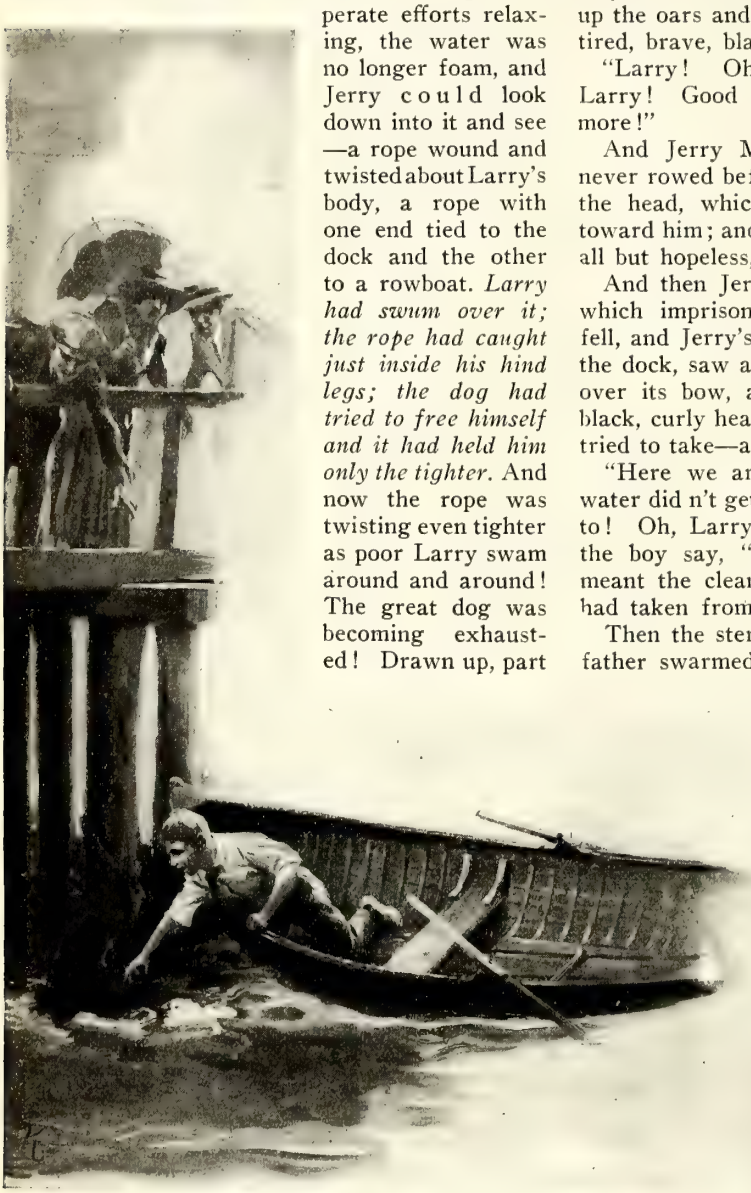
"Jerry! Jerry!" he seemed to be saying; "don't you see what 's the matter? Won't you do something to help me, Jerry?" Around and around in a circle went the black head and shoulders. They were settling a little lower each time in the water. "Jerry, oh Jerry!" those whines and chokes meant. "Jerry! I 'll be drowned, Jerry, if you don't get me out of here!"

Dumb with fear, his heart breaking, but unable to understand the great dog's curious actions,

Jerry looked down from where he had thrown himself on his face on the dock, just above Larry.

"Larry! Larry!" he cried out. "Oh, Larry, tell me what you want me to do!"

And then he understood it; for the dog's desperate efforts relaxing, the water was no longer foam, and Jerry could look down into it and see—a rope wound and twisted about Larry's body, a rope with one end tied to the dock and the other to a rowboat. *Larry had swum over it; the rope had caught just inside his hind legs; the dog had tried to free himself and it had held him only the tighter.* And now the rope was twisting even tighter as poor Larry swam around and around! The great dog was becoming exhausted! Drawn up, part way out of the water, as the hind half of his body was, by the twisted rope, the dog's head was settling lower. As yet it was still above the tide which lapped his jaws, but in another minute—



"'HERE WE ARE, FATHER!' CALLED JERRY."

Jerry rose to his feet in one swift, athletic spring; another, and he was flying to the dock head; a third, and he had his knife out and had cut the painter of a boat moored at the steps. And in what seemed to the women around him only one other flash, Jerry Marshall had caught up the oars and was sending the boat toward the tired, brave, black head.

"Larry! Oh, wait just one second more, Larry! Good Larry, old boy, just one second more!"

And Jerry Marshall was rowing as he had never rowed before in his life, rowing straight to the head, which had raised itself just a little toward him; and the brown eyes, steadfast, though all but hopeless, seemed to answer him.

And then Jerry's knife went through the rope which imprisoned the dog he loved; the rope fell, and Jerry's father, flying toward them down the dock, saw a boat with a boy lying face down over its bow, and in the boy's arms the great black, curly head of the dog which the water had tried to take—and lost.

"Here we are, Father!" called Jerry. "The water did n't get over his mouth, though it wanted to! Oh, Larry!" the people on the dock heard the boy say, "was n't that a *beauty?*" Jerry meant the clean dive which Professor Marshall had taken from the railing of the dock.

Then the stern of the boat lowered, as Jerry's father swarmed over it; and the professor's big hand fell on the collar about Larry's neck.

"Larry," said the professor, "it 's all done; and Jerry did it! The only thing left is for you to take a good breath, and then, old boy, *in you come!*"

A heave—a scramble of black feet and legs—a laugh from the boy as his arms went around Larry's neck—and a proud laugh from the professor as he looked at his boy!

"Jerry," he said, "this is what I call taking *your opportunity!*"

The boy looked up at him. "Why, that 's so!" he said. "It *was* my opportunity, *was n't* it, Father. I did n't have time to think of it!"

"That 's generally the way," said the professor. "But Larry—" For Larry, weak though he was, had crawled closer to the boy, the deep, honest eyes were on him. And Larry understood!

ARE YOU 100 PER CENT. STRONG?

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

I NEVER saw a boy yet who did not want to be strong! But how is a boy going to know whether he is strong or not? That is a mighty hard question!

A year or two ago a couple of boys were going on a hike. One was quite slender and the other heavy and thick-set—all muscle, mind you. The slender one wished he were as strong as the big, husky, other fellow. But, at the end of the hike, it was the slender one who led the procession and who was in the best condition — and they covered about 140 miles, too.

In fact, that slender boy was really very well developed. Only he did n't know it! And so we come to this point: there is no reason in the world why a slender boy, who is healthy and wiry, should need to have as big muscles and girths as a heavily built boy of the same height. You see, some of us are born to be slender, and others stocky, and still others to have an average kind of build. So if you are slender and if your muscles are hard, you may be better developed for your height and weight than a much heavier fellow of your height whose muscles are not developed in proportion to his weight. You see, it all depends how well you are developed for your own height and weight.

Let us put it another way. Suppose two fellows are of the same height, and that one weighs 95 pounds and the other 120. Suppose they are both healthy and that their muscles are hard. Then it may well be that the slender fellow is just as strong *for his weight* as the other is for *his* weight. In other words, to be strong, your muscles should be in proportion to your weight and height.

What is your height in inches? What do you weigh without your clothes? If you know those two facts, then from the accompanying tables you may be able to gain some idea as to whether you are well developed for your height and weight.

Suppose, for instance, that your height is 60 inches, and your weight 100 pounds. Now glance at the tables. There are five of them. Hunt up 60 inches in each one and find where the weight going with 60 inches is nearest your weight of 100 pounds. You find it in the "medium heavy" table, where, with 60 inches, you find 98 pounds. All right. Along that line you will find measurements which you should have if you are well developed for your height and weight.

There is a way of obtaining a score which will, in a rough and ready manner, show the relation of your development to the standard development given in the tables, and these tables, if you

SLENDER

Height	Weight	Shoulder Girth	Chest Girth	Chest Expansion	Right Arm	Difference	Left Arm	Difference	Waist	Hips	Thighs	Calves
51	54	28½	22½	2¾	6¼	⅞	6	¾	19½	23¼	14	9½
52	56	28¾	23	2¾	6½	⅞	6¼	¾	19¾	23¾	14½	9¾
53	58	29⅜	23¼	2¾	6⅝	1	6⅜	¾	20	24	15	10
54	59	29⅞	24	2⅞	6⅝	1⅛	6⅜	⅞	20	24½	15⅛	10¼
55	62	30½	24½	3	6¾	1⅛	6½	1	20½	25¼	15⅜	10½
56	65	31½	25	3⅛	7	1¼	6¾	1	21	26½	15½	10¾
57	67	31⅞	25¼	3¼	7¼	1¼	7	1⅛	22	27	15⅞	10¾
58	69	32⅛	25⅞	3⅜	7⅜	1⅜	7¼	1⅛	22¾	27½	16⅛	10⅞
59	73	32⅝	26⅛	3⅜	7⅝	1⅜	7⅜	1¼	23	27⅞	16¾	10⅞
60	77	33	26½	3½	7¾	1½	7½	1¼	23¼	28¼	17¼	11
61	82	33⅝	26⅝	3½	7¾	1½	7½	1¼	24	28½	17½	11⅛
62	87	34¼	26¾	3½	7⅞	1½	7⅝	1⅜	24¾	28⅞	17⅞	11¼
63	93	35	27½	3⅝	8	1⅝	7¾	1⅜	25½	29⅜	18¼	11½
64	100	35⅝	28⅛	3⅝	8⅛	1¾	7¾	1⅜	25¾	30	18¾	11¾
65	110	36¼	28¾	3¾	8¼	1¾	7⅞	1½	26⅛	31	19¼	12
66	115	37	29¼	3¾	8½	1⅞	8⅛	1½	27	32¼	19¾	12½
67	120	38	30	3¾	9	2	8½	1⅝	27⅝	32⅞	19⅞	13
68	124	38⅞	30½	3⅞	9	2	8⅝	1⅝	28	33½	19⅞	13
69	129	40	31½	4	9¼	2¼	8⅞	1¾	28½	34½	20½	13⅛
70	133	40¾	32½	4	9⅜	2¼	9	1⅞	29⅛	35	20¾	13⅜
71	140	41½	33¼	4⅛	9¼	2¼	9¼	2	30	35¾	21	13¼

SLENDER-MEDIUM

51	56	29½	23½	2¾	6⅜	⅞	6¼	¾	20	25	14⅞	10⅛
52	59	29¾	23½	2⅞	6⅜	1	6¼	¾	20⅜	25⅜	15¼	10⅜
53	61	30¼	24⅜	2⅞	6¾	1⅛	6½	⅞	20⅞	26	15⅜	10½
54	63	30¾	25	2⅞	7	1⅛	6¾	⅞	21	26¼	15¾	10¾
55	67	31⅞	25¼	3	7⅛	1¼	6⅞	⅞	21⅝	27	16⅛	10⅞
56	70	32⅞	25⅞	3⅛	7⅜	1¼	7	1	22⅛	27¾	16⅜	11
57	72	33⅜	26	3¼	7½	1¼	7¼	1	22⅞	28	16¾	11⅛
58	76	33¾	26⅞	3⅜	7⅝	1⅜	7¼	1⅛	23½	28¼	17¼	11¼
59	80	34	27	3⅜	7⅞	1⅜	7⅜	1⅛	24	28½	17½	11⅜
60	83	34½	27¼	3½	8	1½	7¾	1¼	24½	29¼	17⅞	11½
61	88	34⅞	27¾	3⅝	8⅛	1½	7¾	1¼	25⅛	29¾	18¼	11⅝
62	93	35⅞	27½	3⅝	8¼	1½	8	1¼	25¾	30½	18⅝	11¾
63	99	36	27¾	3¾	8⅜	1⅝	8	1⅜	26⅛	31¼	19	12
64	108	36⅝	28⅛	3¾	8½	1⅞	8⅛	1½	26¾	32¼	19⅜	12⅛
65	115	36⅞	28⅜	3⅞	8¾	1⅞	8¾	1½	27	32⅞	19⅞	12½
66	121	37⅝	29½	3⅞	8⅞	2	8½	1⅜	27¼	33¼	20⅛	12½
67	127	38½	30¼	3⅞	9¼	2	8¾	1¾	28	33¾	20⅛	13¼
68	135	39⅜	31¼	4	9¼	2⅛	8¾	1⅞	28⅝	34	20¼	13¼
69	140	40	32¼	4	9⅜	2⅛	9	2	30	34½	20⅞	13⅜
70	146	41¾	33⅜	4⅛	9⅝	2½	9¼	2⅛	31⅛	35⅜	21½	13⅜
71	150	42¾	34	4⅛	9¾	2½	9⅜	2⅛	31⅞	36	21⅞	13½

STANDARD-DEVELOPMENT TABLES FOR SLENDER AND SLENDER-MEDIUM BOYS.

please, are made from measurements of well-developed boys, so that if your measurements are as good as those given for your height and weight, or better, then you will know that your development is somewhat better than the average. To get this score, you will have to be measured all over. Let us see what these measurements are and how to get them.

You get your height and weight first, as we have said—your weight being that without clothes. Then you obtain a number of girths, and these should be measured at the widest part of whatever is being measured. Don't pull the tape-measure too tightly—hold it firm, neither tight nor slack. Of course, some one has to do this job for you!

First—shoulder-girth. This is taken around the shoulders at their widest point, holding the shoulders and arms naturally. Then the chest. This is taken just a little below the arms, with all the air exhaled from the lungs. Now take a full breath and measure again. The difference between this girth and the one just ahead of it gives you the "chest expansion" of the tables. Now for the arms. Take the middle of the upper arm, the arm being extended. This gives the arm-girth. Now contract the arm with all your might. The difference between this new girth and the old one is the "difference" of the tables. Take these girths, remember, at the thickest part of the upper arm!

Waist-girth does n't count on our scores, but we take it because it is sometimes interesting; for now and then, when a boy is heavy and has a low score, we often find a very large waist-girth! In other words, he is "fat"—too fat! Next comes hip-girth, taken, of course, at the widest part; then the average of the two thigh-girths and the two calf-girths, remembering to get the largest girths possible.

Now, to make up your "score," compare your measurements with those given for the height-weight combination nearest to yours. Begin with the score of 100. For every quarter-inch more or less than the standard in shoulder-girth,

MEDIUM

Height	Weight	Shoulder Girth	Chest Girth	Chest Expansion	Right Arm	Difference	Left Arm	Difference	Waist	Hips	Thighs	Calves
51	59	30½	24½	2¾	6¾	1	6⅝	¾	20½	25¼	15¾	10⅞
52	62	30¾	24¾	3	7	1⅛	6¾	1	21	26¼	16	11
53	64	31	25⅜	3	7⅛	1⅛	7	1	21¾	26¾	16⅜	11⅛
54	68	31¾	25¾	3	7⅜	1¼	7⅛	1⅛	22⅛	27	16¾	11¼
55	72	33¼	26	3⅛	7⅝	1¼	7⅜	1⅛	22⅞	27½	17	11⅜
56	75	34¼	26⅜	3¼	7¾	1¼	7½	1⅛	23⅜	28	17¼	11½
57	78	34⅜	26¾	3⅜	7⅞	1¼	7⅝	1⅛	23¾	28½	17⅜	11⅝
58	83	35⅜	27⅛	3⅜	8	1¼	7¾	1⅛	24⅛	29	18	11¾
59	87	35½	27⅝	3½	8⅛	1⅜	7⅞	1⅛	25⅛	29¾	18¼	11⅞
60	90	35⅞	28⅛	3½	8¼	1½	8	1¼	25¾	30⅝	18⅜	12
61	95	36⅛	28¼	3⅝	8⅜	1½	8⅛	1¼	26¼	31⅜	19	12⅛
62	100	36⅜	28⅜	3¾	8½	1⅝	8⅛	1⅜	26¾	32⅛	19½	12¼
63	106	36⅞	28⅝	3¾	8¾	1¾	8⅜	1½	27¼	32¾	19⅞	12½
64	114	37⅜	29¼	3⅞	9	2	8½	1¾	27¾	33¼	20⅛	12¾
65	120	37⅞	29⅝	3⅞	9¼	2	8¾	1¾	27⅞	33¾	20½	13
66	127	38¼	30⅛	4	9⅜	2⅛	9	1⅞	28	34½	20¾	13⅛
67	134	39	30⅝	4	9⅝	2⅛	9⅛	1⅞	28⅞	35	21	13½
68	140	40	31½	4	9⅝	2¼	9⅛	2	29½	35½	21	13½
69	148	41⅛	32⅞	4⅛	9¾	2⅜	9⅜	2	31	36⅛	21½	13⅝
70	156	42¼	34½	4⅛	9⅞	2⅜	9½	2¼	32	37	21¾	13⅝
71	163	43	35	4¼	10	2⅝	9⅝	2¼	32⅞	37¾	22	13¾

MEDIUM-HEAVY

51	62	31¼	25⅛	2⅞	7⅛	1	6⅞	⅞	21½	26	16⅛	11
52	66	31⅝	25¼	3	7¼	1⅛	7⅛	1	22	26¾	16⅜	11⅛
53	68	32	26	3	7⅜	1⅛	7¼	1	22¾	27	16¾	11⅜
54	73	32½	26⅜	3⅛	7⅝	1¼	7⅜	1⅛	23⅜	27¼	17	11¾
55	77	33⅜	26⅞	3¼	7¾	1¼	7½	1⅛	24½	28	17¼	12
56	82	34⅝	27¼	3¼	7⅞	1¼	7¾	1⅛	24⅞	29⅛	17⅜	12⅛
57	86	35⅛	27⅝	3⅜	8	1⅜	7¾	1⅛	25⅜	30	18⅛	12¼
58	91	35⅞	28	3½	8⅛	1⅜	7⅞	1¼	25⅝	30⅝	18¾	12⅜
59	94	36⅛	28⅜	3½	8¼	1½	8	1¼	26¼	31⅜	18⅞	12½
60	98	36⅝	28⅞	3⅝	8½	1⅝	8¼	1⅜	26¾	32	19¼	12½
61	103	37⅜	29¼	3⅝	8⅝	1¾	8⅜	1½	27¼	32⅝	19½	12⅝
62	109	37⅝	29¾	3¾	8¾	1¾	8⅜	1½	27⅜	33⅛	20	12¾
63	115	38½	30⅛	3⅞	9	2	8⅝	1¾	28	33⅝	20⅜	12⅞
64	122	39⅛	30¾	3⅞	9⅛	2⅛	8¾	1⅞	28⅞	33¾	20⅝	13
65	128	39½	31⅛	4	9¼	2⅛	8⅞	1⅞	29⅜	33¾	20¾	13¼
66	136	39⅝	31½	4	9½	2⅛	9	1⅞	29⅝	34¼	20⅞	13⅜
67	144	40¾	32¼	4	9⅞	2⅛	9¼	1⅞	31	35⅜	21¼	13⅝
68	157	41⅜	33¼	4⅛	10	2¼	9½	2	32⅞	37	21½	13⅝
69	163	42	34	4⅛	10¼	2⅜	9¾	2⅛	34	38½	21⅝	13⅝
70	170	43¼	35⅜	4¼	10½	2⅝	10	2¼	35⅛	39⅜	22	13¾
71	178	44	35⅞	4⅜	10⅝	2⅝	10¼	2¼	35⅝	40	22¼	14
72	186	44⅞	36⅜	4½	10⅝	2¾	10¼	2⅜	36¼	40⅝	22⅝	14⅛

HEAVY

51	65	32	26	3	7½	1⅛	7¼	1	22½	27	16½	11¼
52	69	32⅝	26¾	3	7½	1⅛	7⅜	1	23⅛	28	16¾	11¾
53	74	33	27⅛	3⅛	7⅝	1¼	7½	1⅛	23¾	28⅝	17⅛	12⅛
54	79	33¼	27⅝	3¼	7⅞	1¼	7⅝	1⅛	24¾	29	17⅜	12⅜
55	83	33⅞	27⅞	3¼	8	1¼	7¾	1⅛	25½	29½	17⅝	12⅝
56	89	35	28¼	3⅜	8⅛	1⅜	8	1⅛	26½	29⅞	18⅛	12¾
57	94	36	28⅝	3½	8¼	1⅜	8⅛	1¼	27	30⅜	18⅝	13
58	99	36⅜	29	3½	8⅜	1½	8⅛	1¼	27¼	32⅛	19½	13
59	103	36¾	29¼	3⅝	8½	1⅝	8¼	1⅜	27½	33	19⅜	13⅛
60	107	37½	29⅝	3⅝	8⅞	1⅞	8⅝	1½	27⅞	33¾	19⅞	13⅜
61	112	38⅜	30⅜	3⅝	9	2	8¾	1¾	28¼	34	20⅛	13¼
62	119	39	31⅛	3¾	9⅛	2	8¾	1¾	28⅜	34⅝	20½	13¼
63	124	40⅛	31¾	3⅞	9¼	2⅛	8⅞	1⅞	28¾	34⅞	20⅞	13⅜
64	129	40½	32¼	4	9¼	2¼	9	2	30	34¼	21⅛	13½
65	137	41	32¾	4	9⅜	2¼	9	2	30⅞	35	21⅛	13½
66	146	41½	33	4	9¾	2¼	9¼	2	32	36¼	21¼	13⅝
67	155	42½	33½	4⅛	10⅛	2¼	9½	2	33¾	38	21½	13¾
68	170	42¾	34	4⅛	10½	2⅜	10	2⅛	35½	39½	22⅛	13⅞
69	180	43½	35⅞	4¼	10½	2½	10	2¼	36⅜	40½	22½	14
70	189	45	36½	4½	10⅝	2½	10¼	2¼	37¼	42	23	14⅛
71	200	45⅞	37	4⅝	10⅝	2⅝	10¼	2¼	38¼	43	24	14⅛
72	210	46½	37¾	4¾	10⅞	2⅞	10⅜	2⅜	40	44⅛	24¾	14⅜

STANDARD-DEVELOPMENT TABLES FOR MEDIUM, MEDIUM-HEAVY, AND HEAVY BOYS.

chest-girth, arm-girth, and calf-girth, add or subtract 1 from 100, as the case may be. For every eighth-inch more or less than standard in arm difference and in chest expansion, add or subtract 1 from 100 as the case may be. And, for every half-inch more or less than the standard in hip-girth and average thigh-girth, add or subtract 1 from 100. So if you end with a score of 100 or more, you can see that your physical development, all together, is above average. The general public-school average is about 92.



FIGURE 1.



FIGURE 2.

The important thing now is to know what to do when you go below standard on any of these measurements. A boy should keep a card of his "minus" measurements, and then work to make them up. We never could get all the useful exercises there are into this magazine, but here are a few.

Breathing. Suppose your chest expansion is away below standard. All right. Try this: stand erect, shoulders back, heels together, arms at side. First count—raise arms straight overhead; second count—take, slowly, a very full breath; third count—bring arms down to the side again; fourth count—slowly exhale. Remember, keep the air *in* till the arms are down at the side. Execute this exercise slowly, and about sixteen times at one "performance."

Figure 1 shows a boy with his arms raised, before he has inhaled. Figure 2 shows his arms down, before he has exhaled. This boy, who comes in two or three of our pictures, is of a slender type. Some would say he is "underweight." He is not! He is healthy, wiry, and this score is over 100*

Shoulders and back. Two exercises. Place your clenched fists in front of your chest as in Figure 3. Then slowly, resisting with all your might, move your fists upward and backward till they are close to, and a little behind, your ears. You must do this slowly, keeping your muscles tense. That is the first count. Second count—relax and bring your fists before your chest again. Figure 4 shows the position at the end of the first count. This boy is a "medium type," and his score, in two years, has increased from 65 to 120! You would n't want to tackle him—more than once! He is fourteen years old.



FIGURE 3.



FIGURE 4.

FIGURE 5.





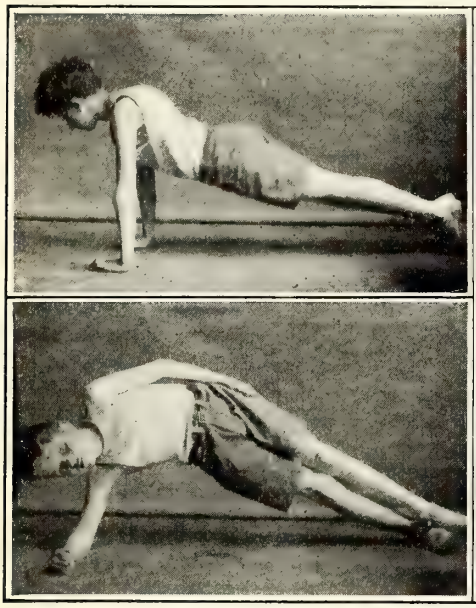
FIGURE 6.



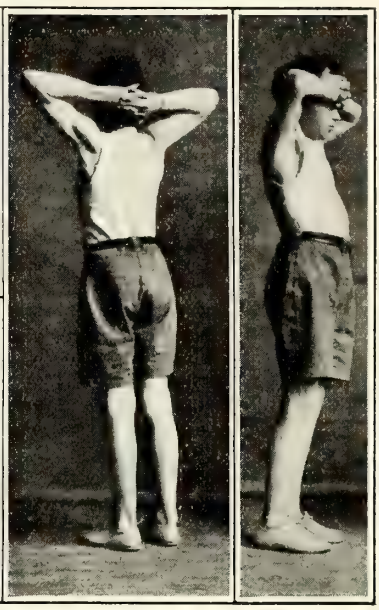
FIGURE 7.

Here 's the second exercise. Lie flat on the floor, on your face, arms ahead, hands about two feet apart. Slowly raise arms, head, and shoulders, as in Figure 5, and then slowly come down again. A similar exercise is one in which, instead of having your arms ahead, you begin with them by

your side, and then raise hands, head, and shoulders as before. You might use both of them. How many times? Can't say. Do them until you *begin* to feel tired, and then stop. After you have got into good shape, perhaps sixteen counts would be quite enough; but in beginning, you should not do half that. Of course you know that such an exercise would contain two counts!



FIGURES 8 AND 9.



FIGURES 10 AND 11.

Now for arms. Place your hands in front of your upper chest, palm to palm, the right palm, say, facing outward. Figure 6 gives the position. First count—slowly, very slowly, resisting with all your might, force the left hand outward with the right, until the arms are extended. Second count—slowly force the right hand back again to the original position. Do this till you begin to feel tired. Then reverse hands and do it again.

If your chest muscles are poorly developed, try these two: place the hands palm to palm as in Figure 7. Push the right hand against the left, forcing the latter over to the left till it is opposite the left shoulder. That is the first count. Second count—push the right hand across the chest with the left, until the hands are opposite the right shoulder. Repeat till you begin to feel tired. That is the rule for all these exercises. Repeat until you *begin* to feel tired.

Figure 8 shows another chest exercise, which is also a mighty good one for your arms and for body muscles. Lie face down on the floor, palms of your hands down and under your shoulders. Keeping the back and legs stiff, slowly bring yourself to the position shown in Figure 8—first count. Second count—come back to first position.

Speaking of body muscles—suppose yours are flabby. Then try this exercise. Lie on right side, left foot resting on the right knee, legs and back straight and in the same line. Rest on your right forearm. First count—raise the hips from the floor as shown in Figure 9. Second count—come back to first position. When you begin to be tired, turn over and do the same number of counts on the *left* side!

Although we have not mentioned this measurement, suppose your neck is thin and weak. Try this: Place your hands behind your head, Figure 10. forward with hands and back with your head, ing the head to n slowly backward, then let the hands force head forward again. Then reverse. Place the hands across the forehead as in Figure 11, pull back with the hands, but force the head to bend forward against them, and then let the hands force the head back to the original position.

Finally, leg muscles. Well, really, I hate to give exercises for these, for if you walked, ran, and jumped enough, you 'd not be likely to have minus points on these muscles. Figure 12, however, shows an old one, and a reliable one. Stand erect, hands on waist, then gradually let yourself sink down to the position shown, then slowly rise up, all the while keeping the back and head erect, shoulders square, chest out, till you *begin* to tire.



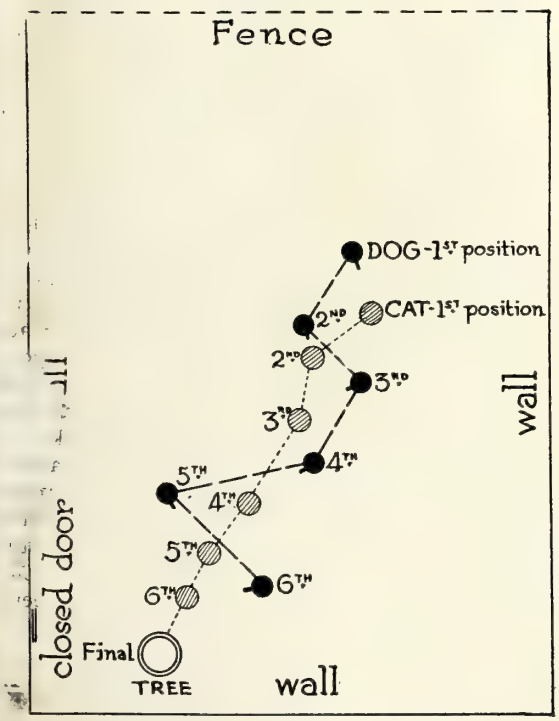
FIGURE 12.

One last suggestion: before doing *any* exercises better find what shape one's heart is in; sometimes boys must go easily in such matters.

TACTICS AND STRATEGY

BY FRANK E. CHANNON

YESTERDAY morning our big English bulldog Bruce, who harbors an eternal hatred against all felines, trapped a wandering cat in a perilous position in the garden. Hedged in on all sides by a tall brick wall, with but little obstruction



PUSSY'S TACTICS IN FACE OF THE ENEMY.

between them, pussy's position appeared to be desperate.

Bruce charged full tilt at her. She sensed his attack, and, wheeling about, faced him when but ten feet separated them, her whole attitude one of defiance, almost of attack. Her right paw, claws bared, was lifted ready to strike. Her expression was a wicked one.

Bruce came to a sudden halt; veered to her right flank, and sought to get in there. Puss pivoted to meet him. He raced across her front and endeavored to strike on the left. She edged off to her left, retreating very slowly, face to her foe, still maintaining her aggressive attitude. All the time, I noted, she was still edging off to her left. Her gaze never for one single instant was removed from her enemy; her whole attitude was one of menace. "Come in if you dare," she seemed to hiss at him, as she still continued her slow retreat.

He half-circled around her again and again, but always he met the same unyielding front, and always he faced those wicked claws and bared teeth.

Then suddenly there came rapid action! Like a flash puss had wheeled and was gone! Another fraction of a second, and she had reached the solitary tree growing in that part of the garden. A leap, a scramble, and she was up, up, far away from the baying bulldog that jumped and stormed at the base of the tree.

From her lofty perch she looked down pityingly upon him, then commenced serenely to lick her paws and wash her face.

That cat was a tactician.

That same evening a friend came in, and we set out the chess-board and arranged the men. The game developed rapidly, and I soon estab-



AN APPARENTLY WINNING POSITION FOR THE WHITE FORCES.

lished what appeared to me to be a winning position, by a strong attack upon his king's bishop's pawn. "One more move and I have him mated," I congratulated myself, when with a single square advance of his king's pawn, he broke up my attack, and I discovered my pieces in grave danger. That one step advance of his pawn unmasked

his batteries, and my position on his right line, instead of being a winning one, became untenable. Nothing but a precipitate retreat could save me, and in another four moves I was fighting desperately a losing battle on my own lines, with the end but a few moves ahead. In another fifteen minutes I was mated.

That was strategy. My friend was a strategist. The cat had been a tactician.

One hears and reads much these days about the strategy and the tactics of the generals commanding the forces of the warring nations, and frequently the two terms are confounded and confused. A great gulf separates them, however.

The tactician wins or loses his engagements with his troops in action, usually under fire. He manœuvers them, attacks, and retires in the face of his foe. A brigadier-general or a major-general may be, and generally is, a tactician, but a full general or a marshal is, or should be, a strategist. He may win or lose his campaigns and scarcely hear a bursting shell.

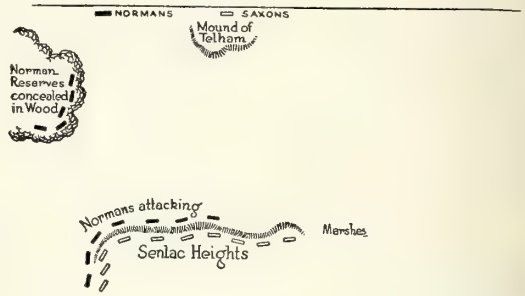
The great Napoleon was an example of a profound strategist. Notably he employed this science in his Austrian campaigns; but he was also a tactician of great decision. Grant, too, we might class with the little Corsican, but his strength lay rather in his tactics than his strategy.

On the other hand, General von Moltke was the greatest modern example of a strategist. On some occasions he would visit the line of battle in order that he might familiarize himself with actual conditions existing there, but his position was usually in his headquarters, surrounded by his maps and staff-officers, and from there he issued his commands and moved his brigades and army-corps as one might play a correspondence match of chess.

The Normans defeated the Saxons at Hastings by tactics. Lord Roberts drove the Boers from their Modder River position by strategy. Briefly examine these two separate actions, and their distinguishing differences are at once apparent.

At Hastings the Norman knights and men-at-arms had charged repeatedly and in vain upon the sturdy Saxon ranks. All unavailing had been their bowmen's stinging volleys of arrows. King Harold's men stood firmly, and the ground before them was strewn with the bodies of their foe. The day was far advanced, and victory appeared to be fast settling upon the Saxon banners. Something must be accomplished and that speedily, or Saxon reinforcements from the north would drive the invaders into the sea. Then Duke William employed his famous tactics.

Under cover of another attack, he withdrew a large part of his forces and secreted them in some dense woods some distance in the rear of his position and on either flank. Orders had been issued, and acting under them, at the proper moment the new attack ceased, and the men



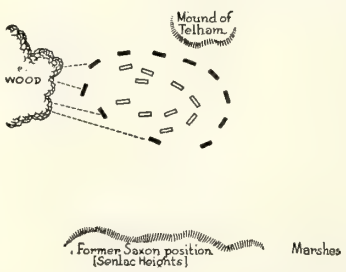
THE FIRST STAGE OF THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

engaged upon it ran. It looked like the failure of the Norman's last effort, and the Saxons rose up and commenced the pursuit.

"They run! They run! The Normans run!" they shouted, in a frenzy of triumph, as every man surged forward, hotly following upon the heels of the flying invaders.

The Normans did indeed run. They ran hard, with the Saxons close at their rear. But, alas, for the impetuous Saxons! They ran into the hornet's nest Duke William, the tactician, had set for them. As, without order or plan, they chased the supposedly beaten foe, the concealed reserves of the Normans sprang up out of their concealment on each flank and fell upon the pursuers, who were halted, then surrounded, and finally cut to pieces.

Tactics won the battle of Hastings. The



HOW NORMAN TACTICS WON THE BATTLE.

struggle was won by the tactician manœuvering his troops in the face of the enemy.

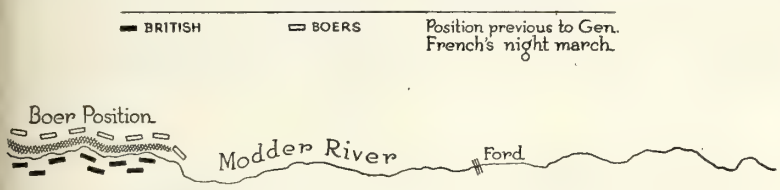
Now examine the method Lord Roberts employed to dislodge the Boers from their seemingly impregnable Modder River defenses in South Africa.

The famous Scotch brigades and the best

troops of Britain had hurled themselves in vain and costly efforts again and again upon the craftily prepared Boer defenses, and Cronje, from behind the river and his wire entanglements, sat laughing at them. Then, repulsed and held at bay, the British general Methuen entrenched and held grimly on, but all his efforts to oust his enemy failed. Methuen was a tactician.

Then arrived the strategist Roberts on the scene; he realized the utter impossibility of Methuen's task, and envoked strategy.

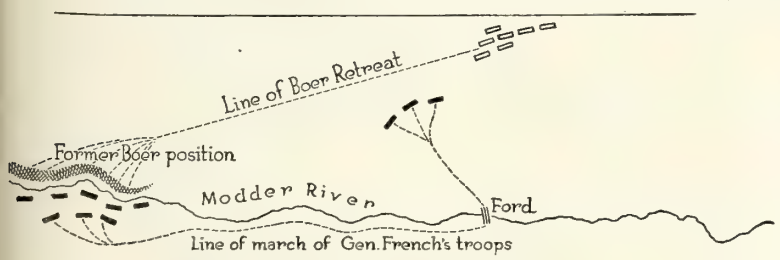
He permitted it to be generally known that he considered the forcing of the Boer lines to be impossible until he had collected a much larger force, taking care that the enemy should hear



THE MODDER RIVER POSITIONS WHEN LORD ROBERTS ARRIVED.

this news. Apparently the British chief was content to sit down and wait until the arrival of these reinforcements.

Then suddenly, one dark night, a force of six thousand men, all on fresh horses and supplied



HOW LORD ROBERTS SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

with field artillery, rode away into the black night under command of General French, the officer who commanded the British forces in France for the first year of the Great War. The brigades rode hard all that night, and the first light of day found them far away up the river at a small ford. The few Boer outposts guarding this ford were soon scattered, and across the muddy river splashed the brigades of cavalry and the batteries of artillery. Then, without stop, they turned and moved down on Cronje's position as fast as horses could trot and wheels revolve.

The crafty old Boer "lion" heard the news, however, long before they were within striking distance of him, and realized the game was up. Like the good general he was, he knew the time to hold fast and the time to get away. On the level veldt, with no river to protect him, he would be unable to hold his position against the fast-moving British force, and within an hour his army, that so long and brilliantly had held their defenses, were in retreat as fast as man and horse could travel. Cronje thus escaped.

He got away for the time being, but soon his force was surrounded and compelled to surrender. The British general had driven him from his strong position with scarcely the firing of a shot. Where Methuen had spilled the blood of his best soldiers in vain frontal attacks, Roberts, by a fine display of strategy, had succeeded in winning an almost bloodless victory by the means of a fast-moving flank evolution.

The strategy of Lord Roberts was on a much smaller scale than that of Moltke. Where Roberts employed his thousands, Moltke used his tens of thousands; where Roberts's operations covered fifty miles, the Prussian's dealt with the manœuvering of army-corps along a frontier. Both these two famous generals, however, present brilliant examples of the science of strategy as distinguished from that of tactics.

To summarize briefly, then, speaking from a military standpoint, tactics is the science of handling or manœuvering troops or ships in the presence of the enemy, while strategy has a larger scope; it embraces a wider field, and takes in the disposition of bodies of troops or squadrons of ships not actually engaged with the enemy, but which, by assuming particular positions, may compel their foe to abandon his attack or defense, perhaps without themselves even coming into action. They, so to speak, hold a threat over their enemy by endangering his lines of supply or communication or by otherwise menacing him, so that his position becomes untenable and he is forced into a retreat, perhaps without even striking a blow.



"EVERY MAN THROWS HIMSELF DOWN AND COMMENCES TO DIG."

"DIGGING IN"

BY FRANK E. CHANNON

THE hillside is bare, bare as if burned over. At the bottom a little brook threads its muddy way along, then a curious-looking zigzag entanglement of many strands of barbed wire, slovenly and ill-appearing, apparently stretched without plan or purpose. Beyond the fence, many paces to the rear, the earth seems to have been furrowed and torn and then smoothed over again. But close to us, nearly at the summit of the hill, looking down at the little stream and across at the wire entanglements, nine hundred men are ranged up inside a long trench.

It is a deep trench, and not one of the hundreds of soldiers lined up there are visible to the foe lurking in their trench back of the barbed wire across the stream. Neither do the men in this entrenchment get any vision of their enemy, but they know that their sentries are watching the enemy, just as they are being spied upon from the loopholes in the heavy steel shields topping the distant parapets.

For many hours the intervening hillside has been torn and plowed up by great shells, hurled from the guns on either side. But now all is quiet, except that once in a while the report of a stray rifle-shot is heard, and perhaps the twang of a bullet against the steel protections.

All the men concealed in the deep trench are expectant. Frequently they glance anxiously toward their section leader, or to the officers gathered in little knots behind the loopholes. Every man is heavily burdened with many things. All have their guns, and every third man carries a spade, sharp-pointed, and flaring in outline. His right-hand comrade has a pick, and his other mate has an ax and a saw.

Suddenly, from far in their rear, there breaks out the thunder of explosions, and the hillside vibrates to the bay of great guns. Far over their heads the men hear the screech of hurtling projectiles, and a moment or so later the din is increased by the rattle and cough of the machine- and rapid-fire-guns closer behind them.

Instantly all is action in the trench. The officers in command of the different sections shout commands and scramble out from their protection. The men climb out behind them, spread out in long, extended order, and race forward and down the hill toward the little brook.

In front of them a Hades breaks loose, and their ranks are swept by a sheet of fire.

They have gained a hundred yards! A quarter of the force is down! Another hundred yards! The ragged line is terribly thinned now. A bugle blares out. The officer yells a command, and instantly every surviving man throws himself down flat and commences to dig and pick and burrow in the earth. He works feverishly, desperately. There is life behind some little pile of earth. Death sweeps above him.

On their either flank, to right and left, a new attack of charging men is let loose. The enemy's guns are turned upon this new attack, and the digging men get a half-respite.

In a few minutes those still able to keep at work have little piles of earth thrown up in front of them, and behind these piles they crouch, still intent on making their protection larger. Their comrades on either flank are at work on the same business.

But now comes a new enemy. From beyond the little stream in front of them long lines of men leap up, and, yelling and shouting, come charging toward them. The fire of the diggers breaks out with redoubled energy, and the attacking lines are torn and twisted and bent. Still on they come, leaving behind them patches of fallen men. Their numbers are soon so reduced they can stand the fire no longer, and the remainder break and race back to the protection of their own lines.

Every man behind the little piles of earth had flung aside his entrenching tool and emptied the contents of his magazine into the advancing foe, but now he grabs the spade again and increases the pile in front of him.

The freshly turned earth extends on either side, and shortly the piles join and become part of a long line, the men crouching, now almost hidden from view. In another five minutes they are fairly safe from direct fire. Again and again they are called to cease their digging and take up their rifles to repel fresh counter-attacks, but, despite interruptions, in an hour they have dug in nearly shoulder-high.

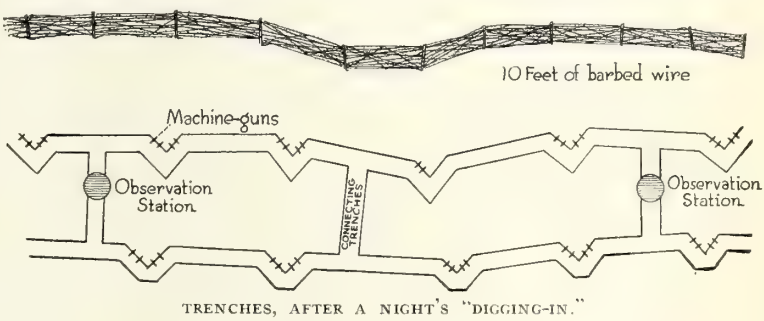
It is getting dark now, and from their own trenches in the rear come reinforcements. All are equipped with spades and shovels. They dig and dig and dig, and, as they dig, their comrades lie, rifles in hand, and check any counter-attack of their foe.

Now machine-guns commence to arrive from the rear, and are placed at angles in the new entrenchment. The works commence to take definite shape. For twenty feet or more they face the enemy; then occurs an indentation. Twenty feet more of straight line and then again an angle, with its deadly machine-gun.

It is quite dark now, but the foe's search-lights grope up and down the new works, and the rattle of his machine-guns and the twang of his rifle-bullets sound all along the line. His big guns from the rear commence to hurl their high explosives far up into the night, the gunners endeavoring to drop their shells *into* the new-made trenches. Now and again they succeed, but for the greater part the shells bury themselves in the soft earth around.

With the darkness, strong parties of engineers commence to arrive at the front. Many of them get to work deepening and connecting up the rude trenches. Some carry stakes and reels of barbed wire, and soon an ugly-looking fence takes shape before the works.

By midnight the trenches are eight feet deep, and the men may walk from one end to the other in comparative safety. But the work goes on—incessantly, feverishly. Fresh gangs of men continue to arrive. Teams and lorries loaded with wood, sawed to fit, come on the scene. The trenches are roofed in. Dirt is shoveled on the roof. They bank it down and sod it. Sacks encased in wet cement are piled in front, and heavy steel shields, loopholed for rifle-fire, are inserted. The connecting trenches are elaborated, and new defenses at the rear are dug. By morning the trenches have taken shape and the papers at home report: "Our men made a gain of two hundred yards last night."



TRENCHES, AFTER A NIGHT'S "DIGGING-IN."

In two or three days the trenches, if not retaken by some counter-attack, will have become an underground village. There will be three or four lines of works, all roofed in and snug. Machine-guns will be mounted on each defense, so that if one line is taken by the enemy, it may be raked by fire. Underground hospitals and mess-rooms and kitchens will be dug, telephones installed, and railway lines laid down.

It will be a very difficult matter now to oust the men. The position, if captured at all, may only be taken by a direct assault in overwhelming force and at an enormous sacrifice of life. They have "dug in," and the commanding officer's week-end report reads, "At X . . . we made an advance of two hundred yards, and are now securely established in our new position."



FROM THE CRADLE OF TRUE POLITENESS

BY CHARLES EDWARD MORRIS

FAR, far away from here, so far away that you must travel twenty whole days and twenty whole nights to reach it, there is a strange country that is an island. The geography you read in school says this place is Japan, but those who live there name it Nippon—the Land of the Rising Sun. Wise men have called it "The Cradle of True Politeness," and men and women who are born in such a cradle, I feel sure, must think it a very strange country when first they come here.

In this land is built a great city with small houses which have paper walls and winding streets which are shaded by orange-trees. Sweet, spicy odors come to the passer-by from the many gardens growing along the way. In Japan they do not build walls around their gardens to shut out the beauty of growing things from every one but those who own them. Through these streets swarm thousands of little people, none of them in a hurry and all of them stopping to bow to one another. They are dressed in many-colored robes that look something like your mother's best kimono, except that they are not all so gay in color. Even the men wear these odd garments.

From this place to America, when he was very young, came Yoshio. His skin was yellow, like that of all his people, and his eyes were slanting, but his heart beat fast with love and hatred and fear like yours or mine.

When Yoshio stepped off the big steamer that had carried him so far from home to the bustling dock, his heart was heavy with the strangeness of it all. The hoarse shouts of the men who were unloading the boat almost frightened him. In his Nippon even the strongest men always spoke in gentle voices. The rush and bustle of everything and everybody about him left him amazed.

He was glad, therefore, when he caught sight of his Japanese uncle's face among the crowd on the shore. Through the streets, which seemed to the boy from the land of paper-walled houses like forbidding stone cañons, through the streets filled with the ceaseless thunder and roar of myriad passing vehicles and jostling people, Yoshio's uncle led him. Finally they stopped before a great stone house and the uncle said, "Little nephew, this is your new home."

Yoshio looked at the house and said nothing. He was too polite to remark that in Japan only prisons had stone walls. When he started to take off his shoes before entering his new home he was surprised to hear his uncle laughing at him and to be told that in this advanced land people wear their shoes indoors as well as out.

Next morning Yoshio's uncle took him to the school which was to make an American of the boy from the East. In amazement the lad gazed at the noisy children and marveled at the strange games they played. He was eager to join them in their play, but when his uncle left him alone he could only stand and watch. Long he waited expectantly for the American children to welcome him as a playmate, as he would have welcomed them had they been strangers in Japan, but they paid no attention to the boy other than to stare rudely at him until he blushed under his yellow skin and turned his slanting eyes on the ground.

As the weeks went by, Yoshio was unhappy because his schoolmates would not forget that he was a boy like them in everything but the color of his skin and the shape of his eyes. When they refused to let him join in their games he would go off, sad-eyed, by himself and wonder why they shunned him and how they could be so cruel to a boy who was so far from his home. He would have cried, only he remembered that his father had told him that the sons of Samurai never cry. "Samurai" means "brave warrior" in Japanese.

Then came to the school where Yoshio was studying, To San. She had yellow skin, too, and slanting eyes like Yoshio's. Loneliness was her lot also, because the little girls would not play with her.

Shyly the little exiles from The Cradle of True

Politeness glanced at each other across the noisy school-yard filled with happy, romping children. Then To San bowed as she had been taught to do in their home across the waters and smiled at her young countryman from the city of paper-walled houses.

No more was Yoshio sad. His heart leaped and his slanting eyes danced with joy as he said in the flowery language of their far-away land: "Fair maid of the land of Nippon, flower of heaven, breath of my father's home, these children of the curly yellow hair and the laughing blue eyes have hearts of stone beneath their smiling faces. Let us play together, little maid from the Land of the Rising Sun."

And Yoshio and To San played together. They played the games they had learned in their home on the isle of the paper-walled houses. The games they played were gentler than those enjoyed by the American school-children. They did not run and jump and yell, because that was not part of the games they had learned at home. Instead, To San sat down cross-legged and, with a little knife of Yoshio's, skillfully carved from a piece of wood a beautiful lace-like ring which she gave to her little countryman and which he received with a flowery speech of thanks. While she carved, Yoshio amused her by performing wonderful balancing feats on the back of a chair and by doing acrobatic stunts on the ground before her. At these things To San was happy and smiled; they carried her back in memory to her far-away, well-loved Nippon.

The American children dropped their games to watch in wonderment and admiration the strange play of the son and daughter of the Samurais. Their own games forgotten in their curiosity, the yellow-headed, blue-eyed boys and girls gathered in a circle around Yoshio and To San, until those two children were much embarrassed.

Finally one little American boy said to Yoshio: "Show me how to do that trick, won't you?"

Although the same boy had not been very kind to Yoshio, the Japanese boy willingly showed his white friend how to balance on the back of a chair by only his hands.

Then a little girl, who had stared at To San's yellow skin and almond eyes, asked the maid of Nippon to teach her to carve wooden bracelets and rings and to sew lovely pictures in silken cloth.

Yoshio taught the boys his tricks, and they in turn showed him how to play their games. And To San and the little girls with the yellow hair became good friends, and sewed and carved and played jacks and puss-in-the-corner together.

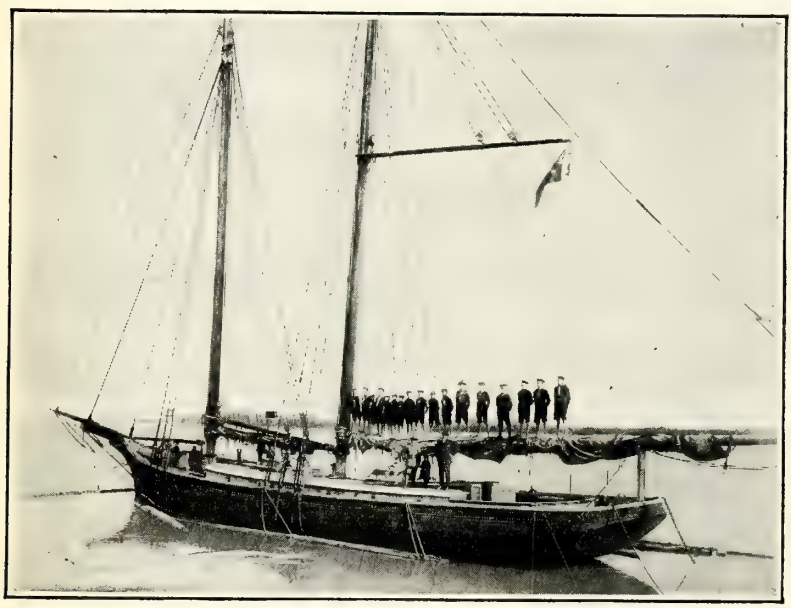
So, after a while, the children of America and the boy and girl from Japan came to forget the difference in the color of their skins and the shape of their eyes. Then they were all happy, just as all people who think of others' comfort before their own always are.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S FAMOUS BOAT *CASCO*

BY FRANCIS J. DICKIE

If inanimate things were suddenly given the gift of speech, the sailing sloop *Casco*, of which we reproduce a recent photograph, would have as strange a collection of tales to tell as anything upon the face of the globe. And now once more, after a quarter-century of sturdy service, the good ship *Casco* is putting out to sea as a coasting trader for an independent small sailorman.



THE SAILING SLOOP "CASCO," FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

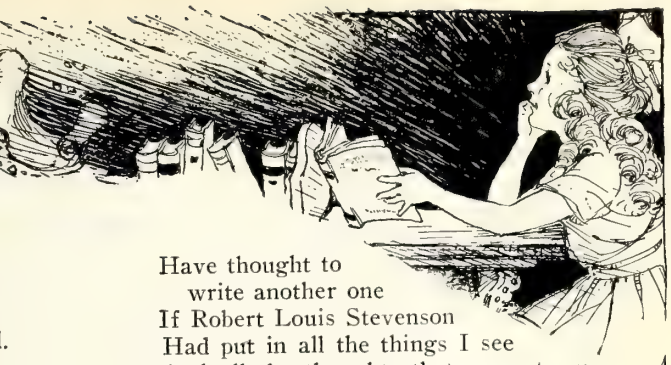
Built a quarter of a century ago in San Francisco as a private yacht, the *Casco* has run the entire gamut of experience possible to a sailing vessel. She was used as a sealer in the northern waters, after having been owned by Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous writer. In her snug little cabin Stevenson sailed the southern seas before the domination of the white man had robbed those wondrous waters of their romance. Here, in the *Casco's* forward cabin, Stevenson wrote many of his famous tales, gaining fresh inspiration, no doubt, from the very beauty of his ever-changing environment. To queer and hitherto unknown islands and strange races did the *Casco* lead the way, and into the pages that are to-day familiar to millions of readers did Stevenson put a record of his journeyings.

When, through ill-health, Stevenson no longer needed his sailing sloop, the *Casco* went back into the sealing trade, and from the hands of a great artist passed to rough and ignorant men. Then again she changed hands, going to a notorious smuggler. The stealthy working of such an owner creates a blank in the brave little boat's history. But could she talk, what tales might she not unfold of dangerous landings by night on rocky coasts; of races with the revenue cutters of many nations; of the degradation and duplicity of men moved by sordid avarice. Fortune threw her once more into the sealing fleet till a decade ago, when, with the virtual ending of the business on the Pacific Coast, she was beached at Victoria, British Columbia. Here she lay side by side with a sealer that had once been commanded by the "Dreaded MacLean," out of whose strange life Jack London created his repulsive hero *Larson,* in "The Sea-wolf."

Some two years ago the *Casco* brought a load of junk iron across to the mainland, afterward lying up at Bowen Island, off the great Pacific port of Vancouver, British Columbia. This was the final degradation. Ship of wealthy yachtman; environment and inspiration to one of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century; daring sealing sloop; reckless smuggler; carrier of junk—all these things the trim little vessel has been. Romance, crime, art, brutality, commerce—all these varied ends of man has she served. And now, after lying two years unused, she is again plowing her way across the seas, doing her share in carrying on the commerce of the world.

It would seem that here is a chance for the lovers and admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson to take up a fund by popular subscription and buy in the *Casco,* and place her in some great public park or museum as a lasting remembrance to the great artist who once sailed aboard her.

HELENA'S BOOK



Some day I mean to write a book,
And never let a person look
At any page or word or line
Till it is printed clear and fine,
Till in the book-store it is piled,
And parents buy it for their child.

It shall be made of verses all,
Of different poems large and small;
And no one shall the writing see,
Because I want my book to be
My own entirely, from my heart.
There I shall rhyme and set apart
In poetry-pictures, this and that
That children love or wonder at,
That children do or want to do,
Believe, or wish was coming true.

Oh, many are the books that hold
Beautiful poems that were told
By men and women, so that we
May read and happy children be.
But only one on all our shelves,
I think, tells of the children's selves,
From end to end, in such a way
We might have written it at our play.
This is the one, the "Garden" one,
Of Robert Louis Stevenson.

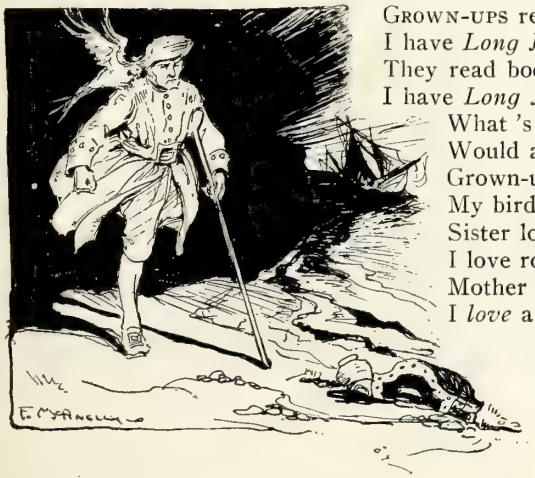
This is so very true and good
I 'm almost sure I never should
Have thought to
write another one
If Robert Louis Stevenson
Had put in all the things I see
And all the thoughts that come to me.
When *he* was young he was a boy,
And there are things that girls enjoy,
Things that they think, or like to play,
That the "Garden" children do not say.

I cannot try to do it now—
I must be older to know how
To choose a word, to match a rhyme,
To make the lines keep perfect time.
But of my book in bed at night
I think, and plan to have it right,
And in my memory store away
Important things I want to say.

O Robert Louis Stevenson,
If, when my little book is done,
There is a child of any age,
And anywhere, who finds a page
That gives such pleasure as you give
Wherever little children live,
I shall be proud, and grateful too;
I shall confess I copied you,
And wrote—perhaps not quite so well—
Only what *you* forgot to tell!

—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

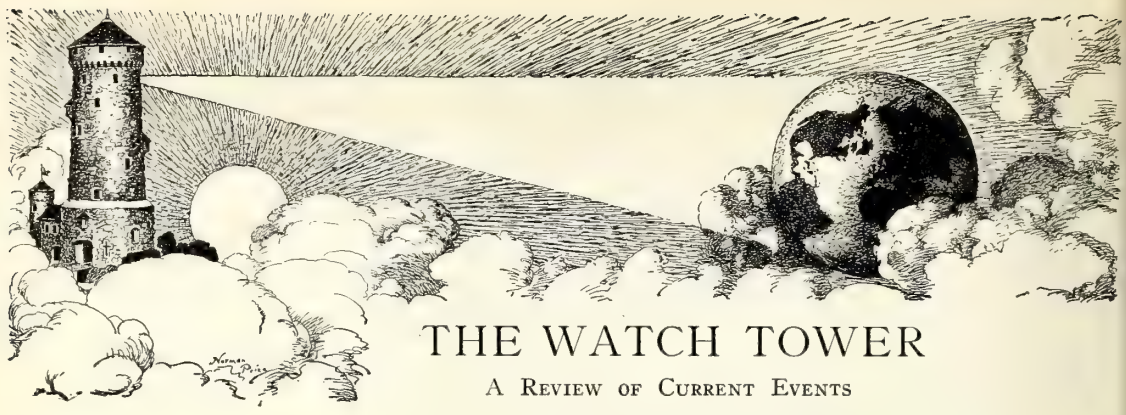
MY HEROES



Grown-ups read their grown-up volumes by a shaded light—
I have *Long John Silver,* stepping through the night.
They read books where people say, "Won't you?" or "I beg!"
I have *Long John Silver,* with his wooden leg!
What 's the use of reading in a parlor chair?
Would a real adventure ever find you there?
Grown-ups read of birds that sing in a hollow vale;
My birds are the winds that ring in a hollow sail.
Sister loves a hero with mustaches nicely trimmed;
I love robbers riding when the moon is dimmed.
Mother loves to read of souls that sigh, and sigh, and sigh.
I *love* a buccaneer with a blood-red eye!

I read in the attic when the wind is there;
Nothing ever happens in a parlor chair!

—Frederick Faust.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

A FINE MONTH FOR THE ALLIES!

In July the Italians, completing the good work begun in June, when they checked the enemy's great drive, not only forced the last of the Austrians back beyond the Piave River, but won victories in the mountain positions to the west. And in Albania the Italians and other Allied troops fought with marked success.

On the western front the Germans crossed the Marne and began the movement meant to envelop Rheims, but General Foch took the offensive, and at the end of the month the Allies had recovered nearly the entire Soissons - Chateau - Thierry - Rheims salient. It became gratifyingly clear that the opposing forces had at last reached the moment of balance which must precede the turning of the tide in favor of the friends of freedom. American troops bore the brunt of the first onset, and wrote a glorious page in American history.

In Russia the see-saw continued, but there were signs—at least, for the optimistic!—that opposition to Germany was crystallizing. The formation of a Czecho-Slovak nation was a step toward the "self-determination of small peoples" on which President Wilson lays so much stress, and the organization of an army by its soldiers who had fought under the Russian generals seemed to offer a nucleus about which the forces of resistance could gather. Japan, England, and



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A UNITED STATES MARINE SENTRY IN FRANCE DEFYING A GAS CLOUD.

the United States came to an agreement on a policy of intervention.

Sometimes the little incidents overshadow in our eager minds the great movements which it is difficult to understand until they are completed. Such a one was that in which an American general received a kindly dispatch from a French general, assuring him that certain ground lost by the Americans had no strategic value — and answered: "The American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable. * * * We are going to counter-attack." They did counter-attack, and not only regained the lost ground, but took a little more for good measure.

The American Flag went forward in July in a way that made us prouder than ever of being Americans!

PLAY THE GAME HARD —HARDER THAN EVER, NOW!

"Don't flinch, don't foul—and hit the line hard!" Those ringing words of our great ex-President, Theodore Roosevelt, came to mind as the newspapers reported the fall of the youngest of the four Roosevelt boys, all fighting Over There. Colonel Roosevelt's fine motto must be borne in mind now more than ever.

In the August Watch Tower we pointed out certain signs that the war had reached the beginning of its end: not that victory was in sight, but that the German morale, civic and military, was showing weakness in some links of the chain, while the Allies were growing in strength both of organization and of purpose not to stop short of a conclusive victory. We had reached the place, the Watch Tower pointed out, where, without being able to predict a date for that happy end, we could feel sure that we were truly at last on the road to victory.

Without qualifying that view in any way or degree, it is well to supplement it with a brief expression of the quite obvious truth that in order to realize that justifiable expectation we must, so far from slackening or relaxing our efforts, not only continue, but redouble, them. If we have worked hard before, we must work harder now. If we have already made sacrifices, we must be prepared to make bigger ones. We have only started; we must go faster, and be ready to go far.

The German mind works differently from those of the free peoples, and the German psychology gives promise that when the Kaiser's people and soldiers begin to break, they will go fast. Every sign of weakening, therefore, on their part, is for the Allies an imperative call to work hard—and harder. And the call comes with special force and clearness to us who stand behind the men behind the guns.



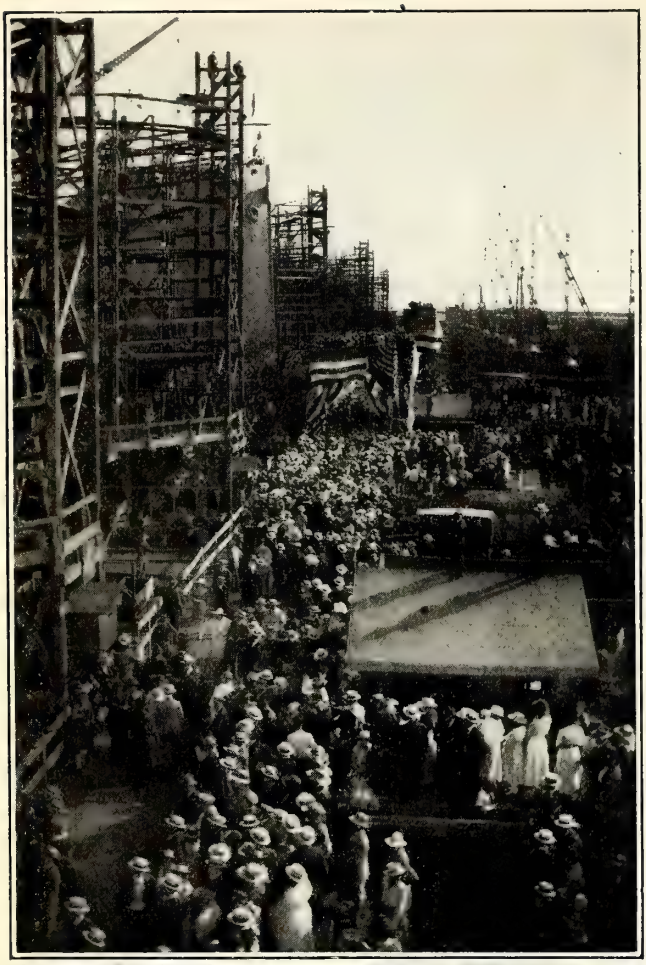
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CZECHO-SLAV SOLDIERS ARRIVING AT VLADIVOSTOK.

BASTILLE DAY

Ten days after celebrating its own national birthday, the United States joined the people of the French Republic in observing the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille. And this was only the polite thing to do, since the French nation had observed with all honor the American holiday, the Glorious Fourth.

But politeness, suggesting the compliment, is not enough to account for the manner in which it was paid. America's observance of Bastille Day was not only equal in enthusiasm to France's notice of the Fourth, but it was as sincere and fervent as our own customary keeping of Independence Day. And that fact measures, perhaps more completely than anything else could, the depth and volume of the friendship between the two countries.



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HOW WE CELEBRATED THE FOURTH — LAUNCHING THREE SHIPS AT PORT NEWARK.

As Mr. Hughes said in his address at the great meeting with which New York observed the day, the Atlantic seems very narrow now. America and her Allies fighting for freedom are more closely joined than ever. On the Fourth, one hundred ships were launched; the "bridge across the Atlantic" is growing fast. France and America, England and her dominions, Italy and the other members of the Entente Alliance, stand as one, shouting the watchwords of the French Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

In the year that saw the Fall of the Bastille, Americans framed and adopted our Federal Constitution. Now, as then, in 1918 as in 1789, the two nations are as one in their love of liberty, their readiness to fight for freedom, and the sternness of their resolve to continue fighting until the Nation That Has Gone Wrong shall have been set right and the world made utterly Safe for Democracy.

WHEN THE SCHOOL-BELLS RING AGAIN

To the boys and girls of America, September means one thing—School. Vacation is over, and back from seashore and mountains, in squads, companies, battalions and regiments, comes the army of brown-faced lads and lassies. For many, the playtime of this summer has been a work-time; and either we are bad judges of the American youngster, or else the American youngster has found a lot of fun and good health in the summer's work on the farm—and acquired some useful knowledge, besides. And now the school-bell gives the signal for the eager army to mobilize!

Once more the question comes up, whether the boy or girl in high school or in private school, preparing for college, ought to continue his or her education or launch into some sort of war work. We



Photograph by Brown Brothers

FLOAT PORTRAYING CHINESE DEMOCRACY IN NEW YORK'S FOURTH-OF-JULY PARADE.

all want to be useful; the only question is, for each one, Where and how can I be *most* useful? It is not an easy question to answer!

In working out your own solution of the problem, keep always clearly in mind this one fact: that in the next few years the country is going to need all the knowledge, of every useful sort, that its people can possibly possess. If the boys and girls of to-day neglect to acquire it, the men and women of to-morrow will lack it, and the nation will be less strong and fit than it can afford to be.

There is no need to tell the boys and girls of America how much they can do, in addition to their school-work, to promote definitely the immediate welfare of the nation. They can work, and earn, and save, and invest in stamps and bonds, and so share gloriously in the service of the Second Line. And remember this: It is sometimes harder, and nobler, to stay behind and work than to go and fight!

The boy or girl who does not do his or her best is the one who goes to school and neglects its opportunities.

THE MAYOR WHO BECAME A MAJOR

Experts declare that the casualties among our aviators in training are not the result of recklessness, but a necessary part of the work of preparing, as quickly as we can without sacrifice of thoroughness, a force of fliers fit for hard service over the battle-lines. They say that each accident—or rather, perhaps, the sum of all the accidents—advances our knowledge and skill. War is a bitter business, and the fate of individuals is unimportant compared with the success of the Cause.

But military necessity does not cancel the humane emotions; and, while we recognize the need of sacrifice and pay the price of patriotism not only willingly, but eagerly, we do not make ourselves less fit for the grim task by pausing for a moment to give tribute to the memory of the fallen and show sympathy for those who survive to mourn. The whole nation paid such a tribute to John Purroy Mitchel, the former mayor of New York, who became a major in the flying section of the Signal Corps and was killed in a fall at the Gerstner Flying Field, in Louisiana. John Mitchel gave his life for America as truly as though his machine had been brought down by a German aviator Over There.

Major Mitchel lived less than forty years, but he has left an admirable record of useful service. As mayor of New York, he did two great things: he made the city government cleaner and more honest, and he reorganized its business affairs so as to give the taxpayers the best possible return for their required contributions to the expenses of government. When the war came, he met the heavy responsibilities it brought with splendid patience, skill, and courage. Under his wise and fearless leadership everything possible was done to assure first the safety, and then the success, of the war work of the metropolis and its five millions of people.

Defeated for reëlection, Mayor Mitchel had no thought but to devote himself to the nation's work. A man less wise and brave might have resented the city's failure to appreciate what he had done for its welfare, and acted like Achilles, sulking in his tent. But John Mitchel was not that sort! He hid his hurt, he hastened to offer himself to the Federal Government as a soldier; and failing to get into the army, where he hoped to go as an officer of the line, he became an aviator. In this service he was admired for his courage and skill; and the fatal fall came just before he was to be sent to France.



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JOHN PURROY MITCHEL.

On Wednesday, July 10, New York paid its tribute of honor to John Mitchel, come home from the wars. His body lay in state in the City Hall, where those of Lincoln and Grant had lain. Thousands and thousands of persons came to do him honor, and countless thousands, standing in reverent silence, lined the streets as the funeral procession passed. The great city opened her heart to her returning son.

The death of John Purroy Mitchel gave new force to the lessons of his life, the lessons we try to learn from the lives of our great men. They are the old lessons of devotion to duty, of faithfulness, courage, and endurance. And we may well rejoice in the new proof that honest work, even if not always appreciated when done, gains recognition in the end.

A VICTORY OF THE "SECOND LINE"

LATE in July Food Administrator Hoover sent home from London a statement that made the American people proud, and also more determined than ever to do their utmost to increase the effectiveness of the contribution to victory made by the Second Line—the stay-at-homes. Mr. Hoover said that in February and March of this year the shortage of food in England was so great that, had it not been for the wheat sent from America, Great Britain could not have gone on with the war.

On the first day of March the British Government notified the Government of the United States that it must have at once 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, as well as vast quantities of other foodstuffs, for consumption by the people at home The United States had on hand at that time 176,000,000 bushels of wheat, or, its equivalent in flour, and needed, by ordinary standards of consumption 24,000,000 more. If we were to meet Great Britain's need, we should have to reduce by half our own normal use of wheat.

Then it was that Mr. Hoover asked the American nation to reduce its wheat diet one-half. The response to the appeal was splendid. It enabled the Food Administration to ship to Great Britain several millions bushels more of the precious grain than had been asked for. Knowing, as we do now, what Mr. Hoover knew then, every boy and girl who had a part in that fine work has a right to be proud of the service rendered.

The importance and value of that spring drive is measured by this paragraph in the Food Administrator's cabled message to our Government: "Germany learned of this condition and launched the first of the series of spring and summer offensives without delay, hoping, by pushing the British armies back, to break the backbone of resistance and, because of the food crisis, compel London to sue for immediate peace."

Was it worth while? It would be wasting ink to answer—and we are on a war-time schedule!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

IN his Fourth of July address, President Wilson specified very clearly, in four items, the ends for which the friends of freedom are battling, and then summed them up in a single phrase: "The reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed, and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." The German rulers, he said, "have roused forces which can never be crushed, for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph." The President has joined the prophets —and his prediction "looks good" to us!

GERMANY'S plan for a "free" Poland includes these provisions: Frontiers to be fixed by the German high command "according to military necessities"; for fifty years Poland must give the Central Powers preference in trade; a German school in every locality where there are as many as ten German children; the German conditions to be embodied in a constitution which can be amended only by the Central Powers. That is what "a German peace" would mean for all the nations.

ENGLISHMEN seem to believe in the boycott as an international weapon. The Liverpool Cotton Exchange passed, unanimously, a resolution forbidding its members, for a period of ten years after the war, to trade "either directly or indirectly with the enemies of Great Britain."

GENERAL PERSHING and his staff sailed for France on May 20, 1917. In July, Secretary Baker announced the monthly sailings of troops as follows: 1917—May, 1,718; June, 12,261; July, 12,988; August, 18,323; September, 32,523; October, 38,259; November, 23,016; December, 48,840. 1918—January, 48,776; February, 48,027; March, 83,811; April, 117,212; May, 244,345; June, 276,372. In fourteen months, the total departures, including certain forces not counted in these figures, were 1,019,115. When the Germans profess scorn of the "feeble" American part in the war, we are reminded of their description of Kitchener's men as "a contemptible little army."

TAXES paid to the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Treasury Department in 1917-18 totalled $3,672,000,000. This is more than four times as much as was collected in 1916-17.

IN July Congress voted to give the Government control of the telegraph and telephone systems for the period of the war. The congressmen who voted against the measure refused to acknowledge the existence of any emergency justifying such action. What the country says is, "The Government can have everything we 've got!"

IN a Fourth of July greeting to General Pershing, Prime Minister Lloyd George said: "Once a bitter memory, we now know that the events to which you dedicate these rejoicings forced the British Empire back to the path of freedom from which in a moment of evil counsel it had departed." An honest and honorable utterance!

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A FLOATING LIFE-SAVER

The Atlantic Ocean off the coast of North Carolina, where Cape Hatteras projects into it, has been called a marine graveyard, for the reason that so many unfortunate vessels have here been driven ashore by storms and their crews drowned; while the bottom of the ocean contains what is left of many a ship which has stranded on the treacherous sands and been knocked to pieces by the waves. The Pacific Ocean also has its graveyard, as the coast people term it, off the rocky cliffs which form the ocean front of northwestern Washington. Here the storms, especially in winter, are noted for their fierceness. But another danger to the mariner is the strong currents which sweep here and there alongshore. The sailing vessel which chances to get into one of these currents may be literally drawn on the rocks and dashed to pieces, such is their violence. Several instances have occurred where even the sail-power of a ship could not force her out of the ocean where the currents prevailed. One reason for the violent storms is the existence of a stream of warm water in the Pacific, called the Japan Current. This warms the air to a certain extent, and the cold air mingling with the warmer atmosphere sometimes causes storms when the wind will actually blow at the rate of fifty miles an hour or more, and the craft which may unluckily be caught in it stands little chance of reaching port in safety.



THE FLOATING LIFE-SAVER *Snohomish.*

Such has been the number of shipwrecks in this graveyard of the Pacific, and so many lives have been lost, that our Government has designed and built what might be called a floating life-saving station. True, it is intended also to tow disabled vessels if necessary, but its special work is to relieve the crews of vessels which may have been caught in the gales or currents; and it has been provided with some interesting appliances for its work. To glance at the *Snohomish,* as the life-saver is called, one might think she was a big towboat or tug, for she has not the graceful appearance of the war-vessel or yacht; but her proportions impress one with a sense of strength and power, and that is indeed what she represents. In her heavy steel hull are engines which actually have the power of fifteen hundred horses. Consequently she will be able to withstand gales which would drive many another craft ashore. Her high steel bow will pierce the waves although they may run forty or fifty feet in height. Every part of the vessel has been made as strong and as stanch as skilled workmen could make it out of the best material.

As already stated, the equipment for saving life is very complete. In addition to a complement of metal life-boats, the *Snohomish* carries guns for throwing a life-line over a vessel in distress. The crew may be taken off safely even at sea, despite the rolling of either craft, by means of the breeches-buoy. On the upper deck is placed a modification of the steam towing-machine which has been used so successfully in

keeping the line sufficiently taut between a tow-boat and barges and in reducing the strain that may be caused by the action of the waves in increasing the pull on the rope. The machine on the *Snohomish,* which was designed by Mr. Spencer Miller, the noted engineer, is the first of its kind to be constructed for life-saving at sea. It will automatically "pay out" and "take in" the life-line extending from ship to ship, keeping it far enough above the water so that the breeches-buoy can be passed back and forth without difficulty. The line is attached to a mast of the *Snohomish* by a special device which permits it to be controlled from the deck below; so when it has been run out the crew can confine their efforts to handling the breeches-buoy, as the controlling machine will keep this aërial way in the proper position. The breeches-buoy is an apparatus like a pair of short breeches attached to a life-preserver. If it should happen to break away from the line, which is not very likely, the life-preserver contains so much air that it will hold a man above water. It is used by the United States Coast Guard Station crews with much success.

The *Snohomish* will carry a crew of about forty men, including officers, a lieutenant of the U. S. Coast Guard being in command of the vessel. To reach her destination the craft had to make a winter voyage around South America and covered nearly fifteen thousand miles. She has an average speed of about twelve knots an hour. The *Snohomish* is manned by officers, and men inured to hardships and familiar with the perils of their mission. Thus she gives a striking illustration of what human courage and skill can do with modern inventions to reduce the loss of life on the sea.

Day Allen Willey

THE MOURNING-CLOAKS' SECRET

While the mourning-cloak butterflies visit many of the flowers to pilfer the sweets secreted there, they seem to take special delight in sipping the sap that exudes from trees recently cut, or whose bark has been injured so that the sap starts.

Often the wood-boring insects, all unconscious of the fact, aid these sweet-toothed tipplers to a sly sip of their favorite beverage. But this is one of the butterflies' secrets, though one that we may readily learn just by paying a quiet visit to the old lilac bush. Here nearly every day in the late summer-time we are pretty certain to find, almost hidden by the shade of the thick foliage, little groups of two or more mourning-cloaks collected around holes made by the borers in the lilac branches, from which oozes a little sap, perhaps hardly more than enough to dampen the bark, their wings folded close together over their backs, heads almost touching, and their long tongues inserted in the openings of the borers' tunnels. In this position they frequently spend hours at a time, and so completely engrossed do they become in the delightful occupation that they seem almost to forget their natural timidity and



THE BUTTERFLIES ENJOYING THEIR FAVORITE BEVERAGE.

will go on sipping even though we approach them very closely.

The wasps, too, have learned the secret, and often we may find one or more of these fiery little javelin-bearers peacefully joining in the mourning-cloaks' feast.

Geo. A. King.

PUFF-ADDER, THE ACTOR

The puff-adder of America ought to be called the *bluff*-adder. His namesake in Africa is one of the most dangerous snakes in the world. The American puff-adder only pretends to be. He is really a perfectly harmless snake and is never known to bite. As he has not the speed of a blacksnake nor the fangs of the four venomous snakes of America, he depends entirely on his wits to save himself when cornered. He always goes through the same performance. The one shown in our pictures I picked up, while on a walk, from between the feet of a friend, who immediately did a remarkable standing broad-jump backward.

Illustration No. 1 shows the puff-adder as he ap-

peared first. You can see his up-turned snout, which has given him the name of the hog-nosed



1. THE HARMLESS AMERICAN PUFF-ADDER.

snake. In illustration No. 2 he was trying to frighten us. Coiling himself up something like a rattlesnake, he flattened his neck to nearly



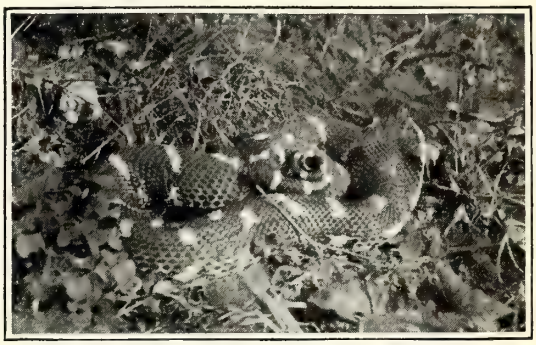
3. A PRETENDED DEATH AGONY.

double its ordinary width and hissed like a steam-engine. On being approached he struck my hand several times ferociously, but with his mouth tight shut. When he found that he could not



5. "TAKING NOTICE" AGAIN.

scare us, he suddenly began to writhe as if dying, as in illustration No. 3. As even this did not im-



2. TRYING THE EFFECT OF "FRIGHTFULNESS."

press us, he finally turned over as in illustration No. 4, apparently dead. He allowed himself to be picked up and hung on a branch without any



4. APPARENTLY DEAD.

sign of life. His mouth was open and his tongue limp, and altogether he seemed about as dead as a snake could be. There was, however, one sign of life. Mr. Puff-Adder firmly believes that all



6. BACK TO THE WOODS.

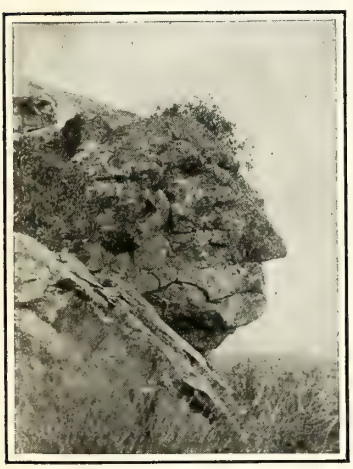
dead snakes lie on their backs. Whenever we turned him over, very slowly and imperceptibly, he would wriggle until once again he lay with his white belly uppermost. We hid behind a bush and watched him for nearly five minutes. At the end of that time the puff-adder's head came up as shown in illustration No. 5. Seeing that the coast was apparently clear, he hurriedly started for the woods as in the sixth picture. He was much disgusted when we burst out and stopped him. Then he gave up pretending to be fierce or dead and became again his really gentle self. For a long time he lived at my house and was named "Crawly" by the children and became so tame that we could not get him to perform even for strangers.

The next time you run across a puff-adder, watch him act and let him go, for he is a useful, harmless snake.

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ROCK

Nature has shown her patriotic spirit near Chatsworth, California, where the desert meets the mountain to the north of Los Angeles. Erosion during the long ages has sculptured the "George Washington Rock," which in clear outline portrays the face of the Father of his Country. The rock may be seen for many miles as it rises abruptly out of the sage-brush. Travelers journey long distances to see it. The negative from which our picture is made has not been retouched in any way.



ROCK AT CHATSWORTH, CALIFORNIA.

H. E. Zimmerman.

A CURIOUS BEACH

What do you think of this picture? Here is a beach that looks as if some giant birds had come along and laid their eggs very close together, much as the water-fowl of Labrador do. Those are not eggs, however, but are round rocks, locally known as "popples," and most of them are so heavy that you or I would have hard work to carry off more than one or two. There are very few beaches in this country where the rocks are worn in just this way. This beach is at Rockport, Massachusetts, and people go there just to see the different sizes and shapes.

Here at this popple beach the currents are very strong. The waves come in heavily, and the



A PORTION OF THE "POPPLE" BEACH AT ROCKPORT, MASS.

undertow pulls them back so swiftly that at high tide these rocks are kept moving and grinding against one another, so that in a single season the edges are worn off of rough stones lying there. In the winter the frosts crack the large rocks and pieces break off. These fall to the beach and are soon made smooth and round.

People like to come to this beach, gather cart-loads of these round rocks, and with them decorate the front yards of their summer homes, or even build entire walls around their estates.

Walter K. Putney.

COMBATING A MOSQUITO PLAGUE

A report to the French Academy of Sciences tells of a unique experiment in combating a mosquito plague in Madagascar. Myriads of mosquitos infest the rice plantations of that country, and it occurred to Dr. Legendre to fight the marsh fever caused by the bite of the mosquito by introducing into the water-courses a species of redfish which is a glutton as a devourer of mosquitos and mosquito eggs. The redfish, moreover, increases rapidly in numbers. Dr. Legendre introduced 500 of these fishes into the streams of one district, and in five months they had multiplied to 10,000 and destroyed all the mosquitos, freeing the region from the malarial trouble. They furnish, too, an important addition to the native food-supply.

A METAL "EARTHWORM"

At first thought it may seem an impossibility for a bar of metal to walk across a floor. A very simple and interesting experiment will prove, however, that it is not.

To each end of a zinc rod, such as is used in ordinary electric cells, attach firmly short, sharpened legs that point backward. The sketch shows how pins can be used by soldering them to the bar.

Now place the bar on a hard-wood floor or



any other smooth, hard surface where it will not be disturbed. In a few days the rod will have advanced about a foot; in a month it will have moved across the room. This movement, although at first very puzzling, is easily explained.

Whenever the temperature of the room rises, the bar expands, and, in expanding, lengthens. The sharp pins at the rear prevent the bar from moving backward, and accordingly the expansion pushes the other end forward a little. When the temperature falls, the bar contracts. The sharp pins in front keep that end from retreating, and so the rear end is drawn forward by the amount of the contraction. Thus, the front end is pushed and the rear end is pulled every time the temperature rises or falls. If the temperature changes are marked and frequent, the bar will move across the floor in less than a month.

The common earthworm crawls in much the same manner. On the under side of the worm's body are fine bristles which point backward, and can be felt when the earthworm is drawn across your finger. When the worm shortens its body, the bristles in front hold fast, and the rear end is pulled forward. When the worm's body is lengthened, the rear bristles catch, and the front end is pushed forward. The worm crawls backward by pointing the bristles forward. If you should place an earthworm on a piece of glass, it would have great difficulty in crawling, since the bristles would not hold well on the smooth surface.

E. P. Thornton.

FISHING FOR "PIGS"

Picking tons of pig-iron from the bed of the Tennessee River is a light occupation that was recently followed with much success by an electro-magnet of moisture-proof construction. Several months ago a barge loaded with about 420 tons of pig-iron collided with a pier in the river near Paducah, and the barge began to list, with the result that it dropped its load gradually, strewing the pig-iron along the bed of the river for a distance of more than a hundred feet. This represented a loss of about $10,000, which sum was duly paid over to the transportation company by the insurance men. Later, the insurance firm decided that there was no need to let such a valuable cargo remain at the bottom of the river, so arrangements were made for recovering it. The lifting-magnet was lowered from a barge to the river-bed, where the iron lay, and slowly dragged along until it had picked up a load of the "pigs." Then it was swung aboard the barge and the electric current turned off, releasing the iron billets. This was repeated until all but twenty tons of the cargo was recovered.

The insurance company had cause for rejoicing,



THE ELECTRO-MAGNET BRINGING UP A LOAD.

for, during the period that the cargo had rested in the river-bed, the value of pig-iron had taken a sudden leap, with the result that the salvaged metal was sold for $16,000, leaving a neat profit for the insurers after paying the expenses incurred in the operation.

George F. Paul.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

MARY JINNY IN NATURELAND



The Ladybug

By Sally Clagett

"LADYBUG, ladybug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire—your children all gone,"
Mary Jinny sang as she gently jiggled a rose-leaf on which a red-and-black ladybug was crawling, looking for tiny plant-bugs.

"Stop jiggling my leaf!" the ladybug snapped crossly, for she had nearly fallen to the ground; "you know there is n't any fire in my house, and that my children are grown up by now."

"Of course, I know that is n't true," Mary Jinny said, sorry that she had hurt the ladybug's feelings. " 'cause your children live under stones and old boards and in other dark places."

"Yes," the ladybug answered, "but they only live there until it is time to go to work."

"Work!" cried Mary Jinny, who could not see how anything so small as a ladybug could work.

"Yes, work," the ladybug replied, a trifle indignantly, for being very industrious, she did not like people to think she was lazy. "I suppose you don't know that if it had not been for my family all the orange-trees in this country would have died, and there would have been no oranges to eat."

Mary Jinny was very much surprised at that, and asked the ladybug to tell her about it. The ladybug thought for a little while; then having finally made up her mind that Mary Jinny really wanted to know about it, she told her to take her over to the porch and put her down on the leaf of the honeysuckle vine, so they could both be comfortable. After they had got settled, with Hoppity Hop lying in Mary Jinny's lap, the ladybug moved her wings two or three times, and then spoke:

"Some years ago all the orange-trees in California began to die, and nobody knew what was the matter with them. Then somebody found that a man had brought in some trees from Australia which were covered with a little bug called the cottony cushion-scale. That bug was sucking the life out of the orange-trees. My branch of the family did n't live in this country then, but in Australia. One day a man came over there and caught a lot of us and brought us to California. It was so far away from home that we nearly died

from homesickness and hunger. We did n't know what we could do in this strange land, until we began to run up and down the orange-trees. Then we found the cottony cushion-scale, and we knew why we had been brought to this country. We set to work just as hard as we could to clean up the trees, and in two or three years they were all right again."

"And if you had n't come to this country, we would n't have any oranges?" Mary Jinny asked, her eyes big with astonishment. She dearly loved oranges, and it was hard for her to believe that the work of the ladybug had made it possible for her to have one every morning for her breakfast.

"There would n't be any orange-trees alive in this country to-day," the ladybug declared proudly, "if it had not been for my family. We did our work so well we were invited all over the United States. That's the reason you find us everywhere. When there



"'AND IF YOU HAD N'T COME TO THIS COUNTRY, WE WOULD N'T HAVE ANY ORANGES?' MARY JINNY ASKED."

are no orange-trees, we protect other kinds of trees and plants from insects that would kill them."

"Oh, I 'm so glad you came!" Mary Jinny cried; "it would have been dreadful not to have any oranges."

The ladybug crawled to the edge of the leaf and half opened her wings.

"We 'll keep good watch on the orange-trees for you, Mary Jinny," she said, and flew away.



HERE are the school-bells, ringing away as if trying to make up for the two months or more that they have been keeping their tongues still! And in answer to their call, young folk all over this land of ours come streaming homeward, tanned and bright-eyed, ready to begin the best year's work they have ever done. For they have come to understand that, in the wonderful new world even now emerging from the mighty struggle of the past four years, it is they who are destined to play the important parts and that these school-days are rich in opportunities of preparation for the tasks that lie ahead.

So it is fitting that the LEAGUE this month should carry messages of cheer and of courage in its verse and prose, the latter being especially noteworthy, perhaps, as showing how thoroughly our young people comprehend not only the indomitable spirit of our knights of the air, but the technical details of aviation. The "Random Shots" of the LEAGUE cameras made such a full "bag" that it was difficult to make a selection among so many good ones; and the "Daily Task" inspired clever offerings from the wielders of pen and brush. One wide-awake member of the craft, by the way, successfully overcame the obstacles of time and space, which often prevent far-away Leaguers from joining our competitions, by sending from Shanghai—and winning a silver badge for it, too—a "Heading" for September.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 223

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Howard Wilson** (age 16), Illinois; **Elinor Goldmark** (age 12), New York; **Alice Parker** (age 15), New Jersey; **Ned B. Conway** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Sarah Moss** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Rachel L. Carlson** (age 10), Pennsylvania; **Betty Hall** (age 12), New York.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Virginia Boswell Smith** (age 12), Kentucky. Silver badges, **Pearl Robertson** (age 17), Illinois; **Maude Albright** (age 14), Kansas.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Alice Sniffen** (age 16), Virginia. Silver badges, **Vincent Jenkins** (age 13), Ohio; **Ione Finch** (age 15), Shanghai, China; **Harriet S. Downes** (age 11), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Sterling Dow** (age 14), Maine; **Lydia Bradley Allen** (age 13), Connecticut; **Mary Lockett** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Nicholas F. Palmer, 3rd** (age 13), New York; **Marjorie C. Stone** (age 13), New Jersey; **Marianna Mitchell** (age 12), Wisconsin; **John Ross McConkey** (age 15), Tennessee.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **Anker Winther** (age 12), New Jersey; **Arthur D. Lionberger** (age 15), Missouri. Silver badge, **Lilian Gilbert** (age 13), New York.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Hope Deming Warner** (age 14), New York.



BY LYDIA BRADLEY ALLEN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1918.)



BY NICHOLAS F. PALMER, 3D, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A RANDOM SHOT."

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY VIRGINIA BOSWELL SMITH (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1918)

DARK, somber clouds hang o'er the wood, and hide the sun from view;
Huge raindrops fall from leaden skies, from skies once bright and blue.
The flowers hide beneath their leaves; the gentle zephyr breeze
No longer courts the sunbeams bright or hides among the trees.
The blithesome birds have hushed their songs; the mighty wood is still;
When lo! sweet music fills the air with soft and gladsome trill;
A song of gratitude and joy floats upward to the skies;
The voices of the lofty trees in joyous song arise.
The trees bow down before the wind, and chant a glad refrain;
Though skies are dark and days are drear, they 're singing in the rain.
I take my lesson from the trees; when days of grief are here,
Sorrow and pain like raindrops fall from war-clouds dark and drear.
The idle joys of yesterday, the selfish, worldly ease,
These follies I have put away; such things no longer please.
In this short time my life has changed; my soul is born anew.
The many tears my eyes have shed have made my vision true.
A song of joy and gratitude swells upward to the skies;
With thanks for blessings God has sent, my voice in song doth rise.
I bow my head before my Lord, and chant a glad refrain.
My heart, in spite of grief and care, is singing in the rain.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY HOWARD WILSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

FAR up in a golden sky two separate flocks of birds wheeled and circled. At last, as if by common consent, all but the two leaders dropped back, and these two prepared to battle. The birds were human birds, and below, on the battle-fields of France, thousands of soldiers watched them intently. On this battle in the sky hinged the fate of the gigantic conflict which was soon to rage below.

Back and forth flew the birds manœuvering for an advantageous position with all the cunning acquired in long weeks of drill. Every eye in the horde below was focused on the darting planes. Minutes seemed hours. Unnoticed, dark storm-clouds gathered in the north and swept toward them. A wisp of cloud, far in advance of its fellows, obscured the planes for an instant. Startled into consciousness of their surroundings, the watchers noted the oncoming storm for the first time. The lone cloud passed on and disclosed both planes still hovering above. Then the mass of clouds swept up, entirely obscuring both planes. Minutes passed and they were still hidden. The watchers were tense with anxiety.

A slow half-hour dragged by. Ten minutes more, every minute an eternity, and then, out of the clouds, fell a flaming mass. Amid a breathless silence it struck the ground. Nothing remained but a mass of wreckage. The aërial battle was over, but whose was the fallen plane? The suspense deepened, and the men stood rigid at their posts, searching the sky for a sign of the victor.

Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the clouds



"A RANDOM SHOT." BY MARY LOCKETT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1918.)

rolled on, while, outlined against the afternoon sun, a line of birds, led by a battle-scarred giant, sailed majestically down into the land of the Fleur-de-Lis.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY BETTY HALL (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

BROKEN HILL, Australia, where I was born, is the home of the dust-storm. A storm is sometimes gathering for days. The sky is overcast with a reddish glare —then comes the sand-storm. It is a magnificent sight. Now, it sweeps across the country in countless folds, like living monsters gamboling and rolling over each other. Now, one enormous wall, obscuring everything, comes bowling over the landscape. There are no small whiffs of dust—nothing to indicate that these enormous columns are formed of dust. Suddenly the country is clothed in darkness, and indoors the air is black as



"A RANDOM SHOT." BY MARIANNA MITCHELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

night. The atmosphere is stifling. You are nearly suffocated, for your nostrils are clogged with sand.

The rain bursts from the clouds, but it seems halted

by the enormous banks of dust. It comes down with terrific force. The large drops of rain are trying to pierce the huge columns of sand. See, they are resisting! No! The rain has won and the dust is laid low. In a few minutes all signs of the conquered foe have vanished, though, to be sure, trees are up-rooted, fences buried, and the whole ground is scarred and swept.



"A DAILY TASK." BY ELIZABETH CLARK, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY KATHERINE P. GAUSS (AGE 14)

THE night was dark and stormy,
And my world was stormy, too,
When suddenly I heard a sound,
And all my troubles flew.
It was just a merry chirping
In the marsh beside the lane—
Just the little crickets
A-singing in the rain.

They sang a joyous little song
And to stop they would not deign;
It did not matter, though, to me,
'T was such a cheery strain.
My sorrows all were banished;
My heart joined the refrain;
And the crickets and my heart kept time
A-singing in the rain.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY ELINOR GOLDMARK (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a sultry day, but to the little figure, sobbing beneath the big tree, weather was of small importance. Her only brother, whom she adored, was going to France. She knew she should not cry, but he might be killed, and oh, she loved him so much!

Suddenly the sky grew pitch black. In a moment the approaching storm broke, but the girl did not move, for it held some strange attraction for her. She likened it to a battle-field—the roaring thunder was the artillery, the vivid flashes of lightning were explosives, while the heavy rain was shot and shell. The thought terrified her, but she did not seek shelter. A moment later the inky blackness gave place to a strange, almost horrible, yellowish-green light. This, thought the girl, was like the unknown dangers lurking in the trenches. So realistic was this last that the returning blackness was a relief.

For a short while the storm raged, then the sun burst through the clouds and flooded the place in its dazzling rays. The storm was over, the air was fresh, the raindrops were sparkling like diamonds, and the world seemed a different place. The girl smiled through her tears. This was the peace that comes after the battle, this was the joy, the glory. Peace must come, the right must win, and she must help. Her brother would return, and if he did not—he would have fallen in a glorious cause.

With a smile she jumped up and ran to the station, for the train would soon leave. Five minutes later, with her arm around her mother, she waved a brave farewell. Her brother had just said he was proud of her, but he did not know what she had learned from the battle of the clouds.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY RACHEL L. CARSON (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

THIS is a story about a famous aviator who was in the Royal Flying Corps until he was killed in this country instructing other men. The main facts of this story were told to me by my brother, who is a soldier. The aviator had been several years in France. One day, when he and one of his companions were flying, a German plane suddenly burst upon them from behind a cloud. The two planes began firing, and the anti-aircraft guns of the Allies and Germans began firing. For a while, neither plane was injured, but soon the German plane began to fall, for the aviator was shot. But it was too late, for the damage had already been done, as part of one wing of the Canadian aviator's plane had been shot away. The plane wavered, and he knew that if something was not done promptly, the plane would fall. He saw that there was only one thing to do, and he did it quickly. He crawled out along the wing, inch by inch, until he reached the end. He then hung from the end of the wing, his weight making the plane balance properly. The Germans saw him, but could not but respect and admire the daring and courage of the aviators, and did not fire until the plane landed safely. The aviator was killed a few months ago in a training-camp in this country, and, in my opinion, the Allies, by his death, lost a brave and daring soldier.



"A DAILY TASK." BY ALICE SNIFFEN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1916.)



BY MICHAEL MORRIS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY ELIZABETH DALE, AGE 13.



BY ZOË E. SHIPPEN, AGE 15.



BY STERLING DOW, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1916.)



BY DOROTHY WARD, AGE 15.



BY DORIS RIGBY, AGE 14.



BY MARJORIE C. STONE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN ROSS McCONKEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A RANDOM SHOT."

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY JESSIE M. THOMPSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE spring awakes, and stirs, and sings;
May climbs the hill with joyous tread,
And little green and growing things,
They follow where her feet have led.
And all the earth is golden-green;
The dogwoods shine against the firs;
And in the wood, the trees between,
The soul of May awakes and stirs.
A green light seems to veil the whole
Earth, and a wild, a dryad strain
Of song comes ringing—'t is the soul
Of May, a-singing in the rain.

It might have been a wooing bird,
That call that echoed through the mist;
It must have been—that song I heard—
Some child of nature, newly kissed
By love, by joy in growing things,
By pleasure in the opening year,
A gladness rising, taking wings
And singing out, all golden-clear.
The green rain veils and mists the whole
Earth, and that crystal, dryad strain
That came a-ringing was the soul
Of May, a-singing in the rain.



"A DAILY TASK." BY AIMEE ELLIS, AGE 14.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY NED B. CONWAY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"CRASH!" went a volley of musketry, and a bugle-call rang out. It was the last salute Major Raoul Lufbery ever received. As the handsome casket containing the remains of the brilliant aviator was slowly lowered, every head was bared as a last tribute to the dead, and aëroplanes dropped red roses on the casket and on the grave.

Lufbery had been on leave, but had broken it short to return to active duty, thinking that his country needed him. While guarding the city of Toul, a triplane, bearing six machine-guns, appeared. Instantly, Lufbery and another aviator attacked, but the Hun flew away.

Lufbery pursued, and, after chasing his foe for some time, drew nearer. He swooped under the tail of his opponent's plane, firing rapidly all the while. His gun jammed, so he flew to one side, fixed it, and returned to the attack. All at once the German plane plunged downward, and, as it swept by the major, fired at him with deadly aim. A minute later the American plane plunged for the earth, out of control and afire at several points.



"A RANDOM SHOT." BY DE WITT BURNHAM, AGE. 13.

At a height of about eight hundred yards he leaped from his machine. The only wound he received, aside from those he got when he crashed to earth, was a bullet through his thumb. This same bullet, it is believed, punctured his gasoline tank.

But his death was soon avenged. A French aviator brought down the machine that Lufbery had attacked, killing all in it.

Lufbery enlisted in the French aviation corps in 1916. He had been a major in the American service. Just before his last battle he had brought down his eighteenth plane.

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY PEARL ROBERTSON (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

WE are come, O Lafayette,
From the shores of golden grain;
We come to pay our father's debt—
And we 're singing in the rain.

The rain is falling fast, we know,
The mud is deep, we see;
But standing firm against the foe,
We 'll combat here for thee.

We come to join thy noble host
At fortune's lowest tide,
And, e 'er the cause of Freedom 's lost,
Would perish at thy side.

And for each soldier thou didst lend
In our dark days of strife,
We will a gallant army send
To give its blood—or life!

We are come, O Lafayette;
Hark to our noble strain!
We come to pay our father's debt—
And we 're singing in the rain.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY SARAH MOSS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

At the west end of the town of H—— a bombing-plane was being prepared for a trial trip. When it was ready, a young man came across the field and took his place in the machine.

"Remember, Hale," said the captain, "you have just three bombs. If all goes well, drop them in the river before coming down."

"Yes, sir," replied Hale; and then slowly the plane rose. It kept toward the west, but gradually Hale turned to the right and flew across the river. When he reached the middle, he remembered the captain's orders and decided to drop his bombs.

He pressed the lever with his foot, and a splash in the water below announced the release of the first bomb. He repeated the action, and again heard the bomb fall. The third time, however, he heard nothing. He pressed harder, but all in vain. The bomb was caught in the machinery. Hale tried to collect his scattered wits and think. He could not go down, for if he touched the ground with one bomb unreleased, he knew that the plane would be blown to pieces.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY IONE FINCH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

He flew around for hours, battling with himself. As he thought of the approaching tragedy, he wished that he could die an honorable death, in service for his country.

Finally, Hale's supply of gasolene was exhausted, and he was forced to go down. As he neared the ground, he half closed his eyes and waited.

The plane landed and—nothing happened! The captain and the mechanicians hurried up.

When Hale told his story and the machine had been carefully inspected, the captain said: "There is nothing wrong with the machinery of the plane. A careful search shows that, through some mistake, there were only two bombs put in."

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Big Eagle was telling of his dream that it might be interpreted.

"Last night I dream and see beautiful day—blue sky, white clouds. Suddenly, black speck come in white clouds. I wonder what bird can fly so high in clouds. Speck grow bigger—look like great big bird. Big bird come faster, faster toward me. I hear whir-r-r-ing noise. It is big bird's call. Soon, another speck come in cloud. Both birds come nearer me, and I see birds have no wings that move. Then I see big birds still plainer. They come nearer together. I hear loud noise,—terrible noise,—like the big thunder when the Great Spirit is angry if some Indian kill animal and does not say charm for it. I see smoke—big smoke like come from the white man's bow—up high in the clouds. I hear more thunder, and I cannot see the birds. I hear loud rushing noise like the falls, and one bird fall down to earth. I think it is dead. I run and see big, big bird—bigger than my wigwam. It has no feathers and no face, and tied on its back I see white man. I cannot understand and I am frightened and—I wake up then."

"Big bird has no feathers and no face," the warriors repeated this part of the story again and again. They discussed it fully and determinedly, but they could not interpret the dream, for how were they to know that Big Eagle had had a vision of a battle in the clouds that was to be fought in the twentieth century for a "big eagle" whose wings stretched over the Indian's land from ocean to ocean?

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY LOUISE P. GUYOL (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

When April dances through the world,
And spring is in the air,
When flower-banners are unfurled,
And birds are everywhere,
A chorus shrill and clear and sweet
Echoes in glad refrain,
The chorus of a million frogs
A-singing in the rain.

From leafy-bottomed shallow ponds,
From every rocky pool,
Where ferns uncurl their tender fronds,
And children hide from school,
The sound, like tuneful silver bells,
Rings out its sweet refrain;
The trees are budding when the frogs
Are singing in the rain!

From grassy bog and tangled swamp
Where alder-berries grow,
From woodland marshes, cool and damp
With winter's melting snow,
The happy chorus still repeats
Its piping, clear refrain—
The tiny harbingers of spring,
A-singing in the rain!



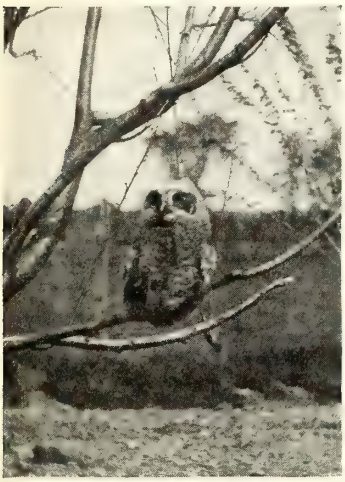
"A DAILY TASK." BY HARRIET S. DOWNES, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

BY ALICE PARKER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THERE was great excitement in the usually quiet little village, high up in the Alps. Why was everybody so earnestly gazing up? What did they see? Far up in the clouds two tiny black specks were seen. "A battle! An aëroplane battle!" cried some one. The planes were so far up that the people could not tell which was the French one—theirs—or which was the German, but they cheered and prayed that theirs might win. They were used to these battles, for they saw many. Sometimes they took place quite low, and sometimes high, so high that they could scarcely be seen, as was the case now. Usually, however, the battle lasted only a few minutes, but this had been going on for more than an hour.



"A RANDOM SHOT."
BY RENWICK BOLE, AGE 10.

Finally one aëroplane started to move away from the other. It seemed to be running away and coming nearer. Soon it came directly over the village; and then again they seemed to be fighting, and again there was a fierce battle. "How strange!" thought the people, "that it could last so long." Then one began to fall. Nearer and nearer it came; but as it fell, it looked so small that they doubted what it was. At last it landed in a near-by field. Everybody ran to see what it was, and when they got there, on the ground, dead, they saw an enormous black eagle, bleeding and with many feathers pulled out. It was not such an eagle as we have for our emblem, but a German one, the kind that stands for Autocracy and cruelty.

To these people it was a wonderful sign. A sign which told them that the eagle of the Allies, the eagle of Freedom and Democracy, would overcome the black German eagle of Autocracy.

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY KATHARINE BROOKS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

LITTLE raindrops falling from the clouds of gray;
Little leaflets dripping, what a dreary day!
Hark! I hear a singing! Listen once again!
Yes, it is a birdling, singing in the rain!

Little truant breezes shake the dewy leaves;
Tinkle go the raindrops, falling on the eaves.
Yet above the patter,—listen once again,—
Hear the birdling singer singing in the rain!

Clouds of gray float onward, rainbow hues appear;
Dark clouds leave the blue sky wondrous fresh and clear.
Troops of merry sunbeams, reach us in a crowd.
Joyful birdling voices ring out, clear and loud!

A-SINGING IN THE RAIN

BY MAUDE ALBRIGHT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE darkening clouds hung thick and low,
The sunlight flashed good-by,
And roses sadly bent their heads
Beneath the drenching sky.

Wee Betty pouted, with her cheek
Against the window-pane.
Was that a robin-redbreast gay
A-singing in the rain?

Her silvery laugh rang through the house,
And dimples found their way
To Betty's round and rosy cheeks
That rainy, dismal day!

His pretty coat was dripping wet,
But, with his might and main,
Oh! cheerily his voice rang out,
A-singing in the rain!

So sweet and clear the song he sang,
Till shyly, one by one,
The roses raised their dripping heads
To greet the peeping sun!

Oh, Betty dear, through all your life,
If clouds should come again,
Remember Robin Redbreast's voice
A-singing in the rain!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Jessie Hughes
Dorothy Freese
Dorothy V. A. Fuller
Katharine A. Bryant
Cynthia Davidson
Geoffrey T. Hellman
Catherine Cooper
Louise K. Freer
Blanche M. Morgan
Mary Moore
Henry Rische, Jr.
Jack Steiss
Katherine Applegate
Virginia McVay
Elizabeth Bettmann
Marguerite Dunkak
Silvia Wunderlich
Ruth D. Rickaby
Ruby Nilson
Clementine Lewis
Evelyn L. Johnson
Jean E. Eckels
Catharine A. Douglass
George C. Potter
Hazel F. Mutimer
Margaret Harvey
Reitza Dine
Elizabeth Bunting
Mildred M. Harris
Leonard Card
Margaret M. Horton
Ruth Oviatt
Edna B. Guion
Reid D. Allen
Jane Taylor
Roselyn Beltz
Malvina Wald
Eleanor Willey
Louise C. Baldwin
Elizabeth Hawes
Howard B. Reiter
Katharine L. Zink
Virginia R. Wilde
William Sherman
Gertrude Herrick
Margaret Jones
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Louise Johnson
Ethel Vivian
Jeanette Amzalak
Marie Tighe



"A DAILY TASK."
BY J. ASHER, AGE 15.

Helen Garrison
Margaret Garrison
Elmer Samis
Gordon T. Beaham, Jr.
Barbara H. Roberts
Mildred M. Walker
Eli Fraser
Karl Apuli
Lewis Danziger
Agnes Packard
Hugh Bradwell
Margaret M. Mostyn
William Bager
Cornelia Dawson
Gretchen E. Wherry
Mona Harrop
Lillian Woods
Lucy R. Gragg
Eunice W. Thompson
Una Ainsworth

Virginia Powell
Mary E. Dearborn
Jacob Slater
Harriet E. Oliver
Katherine Kridel
Charles Bartlett
Madeleine Girvan
Ruth M. Rickert
Mary Montgomery

Eilizabeth T. Gill
Helen Hartzell
Lucia Turner
Laura Morris
Anna Brooks
Louise Patterson
Margaret La Fetra
Ivan Bern
Bertha Hitchcock
Constance S. Reynolds
Marjorie Mackinney
Frances Bayard
Mary F. Washburn

Barbara Brown
V. E. B. Fuller, Jr.
Katharine Bannon
Dorothy White
Mary K. Jacobs
Beth Harrison
M. Louise Moore
Phyllis A. Barker
Alexander Gmelin

VERSE

C. Rosalind Holmes
Genevieve P. Copley

DRAWINGS

Adrienne W. Bancker
A. Evelyn Bowie
Katherine Klenke
Claire Richardson
Anna M. Steed
Onestus K. Uzelle, Jr.
Sadie Platzner
Frances Judson
Julia Dietsch
Ruth Ashe
Vivian Krause
Isabel Sproull
Helen Flynne
Keith Hepburn
Grace Willett
John M. Coffin
Elizabeth Rhodes
Mary LaV. Russell
Dorothy Furman
John W. Schmidt
Agnes Friedman
Elizabeth Flather
Marcelyn Lichty
Ruth Dewberry
Virginia S. Heasley
Ethel J. Westfeldt
Elizabeth Mallett
Betty Ross
Helen Dukes
Ada H. Beckman
Ruth F. Powers
Star Wilson
Ione Drake



"A DAILY TASK." BY VINCENT JENKINS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Christine Braley
Dorothy R. Oppenheim
Frederick W. Dukee
Ruth Beatty
Geoffrey Finley
Fay Bowman
Genevra Parker
Miriam E. Simons
Clarke Allen
Elizabeth M. Dukes
Louise Stewart
Margaret Zerby
Rudolph Cook
Constance Klugh
Juana Allraum
Helen Shaper
Jane Oakley
Mary Bright
Margaret Jordan
Alice M. Clampitt
Winnifred L. Strong
Edith de Takacs
Elizabeth Bailor
Julia Polk
Elisabeth N. Wood
Betty P. Sargent
Marion W. Smith
Edith Clark
Betsy M. Sladen
Catherine Parmenter
Adelaide Humphrey
Mary Walter
Catherine Sweeney
Nathalie F. Peugnet
Barbara E. McCrea
Dorothy P. Deahy
Joseph T. Creamer
Edward Podolsky
Willie F. Linn
Aline Fruhauf
Fanita Lawrie
Jere Mickel
Dorothy Weeks
Minerva N. Smith
Charlotte J. Cox

Barbara Cooke
Margaret Cornelison
Robert Warner
McMillan Lewis
Marion P. Born
Eleanor Hesseltine
Jane Richardson
Sarah Jamieson



"A RANDOM SHOT." BY VIRGINIA M. BURMISTER, AGE 13.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Alice Elaine Hulscher
Wilhelmina Freeman
Anna R. Payne
Fred Floyd, Jr.

Dixie Borton
Elizabeth N. Warner
Priscilla Martin
Rebecca Martin
Marguerite Field
Charlotte Reynolds
Eunice Williams
Ward E. Terry
Emily Mott
Sarah McFadden

Dorothy Burns
Grace S. Lathrop
Amie H. Medary
Dorothy Seymour
Edith D. Steinmetz
Laura L. Taylor
Mabel B. Burton
Dorothy Dehner
Lucie Bentley
Fanny Watkins
Robert Moore

PUZZLES, I

Emily Pendleton
Frances Jay
Muriel Wilson
Robert Bauman
Mae Wilzin

Mary C. Hamilton
Walter Dantzscher
Alice B. Haight
Elizabeth Kenyon
Katherine Shuhan
Marjorie Seligman

Elizabeth Klink
Gwenfread Allen
Mary C. Pangborn
Helen Lehman
Virginia Sargent
Katherine B. Hyde

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 227

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 227 will close **September 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **September 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Across the Sea."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Young Hero (or Heroine)."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Good Friend."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Reading the News" or a Heading for **January.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Bridgewater in the LETTER-BOX, so I thought I 'd write, because I know lots of girls who read and love you; I am sure they would like to have you know how splendid we think you are. Most of us are Girl Scouts, and the type of story you publish is just what Girl Scouts like—clean, interesting, and realistic.

I am the Leader of Patrol II, Troop I, and when I get through with you, ST. NICHOLAS, I pass you on to the girls of my patrol, and they all read you. They all say that you help them to get merit badges and to pass the tests, because you tell common, dry, facts in such an original manner.

Wishing you a long life and a prosperous one, I will ever remain

Your devoted reader,
S. LOUISE DICKINSON (age 15).

LAKE SIMCOE, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years now. The day of my eighth birthday Mother told me that she had a very special present for me. When I saw a magazine I was disappointed, because I had not heard of you. But I started to read you and changed my opinion very suddenly. I could hardly wait from one month to the other to get you. I 'm at our summer place now, not more than two hundred feet from the lake, and go in swimming every day and have a real good time. A couple of friends of mine up here, who don 't take you, come up and read all the old copies that I have, and have a good time.

I love fishing, but there are very few large fish near us, so there is very little chance to catch anything.

Your loving reader,
KERGAN WELLS (AGE 12).

CHEVY CHASE, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love you dearly. I have not taken you long, but even so, I know you are my best friend. It would just be lovely if every child would take you who could. I'm afraid they don't all know how nice you are.

I live in a little suburb of Washington. There is a stream near by where we get wild flowers, jack-in-the-pulpits, spring beauties, violets, hepaticas, and other spring flowers. And the woods back of our house are a fine place to go to get bloodroots.

I have a garden which is 8½ feet by 5½. I have planted now almost everything I want in it. I have started one row of beets and one row of garden peas. I have sweet peas and sunflowers planted around the edge.

Your best friend,
RUTH P. STARRATT (age 9).

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you for three years, my brother John, my sister Christine, and myself. I love you very, very much; you are the nicest magazine I ever had. Your stories are lovely! I loved "The Sapphire Signet," "Beatrice of Denewood," and "The Lost Prince." I also loved "The Boarded-up House," and "The Girl Next Door" was so fascinating I thought it an endless time before next month's copy came. "Under Boy Scout Colors" was lovely, too, and so is everything else in you. THE LETTER-BOX is very nice. I always like to see what the other girls and boys think of you.

I am a girl-guide here of the First Cambridge Company of the Thistle Patrol. We get our war-service badges by going to a hospital about once a week for two hours; we run messages, clean windows, and do other things for them; it is lovely fun. Our uniform is a navy-blue blouse and skirt, a green tie, a belt with a trefoil on the front, and a blue hat. Most of the companies have pale-blue ties, so our captain chose green for ours to distinguish us more easily. I got my second-class badge about two weeks ago. My, I was pleased!

Christine loves the "Patty" stories and the other tales for little folk. Whatever I am doing when you come, or when I am told you have come, I always leave it off to read you. I love you and read you over and over again. I love reading more than anything. It is quite fine here just now, and our garden is lovely. Our only pet is a hedgehog, whom we never see.

Wishing you an everlasting life, from

ISABELLA M. LAUGHTON (age 11).

PYENG YANG, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICK: I do not think it is disrespectful to call you this, because one always gives nicknames to the people one loves best.

My sister and I have taken you for four years and are always eager for the next number. One reason I like you is because of the variety of stories in you. I can get a great deal more from your WATCH TOWER than from the daily paper.

We live in a spread-out, Korean style of house, with a Korean tile roof, mud walls, and big beams. The floors and doors creak, and paper has to be pasted over the windows in winter, but it is very "comfy."

Every Sunday I go down to the church, of which Father is pastor, to help Mother. She has a class of the children who come during the women's Sunday-school. One girl, about six years old, is always dressed in black. She has a fur-lined *chogorie*, or jacket, and a long skirt. Nearly all have a round spot about the size of a penny on their heads, burnt with a hot coin by their parents, who think it prevents disease.

If you are as popular with every one as with us, you will surely have long life and prosperity.

Your eager reader,
LOIS BLAIR, (age 14).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The gold badge is beautiful, and made me a very proud boy. Father says I look like a soldier, decorated for valor, with your silver badge on one lapel, and the gold one on the other. I am president of my class at school, but I am prouder of being a ST. NICHOLAS prize-winner. I am going to write to my uncle, who is a captain in France, and tell him about my badges. He is an engineer, building our railroads for the army; and he was the first man in Cincinnati, Ohio, to enlist.

He says they call it "muddy France," instead of "sunny France." I have a cousin in France and an uncle in the Medical Corps.

Thanking you very much for the handsome badge, which I intend to preserve for my children and grandchildren, I remain,

Your interested reader,
DONALD B. HATMAKER (age 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Winston Churchill; finals, A Modern Chronicle. Cross-words: 1. Wamba. 2. Islam. 3. Negro. 4. Solid. 5. Tease. 6. Other. 7. Nomen. 8. Civic. 9. Harsh. 10. Under. 11. Ratio. 12. Churn. 13. Haiti. 14. Iliac. 15. Label. 16. Ladle.

ANAGRAM WORD-SQUARE. 1. Spin. 2. Pane. 3. Inca. 4. Neat. Additions. Initials, Marathon, Thermopylæ; fourth row, wag, wail, lash, part, trek. 1. Man-age. 2. Ass-ail. 3. Rat-tan. 4. Ant-her. 5. Tip-pet. 6. Has-ten. 7. Out-law. 8. Nap-kin. 9. Tar-get. 10. Ham-let. 11. Ear-wig. 12. Rip-rap. 13. Menace. 14. Off-end. 15. Par-rot 16. Yea-sty. 17. Lee-way. 18. Asp-ire. 19. Err-and.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Tennyson. 1. Baton. 2. Shell. 3. Honey. 4. Fence. 5. Layer. 6. Casks. 7. Clock. 8. Pansy.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. G. 2. Let. 3. Genoa. 4. Ton. 5. A. II. 1. Yeast. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Senna. 5. Treat. III. 1. E. 2. Old. 3. Ellen. 4. Den. 5. N. IV. 1. Donor. 2. Ozone. 3. Novel. 4. Onega. 5. Relax. V. 1. L. 2. Hit. 3. Liter. 4. Ten. 5. R. VI. 1. Marsh. 2. Abate. 3. Raven. 4. Steer. 5. Henry. VII. 1. N. 2. Pit. 3. Night. 4. The. 5. T.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

TRANSPOSITIONS. Liberty. 1. teal, Late. 2. mite, Item. 3. bare, Bear. 4. near, Earn. 5, tare, Rate. 6. meat, Tame. 7. dray, Yard.

CHARADE. Freak, went. Frequent.

AN OBELISK. Central letters, Alexander Hamilton. 1. A. 2. Ell. 3. Wheel. 4. Foxes. 5. Heavy. 6. Candy. 7. Laden. 8. Speed. 9. Harry 10. Other. 11. Flame. 12. Tamer. 13. Think. 14. Piled. 15. Later. 16. Roomy. 17. Handy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Hope Deming Warner.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Lewis Danziger, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—"Allil and Adi," 9—Florence S. Carter, 9—Christine White, 8—Margaret Morrey, 8—Gertrude C. McIntyre, 8—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 8—Carlton B. Guild, 8—Barbara Beardsley, 8—"Bonae Amicae," 8—Helen H. McIver, 8—Elizabeth Toy, 7—Relda Gardner, 7—John M. Pope, 7—Alice Poulin, 7—William G. Thwaits, Jr., 7—Mary V. Dungan, 7—Mary L. Blomeyer, 7—Marie L. Everhardy, 7—Helen de G. McLellan, 7—Dorothy Nixon, 7—M. and E. Weinland, 7—Gwenfread E. Allen, 7—Elinor M. Chappele, 7—Miriam J. Stewart, 7—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 6—Clara E. Councell, 6—Elizabeth Stackpole, 6—Dorothy Mardi, 6—Helen Lamport, 6—Esther Treadwell, 6—St. Anna's Girls, 6—Katharine Gibbs, 6—M. and F. Jones, 5—Susan E. Lyman, 5—"Sisters," 5—M. Wilbrandt, 4—M. Rhoades, 4—K. Brown, 4—I. Eanes, 4—K. E. Hynson, 3—E. Allen, 3—J. Howard, 2—V. Siegman, 2—P. Wemmer, 2—C. Brock, 2—One puzzle: E. E. W.—L. B.—F. E. G.—M. L. B.—A. W.—R. K.—E. B. D.—I. F. H.—O. F. J.—J. F. N.—M. W.—P. C.—S. B.—J. C.—E. T. N.—K. K.—C. J.—M. M. M.—C. C. M., Jr.—A. B.

RIDDLE

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March,* 1918)

My home is in the ocean, though it's not about the poles;
I also can hold water, though I'm full of little holes;
Sometimes I'm rather heavy, but I'm often very light,
You should use me every morning, you should use me every night;
At times I'm wet, at times I'm dry, they get me when they dive,
But think of it! There was a time I used to be alive.

ARTHUR D. LIONBERGER (age 15).

CHARADE

My *first* is an animal's home;
The animal in it is *second;*
My *whole* 's an allowance; if small,
Why should n't it greater be reckoned?

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters and from a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 26—31—46 is dried grass. My 11—21—39 is color. My 4—49—43—36 is warmth. My 24—23—51—18 is on every dinner table; so is my 54—8—41—29. My 6—28—15—56—50 is a kind of nasal sound. My 57—45—2—14—47 is to accost. My 40—52—13—17—37 is a small sofa. My 25—20—7—30—10 is a cloth used for wiping. My 33—12—3—16—1 is to equal. My 34—42—19—53—35—55—9 is an implement or contrivance, mainly for use in a kitchen. My 32—48—27—5—22—38—44 is a place where dramatic performances are given.

KATHARINE WENZEL (age 17), *Honor Member.*

RHYMING BIRDS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. As I was going for a walk,
   I saw, high up in air, a ——.
2. A little further on by way
   I chanced upon a chattering ——.
3. Then came a most amazing cackle,—
   I turned, and saw a purple ——.
4. My puppy next began to bark,
   He found the nest of a —— ——.
5. I'm sure that everyone has heard
   That spring comes with the first —— ——.
6. I stopped short in amazement when
   I saw the nest of a brown —— ——.
7. In a nest of sand, all smooth and hollow,
   Are laid the eggs of the swift —— ——.
8. He loves to live near the spade and harrow,
   But the city suits the English ——.
9. A stone I took in my hand to throw,
   For in my corn was a big black ——.
10. But before I'd a chance to scare the fowl,
    "Hoot! hoot!" said a bird, and I spied an ——.

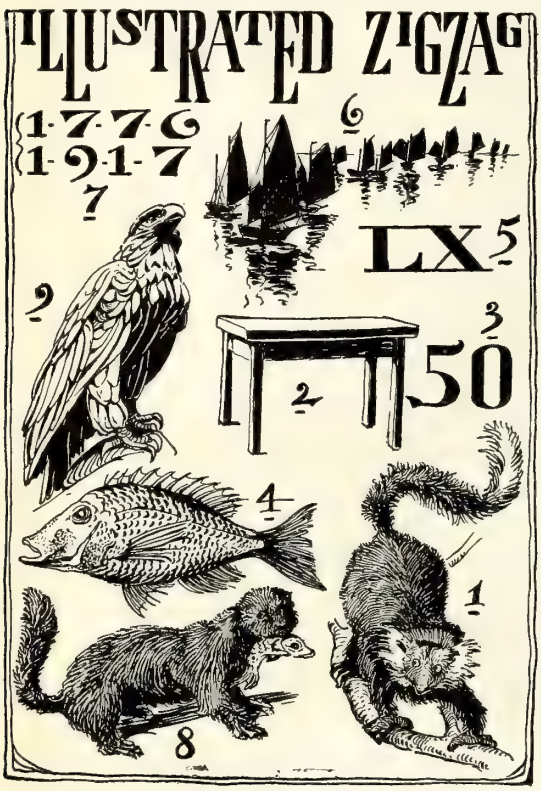
LILIAN GILBERT (age 13).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name a famous Frenchman, and my finals name a famous Englishman.

Cross-words: 1. A famous Frenchman. 2. Gumbo. 3. A Mohammedan judge. 4. A famous Englishman.

HELEN MC KELVEY (age 12), *League Member.*



All of the nine pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a Frenchman beloved by all Americans.

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell a holiday.

Cross-words: 1. One who cuts and polishes precious stones. 2. A railway. 3. Revolted. 4. Enlightened. 5. A Canadian city. 6. A day of the week. 7. Pertaining to our own country. 8. A month.

FLORENCE NOBLE (age 12), *Honor Member.*

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

Example: Doubly behead a hymn of praise, and leave a pronoun. Answer: An-them.

1. Doubly behead a call for help, and leave a loud sound.
2. Doubly behead to gratify, and leave comfort.
3. Doubly behead bold, and leave a piece of jewelry.
4. Doubly behead bespattered, and leave to discard.
5. Doubly behead to act, and leave to possess.
6. Doubly behead asks the value of, and leave cooling refreshments.
7. Doubly behead upright, and leave a bird's home.
8. Doubly behead a month, and leave a sudden squall.

When these eight words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the surname of a famous man that is often seen in print.

MIRIAM J. STEWART (age 13), *League Member.*

A PATRIOTIC PUZZLE

Who is described in the following four lines?

He is not real, yet known to all;
He is not fat; he's very tall;
His clothes are made of colors three;
He has long hair and a long goatee.

SUSAN LYMAN (age 12), *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a general of the United States Army, and another row of letters will spell two words that are constantly heard nowadays.

Cross-words: 1. Common sights on July Fourth. 2. Put in action. 3. Wanderers. 4. Those who kill. 5. Frequented. 6. Inclosed. 7. Artlessness. 8. Somewhat gray.

PAUL MC CLOSKEY (age 13), *League Member.*

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *wheat* to *flour* in seven moves.
2. Change *flour* to *bread* in six moves.
3. Change *bread* to *toast* in seven moves.

MARGARET LANE (age 12), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August,* 1918)

In solving this puzzle, follow the accompanying diagram, though each of the eight word-squares contains five five-letter words instead of three.

I. 1. A yellow fossil. 2. A famous river in France. 3. Collision. 4. Listlessness. 5. To put a new tip on.

II. 1. A thin cake. 2. A place of public combat. 3. A pretense. 4. Languor of spirit. 5. Proportion.

III. 1. An autumn flower. 2. A net. 3. Stories. 4. Upright. 5. Reposes.

IV. 1. A light shawl for the neck. 2. To provide food. 3. To expiate. 4. Tears. 5. Unused.

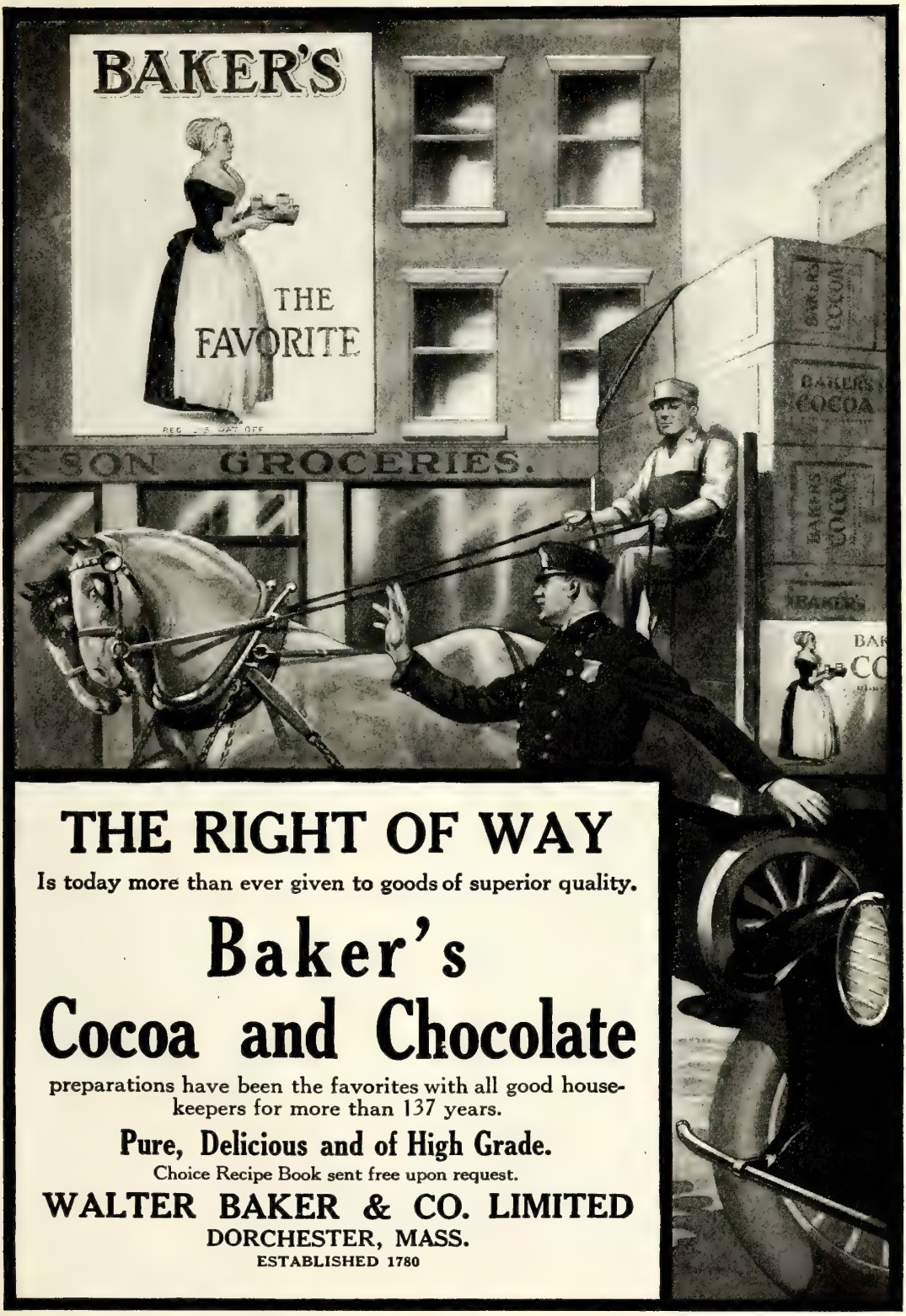
V. 1. Severe. 2. A kind of quartz. 3. One who raves. 4. Unfeeling. 5. Herons.

VI. 1. A tree. 2. Cognizant. 3. A cutting instrument. 4. A throng. 5. Droves.

VII. 1. A large stock farm. 2. To worship. 3. New. 4. To crawl. 5. Aids.

VIII. 1. To demonstrate. 2. A bird. 3. Apparent. 4. Poetry. 5. To penetrate.

ANKER WINTHER (age 12).



THE RIGHT OF WAY

Is today more than ever given to goods of superior quality.

Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

preparations have been the favorites with all good housekeepers for more than 137 years.

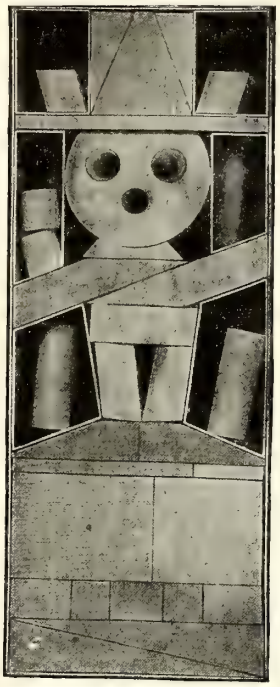
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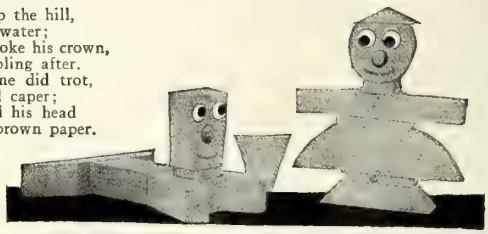
← Do you remember the Deedle-Dums and Dickie-Dees?
Well here comes some brand-new MOTHER GOOSE

WONDER BLOCKS

Perhaps you've played by the hour with the DICKIE-DEES and DEEDLE-DUMS pictured at your left. If so, you'll want to go right out and get the new branch of the family: MOTHER GOOSE WONDER BLOCKS. With these fresh, clean unpainted blocks of white wood cut in different shapes and sizes you can set up the most delightful, quaintest characters you ever saw—the wonderful people of Mother Goose's rhymes. You can make dozens of them over and over from the pieces in the set, just by looking at the book of pictures (with jingles) packed in the box.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.





ASK YOUR DEALER FOR WONDER BLOCKS

If your dealer hasn't them, send $1.75 to us for the Mother Goose set and $1.25 for the Dickie-Dees and Deedle-Dums. We'll send them to you parcel post prepaid. Anyway, send for a descriptive circular and mention ST. NICHOLAS.

BAKER & BENNETT CO.
875 Broadway New York City



DOCTOR FOSTER

Doctor Foster
Went to Gloster
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle
And never went there again.





Holding Up the Nation's Defense

The telephone played a tremendous part in this Nation's mobilization for war. It continues vital to the Government's program.

At the same time it has remained at the service of the whole people whose demands upon it grow apace with that of the Government.

The public is entitled to the best service that it is possible to render. But the public has a partnership in the responsibility for good telephone service.

It takes three to make any telephone connection: the person calling, the company, and the person called. Without the co-operation of all three the service suffers.

The telephone company can make the connection, but no words can be heard at one end of the line which are not properly spoken into the transmitter at the other. The relation between the speaker and the hearer is the same as the relation between the orator and his audience. It cannot be maintained if the orator turns his back to the listeners or if the audience is inattentive.

Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that *all* should co-operate.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Cat's Paw team Wins

The Boy Scouts were having a tug of war. So they picked out three boys wearing Cat's Paw Rubber Heels and three other boys. The Cat's Paw team won easily — because



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

gave them a good grip. You see — that Foster Friction Plug in Cat's Paw Rubber Heels won't let you slip. In walking or play it just grips the earth, the floor or sidewalk. And there are no holes to track mud or dirt.

Cat's Paw Rubber Heels make boys and girls step lively and safely. They are best for the whole family, and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.



Cat's Paw Rubber Heels are for "good scouts," whether boys or girls. **Ask for and *see* that the shoe man gives you Cat's Paws.**

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children — all dealers

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY

105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping



Two Timepieces that Show the Time in the Dark

ONE is a giant city clock. It sits high on the Metropolitan Tower, 35 stories above the street. At night thousands of electric lights illuminate its hands and numerals, glowing the time to millions of New Yorkers.

The other is the great American watch. The hands and numerals of the Ingersoll Radiolite are coated with a substance containing real radium. This makes them glow the time in the dark as brilliantly as does the gigantic cousin in the Tower.

The Radiolite is the favorite watch with the soldiers. In the trenches they need a sturdy watch that tells time in the dark.

Every active, wide-awake boy needs this 24-hour watch, too.

Ingersoll Radiolite, as illustrated, $2.75. Other Radiolite Models, $3.00 to $6.00. Watch and glow guaranteed.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
315 Fourth Avenue - New York
Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Ingersoll Radiolite

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Why American Fighters Are Fit

KEEP a fighter active and you keep his mind happy and his body fresh. The "Y" had its athletic directors in France with the first troops and has been sending them by almost every boat since.

You know the names of some of them—famous athletes like Dave Fultz, Fred Jacklitsch, Bill Clarke, Frank Quinby of Yale, Jack Magee of Bowdoin, Ellery Huntington of Colgate, Platt Adams, Olympic champion; Swift Tarbell of Princeton, and Fred Haskell of Princeton, as well as many others equally well known.

And with the men has gone equipment both for the camps and overseas. More than 100,000 baseballs, indoor balls, soccer balls and volley balls. Six thousand first baseman's gloves; five thousand sets of boxing-gloves; four thousand footballs; and carloads of bats and masks, and punching-bags, etc., etc.

Every month the shipments of athletic goods increase. These figures will be far out of date by the time they are published. The "Y" has 541 athletic directors on this side and more than 800 in France.

High-salaried men, all of them, in private life. And like every other "Y" representative in France they are serving the fighters without salary—receiving only their living expenses.

What can the Boy do to help these "Y" men keep our soldier boys in good trim?
The best way is to *earn* some money and give it to the Y. M. C. A. war fund.
By doing this you do two things—first you do some useful work which releases a man for fighting; second, you help buy a baseball or glove or mask for the soldiers in France.

When a Boy helps the "Y" he helps a fighter.

Y. M. C. A.

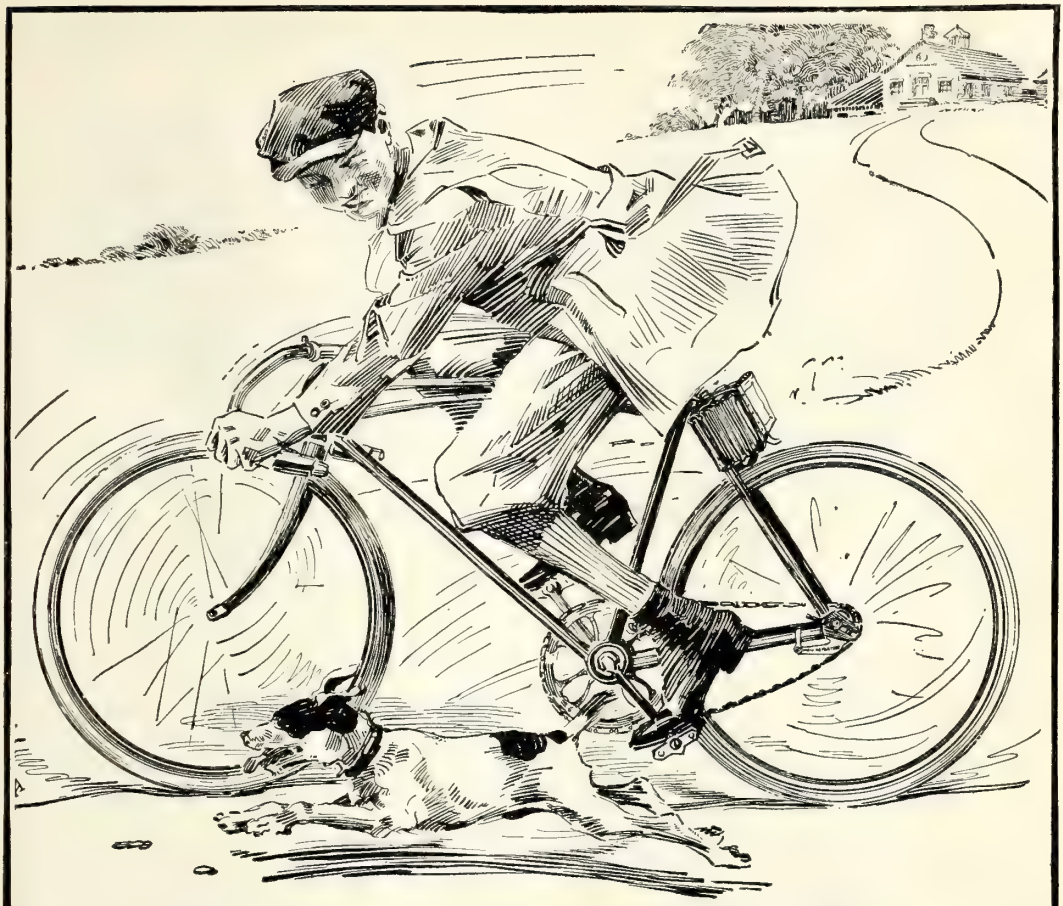
Contributed through Division of Advertising



United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

THE PUBLISHERS OF ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE



The Bike—the Boy—and the Dog!

You can't beat that combination for friendship, fun or a frolic.

School's out. Away, away to work or play. And so our hero mounts his trusty steed and calling for his doggy friend they "beat it" like the wind.

To ride a bike equipped with a

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

is to double the pleasure and halve the work which makes bicycling such a glorious exercise and convenience for boys and girls — yes, and grown-ups, too.

So be sure your new bike is equipped with a New Departure Coaster Brake, or ask your dealer to put this wonderful device on your old bike. He will gladly do it.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.

105 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.



Look! Mother, it's a real

Patrick DULUTH TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

just like Dad's

YES, SIR! We make Patricks for boys of all ages—just like dad's—same pure all-wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow." We make several handsome styles for mother, too—all "Bigger than Weather."

While the Patrick Mills are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, they have been permitted to manufacture a limited quantity for their dealers. This supply is all in the hands of our dealers now.

This Patrick Label on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe or Blanket, means *all pure wool.* Write for the new catalog showing many styles. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.



Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
445 Fifth Ave., Duluth, Minn.

The Shoes Of



A Winner

Ever notice the care a good athlete gives to his feet?

His footwork must be good if he is to play a winning game.

Fellows who know the importance of good shoes are apt to choose "Cowards" for regular wear. They are tough in service but flexible to every motion; liberal in shape where you need free play, helpful where your foot needs support.

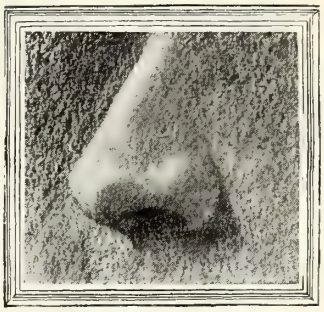
We are experienced in fitting by mail. Address Dept. Y for descriptions.

James S. Coward
262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Near Warren St.)
Sold Nowhere Else.

The Coward Shoe
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them



Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

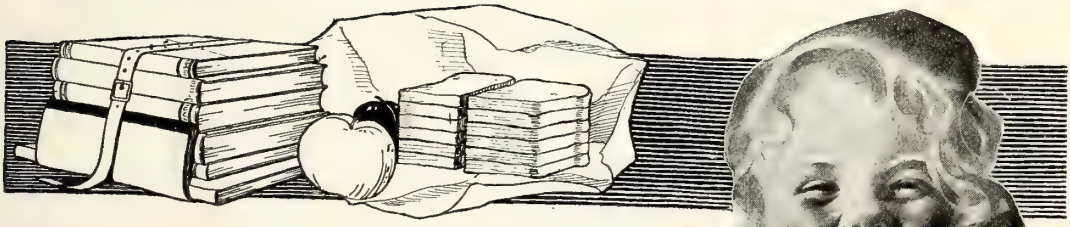
To reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice.*

Do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

For a month or six weeks of this Woodbury treatment and for general use, a 25c cake will be sufficient. Get a cake today. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 6c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 12c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2009 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Canada *address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2009 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*





The Best Lunch of Anyone at School

"WHEN we are eating lunch, the other boys and girls all want to change with me, so they can have some of my Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches. I tell them 'Get your mother to buy some Beech-Nut, too'."

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, besides tasting so good, is highly nourishing—four times the food value of eggs.

Get a jar from your grocer today. Be sure it's *Beech-Nut.* For that's the kind that is so smooth—free from grit.

Booklet of 101 New Recipes on Request

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Bobby's Verse on DR. LYON'S
The Safe Dentifrice



Dr. Lyon's CLEANS THE TEETH
AND IS UNMEDICATED,—
THE SAFEST, FINEST DENTIFRICE
THAT EVER WAS CREATED.
Bobby

The above clear-headed rhyme by Bobby shows that his mother, in her wisdom, not only has imbued the household with the spirit of tooth cleanliness, but is protecting the family against the dangers of drugged dentifrices.

The young people, as well as their parents, understand that the application of drugs should be entrusted to the dentist—not to the dentifrice.

Dr. Lyon's contains no strong drugs to threaten the teeth and mouth.

It *cleans — delightfully* — and that's *all.*

Send 6 cents for Sample of Powder or Cream.

Dr. Lyon's
The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable
Powder *Cream*

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
525 West 27th Street, New York

THINGS TO EAT



Do you ever have meals out of doors? If you have never done it, there is a treat in store for you. The porch or some shady spot on the lawn is an ideal place for a luncheon or tea in the open, and an ordinary table and almost any kind of chairs are the only outfit you need. Cover the table with runners or doilies, and use paper napkins. A bowl of flowers for the center of the table will add to the charm of the meal and will also serve to hold the cover in place.

The food should be simple and as far as possible the dishes should be cold ones. For a first course serve fruit or berries. Have them chilled and decorate the plate under the saucer with green leaves. For an easy hot dish try an omelet. The following receipt will give perfect satisfaction if it is made according to directions:

Omelet

3 eggs.
½ cup of milk.
½ teaspoon of flour.
Salt and pepper, to taste.

Beat the yolks and the whites of the eggs separately. Add the yolks to the flour, salt and pepper, then stir in the milk. Lastly add the whites of the eggs. Pour the mixture on the pan and put in the oven until the top is "set" then finish the cooking on top of the stove.

Serve finger rolls or corn muffins with the omelet.

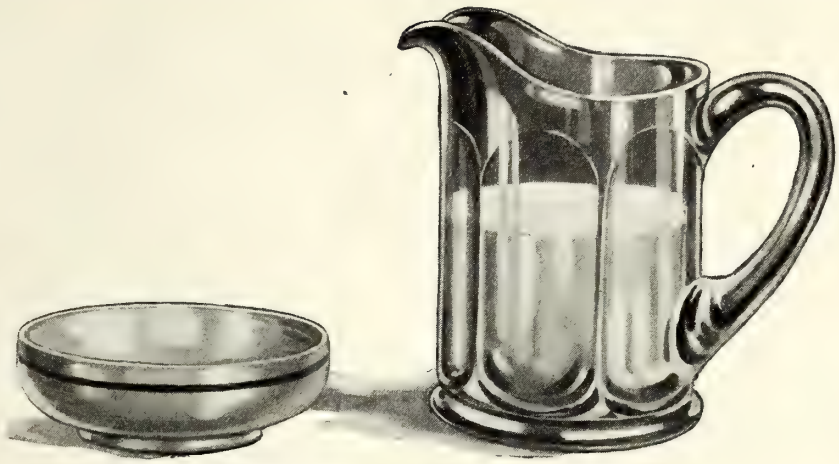
Ice Cream with small cakes makes a convenient and easy-to-serve finishing course.

For a mid-day meal a mixed vegetable salad with slices of cold chicken for the hearty course, is better than any hot dish, unless the luncheon is served near the kitchen.

Here is a receipt for delicious little nut cakes which may be used with jelly for the dessert.

Nut Cakes

2 tablespoons of butter substitute.
½ cup of sugar.
½ cup of milk.
1 cup of chopped nuts.
1 egg.
2 teaspoons of baking powder.
½ teaspoon of almond extract.
2 cups of flour.
Pinch of salt.



A Quart a Day

For a Child, They Say

A Noted Food Authority Says:

"No young person can be expected to thrive on less than a pint of milk daily. And a quart is the right amount."

Multiply Its Goodness By Floating Puffed Grains in It

Milk is a cheap food. It is a complete food when whole-grain is served with it.

It is an essential food for young folks.

To all it is the one indispensable food.

Here is the way to make the milk dish vastly more delightful—a way which millions use.

Float Puffed Grains in it—sometimes Puffed Rice, sometimes Puffed Wheat, sometimes Corn Puffs.

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

The Wheat and Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. They are steam exploded to eight times normal size. They are thin, airy, toasted morsels, with exquisite nut-like flavor.

Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed in a like way.

All taste like food confections. But the purpose of puffing is to blast every food cell—to make digestion easy and complete.

These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. So the greatest food a child can have is some Puffed Grain in milk. And the proper daily allotment is all that a child will eat.

A SMASH-UP THAT WON GLORY



THE circus train was blocked twenty-five miles up the track. Davie secretly rode off with a large motor-van, hoping to save the day. Instead, he lost control of the brakes. The truck collided with a street car and . .

What Davie discovered is told in one of the thrilling Tales for Boys entitled "Tales About Davie of DUBBELBILT Fame."

We will send this story—and also several interesting story books—absolutely free, to any boy who writes for them.

* * * * * * * * * *

With all Davie's daring deeds he was the best dressed boy in town. He will never forget the day he discovered

DUBBELBILT
SUITS FOR BOYS
GUARANTEED

"Cravenette" Finished

$12.75 and $16.75

He can now romp and play—without fear of rips or tears. THERE ARE TWENTY REASONS WHY. Ask your dealer for DUBBELBILT suits. If he cannot supply you, let us know.

Dubbelbilt Boys' Clothes Inc.
Dept. N
806-808 Broadway New York City

THINGS TO EAT

Break the eggs in a bowl and beat them well with a fork. Put the milk in a saucepan with the sweetening and the grated lemon rind, and bring them to a boil. Sprinkle in the rice, stirring well, boil for ten minutes. Let the mixture cool just a little and then add the eggs. Stir well until the custard thickens, without returning to the fire, and pour into cups. Serve with the whipped cream or fruit.

Lobster Molds

6 tablespoons of lobster meat
4 tablespoons of stock.
½ cup of cream.
2 teaspoons of chutney.
2 eggs.
2 teaspoons of chopped gherkins.
Browned bread crumbs.
Tartare sauce.

Chop the lobster, blend it with the chutney and the stock and rub it through a coarse sieve. Add the eggs, well beaten, gherkins and cream, which has been whipped until stiff. Season to taste with salt and pepper, pour into small molds which have been well buttered and coated with breadcrumbs, cover with greased paper and bake until firm. Turn them out on a hot dish, and serve with Tartare sauce.

Berry Pancakes

1 pint of sour milk.
½ teaspoon of soda.
½ teaspoon of salt.
3 eggs.
3 scant cups of flour.
3 cups of huckleberries.
Pinch of ginger.

Beat the yolks of the eggs and add to them the salt, sour milk, and soda. Beat in the flour, ginger, and huckleberries, and last of all fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake a little more slowly than ordinary pancakes, making them as large as a saucer. Spread a tablespoonful of honey between each two and serve hot.

Salmon Mold

1 can of salmon, or
2 cups of flaked, fresh cooked salmon.
½ tablespoon of flour.
Dash of cayenne pepper.
2 egg yolks.
¾ cup of milk.
¼ cup of vinegar.
½ teaspoon of salt.
1 teaspoon granulated gelatin.
1 teaspoon of mustard.
1½ tablespoons of butter substitute.

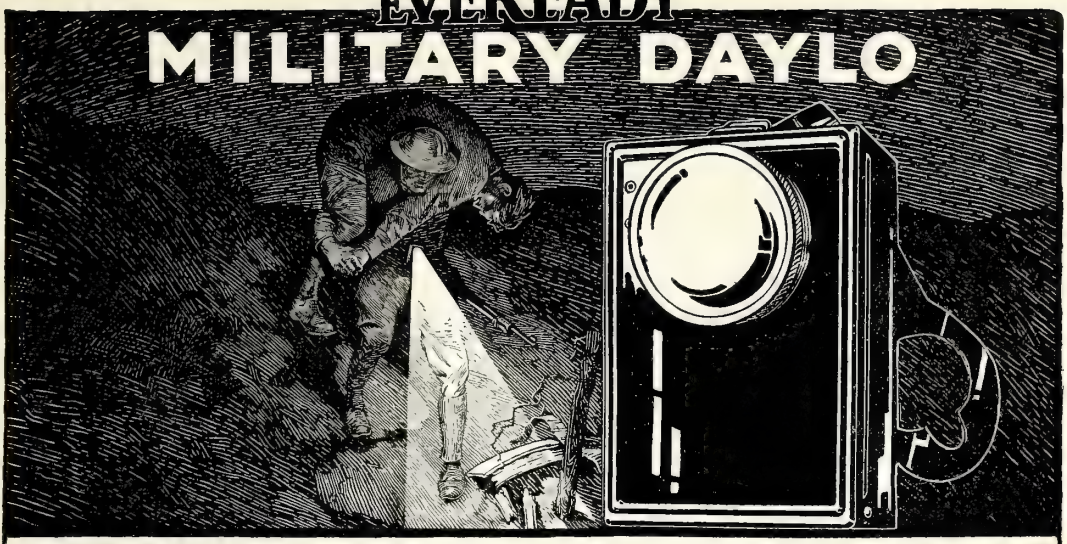
Cover the gelatin with cold water, and while it is soaking make a dressing in a double boiler, using the ingredients as follows: Mix the flour, mustard and pepper together; put the milk, butter, and the egg-yolks in the top of the boiler over boiling water, and cook until the mixture thickens a little, then add the dry ingredients and stir until smooth and thick, then add the vinegar, and salt and gelatin; stir and when well blended and smooth add the salmon. Pour into a mold and when stiff and cold serve with cucumber sauce.

Cucumber Sauce

1 cup of heavy cream.
¼ teaspoon of salt.
Dash of cayenne pepper.
Medium sized cucumber, pared, chopped and drained.
3 tablespoons of vinegar.

Beat the cream until stiff, slowly add the seasonings and vinegar, and just before serving combine with the cucumber. This is delicious with any kind of cold fish.

EVEREADY
MILITARY DAYLO

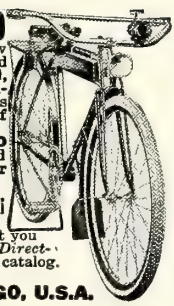


To men of the service and their friends—here is the new Military Daylo. It may be worn on the belt or a button, leaving both hands free. Or it may be hung on a peg or stood on its broad, flat base. It's designed and constructed for the rigors of military service. During Sept. Eveready dealers from coast to coast will display and demonstrate this new light. Don't fail to see it.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS *of* NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited

Darkness is Danger—be ever ready with your **DAYLO**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Ranger "Motorbike"** completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. **Choice of 44 other styles,** colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line of bicycles, all at *Factory-to-Rider* prices.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of our *Thirty Days Free Trial* offer and marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and repair parts and supplies for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our *Factory-Direct-to-Rider* prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
DEPT. G-15 CHICAGO, U.S.A.



COMFY SLIPPERS
For Baby

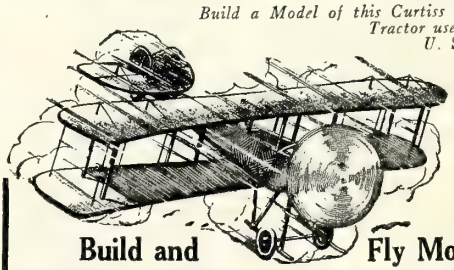
No more chilly toes when baby's little feet are snugly encased in these soft, warm slippers.

"Bob and Boo," a wonderful story book for children, sent on request.

Daniel Green Comfy Felt Slippers

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
102 East 13th St.
New York
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Build a Model of this Curtiss Military Tractor used in the U. S. Army



Build and Fly Model
War Aeroplanes

that are perfect copies of real, war-famous airships; that rise from the ground by their own power and fly 50 to 100 feet in the air. It's easy! We furnish "IDEAL" Accurate Scale Drawings and Building and Flying Instructions that show how to build a 3-foot Model Aeroplane that will fly. Send to-day for Plans and Instructions for the one you want to build—

Curtiss Military Tractor	**25c**	Wright Biplane
Bleriot Monoplane	**EACH**	Curtiss Flying Boat
Nieuport Monoplane		Cecil Peoli Racer
Taube Monoplane	**7 for $1.50**	

"IDEAL" Aeroplane Construction Outfits, containing all parts and materials needed to build these Aeroplanes, are sold by leading Toy, Sporting Goods and Department Stores at $4.00 to $7.00. Ask your dealer for "IDEAL" Aeroplane Construction Outfits. Send for Free List of Stores Located in all Parts of the Country. Which Sell These Outfits.

Send 5c For This Aeroplane Catalogue



Tells about Model Aeroplanes and how they are built. About Racing Aeroplanes and Flying Toys. Lists all kinds of parts and supplies to build them with. 48 pages for five cents. Send for it today!

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway New York

Learn to Shoot *Right* from Daniel Boone

REMINGTON UMC

You can find no better guide today than that given you by America's most famous pioneer when he said, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

Popping around at tin cans is wrong. No one ever became a famous rifle shot that way—real success in anything can only be reached by the *right* road.

Get the *right* idea and instructions in the four Remington Right Booklets for Boys, sent free on request.

Remington UMC .22 Caliber Rifles and Cartridges are made for *right* shooting, and are chosen by expert riflemen everywhere. Sold by sporting goods dealers in your town.

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.
Woolworth Building **New York**



"HERE'S THE OIL, BOYS!"

Every boy needs good, pure 3-in-One Oil to lubricate his roller and ice skates, bicycle, gun, fishing reel, automatic tools.

3-in-One makes all light mechanisms work smooth and easy. Never gums or dries out.

3-in-One is fine for baseball gloves and mitts. Keeps them soft and pliable. Makes the ball stick when you catch it. Preserves the leather—prevents rotting and ripping.

Sold at all stores—in the Handy Oil Can, 25c, also in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles.

FREE to every boy, a liberal sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.

3-in-One Oil Co., **165QB Bdway., N. Y.**

THINGS TO EAT

Cream the butter substitute, add the sugar, then the egg, unbeaten, and beat together until they are very light. Add the nuts and extract. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together twice, and add to the batter with the milk. The mixture should be thick enough to roll. Put it on a floured board and roll out one inch thick. Cut in square blocks and fry in deep fat. Drain them well and sift a little powdered sugar over them, and serve with jelly.

If you are fond of cheese, try this receipt some morning for a different breakfast dish. A ST. NICHOLAS girl sent it to us and says it is one of the most popular dishes in her family.

Oatmeal with Cheese

4 cups of cooked oatmeal.
1 cup of grated cheese.
1 tablespoon of butter.

The oatmeal should be steaming hot. Shortly before serving, stir in the butter and cheese, and stir until the cheese is melted and thoroughly blended with the oatmeal. This quantity is enough for six persons and may be served with little or no milk.

The cheese should be mild in flavor, and soft in texture. If a decided cheese flavor is desired, it is better to add a little more of the mild cheese than to use the amount called for in the receipt, and have the cheese too strong.

Some other good dishes, also contributed by readers, are:

Melon Fritters

1 melon.
Grape juice.
Grated lemon peel.
Ground ginger.
Sugar.
Finely ground nuts.

Peel the melon and cut lengthwise in strips about an inch thick. Sprinkle over them a little grape juice, grated lemon peel, ground ginger and sugar to taste. Only a little of each ingredient is necessary to give the right flavor. Let them stand for one hour. Dip each piece in batter and fry in deep fat until they are a rich golden color. Remove from the fat, dust them with finely ground nuts, and serve hot.

Batter for Melon Fritters

1 egg.
½ cup of milk.
1 cup of flour.
1 tablespoon of olive oil.
Pinch of salt.

Beat the egg, add the milk, then, in order, the oil, salt, and flour. Mix until it is smooth and glossy. Stand in a cool place for an hour, and when you are ready to use it add a teaspoon of baking powder.

Rice Custard

2 eggs.
2 cups of milk.
4 tablespoons of sugar or honey.
Grated rind of one lemon.
4 tablespoons of ground rice.
Whipped cream or stewed fruit.



Unless branded on the sole it is *not* an Educator

Why Do Grown-ups Have Corns?

BECAUSE since childhood they have worn narrow, cruel, bone-bending shoes—shoes that made their feet *grow crooked*. Corns, bunions, flat feet, ingrown nails, all come from wearing such shoes.

Will you let *your* children grow up to face such suffering? You can protect them *now* from future pain, simply by putting them into broad-toed, comfortable Educators—the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Let the *whole family* wear them—they're made

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Be sure EDUCATOR is stamped on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

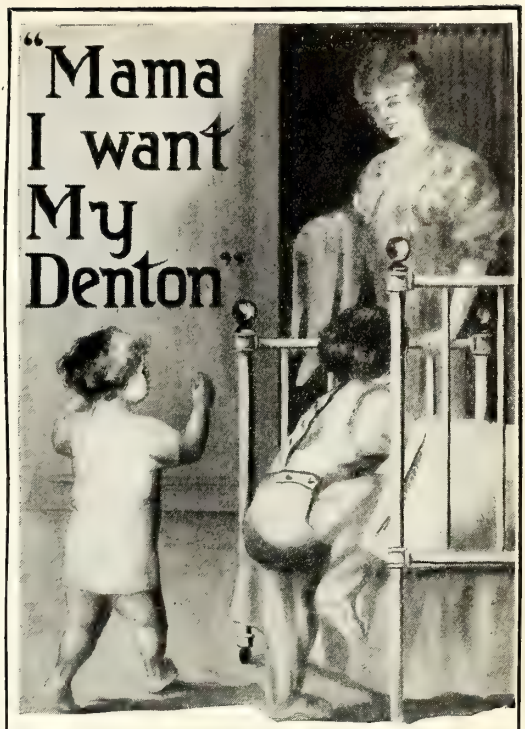
EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Write for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free booklet of information about your children's feet.



Lace Educator for Misses and Children



Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments **cover body, feet and hands.** Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our **Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric,** specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; **no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals.** Our **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and **keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off.** Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia.

Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices 75c and upward, according to size and style.



Trade Mark

Soft, Elastic, Durable Do not Shrink

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas, "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the **genuine Dr. Denton Garments.** Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, **write us.**

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS
290 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

SARAWAK

IT is many years ago that the writer began to collect postage-stamps. He was, perhaps, more fortunate than most boys, because his father also took a very lively interest in his collection. Since reaching the years of maturity we have often wondered whether this was entirely because he liked stamps, or whether it was not because he recognized the educational importance to his little son of collecting them. But certain it is that, whenever a new stamp was acquired, it was suggested that we look up on the map the place whence it came. Often we would draw a map of the country. Always we tried to find out something about the stamp itself—what it represented, or the meaning of anything peculiar about it. And this mutual pursuit by father and son was exceedingly enjoyed by the son. Well does the editor of this page remember the first stamp we had from Sarawak—a long yellow stamp it was, and in the corners were the most mysterious initials, "J. B. R. S." We could not make out the meaning of those initials, although we tried hard. Indeed, many years elapsed before we learned of Sir John Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, and connected the initials with him. But the wonderment excited by those initials still remains. We felt a sort of personal grievance when, in 1888, Sarawak dropped the corner letters; and when the stamp papers recently stated that a new issue of Sarawak was coming, the editor was reminded of the old days, and wondered if once more these letters would appear. But not so. We were a little bit disappointed at first, but yet we like the new stamp and like the face of the new Rajah. Our illustration will show the design, which is the same through all the series from one cent to one dollar. The colors also are the same as before. We notice one curious thing, and that is that the word "postage" appears at both sides of the stamp. Nearly all of the colonies now have the word "postage" at the left and "revenue" at the right. Seychelles is giving us a new issue with this wording. Why did not Sarawak do the same? Is there soon to be another issue of the "postage" and "revenue" type?



DOLLAR STAMPS

ONE of our readers asks a question about dollar stamps. It seems that recently he has seen several advertisements offering these stamps at very attractive prices, and he writes to know if we think they are generally canceled. And if so, how is it that so many are being used at present when the idea seems to prevail that high values are no longer needed and are likely to be discontinued. These stamps (one dollar) are certainly quite common now, with genuine cancelations. There are several reasons for this. The Government is asking all who are large users of the mails to exercise as much care as possible in the stamps which they put upon their packages. Indeed, all of us can help in this respect. The idea is to save in the *number* of the stamps one uses. Do not put three one-cent stamps upon a letter if you can get a three-cent stamp. It wastes two stamps—two pieces of paper upon which the Government has expended labor and coloring matter. This may seem a small matter, but it counts tremendously when millions of people exercise the care necessary to save. And it counts greatly, too, when it concerns business houses whose mail is very large. Few of us, perhaps, realize what immense mails are daily sent out by large firms. We have seen the statement that some of these average an outgoing mail of a million pieces each week. It does not seem possible. But if those who send out heavy pieces of mail turn their attention to using one high-value stamp instead of several smaller values, this would account for an increased use of the dollar. The main reason for this increase, however, is probably not this saving process, nor does it lie in the increased activity of general business, nor in the popularity of parcel-post packages. It is because of the Liberty Loan Bonds. These, we understand, are sent out from Washington to the various banks through the post-office in packages as first-class registered mail. Such packages require many high-value stamps, and often the Government does not practise what it preaches, using many one-dollar stamps instead of a few five-dollar ones. Hence the recent appearance of so many used copies of this dollar value. Perhaps our readers can take a hint from this, and when the bonds of the next loan are distributed ask their banks to save the dollar stamps. Probably few banks save such of these stamps as come to them.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ THE difference in the two issues of Tunis, one centime (Scott No. 1 and No. 9), is not so much in the color as in the design. In the first the background around the central "arms" is plain, while in the second it is covered with small dots in the color of the stamp. This applies to all values in both series. ¶ Your idea of completing one country is a very good one, but not always practicable. Tunis is one of the easiest to complete, however, as it has only one high-priced stamp. Why not try to complete Hayti next? It has a very interesting series of stamps, and while a few run up to a catalogue value of several dollars, yet none of them are as high priced as Tunis No. 8, and all are easily to be had from any of our advertisers. ¶ We consider a copy of Scott's catalogue indispensable to every stamp-collector. Dealers offer stamps at discounts from this catalogue, but mistakes will happen, and it is wise to verify their pricing. ¶ All stamps bearing the word "Magyar" are Hungarian. This we think is the question oftenest asked us. There are several other questions which come in very frequently. "Ultramar" is Cuba; "Oesterr" is Austria, as is also "Kais Koenig Posta." "Cpenja" appears only on the stamps of Servia. There are many low-priced stamps of each of these countries, and beginners are sure to run across them and be puzzled. But part of the joy of stamp-collecting is the solving of just such puzzles.

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IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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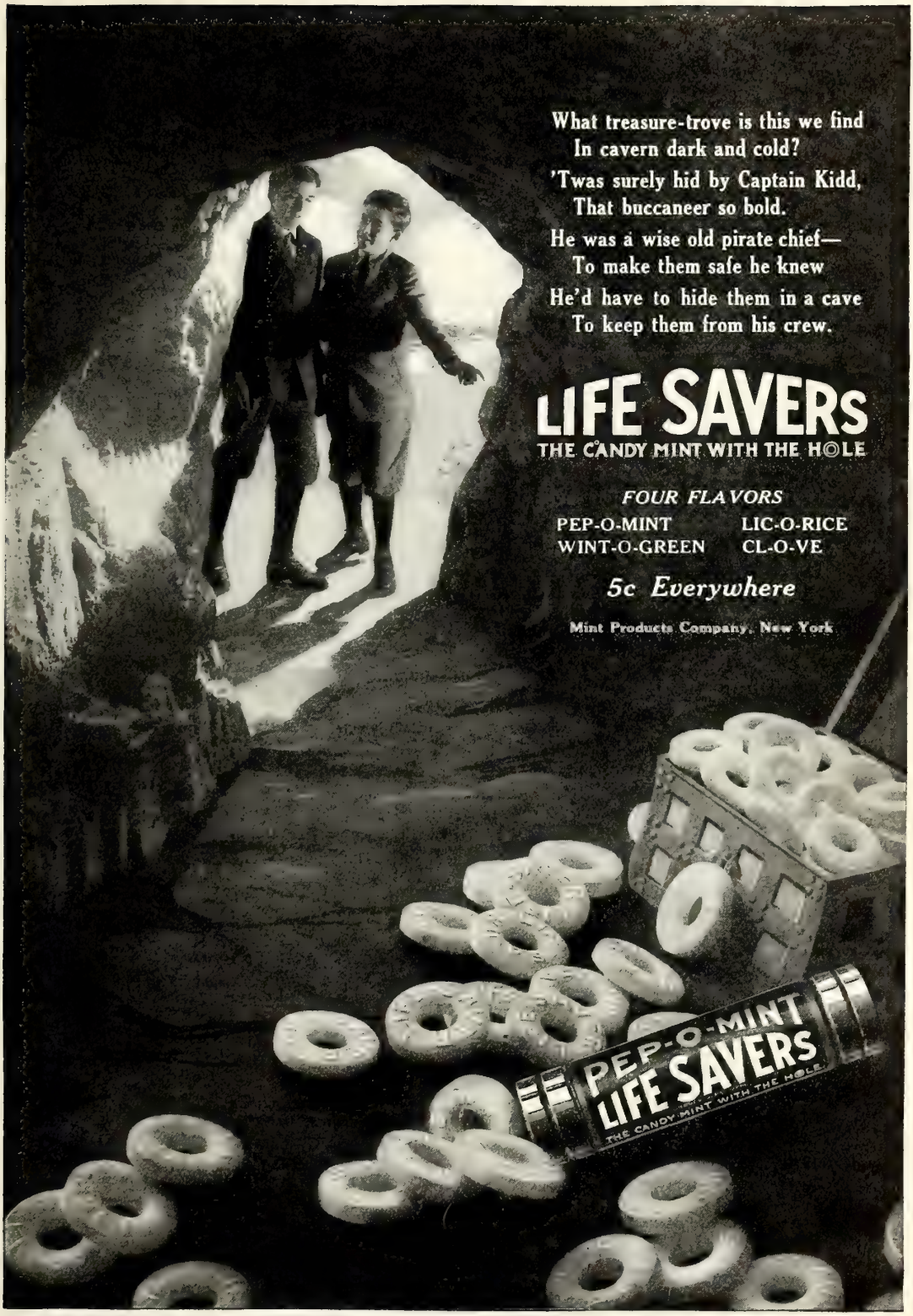
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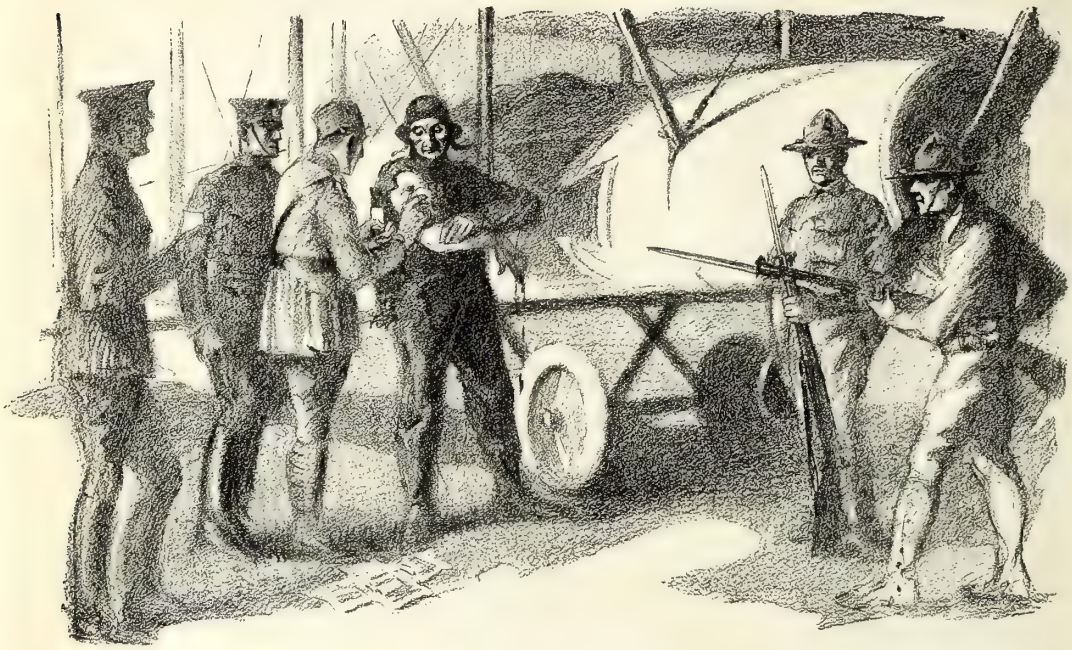
(St. N. 9-18)



Everyman's Pledge

America Shall Win This War! Therefore, I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight—cheerfully, and to my utmost—as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone.

PETER PONDS IN FRANCE



PETER PONDS is now an enlisted man in the Hospital Corps, driving an ambulance somewhere in France. One evening when it was almost dark he was driving alone to the motor repair station to repair his gasoline tank. A heavy bombardment was on. Peter was thanking his lucky stars that he had escaped injury when a shrapnel shell burst about fifty yards from him, and shattered the front wheel of his ambulance. A jagged piece of steel struck Peter's leather puttee and caused a severe bruise. Peter had been soaking and rubbing the injured spot with Pond's Extract and had just returned this precious liquid to his first-aid kit when a German aeroplane appeared directly overhead. As Peter was watching him, the airman suddenly executed a "tail spin," dropping backward toward the ground, then recovered and volplaned down to earth directly facing Peter's stranded automobile. With his machine gun pointed at Peter, he ordered the new ambulance driver to treat a wound in his wrist so that he might resume his flight. As you can easily imagine, Peter hastened to obey. He lifted his own personal first-aid kit from the driving seat and gave him his bottle of Pond's Extract. The soothing effect of this cleaning, healing liquid soon appeared. Peter assisted in covering the wrist with cotton saturated with Pond's Extract, but it was no sooner wrapped securely than the German seized Peter unexpectedly in such a way that he was powerless to resist. He led his prisoner to the aeroplane, bound his hands and feet, and put him in the bottom of the fuselage. Peter was already dreading the horrors of German prison camps, as the aeroplane was rising from the ground, when a company of American soldiers appeared around a bend in the road. A fortunate shot, one of several hundred fired immediately at the order of the quick-witted American captain, rendered the aviator *hors de combat,* but he was able to bring the machine safely to earth. Thus Peter had another opportunity to use his Pond's Extract, playing the good Samaritan in spite of his foe's unworthiness.

PONDS EXTRACT COMPANY

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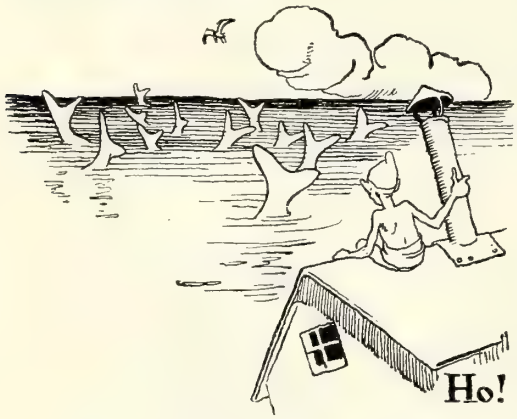


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MORE "AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



NOW that old Billy Goat was washed and everything was clean our heroes sighed contentedly, for all was most serene. "It's hard to realize," said Gnif, "that some folks try to cope with life's uncleanly problems and turn not to IVORY SOAP." "While others," murmured Billy Goat, "use substitutes excuseless only to find with stress of mind their scrubs are worse than useless."



"And furthermore," Miss Betty cried, "they miss the keenest *pleasure* in missing IVORY SOAP, that sweet and purifying treasure." "In other words," sighed Beaver Ben, "we one and all agree that life's worth while and all may smile if blessed with IVORY!" "True, true for *you*," cried Billy, "and I, Bill, the best of goats rejoice when bathing in my tub because my "*IVORY FLOATS.*"



While thus engaged in pleasant chat, Bob scanned the balmy sea in hopes of something that might break the dull monotony. *HO!* what was that off to the North? What was that foamy splashing with here and there a dozen *tails* in frantic manner *thrashing?* Near, and more near the turmoil came. It was a dozen whales who spouted spouts and beat the sea with most impatient tails. And in among the bigger ones, all in a frothy muss a dozen youngster whales kicked up a most annoying fuss.

"Whales, Whales, what would ye!" shouted Gnif as all that fuss came nearer. "Perhaps the leader of your band can make the matter clearer." Surrounded was the IVORY Boat with big and little whales, who, as I've said, mussed up the sea with their impatient tails. Then up from out the rolling wave a Mother whale arose. Her face was sad and briny tears ran down her ample nose. Then *up* came all the other heads of all the mother whales. Sad were *their* faces, wet with tears, loud were their whalish wails. Then one, much fatter than the rest, with *fat* tears on her nose called to our noble IVORY Crew—*now what do you suppose?*



Wait for her story, children dear
In patience and with hope
That even mother whales find balm
And peace through IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99 44/100% PURE



Can you make a score like this?



HOW would you like to have your name registered at National Headquarters of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps as one of the crack junior rifle shots of the country?

How would you like to have a medal presented to you by the W. J. R. C. in recognition of your skill with a Winchester .22, and a diploma certifying your rating?

It's a pretty big honor, these days, to win a Marksman, or a Sharpshooter Medal, but you can do it if you try.

How to compete for the medals

Go to the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Headquarters in your town. Your hardware or sporting goods dealer probably is a representative. Register your name for a Membership Certificate—it costs nothing to join the W. J. R. C., and any boy or girl not over 18 years is eligible. This entitles you to an official Membership Button, and gives you the privilege of competing.

If you already own a Winchester .22—fine. If not, arrange to get one. Then ask for a supply of the official W. J. R. C. targets, like the one on this page, or a sample pattern from which to make your own. If your dealer has none in stock write us direct.

Now you are ready to test your ability.

How to prove your skill

Select a place where you can shoot in absolute safety, tack up your target and pace off fifty feet. Then in the presence of a parent or friend as witness, shoot five shots into the target.

Shoot as many targets as you like. When you have made 10 targets, each scoring 19 out of the possible 25 points, sign each one with your full name, and have your witness sign each target; then take them to your dealer who will forward them to W. J. R. C. National Headquarters.

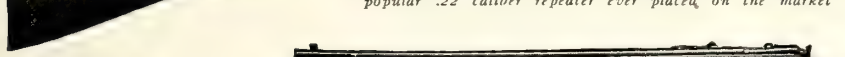
A Winchester *Marksman Medal* will be sent to your dealer, who will deliver the medal to you himself. You will also receive from National Headquarters a diploma signed by the President of the W. J. R. C. You are now ready to try for the Sharpshooter Medal. You are required to make 15 targets, each scoring 24 out of a possible 25. Get these targets signed as before and you will receive your Winchester Sharpshooter Medal and Diploma.

The rifle to use

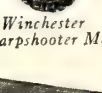
Remember that your rifle and ammunition must be .22 *Caliber Winchester*. Remember, too, that it doesn't make any difference in your shooting whether you get a low-priced single-shot rifle, or a fine *repeater*. The accuracy of a Winchester is in the barrel, and the same quality of steel and the same care in boring go into all. No Winchester barrel varies one-thousandth of an inch from a straight line.

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If you cannot get all the particulars at your dealer's, write direct to **Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn., Division 206.**



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The pen for
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home work too

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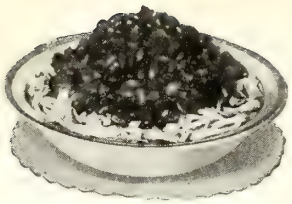
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FOR · BOYS · AND · GIRLS ·

OCT. 1918

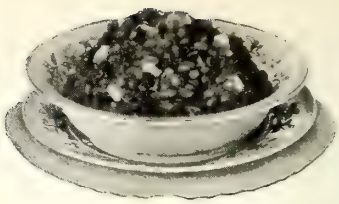
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Nowadays boys and girls are learning to do without some of the things they used to have every day, and most of them seem to rather enjoy the experience. At any rate it isn't much of a sacrifice to give them up when there are so many good things to take the places of the one given up to help win the war.

The fairies don't make up Jell-O or serve it, though they may do it in dreams. But Jell-O as made up by mamma or the maid or the cook, as the case may be, is more satisfactory than the dream kind.

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is one of the good things to eat that do not need sugar or fats or cooking, and so it is unusually popular now.

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(Entered as Second Class Mail Matter, June 19, 1879, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can.)



"Hello Huck!"

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn?" How your mother said, "For goodness sake stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

Today when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

NOVELS ESSAYS BOYS' STORIES TRAVEL HUMOR HISTORY



Out of the generous West came Mark Twain, giving widely and freely to the world such laughter as men had never heard. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations loved him we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

A Real American

The world has asked, is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

He was, of all Americans, the most American. Free in soul, and dreaming of high things, brave in the face of trouble—and always ready to laugh. That was Mark Twain.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said: "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for $200 and $300 and $1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set, and up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at the low price. New editions will have to cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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THE BOOK MAN

READERS of this column will remember that I have spoken before of that wonderful old French naturalist, Jean-Henri Fabre, and his fascinating books. But now that a new volume of his work has been published, written, as was also "The Story-Book of Science," especially for children, I want to tell my readers a little more about him. The new volume is called "Our Humble Helpers—the Domestic Animals" (The Century Co., $2.00) and is one of the immortal series of natural history readers by the sale of which the splendid old scientist was enabled to go on with his investigations and experiments.

Fabre, as you may perhaps recall, died only two years ago, having reached the age of ninety-two, and almost his entire life had been passed in his native village of Sérignan in Southern France, engaged in observations of insect life. He started life as a schoolmaster, teaching himself at the same time that he taught his pupils, performing his experiments



FABRE'S HOUSE AT SERIGNAN IN PROVENCE

with crudely improvised apparatus and working his way along step by step until, though poor and unknown till he was an old man, he became one of the most learned men in France. In "The Wonders of Instinct" he tells of his *harmas,* the little stretch of barren land on the outskirts of his village, which became his out-of-door laboratory. There, year after year, he studied the insects and their habits with all the rapt enthusiasm of an explorer. It was one of his great regrets that children were not interested in natural science and natural history. To him science was romance; every plant, every insect was to him a living personality, and he loved them all. Accordingly, he set to work to show children that there is indeed nothing in the world so interesting, so fascinating, so delightful as the living creatures about them.

His success in books for grown-ups, meanwhile, has been universal. The qualities which Darwin recognized when he called him "an inimitable observer," which Maeterlinck praised when he described him as "one of the most profound and inventive scholars, one of the finest poets of the century"—these qualities have brought him hundreds of thousands of readers among the men and women of all nations. But of his writings for children I know of no previous collection that has appeared except "The Story-Book of Science"! I hope that Fabre will soon be as well known to young folk as he is to their elders.

For there certainly has never lived a writer so gifted with all the qualities of heart and mind that make the perfect interpreter of nature. To read him is to learn, with delight, more than one can ever learn by the ordinary methods of nature study. And "Our Humble Helpers" is an admirable book to begin with. Under the big elm tree in the garden Uncle Paul calls together his usual listeners, Emile, Jules and Louis, the three young boys, and with question and answer tells the most remarkable true stories about the very animals we see about us every day—the cock and the hen, the horse, the pig, the cow, the sheep, the cat, the dog, the duck, the pigeon, the guinea fowl, and the turkey—animals which we probably imagine we already know a great deal about! Never in my life have I read anything more interesting than Fabre's account of just these same familiar creatures, every fact that he tells being entirely new to me and described in such a fascinating way that it would certainly be new to everybody. There is no book in the world I should more heartily recommend my readers to get. As a birthday or Christmas gift for a boy or girl of from thirteen to eighteen it certainly has no equal—except, possibly, its predecessor, "The Story-Book of Science."

The Book Man



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—and countless other equally interesting things

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WAR SAVINGS STAMP CLUB REPORT

ST. NICHOLAS in January, 1918, sent out a call for volunteers to join the American Army of War Stamp Collectors, and no sooner was the issue in the hands of its readers, than its boys and girls began to sign the ST. NICHOLAS War Stamp Club pledge, and now there are eight-hundred and one loyal members in this Honorary Society of Patriotic American Boys and Girls, who have already collected $34,-270.23 in Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps.

Your Country Still Calls to You.
Continue to Help Her!

Fall Books For Younger Readers

Sandsy Himself

By GARDNER HUNTING
Author of "Sandsy's Pal"

DO you remember Sandsy and Larry, the boy "with the strawberry eyes?" Here they are in new adventures in the country that are even more stirring than in the former book. Bob Sands and Larry are members of a boys' summer camp in a rather wild, mountainous country, near which is a big summer hotel on a lake. The proprietor has a son, Tauty Grice, a clever, but unscrupulous, boy about Sandsy's age, who finds that Bob is the natural leader of the boys' camp, runs the ball team, and is generally looked up to. This is too much for Tauty, who is rich and thinks that he can do anything he likes. There now develops a struggle between Sandsy and Tauty, which is a most thrilling contest between a boy who knows he is right but has great trouble in making people believe it, and a boy who knows he is wrong but has all the luck on his side. The two friends have been nearly estranged by some of the things which have happened, but the end of the story shows them pals again as of old, and shows also that doing the square thing brings success to both of them.

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Or Making Good
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Author of the "Young Alaskans" Series

HERE is a splendid adventure book for boys, the fourth in this extremely popular series. The three lads, Jesse Wilcox, John Hurdy, and Rob McIntyre, start on an exploring trip with Richard McIntyre, a big engineering explorer. Starting from Athabasca up the Mackenzie River they take in the Yukon and Klondike country, meeting with many adventures on the way. Traveling was difficult and it was "each man for himself" many times. Once they were given up for lost, but they were brave American boys, reared in Alaska, and knew how to stick things out and the trip ended in safety. *Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25*

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By ABBIE PHILLIPS WALKER

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Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, 50 cents each

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Edited by Lena M. Franck



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COLUMBUS

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

HAIL to thee, mighty Sailor!
God's courier wert thou;
Across uncharted waters
He sent thy questing prow;
When others failed or faltered,
Thy courage mounted high;
Thy faith was light about thee
When darkness veiled the sky.
Thy brave soul urged thee forward,
Still "on and on and on,"
Till doubts had fled forever,
And coward fears were gone;
Till at the time appointed,
And on His own set day,
Thou camest to a country
Kept secret, hid away.

The ancient lands were resting
Beneath an ancient curse,
Where good was crushed and smothered,
And bad grew slowly worse.
Where innocence was prisoned,
And guilt walked forth in pride;
Where rich men squandered fortunes,
And poor men starved and died;
Where none was free to worship,
And none was free to speak;
Where men were slaves or tyrants,
And strong oppressed the weak.

But God had still a country
Unmarked on any chart,
Between its rampart oceans
Kept safe and set apart;
A land of lakes and rivers,
Wide plains of verdure green,
A land of golden promise,
Of treasures vast, unseen,—
The spoil of field and forest,
Of mountain, mine, and stream,—
Where men might clasp their vision
And hold at last their dream.
So, at His time appointed
He set thee on thy way,
With star-sign and with sun-sign
To guide thee night and day;
So thy ships led the thousands
Across the barrier sea;
A shining vision lures them
And draws them after thee—
The vision of a country
Where every man is free,
Where liberty is stronger
Than tyranny can be.

So have they come, the burdened
Of every race and creed,
The helpless, hopeless victims
Of cruelty and greed;

Nor come they wholly beggared,
But hopeful, faithful, brave,
An ample price they offer
In lieu of all they crave;
True hearts and steadfast patience,
Strong arms and tireless hands—
These be the gifts they bring us
From out the ancient lands.
Here is the home they longed for,
Where "might" would not make "right,"
Where never whip shall strike them
And never sword shall smite;
Here shall they find a refuge,
The outcast, the opprest;
Here may no flags of conquest
Affright their new-found rest,
May war's dark shadow lighten,
And war's fierce tumult cease.
God grant this Land of Freedom
May be a Land of Peace!

Oh, rest thee, mighty Sailor!
Thou splendid, fearless soul,
Whose daring faith impelled thee
To seek this unknown goal;
Of countless hosts that follow,
The dauntless pilot thou;
All praise to Him who brought thee,
Whose Hand was on thy prow!





THE DESTROYERS

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

God gathered the salt sea waters
And wrapped them around the world;
  The gales broke free,
  And they swept the sea,
And the giant waves unfurled.

Then man made friends with the waters,
As the ages took their flight,
  For the sullen deep
  Was a friend to keep
In its wild, unfettered might.

But it is n't the wrath of the ocean,
When a nation wages war—
  When he steeps the sea
  In his treachery—
Then it is something more.

Beneath us the great ship pounded
In ceaseless monotone,
  Driving her way
  Through the lashing spray—
On to the danger zone.

They said the destroyers would meet us—
The men of the transport's crew;
  They told us, then,
  Just where and when—
The men of the transport knew.

For out of the gray of the morning,
Where the cold waves climbed the sky,
  What magical force
  Had guided their course?
When will that picture die!

Now lost in a trough of the ocean,
Now poised on a foaming crest,
  Now driving the prow
  Of a steel-clad bow
Deep in a great wave's breast.

And we, who were new to the water,
We wondered that this could be;
  This, then, was their play,
  And they seemed to say,
These terriers of the sea:

"We 'll see you safe, big brother,
Where the foul sea-demons wait;
  We 'll stay with you
  And we 'll see you through,
With your load of human freight."

Then here's to the sailors that met us,
And here 's to their crafts of steel!
  With the grace of a gull
  In their shapely hull,
And forty knots in their keel!

THE TREE OF VICTORY

BY GEORGE F. PAUL

Illustrations from Photographs by Gifford & Prentiss



A SPRUCE AND HEMLOCK GROVE OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

If America ever had reason to be thankful for the vast and shadowy forests of spruce that rear their dim cathedral aisles in the great Northwest, that time is now. On the wings of spruce fly the eagle-eyed men who champion the cause of liberty and strive to win aërial supremacy from a determined foe. These towering trees of the silent forest are now finding a real world-mission. With them, as with a giant pen, may be written some of the conclusive chapters of world history. The strength and suppleness that Nature has stored in their long bodies shows itself again in the slim lines of the airplane battling against the buffeting winds with the skill of an albatross.

"Give us minette from the mines of Lorraine," cry the Krupp kings, "and we will win the war for the Fatherland!"

"Give us the good straight spruce from the forests of Oregon," reply the Allied air-craft builders, "and we will drive right on and on to the very heart of Berlin itself!"

Never before in the history of this dizzy globe have mines, oil-fields, and endless forests meant so much to the belligerent countries as they do to-day. These resources are potential wealth. They are the equivalent of legion upon legion. They furnish the steel for the belching cannon; they drive the long lines of motor-trucks weaving through the embattled hills; they speed upon their arrowy course the men on whose keenness and accuracy may depend the lives of thousands of fighters waiting to move according to their reports.

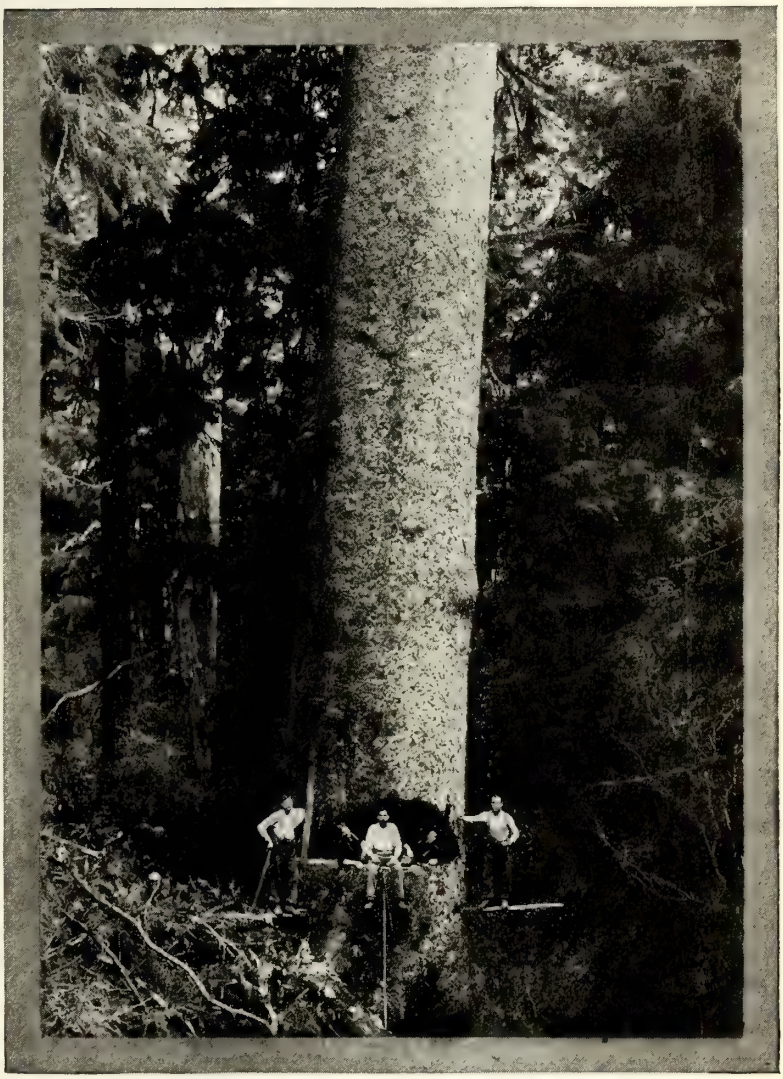
"The side that has the ascendancy in the air wins the battle," recently declared Lieutenant-Colonel Rees, of the British Royal Flying Corps.

"The more spruce we get, the quicker the war will be over."

And now American manufacturers are getting the spruce. According to Representative Caldwell, of New York, American manufacturers are making more than 1000 airplanes every month, and the production is increasing every day. He says that at the outset of the American airplane program there was in sight only 14,000,000 feet of spruce timber for planes, while our Allies required 28,000,000,000 feet. During the year 1917 Americans supplied 30,000,000 feet of spruce, and will make it a full 100,000,000 feet this year.

Although some months ago many factories were capable of making airplanes, the owners in many cases refused to take contracts for them because of the great changes required in plant and equipment. At the beginning of the war there were only a few American airplane factories, and a dozen or more shops that were turning out experimental planes. "Today more than 400 manufacturing companies are working on contracts or sub-contracts in the construction of air-craft and their accessories, employing more than 100,000 men."

To keep these workers busy, there has been organized what is known as the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. This is not an old organization, but it is as vigorous as a young tree of the forest. It was formed in response to the insistent demand for loyal workers to get out the spruce and speed up airplane production. You can readily picture to yourself the feelings of a red-blooded American foreman when he would find, some crisp morning, that spikes had been driven deep into choice logs that had been felled and "bucked" (that is, sawed into lengths) in a genuine battle against Nature; and when he knew it was the deed of some prowler who had done his utmost to spoil this work and make a laughing-stock of every man in camp, from the head rigger to the hook-on man. And this same foreman might be brought to fighting heat all of a sudden some windy night when the smoke from burning brush puffed into the camp buildings, galvanizing him into immediate action to save the precious spruce-trees that dotted the mountainside.



A HALF-FELLED SPRUCE ALMOST TWELVE FEET IN DIAMETER.

America's enemies have been busy with the tongue by day and with the torch by night, seeking to make the fighting easier for their kinsmen by hampering American production at its very source, 6000 miles or more from the battle-fields of France. Little wonder that, to combat this pernicious and persistent menace, the men who

can cut a clean chip with the ax or drive the keen saw in a dead line decided that in their patriotism they would make a thorough job of it. When the trouble-makers discovered that these men who are so handy with their keen axes meant business, they folded their tents like the esteemed Arabs and did their last stealing in the big-timber region.

These lumbermen have certainly proved of service to the nation in the hour of need. They have shown energy and courage in getting the big trees into shape, in planning methods that would save time, and in sticking right on the job.

To most of us, spruce is a total stranger until it is pointed out that the sounding-boards in our pianos are of spruce, or that we read newspapers that are printed on paper that contains spruce pulp. When we realize this, then we feel on speaking terms with this aristocrat of the woods that plays such an important part in our national life.

"We tramp and camp under it in the north woods," says E. A. Sterling, a well-known authority on woods and woodcraft. "The frame



A GIANT SPRUCE FELLED NEAR RAYMOND, WASHINGTON.

and walls of many buildings are of the same wood. It is a far cry from these every-day uses to a fighting plane downing a Boche 16,000 feet above the shell-torn trenches on the Western Front. It would seem quite as incongruous, if we had not been hardened by nearly four years of the inconceivable, that our spruce forests are being combed for the wood of which the air-planes of the world are built. But the truth is stranger than fiction, and from the farthest separated reaches of our continental forests, spruce lumber is being produced, assembled, and fabricated by special industrial effort and organization, for a purpose more urgent and more vital than the world has ever known. Fortunately, America has an adequate supply of spruce for her own needs and those of her Allies. The enormous difficulties of getting it out in sufficient quantity and in time are rapidly being overcome. The normal output, which is entirely insufficient, must be tremendously increased. Ordinarily, many months of air seasoning were necessary before the wood could be used for high-class work, but the Government Forest Products Laboratory has solved the problem by developing methods of quick seasoning. The lumbermen of America will make good on air-craft spruce supplies."

The very choicest logs are the only ones that are finally worked up for the airplane stock. The inspectors are kept busy culling out lengths that might prove faulty. Thus to get enough spruce for 500 airplanes it is necessary to cut and saw something like 20,000,000 board feet. If we should assume the rather high average of 5000 feet of select logs to the acre, this would mean the cutting of 4000 acres of forest, or eight acres for each and every airplane. At this rate it would n't take long to clear off a whole mountain-side. With anywhere from twenty to fifty airplanes being destroyed every day, it is easy to see what a wide swath the war can cut through the heart of our American forests.

For years the forests of West Virginia, the Carolinas, and northern New England have been called on for the spruce supply, but now the lumbermen look to the Pacific-Coast region for their best and biggest logs. From California to Alaska grows what is distinctly a Pacific-Coast species, the Sitka spruce. Some of these trees are veritable monsters. Some of the best specimens will yield as high as 8500 feet of lumber of the kind that can be used for air-craft and shipbuilding purposes. The usual average of air-craft stock in one of these big trees runs from

five to ten per cent. Occasionally some monarch of the forest is felled that will yield stock enough for nearly two machines. But such trees are rare.



AN OREGON SPRUCE SAWED INTO LOGS.

This important duty of getting out air-craft stock is entrusted to what is officially designated as "The Spruce Production Division of the Signal Corps of the United States Army." Of course the greatest helper that this division has in its gigantic undertaking is Mother Nature herself, who has been protecting and sustaining the trees and making them grow stately and tall. However, their looks are somewhat deceiving at times. For instance, recently in Clallam County, Washington, a mammoth spruce was felled because it looked so promising. A reputable forest engineer measured up the tree, which was ninety inches in diameter on the stump and scaled 35,000 feet of merchantable logs. Judge, then, of the disappointment when the net result from all the hard work involved was the discovery, after the lower half had been bucked up into logs, that it would not meet the specifications laid down by the Government. A slightly spiral grain was virtually the only thing that caused the stock to be rejected.

From a consideration of the care that must be taken in selecting the trees, it can be seen what a vast amount of work was done by the Spruce Production Division in April, 1918, when, in spite of mechanical problems of great magnitude, almost 15,000,000 feet of airplane lumber was produced, a quantity sufficient for 28,125 planes. The lumber of the wing-beam must not only be clear, from a commercial standpoint, but must also be straight-grained, of fine texture, with less than six grains to the inch. To glean such timber is like combing the woods, as we used to do in boyhood days, for a perfect fishing-pole.

At Vancouver, Washington, has been equipped a new re-manufacturing, or "cut-up", plant. This



SPRUCE LOGS GOING TO THE MILL.

can convert 350,000 feet of lumber a day into the finished air-craft stock. In the Spruce Division

are now between ten and twelve thousand officers and men of the Army attached to Vancouver Barracks. Many of these men have had practical experience in forestry and lumbering. This cut-up plant has brought about a great saving in the number of freight-cars required. At the beginning of operations it took about 2000 feet of "specification 1" spruce to make one airplane. Now it takes only 400 feet, which saves 75 per cent. in the number of cars required to ship it east, or 3000 cars a year.

Oregon and Washington are furnishing virtually all the spruce lumber for the air-craft of both the United States and its Allies in Europe, as the amount supplied by New England and the South is negligible. Of the Northwest's output, the Allies take 60 per cent. and the United States 40 per cent.

Certainly, spruce is the silent but all-important actor in the world drama that is being staged on a stupendous scale, nor does it take any straining of the imagination to picture these spruce logs as fabricated into swift machines that, sweeping forward like hawks, serve as the eyes for a million marching men.

CUTTING AËROPLANE SPRUCE IN CANADA

BY FRANCIS J. DICKIE



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In the stories of olden times there very often appeared a fairy prince who performed marvelous feats, foiling the wicked designs of monsters, and generally setting things right. And to-day the cause of the Allies has its fairy prince, one that may at a very early date give them the so-much-desired supremacy in aërial warfare. And this modern fairy prince is of the strangest kind, a humble tree, often used in the past for making boxes, as its lumber was light and, at the same time, strong.

The tree that within the last few months has come to play the important rôle of fairy prince is variously known as the silver spruce, tidewater spruce, Sitka spruce, and giant spruce, and is now newly named "aëroplane spruce", because it is the one resident of the forest whose lumber has been found fully to meet the peculiar and very exacting requirements of aëroplane manufacture. Though great strides have been made in the last three years in the construction of the flying-machine, it is only recently that the immense superiority of this spruce lumber for the making of aëroplanes was recognized.

At once it became the most sought-after tree in the world; and best of all, almost inexhaustible forests grow within the United States and Canada. The best grade in the world is found in northern British Columbia, Canada, on Queen Charlotte Islands.

Here thousands of men, many hundreds of donkey-engines, and dozens of logging-railroads are engaged in getting out 150,000,000 feet for the Imperial Munitions Board of Canada; while in the States of Oregon and Washington similar operations are being carried on, and an even greater amount of lumber is being produced for the United States and the Allies. For several months, now, two special trains a week, carrying some 2,000,000 feet of spruce have been shipped from the northern Pacific-Coast point of Prince Rupert to various big eastern Canadian cities where great aëroplane manufactories are working at top speed to supply the demand for machines.

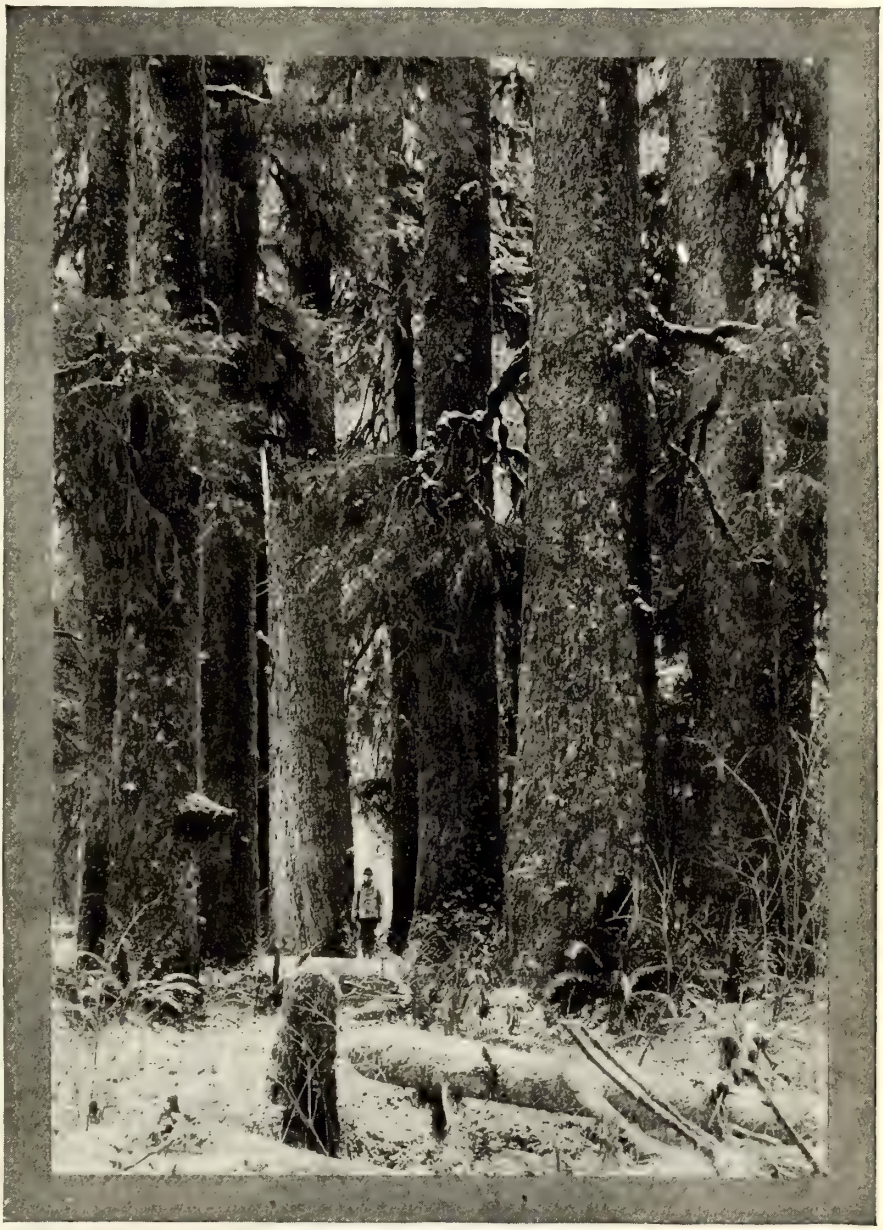
There are many things which combine to make the silver or aëroplane spruce the only wood that meets all the requirements of aëroplane manufacture; but the chief one is that the tree rises to a great height with very little taper. The picture on the next page, giving a little glimpse into the heart of a British Columbia forest of aëroplane-spruce trees, explains better than any words this particular feature. By reason of this wonderful straightness and lack of taper, the lumbermen can get the great lengths of from sixteen to thirty-five feet which are needed for the long wing-beams and other parts of an aëroplane and which only the spruce satisfactorily supplies.

The tree, while found at its best in northern British Columbia, grows all along the Pacific Coast from Oregon to Alaska. It rises to a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and is from four to fifteen feet in diameter. The wood is clear, white in color, exceptionally tough, though very light, weighing twenty-five pounds to the cubic foot. It is tasteless, odorless, non-resinous, does not warp or split. To-day the War Buying Boards are paying $125 a thousand

feet for it, though but two years ago no less than $12,000,000 worth was produced for ordinary commercial purposes, bringing about $14 a thousand. To-day, by the time the wood is finally worked into an aëroplane, the wood costs more than a dollar a foot, owing to the enormous amount that does not come up to specifications. Only about twenty per cent. of a log is used; then, out of every 2500 feet of lumber, the amount that passes the rigid test for aëroplane construction averages only 350 feet. This and the heavy transportation cost of about $125 a thousand to the factories — the lumber having to travel by rail and steamer some 3500 miles— makes it to-day the most expensive wood in the world.

Military experts have been constantly saying that the war may be eventually won in the air by the nations having the most aëroplanes. Now, through the discovery of the aëroplane spruce, the Allies are in a position to build more aëroplanes than the enemy; aëroplanes that in construction will be stronger, more enduring, swifter, and more numerous. And so, through the wealth of timber crowning hundreds of thousands of acres on the Pacific coast of Canada and the United States, eventually victory may come to the cause of the liberty-loving nations—all from a peaceful tree.

If we turn to the word "spruce" in the Century Dictionary, most of us will be surprised to find that Spruce (or Pruce) was the old English name for Prussia. There is a thrill in the thought that, by a curious freak of destiny, the humble namesake of a mighty predatory Power should become the means of setting at naught her arrogant dream of world domination.



THE HEART OF A CANADA SPRUCE FOREST.

THE TWO WISHES

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

Elizabeth Payne had exactly two wishes, and she never expected to get either of them. Elizabeth had a theory, acquired somewhat prematurely at fourteen, that you seldom get what you want in this world, especially if you want it very much. Nobody but Elizabeth knew what the two wishes were; it would not have been likely to occur to any member of the Payne household that Elizabeth had any wishes.

She was a pale little person, for the most part inconspicuous and "no trouble at all," as Cousin Miranda always said when people commiserated her on having to keep house for a widower and his four children, who were at best only her second cousins once removed. "Colorless" was the adjective Clara used, at the rare moments when Elizabeth penetrated her big sister's consciousness. Clara was fond of people who were "vivid." It pained her, when she thought about the matter at all, that Elizabeth should "have no character." Jim wasted no thoughts on Elizabeth's "character"; he was kind to her whenever she came in his way; but as it never occurred to him to seek her out, and as Elizabeth was not an obtrusive person, the girl had comparatively few such moments to cherish in her singularly retentive memory. Roger, Elizabeth's junior by five years, whom she secretly adored, was the pet of the household. Even Father, who was too busy to talk much at home and too absent-minded to recognize his own children on the street, noticed Roger. But nobody thought of noticing Elizabeth—it was so easy not to notice her—or took any pains to find out what she liked or did n't like, let alone what she wanted. Everybody was pleasant enough, but nobody was particularly interested.

That was why it was such a blow to lose Jim's casual kindness. For Jim was going to be married. Jim, married, meant, of course, that there would be fewer moments than ever for Elizabeth to store away in her memory. There was a house around the corner, whose key Jim now carried in his pocket, and when Jim ceased to live under the same roof with her, how often would Elizabeth see him? She had no illusions on that point, though she adored the house around the corner, empty shell as it was. Cousin Miranda had wanted to furnish it, but Jim had insisted that the furnishing be left to Philippa.

Elizabeth would have liked to have some part in the wedding, but nobody suggested it. She would have liked it in the same way in which she would have liked to be called "Betty." Neither desire was part of the warp and woof of her existence like the two wishes. But Elizabeth Payne was not a "Betty" sort of girl, and it no more occurred to any one to call her Betty than it occurred to any one to think of her in connection with the wedding. Clara was one of the bridesmaids. Elizabeth wondered how it would feel to be a bridesmaid. That was a pinnacle of dizzy bliss she never aspired to. Had Elizabeth been a bridesmaid, one of the wishes might have been attained indirectly, for it was a pink-and-white wedding. And the things Elizabeth wanted above all else in this life were a pink dress and a big dog.

Conceivably she might have had the pink dress, at least in gingham, had not Cousin Miranda believed in serviceable colors. Browns and navy blues for every-day wear; white for best. White washes perfectly. Pink, as everybody knows, has a deplorable tendency to fade. But the big dog was pure fiction; not by any stretch of her imagination could Elizabeth picture him in fact. In her dreams, waking and sleeping, he was real enough, though his breed was subject to change. His breed was not the vital part of him; Dane, collie, Newfoundland, setter, or hound mattered little. The important thing about him was his size. Clara had a dog, a little mop of a white dog that could ride in her pocket. Elizabeth secretly despised Clara's dog.

Had any one known how Elizabeth wanted these things, she would have had them. But Elizabeth was not a girl who could make her wants known unassisted. She had done her best, however; so far as in her lay, she had been articulate. "Don't you think," she had ventured timidly, when Clara first displayed "Rags" to a tolerant family, "don't you think it would be nice to have a big dog?"

"A big dog? Mercy, no! What would we do with a big dog?" Clara had replied, cuddling her new pet. "Oh, you *cutey!* Jim! Jim! Come in here and see what I 've got."

"What is it, anyway," Jim had asked, "a bunch of rags?"

"Rags, indeed!" Clara had laughed, but "Rags" the little dog had remained from that moment.

Elizabeth had thought she should name hers "Hercules," the dog she foresaw very clearly she was never to have. The name never passed her lips. Elizabeth was in some ways a very wise girl. She was too wise to try to mix fact with fancy.

That is why it surprised Elizabeth far more

than it surprised Mary Taylor to have Hercules and the pink dress slip into speech. Mary Taylor had followed Philippa, after a month, for a short visit before going west. Mary was Philippa's favorite niece, and even though the new home was not quite settled, Philippa could not let Mary go west without first coming to see her. Mary was the kind of person you tell things to without knowing why. Elizabeth had not experienced her kind before, and it went to her head a little. When Mary, swinging in the hammock on the veranda of the fascinating house, demanded: "What do you want more than anything else in the world? Tell me honestly," Elizabeth never thought of concealment.

Mary Taylor stopped the hammock and stared at Elizabeth. Then she laughed. "You funny girl! Oh, you are a *funny* girl! Can't you have a pink dress if you want one? And as for a big dog—" Mary eyed Elizabeth speculatively, "I 'll bet you 'd be afraid of him if you had him."

"No, I should not," said Elizabeth. She answered firmly, though she had now and then debated the point with herself.

"What *I* want," said Mary Taylor, "is a turquoise bracelet—I 'm going to get it my next birthday—and a wave in my hair—I 'll never get that, except artificially—and to be let to drive the car all alone. Oh, Aunt Phip," catching sight of a slender figure passing the door, "come here a minute and listen to this funny girl's wishes."

Elizabeth stiffened.

"What is it Betty wants?" asked a blithe voice. The owner of the voice came out and sat down on an unoccupied corner of the hammock and smiled at Elizabeth. Elizabeth thought her the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. Ever since Philippa had said at their first meeting: "So this is my new sister Elizabeth! I 'm going to call you Betty, for short. May I?" Elizabeth had felt about her as she had never felt about any other person that she knew, not even Jim. Still, she was not quite ready to have her secret thoughts bared so abruptly almost in the bosom of the family. For Philippa was part of the family now. Mary Taylor was virtually a stranger; you can say anything to a stranger.

"A pink dress and a big dog," rattled Mary Taylor, while Elizabeth blushed uncomfortably. "What do you think of those for wishes, Aunt Phip? And she says she won't ever get them."

"I think they 're very nice wishes," said the blithe voice, smoothly, though the brown eyes dwelt keenly for a moment on Elizabeth's flushed face. "I remember when I wanted a blue dress. I was crazy for blue, and Mother liked me better in pink. I 'm glad you like *big* dogs, Betty."

Elizabeth, glancing up, shy and miserable, into the lovely face, caught a sudden companionable look in the brown eyes that made her forget how bare and stripped and shivery she felt, with her cherished secret trumpeted aloud to the four winds. So Philippa did n't like Rags either! Elizabeth ceased to feel lonely for a full minute. She and Philippa thought alike about Rags.

Three days later came Elizabeth's birthday. Cousin Miranda kept a birthday-book, and so birthdays were never forgotten in the Payne household. She gave notice of the coming event a week in advance, and to Father she served a second notice the day previous. Elizabeth did not care much for birthdays. They never brought her anything she really wanted.

This year Cousin Miranda gave her half a dozen handkerchiefs, because Elizabeth's were wearing out; Clara presented her with a tan-colored sunshade—if it had been pink, now !—Roger bought her a top, with the frank explanation that, when she was n't using it, he would; and Father at the breakfast-table drew a two-dollar bill out of his pocket. There were possibilities, of course, in the two-dollar bill.

After breakfast came Philippa's present. Jim left the big white gold-lettered box on his way downtown, "With Philippa's love," he explained; "I 'll see to you later in the day, young lady." The family had scattered in pursuit of their usual concerns, and Elizabeth opened the box alone. Her fingers fairly trembled as she untied the pink ribbon that held down the cover. Pink! Oh, joy! The box was too big for candy and not heavy enough, either; it was nearer the size of a suit-box, a kind of glorified suit-box. What could be in it? Something nice. Somehow or other Elizabeth had to expect nice things of Philippa.

The lifted cover disclosed tissue-paper, and on top of the tissue-paper a note. "For Betty," said the note, "with Philippa's love." The words read like a caress. Betty! *Betty!* Elizabeth hugged the thought of that name to her starved little heart. After that name nothing could be too good to be true.

But it was. Elizabeth could n't believe it. When the folds of tissue-paper opened on something soft and filmy and *pink*, something that was unmistakably shaped and fashioned and sewed, she thought that she had imagined a pink dress so often that now she had begun to "see things." It would have frightened her, if it had n't made her so happy. Elizabeth was almost glad to be "daffy," if she could have illusions like this on her birthday.

After she had put back the tissue folds she did not touch the box again. She simply sat still and ate up its contents with her eyes. It was the love-

liest shade of pink Elizabeth had ever seen in or out of dreams. There was something about the part that showed that looked like frostwork. Altogether, in her widest imaginings, Elizabeth had never imagined such a dress. That was what first made her wonder whether or not, after all, she were really "daffy." She thought if that were so, she could n't have made it so pretty.

Cautiously she put out one finger and touched the pink. It did n't vanish; instead, it almost clung to her finger. Elizabeth put out both hands then and gently, very gently, lifted the dress out of the box, holding it up before her. It fell into shape under her hands, a dream, a vision come to life more beautifully than she had dreamed it. Elizabeth stood, holding it up before her, mute with wonder, her pale little face exalted.

"A pink dress?" questioned Cousin Miranda's voice at the door. "Who gave you that?"

"Philippa."

"H'm. Not very serviceable. A good deal like a cobweb. What are you crying about? Don't you like it?"

"I 'm not crying." Elizabeth's hand went to her cheek. To her amazement it came away wet.

"Better be careful not to cry on that dress," said Cousin Miranda. "It looks to me as though it would spot easily."

Elizabeth wiped the wet hand on her skirt, wiped it thoroughly. Then she laid the pink dress back in its box, taking care to hold it at arm's-length.

"Where are you going?" asked Cousin Miranda.

"Upstairs, to try it on."

"Don't you want me to hook you up?"

"No, thank you. I think I can do it myself."

But the first thing she did, after laying the box on her white bed, was to sink down beside it at a safe distance and cry and cry and cry. What she was crying about she did n't know. It was certainly very silly. After that she washed face and hands, dried them with extraordinary care, and *then* she put on the pink dress. That was one of the great moments of Elizabeth Payne's life. If she lived to be a hundred and one, like her great-great-grandmother, she could never know a more enraptured happiness. It flooded her face, there in her drab little bedroom, with a wonderful brightness. She looked exactly as though a candle had been lighted inside her. It shone through her eyes, through her skin, through her very hair, with an irradiating joy. Nobody had ever seen Elizabeth Payne look like that.

Jim saw her look like it that afternoon when he tramped in, leading an Irish setter, and threw the leash in Elizabeth's lap. Something about that look made Jim cough and blow his nose and declare that the oil on the roads did n't do anything to the dust that summer. At home, later, he kissed his wife. "Gee, Phip, but you hit the bull's-eye! She liked the dog all right. Shame that the little kid did n't have him before. I could kick myself!"

What he said to the family at the time was: "Thought Elizabeth might as well have a dog. Phip says they 're great company. This little chap can take care of her."

Dimly the words penetrated Elizabeth's brain. He might not be a huge dog, but at least he was man-sized and he was young. On her knees, making friends with the puppy, she looked up to protest: "He's not a 'little chap,' Jim; he 's a real dog!" Then the puppy jumped up to lick her face, knocked her over, and the friendship was sealed.

Through its sealing she could hear Clara worrying over the fate of Rags under the same roof with "that great rough creature."

"Pooh!" said Jim, "I guess Betty 's entitled to one dog if she likes him."

"Betty" again! "Betty" from Jim, caught unconsciously from Philippa. Elizabeth knew perfectly well who was at the bottom of it all. When she kissed Philippa that night, her whole shy, ecstatic fifteen-year-old heart beat against her lips.

Elizabeth and Hercules became inseparable. They walked and romped and studied and ate together; and at three o'clock every morning the dog pattered upstairs to Elizabeth's room and stretched himself out at her feet. The roses began to bloom in the girl's pale cheeks; her eyes brightened. Hercules was a puppy, and he kept his young mistress's blood flowing briskly. He taught her to run and jump, and to walk with a swift, springing tread; he refused to allow her to read too long at a time; he kept her moving. But whatever they did or wherever they went, the two were certain three or four times a day to dash around the corner to Jim's house. There was something in Jim's house that drew them both. It drew them so powerfully, though withal so gently, that when Jim was drafted and Philippa announced her intention of living on in the little house around the corner until Jim came home again,— "I shall need only a dog to take care of me; we must try and find Herc's brother, Betty,—" Elizabeth said instantly, "Herc can live with you."

Philippa's lovely face grew very tender. "But Betty dear, Herc is your own dog. And I thought you loved him."

"I do love him, don't I, Herc?" The eyes Elizabeth turned on the red setter were warm and luminous. In a moment they came back, their glow deepened, to Philippa's face. "But you may have him—till Jim comes home. You see I—" the words came out in a shy little rush—"I don't need Herc, every minute, when I have *you!*"



"JIM THREW THE LEASH IN ELIZABETH'S LAP."



"THE PORTE DE PARIS, THE GREAT IRON GATEWAY IN RHEIMS." (SEE PAGE 1074.)

LOST RHEIMS

BY LOUISE EUGENIE PRICKITT

"RHEIMS, which has been on fire for a week, is now nothing but a great pile of smoking ruins," I read in the paper of the man who sat next to me in the subway. With a sick heart I read on: "There are no traces of streets and thoroughfares, which have disappeared from view under the accumulation of debris. Ancient buildings in the Place Royal and the market-place and the Musicians' House, which dates from the sixteenth century, have been reduced to dust and ashes." With a doubly sad heart I read it, for to me it is more than an old French city that lies in ruins, since with it goes the picturesque and historic background of my early youth. It is the tragic passing of my city of dreams, for there I dreamed away eight happy years of girlhood.

It is an enviable thing to live in an ancient city like Rheims till its history becomes a part of the texture of one's mind, till the background of that history hangs like a series of distinct pictures in one's thought, not to be effaced by anything that shall come afterward. The streets of Rheims as they then stood are photographed clearly on the retina of my mind's eye, and, dominating all, as it did at my first sight of it, is the majestic shape of the cathedral. I enter again, in imagination, those beautiful portals, and feel myself a tiny figure, and young in the midst of hoary antiquity. The organ music surges through the building, the choir-boys' voices soar above it. I see again the slanting fall of colored light across the wide gray floors, the soft blue smoke of the rising incense, the towering pillars, the vaulted roof, the dim vistas ending in the splendor of painted windows. Years and years of patient labor it took to rear this marvel. It represented the ideality of an age; it was, in fact, that ideality incarnate, left standing for all posterity to see and take inspiration from.

It was at sunset one December day that I first entered Rheims. It was to be my home for the next eight years, for my father had been appointed by the American Government to be consul there. How eagerly, I remember, we looked out of the train window as we approached the city. Long before the town itself became distinct to our eyes, we could plainly see the cathedral, a superb silhouette, imposing and not to be forgotten. It was like one's first view of the ocean or the mountains or the desert.

That night we slept opposite the cathedral in the eighteenth-century Hôtel Lion d'Or. I recollect the thrill of excitement my sister and I felt as the big bus rattled into the courtyard of that quaint hostelry and agile valets in yellow-and-black striped waistcoats ran to open the door for us. We felt that we were at last to live a story-book life of adventure and romance.

The deep-toned bells of the cathedral awakened us at dawn, and in the pale light we rushed

to the windows to look out on the sculptured façade of the wonderful building in order that we might feel again the strange charm that had so wrought upon us at our first sight of it. In the open square before us a valiant figure caught our attention, a figure of bronze that sat upon a spirited charger and held aloft a spear—Jeanne d'Arc, before the cathedral that had witnessed her brief hour of glory. The story we knew well, but shape and color it had never had before. The centuries before ours had been hardly more to us than Arabian Nights' tales, yet here was the visible evidence of the mighty procession of people who had existed before our day. We could not take the shortest walk in the city without being reminded of the dim perspective of history stretching far back of our youth, for here it was written in tangible and enduring stone. At the rear of the Hôtel Lion d'Or we could see the old hotel of the sign of the Maison Rouge, where the father and mother of Jeanne d'Arc were housed at the time of the crowning of the dauphin. We could walk over the cobblestones of the narrow rue de Tambour, which was once, so history says, one of the largest and most frequented of the streets of Rheims. We could look up at the Maison des Musiciens, so old a building that no one knows for what it was originally built. On its quaint façade how often we curiously examined the broken figures of the sculptured musicians, for this was the street down which the royal processions passed on their way to the coronation at the cathedral. The soldiers in the vanguard had struck and broken the statues with their spears to make way for the banners and pennants of the brilliant cavalcade. How full of color and splendor the street must have appeared then! But that was all past, and the musicians, in our time, looked down only upon market-women trundling their wares through to the market-place beyond. The old building, nevertheless, still served to re-create, in the fancy of two wondering girls, those stately yesterdays.

In the rue Carnot how often we paused to glance up at a curious archway supporting two round towers! Old, very old it looked. And no wonder! for it dated from the Middle Ages. Under the arch we could catch a glimpse of the walls of the cathedral, gray as frost, and the prison, with beggars sitting in its grim shadow.

How the past centuries peered out at us from every corner, showing in quaint portals such as the one on the school of the Petit Lycée, with its bas-reliefs of a laughing child on one side and a crying one on the other, known to the *"bons enfants"* since the beginning of the school as *"Jean qui rit"* and *"Jean qui pleure."* Or that of the old house of the La Salle family, in the rue de l'Arbalète, with its life-size figures of Adam and Eve to guard the entrance.

When we walked down the rue Cérès we passed the house where Louis XIV's famous minister, Colbert, was born, and often pictured him coming out of the wide doorway, the courtly, velvet-clad figure that the portrait of him in the art museum had made familiar to our minds: for many a trip we made to the Hôtel de Ville to see the paintings and the wonderful illuminated books in the library and the beautiful old building itself. We would often stop, I remember, to read the list of marriages posted in the vestibule, the Maries, the Yvonnes, and the Marguerites, the Jeans, the Marcels, and Pierres who were to "live happily ever afterward," or so we confidently believed. Several years later the elder sister came with her lover to read shyly her own, for the old and dignified Salle des Marriages was to be the background of her romance, too.



THE "HOUSE OF THE MUSICIANS," IN THE RUE DE TAMBOUR.

We had read Dumas, and Anne of Austria, as every one knows, figures largely in his tales. But that she was more real than d'Artagnan we had hardly conceived, until one day we stood before the seventeenth century house in the rue de l'Université which once had the honor of sheltering her. It belonged to Jean Mailefer, and he has

left an account of the visit in quaintly spelled old French which we were fortunate enough to have a chance to read. He was very proud of the magnificence of his dwelling, and spread its luxury before us as a peacock might spread his gorgeous tail for humbler birds to admire. It was fit for a queen he felt, and lo! she was coming. He describes exultantly the sound of the trumpets that signalized the consequential arrival of royalty. *"Tatera, tatera, tatera! Que d'honeurs qui vont tomber sur mes foibles espaulles!"* ["What honors to fall upon my poor shoulders!"]. The pride of the seventeenth century—how laughably like it is to that of the twentieth. The queen as she entered, jestingly said, "The house is my own!" and applause, so loud and prolonged that they covered the sound of the bells and the noise of the cannon, the *"gracieuse Marie Antoinette"* had fainted and thus *"elle a perdu quelques instants du plus beau jour de sa vie"* ["she had lost some moments of the most beautiful day of her life"]. We loved to imagine her against the background of that rich interior of the cathedral, the light through its glowing windows touching with iridescence the tall gray pillars; the royal pennants and draperies, bright tones against the sombre hues of the marvelous tapestries; gold flashing here and there from tall candlesticks and brilliant uniforms; wonderful gems catching fire from the great arched windows that seemed, in



"THE GRAY OLD ARCH KNOWN AS THE PORTE DE MARS."

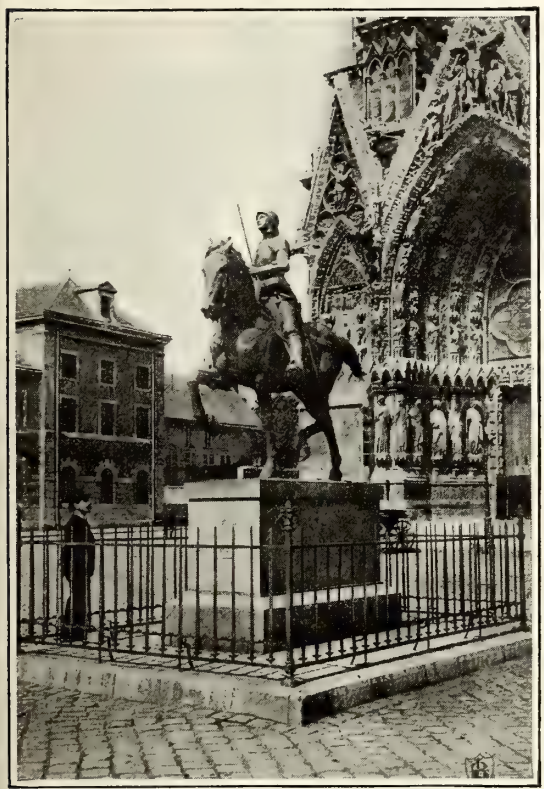
"Yes, *grande Princess,* you are right," responded its owner, quickly. At the same time the Marshal Duplessis asked of him, "Monsieur, are you the master of this house?" "Monsieur," replied the gallant gentleman of Rheims, bowing with a grand air, I make no doubt, "Monsieur, I was but a moment ago; but when the sun appears, the stars are eclipsed."

In the rue de la Grue we searched out the house where was born Tronson du Coudray, an eloquent lawyer of the Paris Parliament and the courageous defender of Marie Antoinette. With all our young enthusiasm we loved him as the champion of the ill-fated queen. The Porte de Paris, the great iron gateway in Rheims, the guidebooks told us was a triumph of the smith's art, but it held our imaginations in thrall because it had been built in honor of the crowning of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Somewhere we had found an account of the coronation, and read how joyously they had entered the city, and how in the cathedral, in the midst of the acclamations the brightness of the sun, to be themselves made of rival jewels. A splendid setting for "the most beautiful day of her life." "The height, the space, the gloom, the glory," how they typified that life!

The Porte de Paris, too, was eloquent of the fierce days of the Revolution. The people of Rheims tell how the mob one day came surging toward it, when the ringleaders proposed that they destroy the gilded crown upon its apex as the symbol of hated royalty. Then the mayor, a man of tactful resource, called to the most furious of the band and asked if he had a ten-sou piece at his service. The man readily passed it to him, whereupon the mayor at once gave it to a beggar standing near. "Take it," said he; "Monsieur will have nothing with a crown upon it." Every one laughed, and the crown on the gate was saved.

Under the wide arch of the Porte de Paris victorious Napoleon entered after the Prussian occupation of the city in 1814. It was already nightfall when the fierce battle was fought, and

not until eleven o'clock was Napoleon able to enter the city. What an ovation he received from



"A FIGURE OF BRONZE UPON A SPIRITED CHARGER."

the rejoicing citizens—the Remois! It thrilled us to read it. All at once the great bells of the cathedral thundered forth a welcome, while at the same time every window in the town was lighted and a great cry of *"Vive l'Empereur!"* rang from end to end of the city. The house in the rue de Vesle, where he slept that night, is an old acquaintance.

If the Porte-de Paris seemed old to us and eloquent of the past, what was to be said of the gray old arch known as the Porte de Mars, that dated before Christ and "spoke aloud for future times to hear" of the triumphs of great Cæsar and of the Gallo-Roman days? and what of the market-place which was once, we were told, the Roman forum? Even in our time, though all traces of the forum were gone, the market-place was an ancient-looking square, edged as it was with quaint old buildings, among them, notably, an elaborately carved wooden house, one of the most curious specimens of fifteenth century art.

Near by was the old church of St. Jacques. Often we used to steal in to rest awhile in its rainbow-colored twilight. Not as imposing as the cathedral, but very lovely nevertheless, it was one of the relics of the twelfth century. The cathedral, St. Jacques, and the old abbey church of St. Remi—they have formed for us the beautiful and impressive backgrounds of many a wedding and funeral and quaint religious service.

Many a time we have threaded the queer old streets of Rheims with their queer old names—the "rue de le Clef" ["Street of the Key"], the "rue des Deux Anges" ["Street of the Two Angels"], the rue des Trois Raisinets" ["Street of the Three Little Grapes"]. The *Maison des Quatres Chats Grignants* [House of the Four Grinning Cats], the *Auberge du Lapin Gras* [Tavern of the Fat Rabbit], curious old buildings of the Middle Ages —we passed them by in our youth, but we shall carry the memory of them into our old age. How tranquil the city used to seem to us then! Too quiet, sometimes; a drowsy old town, we said, sitting like venerable age sleeping in the sun. How little we dreamed what a cruel awak-



"THE RICH INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL."

ening was in store for it; that horror and terror were to stalk through all those peaceful streets and leave their dreadful scars behind!



THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

When this number of St. Nicholas comes out, the thoughts of its readers, as of all loyal Americans, will be centered upon the great Fourth Liberty Loan; and by that time President Wilson himself will have issued a special appeal, and perhaps may even be making public addresses, in its behalf. These, of course, will all be printed in the newspapers in due season, day by day. A monthly magazine has to go to press far in advance of its date of publication; but St. Nicholas can at least print an urgent foreword of reminder, and beg its readers to remember that this great demand upon the nation's resources has a limitless claim upon the energies and devotion of every American, old or young. We are, individually and collectively, in duty bound to do our utmost to make this loan a great success; and no better clarion-call has yet been sounded than President Wilson's memorable letter, published on Labor Day, September 3rd, and gladly reprinted here. As an inspired and nobly eloquent presentation of the vast issues of the war, it deserves to be learned by heart and cherished always by every American boy and girl old enough to understand it.

Our heroic soldiers now fighting on the soil of France have shown and are proving their devotion on many bloody fields. They answered their country's call, with the words of our beloved poet, James Russell Lowell:

> "What were our lives without thee?
> What all our lives to save thee?
> We reck not what we gave thee.
> We will not dare to doubt thee,
> But ask whatever else and we will dare!"

All American young folk should realize, in common with their elders, that this is, indeed, what President Wilson calls it, the "war of all wars," for "immortal ideals"; and as St. Nicholas told them more than a year ago, "the boys and girls of the free nations should know, too, that it is particularly *their* war—a war waged for the sake of the years to come. It will vitally affect the lives of those now in their teens who are soon to become the voting citizens of the Republic.

"It is not merely to defend their native land that their older brothers are going forth to battle; it is to make this country and the world a better place to live in for the children of to-day and all those who are to come after them. We are battling for liberty itself."

And in this momentous epoch, the *women* of France, England, and America have "assumed an enormous share of the burdens of the war." Lloyd George, the premier of the British Empire, in his message to the Women's Congress in Paris, declared that "for their service to our common cause, humanity owes them unbounded gratitude." His message to their representatives in Paris was: "Well done! Carry on. You are helping to create a new earth for yourselves and for your children."

The last Liberty Loan amply demonstrated that the heart of Young America, too, beats true to the cause, and that our boys and girls need no urging to put forth the utmost possible effort to discharge their full duty in this greatest of crusades for liberty and humanity. What the Boy Scouts and the various other organizations

PRESIDENT WILSON'S LABOR-DAY MESSAGE

My Fellow-Citizens:

Labor Day, 1918, is not like any Labor Day that we have known. Labor Day was always deeply significant with us. Now it is supremely significant. Keenly as we were aware a year ago of the enterprise of life and death upon which the nation had embarked, we did not perceive its meaning as clearly as we do now. We knew that we were all partners and must stand and strive together, but we did not realize, as we do now, that we are all enlisted men, members of a single army, of many parts and many tasks, but commanded by a single obligation, our faces set toward a single object. We now know that every tool in every essential industry is a weapon, and a weapon wielded for the same purpose that an army rifle is wielded—a weapon which, if we were to lay down, no rifle would be of any use.

And a weapon for what? What is the war for? Why are we enlisted? Why should we be ashamed if we were not enlisted? At first it seemed hardly more than a war of defense against the military aggression of Germany. Belgium had been violated, France invaded, and Germany was afield again, as in 1870 and 1866, to work out her ambitions in Europe, and it was necessary to meet her force with force. But it is clear now that it is much more than a war to alter the balance of power in Europe. Germany, it is now plain, was striking at what free men everywhere desire and must have—the right to determine their own fortunes, to insist upon justice, and to oblige Governments to act for them and not for the private and selfish interest of a governing class. It is a war to make the nations and peoples of the world secure against every such power as the German autocracy represents. It is a war of emancipation. Not until it is won can men anywhere live free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily tasks and know that Governments are their servants, not their masters.

This is, therefore, the war of all wars, which labor should support, and support with all its concentrated power. The world cannot be safe, men's lives cannot be secure, no man's rights can be confidently and successfully asserted against the rule and mastery of arbitrary groups and special interests so long as Governments like that which after long premeditation drew Austria and Germany into this war are permitted to control the destinies and the daily fortunes of men and nations, plotting while honest men work, laying the fires of which innocent men, women, and children are to be the fuel.

You know the nature of this war. It is a war which industry must sustain. The army of laborers at home is as important, as essential, as the army of fighting men in the far fields of actual battle. And the laborer is not only needed as much as the soldier. It is his war. The soldier is his champion and representative. To fail to win would be to imperil everything that the laborer has striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn and its struggle for justice began. The soldiers at the front know this. It steels their muscles to think of it. They are crusaders. They are fighting for no selfish advantage for their own nation. They would despise any one who fought for the selfish advantage of any nation. They are giving their lives that homes everywhere as well as the homes they love in America may be kept sacred and safe, and men everywhere be free as they insist upon being free. They are fighting for the ideals of their own land—great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to the places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and emancipated spirits. That is the reason they fight with solemn joy and are invincible.

Let us make this, therefore, a day of fresh comprehension, not only for what we are about and of renewed and clear-eyed resolution, but a day of consecration also in which we devote ourselves without pause or limit to the great task of setting our own country and the whole world free to render justice to all and of making it impossible for small groups of political rulers anywhere to disturb our peace or the peace of the world or in any way to make tools and puppets of those upon whose consent and upon whose power their own authority and their own very existence depend.

We may count upon each other. The nation is of a single mind. It is taking counsel with no special class. It is serving no private or single interest. Its own mind has been cleared and fortified by these days, which burn the dross away. The light of a new conviction has penetrated to every class amongst us. We realize as we never realized before that we are comrades dependent upon one another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided. And so we join hands to lead the world to a new and better day.

WOODROW WILSON.

of young folk accomplished has been often recounted and was in truth amazing. That this record will be more than equaled, and probably far surpassed, with the forthcoming loan, is a practical certainty; and so, with an earnest "Godspeed!" we commend to the ardent young patriots who are readers of ST. NICHOLAS the following preliminary official statements as to the greatest War Loan ever undertaken by any single nation in the history of the world.

WHAT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MEANS

WHEN you subscribe to a Liberty Loan you subscribe to the sentiment that the world must be made safe for democracy and subscribe to the fund that is to make the world safe for democracy.

You subscribe to the belief that innocent women and children on unarmed ships shall not be sent to the bottom of the sea; that women and children and old men shall not be tortured and murdered under the plea of military necessity; that nurses shall not be shot for deeds of mercy, nor hospital-ships be sunk without warning, nor hospitals and unfortified cities be bombed from the air or cannonaded with long-range guns.

You subscribe to the doctrine that small nations have the same rights as great and powerful ones; that might is not right, and that Germany shall not force upon the world the dominion of her militarism.

You subscribe, when you subscribe to a Liberty Loan, to the belief that America entered this war for a just and noble cause; that our soldiers in France and our sailors on the sea are fighting for right and justice.

And you subscribe to the American sentiment that they must and shall be powerful, efficient, and victorious.

BAD NEWS FOR BERLIN

THE war news coming from the western front these days is bad news for the German people.



Copyright Charlotte Fairchild

"SAVE LIBERTY FROM THE HUN! BUY LIBERTY BONDS."

From a photograph posed for the Fourth Liberty Loan by Miss Frances Fairchild

Quotations from German newspapers portray the gloom that overhangs the people in the large cities. That those in the small towns and the country are equally depressed is not to be doubted.

The Liberty Loan bond buyers of the preceding loans have their share in the success of the Entente Allies. They furnished the sinews of war not only to fight the U-boats and to build ships, not only to raise, equip, and send our soldiers

over, not only to supply them and our allies with food and munitions, but more than six billion dollars have been loaned to our allies so that they may prosecute the war with vigor and strength.

We here at home have an opportunity to send the Germans some more bad news. The Germans have great respect for money; they know its vital value in waging war. They know, too, that the support the American people give a government loan measures largely the support they give their Government, the moral as well as the financial support they give their armies in the field.

A tremendous subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan will be as distressing to the German people as a defeat for them on the battle-field, and it will mean as much. It spells their defeat; it breaks their morale; it means power to their enemies. A subscription to the loan is a contribution to German defeat and American victory.

SOME OF THE BITS YOUR LIBERTY BOND WILL DO

If you buy a $100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan you are lending the United States Government enough money to feed a soldier in France a little more than seven months. Or you have furnished enough money to give him a complete outfit of winter and summer clothing, including shoes and stockings, and slicker and overcoat and blankets, with enough left over to arm him with a good revolver. You have done that much to beat back the Hun.

It takes $35 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second $100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1000 cartrides for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good-sized bomb to throw in a dugout or demolish a machine-gun together with the Huns operating it.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN

The campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan begins September 28 and closes October 19. While the amount has not yet been announced, it is generally conceded it will be for a larger amount than any of the preceding loans. The American people, therefore, are called upon to raise a larger sum of money in a shorter length of time than ever before. There is need for prompt action—prompt and efficient work and prompt and liberal subscriptions.

We have a great inspiration for a great effort. The news from the battle-front inspires every American heart, not only with pride and patriotism, but with a great incentive to do his or her part. There is no shirking, no shifting of the individual burden, no selfishness by American soldiers in France; there should be none here. We are both supporting the same country and the same cause—our Army in one way, ourselves in another. Theirs is the harder part, but at least we can do our part as promptly and loyally and efficiently as they do theirs.

FUEL SAVING IN THE SECOND YEAR

With the approach of colder weather the United States Fuel Administration is again urging upon the American people the necessity of saving fuel in their homes.

The Government's war program calls for the use of eighty million tons of coal *more* than the mines, now working at record speed, can possibly produce or the railroads haul.

The smaller part of this coal which the Government must have to win the war will be gained by taking away fuel privileges from the non-essential industries. But the rest of it—at least fifty million tons of it—must come to the Government as the free gift of the patriotic public which can save this amount by sacrifice, care, and economy in the use of fuel in its own homes.

Very wisely, the United States Fuel Administration has ceased to speak about the "coal shortage" and is now referring to the excess demand for coal, a better definition of the fuel situation. We were told during the heatless days of last winter that there was a coal shortage, yet how could there be a shortage when our mines last year produced and delivered more coal than was ever produced and delivered before? This year the patriotic miners are doing even better, and still there will not be enough to fill the insatiable maw of the war furnace.

Fuel deserves its place at the head of the list of war-winners, because fuel is the fundamental thing. Food will win the war, but food is useless without ships to carry it, and you cannot have ships without steel, which in turn could not be made without coal.

Every ton of finished steel represents the consumption of four tons of coal used to generate the heat from the time the iron is smelted from the ore until the billets issue from the refining furnaces. We are relying heavily upon steel to win the war for us—steel for guns and shell and

bullets, steel for ships, steel for railroads and locomotives behind our lines in France. We are producing more steel than ever before, and every ton of it costs four tons of coal before the final manufacture of steel products begins.

The Government now needs eighty million tons of coal more than the mines can produce. Think what can be done with this quantity of fuel! It would build merchant ships weighing sixteen million tons. It would assure enough additional guns and ammunition to turn the tide of victory in this greatest of wars.

Every pound of this war-winning store of fuel will and must be the gift of the care and economy of the entire civilian population of the United States. We can assure the Government the use of this coal simply by using less in our homes than we have been accustomed to use. We all use coal, whether we ever see any or not. And there is not a person so old or so young that he cannot help in this national coal-saving effort, if by doing nothing more than being cheerful about having less artificial light at night or consenting to wear warmer clothing in winter so that houses may be kept cooler.

Now let us look at some of the simple rules for fuel-saving worked out by the United States Fuel Administration. In the first place, consider soot. A slight coating of soot on a kitchen stove-lid, a coating one one-hundredth of an inch thick, resists heat as much as ten inches of iron does. Therefore, keep ranges and furnaces free from soot, as it obviously takes less coal to heat an ordinary stove-lid than it does one ten inches thick.

Some member of the household should pledge himself to take care of the heating plant. This important patriotic service should not be turned over to a hired servant this winter. The Fuel Administration furnishes kitchen and cellar cards this year giving full directions as to the economical use of coal. These may be procured from any local officer of the Administration. It is said that every American household could save from one to three tons of coal this winter by following these directions conscientiously.

Sift all ashes for the cinders, which are fuel.

The open fire, comfortable and artistic as it is, has become an ally of the Kaiser, because ninety per cent. of the heat goes to waste up the chimney.

The new ships of the Navy and of the merchant marine need an enormous additional quantity of fuel oil, so there must be conservation here also. Thousands of Americans can help provide the twenty-four million extra barrels of oil which Uncle Sam needs by remembering that a clean oil-lamp or oil-stove gives better light or stronger heat with less oil than a sooty lamp or heater. Kerosene should cease to be a household cleanser altogether, since hot water is an efficient substitute.

As to lights, gas or electric—not a light burning that is not absolutely needed. Such should be the rule in every patriotic home. If you burn lights in clusters, remove one electric bulb or one gas-tip permanently from each room. Then in each room tack up a Turn-Out-The-Light card, which the local fuel administrator will furnish.

The Fuel Administration advises such mechanical fuel-savers as weather-stripping, storm windows, instantaneous water-heaters, and proper dampers in stoves and furnaces. Now is the time of the year to be looking after these things.

American houses are kept ten degrees too warm in the winter as a rule. By keeping fresh water in jars upon radiators or registers a humidity can be created that is healthful and which makes the cooler atmosphere comfortable. Shut off from heat all unused rooms. Sleeping-porches, cold baths in the morning, and open-air schools all help to accustom the American people to cooler rooms in winter.

Finally, the Fuel Administration advises more efficient use of direct heat in the American kitchen by cooking in fireless and pressure cookers and by preparing several baked dishes at once so as to use the oven to full capacity.

A CASTLE OF MERCY IN ITALY

The more than eight million American boys and girls now members of the Junior Red Cross have recently become joint owners of a castle—not in Spain, but in Italy.

When last year the Germans drove through the mountains upon the Italians, until they were held at the Piave River, it became necessary to remove whole villages from the threatened areas. In this emergency work the American Red Cross rendered a service that will never cease to be remembered gratefully by Italians. In fact, nothing that our Red Cross has done in Italy has elicited more praise than this.

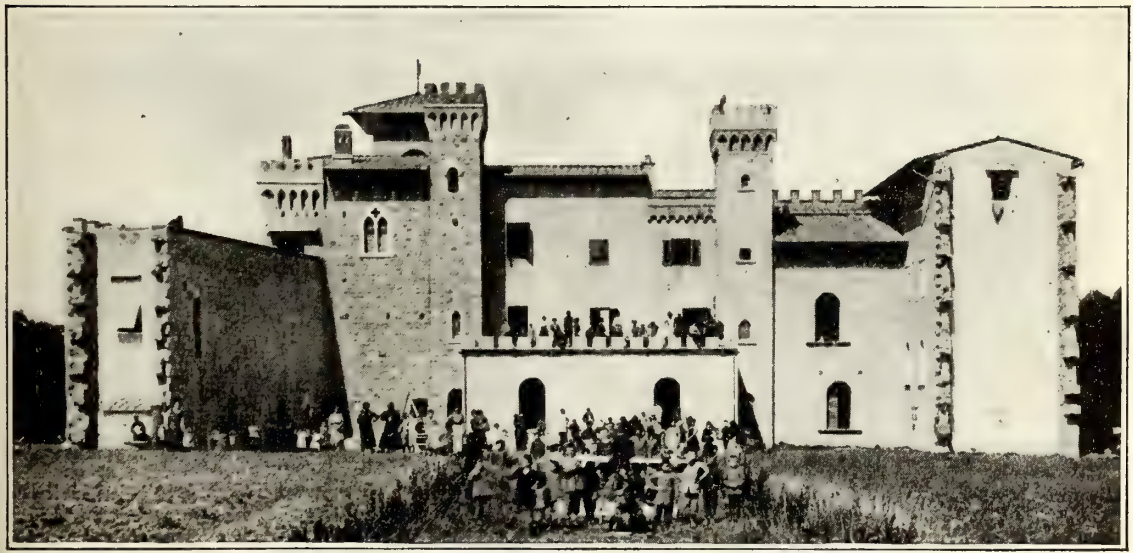
One of the towns on the upper Piave thus evacuated was that of Spreziano. The Red Cross moved bodily its considerable civilian population, old and young, from Spreziano seven hundred miles southward to the sea-coast at Leghorn.

On the pleasant hills that overlook the Mediterranean were numerous villas of prosperous citi-



LITTLE ITALIAN REFUGEES IN A NEW AND PALATIAL HOME.

zens of Leghorn. These the Red Cross requisitioned, and housed in them the transplanted people of Spreziano. A school-building was needed. The Red Cross thereupon acquired a castle, a new one, to be sure, but built along medieval lines by a wealthy owner; and this is now the school. The town industry of Spreziano had been shoemaking. Accordingly the great castle hall has been converted into a shoe-factory, where the older boys are taught the trade.



THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CASTLE-SCHOOL AT LEGHORN FOR REFUGEE CHILDREN.

THE ADOPTED CHILDREN OF THE A. E. F.

No phase of our participation in the war is more touching than the extraordinary number of adop-



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

tions of French war waifs on the part of troop units, and even regiments, of the American Expeditionary Force.

Our soldiers have come close to the heart of France through the French children, particularly the village children where the Americans are billeted. The sympathy of the American soldier for the thousands of war orphans in France has resulted in a veritable epidemic of adoptions not on the part of individuals, but by whole units of troops, companies, battalions, and even regiments.

The trench newspaper, the "Stars and Stripes," with typical Yankee newspaper enterprise, has taken up the movement as a "crusade," collecting orphans for the units to adopt, and publishing a daily "story" of the progress being made.

"F.P.A." (Franklin P. Adams), who formerly conducted a column of humor for the "New York Tribune," is now an army captain with orders to entertain the soldiers of the A.E.F. with a daily column in "Stars and Stripes," the column being called "The Listening Post." He is helping along the good work of adoption with verse and epigram.

One amusing feature is the insistence of many of the units upon naming the child adopted. One machine-gun battalion stipulated that their daughter must be named Gertrude Mary, after two beloved war-nurses, and these must be her specifications: a French child, a girl, not younger than six nor older than ten years, and she must be the daughter of a French officer killed in the war.

An aviation squadron wrote to "Stars and Stripes": "Please adopt for us some little child that your committee thinks will not be chosen by any one else. If possible, pick us out a little girl, as all of us realize that a girl has more to contend with in life than a boy; and if the little lady has no name, please call her Miss Aëro Columbia."

Several of the units adopting French orphans express a desire to bring the children to the United States after the war to receive American education.



RECESS AT A SCHOOL IN A FRENCH TOWN, WHERE LIVE MANY OF THE CHILDREN ADOPTED BY AMERICAN ARMY UNITS.



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THE CHILDREN OF RHEIMS WEARING THEIR GAS-MASKS ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

THE RHEIMS CELLAR-SCHOOLS

THE famous cellar-schools of Rheims are a striking example of the feeling of the French people that the war should interfere as little as possible with the normal development of the nation. M. Octave Forsan, when he decided to open schools in the cellars, made it clear to each teacher how desirable it was for children in the town to have something of this kind done for them, but he also told them frankly of the risks they ran. And yet in every case the scheme was enthusiastically received. The schools were really long underground passages and rooms lighted with oil-lamps, the walls hung with mats covered with a light paper, while each teacher endeavored to bring some cheerfulness to these "catacombs" by placing plants or flowers on the desk, pinning pictures on the wall, and erecting sheaves of allied flags.

As for the children, it was for them a glorious adventure, and in spite of living in the midst of ruins and under the constant threat of the German guns, they seemed not in the least affected by this. And yet so near were some of the schools to the German lines, that, in some cases, the post-office officials at first refused to send a post-office employee to these quarters to deliver letters. Day after day, in spite of all this, the children came regularly to school. Nothing was neglected; even the usual examinations were held, the result of which is known as the *"Promotion du Bombardement."* Although the schools were occasionally hit by shells, no child or teacher has come to any hurt for several months; and one is glad to know that the teachers of Rheims were specially mentioned not long ago in a government "order of the day," and that the head teacher had received the high distinction of the Legion of Honor.

A HOSPITAL BUILT IN A SINGLE DAY

A RECORD for hospital building, that is likely to last for a long time, was made recently on work for the War Department at Staten Island, N. Y. The building, a one-story frame structure with every modern convenience, was put up in just 10 hours and 28 minutes from the time work started, at 7 o'clock in the morning. The hospital is 150 feet long and 24 feet wide, with a 10½-foot porch the entire length of the building on one side.

When the work began not a post-hole had been dug and not a piece of timber was cut to size. At 7 o'clock 130 laborers began to dig the post-holes. Circus day never witnessed such elaborate organization or quicker progress, though circus organization and speed in tent-raising is proverbial.

Before 8 o'clock 434 carpenters, plumbers, and electricians were at work, and by noon the roof was on. At 3:30 the electricians, plumbers, sheet-metal workers, and pipe coverers had finished. An hour later only 88 carpenters were left on the job—finishing up—and at 5:28 the whole task was completed. The building was completely wired with lights ready to be switched on, and water was running in the pipes. Radiators were installed and connected, and fire extinguishers were hanging on the walls.

PETER BENT'S BIG HAUL

BY GEORGE G. LIVERMORE



PETER BENT stirred, rubbed his eyes, sat up, and, remembering his lobster-pots, scrambled out of bed. In two strides he crossed his little room, with its slanting roof, and stood gazing out the dormer-window.

A heavy mist was drifting over the village of Bentonsport, and what wind there was blew off-shore in fitful gusts. Peter shivered, turned away, and hurried into his clothes.

After a hearty breakfast, he pulled on his oil-skins, kissed his mother good-by, and started down the path to the landing, where his power dory was tugging at her moorings.

He climbed aboard, cast off, and spun the fly-wheel several times before the engine started. Then, crouching in the stern, with his collar turned up about his ears, he veered off from the shore, steering straight for the mouth of the harbor.

His lobster-pots were a mile out, and as he left the shelter of the breakwater the mist turned into a fine rain and the lead-colored sea grew rougher and rougher.

Peter was no fair-weather sailor; and so he steered straight for a black-and-red speck tossing on the water half a mile ahead. It was the wooden buoy of the first pot, and a few minutes later he shut off the engine and slid up to it.

Pulling up ten fathoms of rope with a heavy, clumsy lobster-pot at the other end is no easy task, but Peter knew from experience how to use every ounce of his strength to the utmost advantage. He methodically pulled nine pots, and, with a mass of squirming lobsters in the bottom of his boat, started for the tenth. The wind had died down and the sea was quieter; but as Peter looked toward the northeast he saw a bank of fog that he knew would soon be upon him.

Having lived on the Maine coast all his life, fog did not worry him in the least, and he whistled gaily as he started to haul the tenth pot. He pulled in about twenty feet of rope; then it grew taut, and, try as he might, he could not budge it. He tugged and tugged. It was no use. "Either a whale in the pot," he said with a grin as he wiped his forehead, "or else the rope 's fouled a rock. Guess I 'll try in another direction."

He started the engine, and, laying his helm hard over, circled around the pot, pulling on the rope in order to free it. It held fast no matter from what direction he pulled; so winding it around the stern-post, he gradually opened the engine to full speed ahead, determined to try main force.

The staunch little boat seemed to settle down in the water as the rope straightened out behind. Suddenly there was a report like a pistol-shot. The dory leaped ahead, its propeller churning the water furiously; and Peter, losing his balance, toppled over on his back on top of the lobsters.

"Rope 's broken!" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet and divesting himself of two of his catch who clung affectionately to the sleeves of his slicker. Suddenly, not more than fifteen feet away, a metal globe the size of an old-fashioned wooden washtub popped out of the water. Peter rubbed his eyes in astonishment; then sprang for the engine and shut off its power. For some time he leaned over the gunwale, gazing at the strange object floating buoyantly on top of the waves.

"Surely," he thought, "it is n't an old submerged buoy come to the surface. There 's no ledge hereabouts. Might be a naval mine, though it does n't look exactly like one."

As he watched it, the globe and the dory drifted nearer together until he could reach out and touch it. Thinking it well to take no chances on a jar against the side of the boat causing an explosion, he warded it off with his hands, turning it around on its base, and examining it closely as he did so.

The globe was made of some light-weight material, resembling aluminum, fashioned from two pieces which were closely fitted together at its center. Its surface was smooth as glass, and it had no distinguishing mark of any kind.

He fastened a rope to the ring in the base of

the globe, thinking there might be something valuable inside, and determined, at any rate, to give the naval authorities a chance to examine it.

Peter had been so interested in his strange discovery that he had not noticed, until after he started his engine, that the fog had shut in around him and that he could not see fifty feet away.

"No use going after those other pots," he thought; "never could pick them up in the fog." So he turned his boat around and headed for where he was sure the harbor lay.

For half an hour the little boat churned along, and Peter wondered why he did not hear the familiar sounds of the harbor. Surely, he must be close to it by now. Another half-hour passed, and still he seemed no nearer land. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he had lost his bearings in the fog, and was either heading out to sea or up or down the coast.

Alone in an eighteen-foot open boat in a fog, and headed for he knew not where, Peter Bent was not frightened; rather he was chagrined, for if there is one thing a boy brought up on the Maine coast prides himself upon, it is his ability to find his way about in any fog.

He, Peter Bent, was lost, as completely lost as any landlubber summer visitor who ever sailed a boat out of Bentonsport, and it was with a rueful grin that he looked over the stern at the mysterious cause of his trouble, which was skidding and bobbing along behind the dory.

He turned to the gasolene tank and found enough fuel to last four hours. He could see that the globe was acting as a drag, and his first impulse was to cast it adrift; but to take it along would reduce his gasolene only slightly. Besides, the globe was the cause of his getting lost, and all his dogged nature called to him to stick to this strange discovery until he found out what was inside.

A little later, feeling ravenously hungry, he looked at his watch and found it was one o'clock. He rummaged about in one of the lockers, and drew out a tin of biscuits and a small keg of fresh water which he always kept for an emergency.

During the next three hours he sat huddled over the tiller, blowing now and then an ear-splitting blast upon an old tin horn, to which he received no reply. At four o'clock the engine spluttered and coughed, and then, after a series of *"put-puts"* that grew more feeble, stopped.

On and on he drifted, with only the sound of the waves lapping against the side of the boat



" 'NOTHING DOING!' " (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to break the monotony of the deathlike silence. Without the noise of the engine, it seemed to Peter more lonely than before.

And the fog! Never had he seen it so thick, while the mysterious globe, bobbing behind the boat and half-shrouded with wreaths of mist, assumed strange, fantastic shapes and seemed to hover near by like a thing of ill omen.

Suddenly, behind the boat, he heard a choking, gasping sound, as though some one were strangling with a mouth half full of water. Peter spun around and stood with his eyes riveted on the strange globe, straining his ears to catch the faintest noise. The weird sound again broke through the fog; this time much nearer and accompanied by the unmistakable splashing of something swimming toward the dory.

Instinctively, Peter seized an oar and poised it over his head, ready to strike. The next instant he dropped it with a laugh, for out of the fog there came a school of tumbling purpoises, whose little piglike eyes seemed, as they swam past, to twinkle with delight at the alarm they had caused him. They vanished into the fog, leaving Peter feeling better for his laugh.

"Looks as though I 'm in for a night of it," he said to himself, and then, looking at the lobsters in the bottom of the boat, continued disgustedly. Nice work for me to be doing in war time. I don't see why the Navy could n't have taken me if I *am* only sixteen. I know more about the sea than a lot they enlisted. Told me to come back in two years! Huh! the war 'll be over then."

Abruptly he stopped. Was a breeze blowing against his cheek? He waited impatiently, and again felt the breeze, this time a little stronger.

As the wind rose, the fog lifted, and in an hour Peter could only see on every side sullen-looking gray waves crested with white that rose and fell in endless lines. He was out of sight of land.

Then, as he looked, he saw far off to the left a tiny ribbon of black smoke. For some time he sat with his eyes fixed upon the smudge, trying to determine whether it was coming toward him. It grew more distinct, and at last he could distinguish a small lead-colored vessel of unmistakably yachtlike lines.

Peter pulled off his slicker and, tying it by one of the sleeves to an oar, stood up on the seat, waving his improvised flag about his head. Before long a white feather of steam shot into the air from the vessel's upper works, and a few seconds later the piercing scream of her whistle reached his ears. Her lookout had seen him.

As the vessel drew nearer, Peter could see the rapid-fire guns mounted on her forward and aft decks. It was a patrol boat.

"Lobster fisherman from Bentonsport. Lost in the fog and out of gasolene," he shouted in answer to the hail of a figure on her bridge.

"Stand by to catch a line," came the reply; and a rope, thrown with unerring aim, whizzed through the air in a graceful curve and landed squarely across the dory. Peter seized it and fastened it securely through a ring in the bow.

As he stood up he noticed the man on the bridge of the patrol boat gazing through a pair of binoculars at the mysterious globe. The officer lowered his glasses and called through a megaphone, "What 's that thing behind you?"

"Dunno!" replied Peter, cheerfully: "Pulled it up trying to raise a lobster-pot. Maybe it 's a mine."

"Well, it looks like it," came the reply; "cut it adrift. It 's getting rougher, and I don't want to run any risk of being bumped by a mine. We 'll sink it by gun-fire."

All the proverbial obstinacy of the Bents rose in Peter at this peremptory command. The mysterious globe might be a mine and it might be valueless for all he knew; but it had caused him to get lost, and he was going to take it into port with him. He did not reply, but he walked to the bow of the dory and began to untie the rope leading from the patrol boat.

"Hey there! What you doing!" yelled the figure on the bridge.

"Giving you back your line," replied Peter, straightening up.

"What for?"

"I 'm going to keep this," said Peter, pointing at the globe. "I 'll thank you for my course and enough gas to make port."

"You 're crazy!" came the angry reply; "you are twenty miles off Bentonsport. I have n't any gas to spare, and we 're in for a blow. Come, cast off that thing; I 'm due to report at eight."

"Nothing doing."

"Don't be a fool!"

"I 'm not. I 'll make port all right, but I don't give up that globe," retorted Peter.

Before the man on the bridge could answer, a second figure joined him. After gazing at the globe for some time, the newcomer lowered his glasses and spoke a few words to his companion, who hesitated and then called to Peter:

"All right, we 'll tow you. You 'd better come aboard though. It 'll be pretty wet back there."

Peter refastened the rope in the bow of the dory, and soon hauled himself alongside the patrol boat and climbed to her deck.

"Much obliged," he said with a grin, looking up at the two officers on the bridge.

"Oh, not at all," returned the younger, with polite sarcasm; at which the older man only

smiled and said, "Go forward, young man, and ask the cook for something to eat."

"Thank you very much, sir. I am hungry," replied Peter. "And may I send a wireless to my mother to let her know I 've been picked up?"

"By all means."

"Thank you again," said Peter, and, turning on his heel, made his way forward, stopping on the way at the wireless room.

With a mug of boiling hot coffee in one hand and a huge corned-beef sandwich in the other, he was soon seated in the forecastle making friends with the crew, most of whom were little older than himself.

At eight that evening the patrol boat slipped quietly into a small harbor and ran alongside a big ship, which one of the crew told Peter was the mother-ship for all the patrol boats in that district.

Peter slept well that night, so well, indeed, that it was only by almost shaking him out of his bunk that a burly sergeant of marines was able to waken him the next morning.

"Captain Brown wants to see you at once on board the *Montrose*. Hurry up! The captain don't like to wait," cried the sergeant, while Peter sat up rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"All right!" he cried, "I 'll be with you in a minute." And hastily pulling on his outer clothes, he followed his guide to a ladder which hung from the big mother-ship.

They made their way aft to the door of the captain's cabin, upon which the sergeant knocked. At the command, "Come in!" he opened it and motioned Peter to enter.

"The boy you wanted to see, sir!" he said, with the proper salute.

"Very good, sergeant," said the captain, without looking up from some papers he was examining; "that 's all!"

The sergeant again saluted and went out, closing the door after him, and Peter stood waiting for the captain to speak.

"You 're Peter Bent, of Bentonsport, are n't you?" he asked at last, looking up from his papers.

"Yes, sir," answered Peter.



"'DO I WANT TO GO?'"

"And you 're the boy who hauled up a strange globe off Bentonsport harbor?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter.

"Why did you stick to it the way you did? Lieutenant Whiting says you absolutely refused to part with it, even when he threatened to let you drift out to sea with a hard blow in prospect."

"Well, sir," said Peter, "I wanted to bring it into naval headquarters myself. I never saw anything like it before, and I thought the naval authorities ought to have a chance to examine it. I would have drifted ashore somewhere, or been picked up after a time by another boat."

"Perseverance is not a bad quality," said the captain. He paused and then asked, "Why are n't you in uniform? The Navy needs boys with your knowledge of the sea."

"They won't take me, sir," answered Peter, "I 'm large for my age, but I 'm only sixteen. They told me at the recruiting office to wait two years and then come back."

"Well," said the captain, "I don't mind telling you it 's a mighty good thing you stuck to that globe. Got any idea what it was?"

"No, sir."

"A German submarine post-box planted by spies in this country to give submarines information about the sailing of transports. I have all along suspected something of the kind was in use. I don't understand, though, how they were fools enough to plant it so near your lobster-pots."

"I know!" cried Peter. "Last week I moved 'em out about a quarter of a mile, and I must have dropped one next to the globe so that the rope fouled in its chain."

The captain nodded, and for a minute drummed on the top of his desk. "Peter," he said at length, "the *Montrose* sails next week for overseas service. I am sure the secretary of the Navy will give me special permission to enlist you. I will telegraph him at once. Do you want to go?"

"*Do* I want to *go?*" repeated Peter, hardly daring to believe he heard aright, and entirely forgetting to be respectful; "do I want to go? Oh, gee!"



MARJORIE'S BOND

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

"I THINK it 's silly," said Marjorie's younger brother, gesturing with the small end of his paddle. "Where would any girl of thirteen, even if she was tall for her age, get fifty dollars for a bond?"

Marjorie flung back her curly brown head.

"It is n't the size of me, it 's the size of the bond that counts," she answered. "Anyway, I 'm going to try. You can't do more than try!"

She gave the blue tie at the collar of her middy a determined jerk to set it straight, set her tennis-racket on end, sat down precariously on the seat it made,—if you balanced desperately,—and prepared for a long argument. But Ned had other things to do than arguing with his sister. It was a wonderful autumn day, and he wanted to go canoeing.

"Anyway, you can't," he tossed back over his shoulder.

Marjorie rose neatly from her tennis-racket and made for the house.

"I can too—'cause I 've paid the two dollars at the bank in advance," her answer floated back to him as he went toward the lake.

Marjorie herself, walking slowly over the lawn dragging the racket behind her, felt less confident than she sounded. That two dollars had been shaken out of a tin bank, and, at the rate she had amassed it, it would be two months before there was another such sum inside. Sundaes and movies, and all the other small things you have to spend because the other girls do, prevent violent savings.

"Anyway, I have a capacity to think," she reminded herself. "Miss Doran said so when I did that history composition last spring."

"It 's worth much fine gold," said a voice behind her. She had n't known she was speaking aloud.

"Oh, Donald, I did n't know you could hear!" she said, slipping her hand into her soldier brother's arm.

Donald Wheeler had gone into one of the first officers' training-camps, and he had done so well that they had made him one of the instructors for the second one. He was the pride of Marjorie's life, and as they were fortunate enough to live near the camp where he was, she could take visible pride in him Saturday nights and Sundays.

"What is it you want to do with your capacity to think?" he asked her.

"I 've promised to buy a bond, and I have to think out a way of going on paying for it," she told him.

"And all you have to do it with is brains?" he finished for her. "Well, they 're all right. And anything I have is at your service, if that will help."

"If I use anybody else's money, it won't be my bond," said Marjorie.

"I did n't mean money, necessarily. I meant any of my belongings—tools and so forth."

"Oh, you 're an angel!" responded Marjorie, flinging herself against Donald's trim khaki.

"Always was," he answered her, grinning a little. "Now I 've got to go—I 'm going to meet Elsie. Think it over, and good luck!"

She watched him stride off toward Elsie Green's house. He and Elsie were engaged. She stood still, thinking hard. What had she—what had Donald—that could be used to make fifty

dollars—no, forty-eight dollars—at the rate of a dollar a week?

She went into the living-room and sat down to look it over. She eyed every article of furniture in turn, in the hope that it might help her. The couch—you could n't extract any money-making ideas from *that*. The phonograph—no, she could n't go around renting out records, though the thought did occur to her for one wild moment. There was n't much dancing going on, and, anyway, people owned their own. She scanned the chairs and the piano and the mantel in turn, without obtaining any help. Then her eye fell upon her knitting-bag, made of gay cretonne, with little apples for trimming. She had made it herself, and all the girls said it was prettier than the ones you could get in the stores.

"It would do to start!" cried Marjorie. She ran over to the desk in the corner for paper and pencil, and began figuring more intently than she ever did in school. There was enough cretonne in the house to make one to begin with, left over from the bedroom curtains her mother had been making, and she was sure she could get some green silk for the apples from her mother's piece-bag. She dashed up to where it was, and began pawing over its contents.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked her mother, finding her sitting in the middle of the bedroom floor with silk pieces scattered all about her and a treasure-trove of green silk lying in her lap.

"I thought if I could make a cretonne knitting-bag, maybe I could sell it to make money for my bond," Marjorie explained, a little afraid her mother would think she was silly. But Mrs. Wheeler did not seem to think so at all.

"I think you can sell it without going out of the family," her mother answered unexpectedly. "Your aunt Laura was saying only yesterday that she must have one. If you make it neatly enough, I see no reason why she should n't buy it of you instead of at the stores."

"I 'll go over and ask her!" said Marjorie, promptly, and scarcely waited for permission before she was down the street and around the block to where her aunt lived, taking scraps of the cretonne and silk with her to show.

"Indeed I 'll buy it!" said her aunt, gladly. "Make it as well as you did your own, dear, and I 'll pay you two dollars for it with pleasure."



"IT WAS A FINE APPLE-TREE TO CLIMB." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"So there are two weeks taken care of!" Marjorie rejoiced, as she ran home again. "The wolf 's that far from the door, anyway!"

She worked on the bag all the rest of the afternoon, and came down to supper with her cheeks flushed high, announcing that her bag was almost done and two dollars earned. "That 's only forty-six dollars to make!" she exulted.

Neddy shouted with laughter.

"And if you earn another two dollars, you 'll only be forty-four in the hole!" he jeered.

Marjorie threw back her head defiantly.

"Patience and per*se*verance
Made a bishop of His Reverence!"

she quoted at him, using a favorite proverb of old Honor, the cook. "It 's all very well for you to talk that way, with all the ways boys have of earning money. But when you 're a girl, let me tell you, two dollars count!"

"That 's right, Marge," Lieutenant Donald encouraged her. "I don't see Neddy buying any bonds. You tell him that when he begins to invest in them he can begin to talk to you."

Donald always stood up for Marjorie when Neddy teased her, and she squeezed his hand gratefully under the table.

"Well, I don't believe in going head first into things I can't see the end of," Neddy began doggedly. "The end of it will be that Marge will have to get Father to finish up her bond for her, and he has bought all he could afford on this issue. I heard him say so."

That was the last straw. Marjorie stopped short in the middle of her Spanish cream and laid down her spoon in order to answer Neddy better.

"Let me tell you, Edwin Morrison Wheeler, that Father sha' n't finish paying for that bond if I go work in somebody's kitchen!"

"They 're taking 'em as young as you, now that maids are so scarce," said the unimpressed Neddy, grinning.

"Children, children!" said Mrs. Wheeler.

So Neddy and Marjorie retired into their desserts again. But Neddy had said the one thing necessary to make Marjorie determined to pay for the bond all by herself.

"If I make a bag every other week, I 'll do it," she thought as she rose from the table. "But perhaps that many people might n't want bags. Oh dear!"

Donald came over to her and put a cheering hand on her shoulder.

"See here, sis, you must n't worry yourself to death over this business," he said. "If the worst comes to the worst, I can help you out with it. Now come with me. I have to motor-cycle over to Captain Ferguson's to-night on business, and you can come in the side-car."

Marjorie felt that it was particularly good of Donald to invite her to go with him, instead of taking Elsie, so she hurried into her sweater and tam, and in another few minutes they were whizzing down the road together.

"Gee, it 's a great night!" said Donald appreciatively. "Look at that moon!"

"It 's a lovely moon," said Marjorie. Then she laughed. "I can't look even at the moon without wondering how it can help me pay for my bond."

"You 're what they call a one-ideaed person," said Donald. "Now what do you want to do while I talk business to Ferguson?"

"It 's too nice to go in. I 'll stay out here while you talk," suggested Marjorie, who was a little shy.

"All right," said Donald, and left her outside with the car.

She walked around it absently for a little while. Then it occurred to her to see if she could n't run it. She started it, and whizzed up and down the road with very fair success. It was a lonely road, where she was not likely to meet any one. She had tried the motor-cycle once or twice before, but never in a place where it was so easy to run it.

"I can run your motor-cycle as easy as anything!" she told Donald when he came out.

"Good!" he said. "You 're certainly a hard-working girl, Marge. You 'll get your bond paid for, never fear!"

It was very cheering to hear him say so. And even after he had gone back to camp, not to return for a fortnight, she kept on feeling hopeful about it, a hopefulness that was connected with the motor-cycle.

She went out to look at it, where it stood in the garage, and was moved to fill up the tank and start it again. She glided down the road with it, and was out in the country before she knew where she was going. It was easy to think, with nobody to interrupt her. She had slipped on her gymnasium bloomers, and was getting on very well. It was great fun.

After she had gone straight ahead for a couple of miles, it occurred to her that here was a good place to learn to turn gracefully. She managed it without mishap, got off, and pushed the motor-cycle under an old apple-tree that stood, heavy-laden, beside the road. It was a fine apple-tree to climb, and she promptly climbed it and pulled an apple to eat.

"Now if I could only earn money by picking apples," she said to herself. "This is n't any-

body's tree, or— I wonder whose tree it is?" She sat still for a moment, for the Idea had come. It was sticking up there by the side of the road, in the shape of an apple-tree. "Here 's the motor-cycle, and there 's the side-car as empty as can be!" said Marjorie.

She climbed down. She dragged the motor-cycle discreetly behind a tree, where it would be hidden from marauding passers-by. She looked at the name of the R.F.D. box that stood a little way down the road, and marched up the path that led—after quite a little walk—to the farm-house which, she supposed, was connected with the apple-tree.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the farmer's wife was sitting on the porch, knitting what was obviously a soldier's sleeveless sweater, and the sight gave Marjorie courage. She introduced herself shyly, and told where she had come from. The farmer's wife, who seemed very kind, asked her to sit down, and she did, on the bottom step. Presently she thought she had talked about the weather long enough, and introduced her subject.

"Do you mind telling me if you 're using that old apple-tree a little way down the road?" she inquired.

"*What* old apple-tree?" asked the farmer's wife. Her name was Willingham. "There 's such a parcel of 'em—I don't know as that 's ours, even."

Marjorie described the tree very accurately, and at last Mrs. Willingham managed to place it.

"Goodness, no!" said the lady. "That is n't anybody's tree. And if it was—why, we can't get labor to pick our apples this year. They 're rotting on the ground."

"Then you would n't mind if I picked the apples from the trees along the road and took them home to make jelly, to sell for a Liberty Bond?" asked Marjorie, all in a breath.

"Not the least bit in the world," Mrs. Willingham answered heartily. "The tree 's only a come-by-chance, anyway. For the matter of that, you 're welcome to all the apples you want from our orchard. We 've picked what we wanted when we could get time. You 're welcome to come to our orchard and get all you can carry away."

This was an unexpected gift. Marjorie thanked Mrs. Willingham heartily, talked with her a little longer, and then went off to her road-side tree. She filled up the side-car, put some extra apples in her sweater-pockets, turned the machine around, started it, hopped on without much trouble and started joyfully home.

"Oh, Mother, I 've got it!" she called as she ran into the back door. "The nicest woman—and I think I can pay for my bond!"

"Have you, dear?" said her mother. "What woman—and what is your plan?"

"A farmer's wife, who says I can use her left-over apples! I 'm going to lavish recklessly on sugar every cent Aunt Laura 's giving me and make jelly. I 'm sure I can manage to sell it, and the papers say we ought to use the fruit."



"MARJORIE SET TO WORK AT ONCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"That 's a splendid idea!" said her mother, encouragingly.

"I 'm so glad you think so!" said Marjorie. "I can finish the bag to-night and buy the sugar to-morrow. I 'm going to call up everybody I think might buy, and take orders right now till supper 's ready."

"If the jelly is good," amended her mother.

"I 've made good jelly before this, you know I have," Marjorie maintained. "And this ought to be good jelly—it 's for a good cause!"

Her mother said no more. As a matter of fact, Marjorie *had* made good jellies before this, and there was no reason why she should not do so again.

Marjorie sat resolutely down before the telephone, spread open the local book before her, and started in.

"Is this Mrs. Phelps?" her mother heard her say very politely. "Mrs. Phelps, would you care to take any glasses of jelly from me? I 'm planning to make it up, and sell it for a little less than they sell it at the stores. Yes 'm, I 'm doing it to earn money for a Liberty bond—Yes, I think I can." Then a dismayed pause. "*Grape* jelly?" That was a contingency Marjorie had n't planned for. But she took it gallantly. "Yes, certainly. But it may cost a little more than apple or quince or—or crab-apple, you know.—Very well. Thank you *ever* so much!"

And Marjorie leaned back with an expression on her face as of duty well done.

"But, dear, where are you going to get the grapes?" asked her mother.

Marjorie laughed as she went on looking up her next number.

"I was n't going to turn down my first order just because it was for grape jelly! I have an idea about how to get them without much expense; and even if I have to buy them at the store, I can charge a little more."

She went on telephoning. But she was careful to specify that she was taking orders for apple, quince, crab-apple, and grape jelly. It worked very well. Most of the women she called up, either friends of her mother or mothers of her girl friends, ordered only the kinds she specified. She offered her jelly at nineteen cents a glass, remembering that the last time she had been sent to the store for jelly it had been twenty-five, and for a small glassful.

"Can you make any profit at that price?" asked her mother, doubtfully, as, tired but triumphant, she turned away from the telephone and began doing sums on her list.

Marjorie nodded her curls, beaming.

"Indeed I will! I can get glasses at the ten-cent store, three for five. They say they 're going up, so I 'm going to get them as soon as I can. A cake of paraffin will be twenty cents or so, I think. And sugar is nine cents a pound. They say that 's going up, too. Dear me!" surveying her figures somewhat ruefully, "I 'll be ten cents short! But my allowance for next week will fix that," she remembered.

The knitting-bag was done, as she had said it would be, that evening before bedtime. She hurried to her aunt's with it next morning before school, received the two dollars on the spot, and telephoned from her aunt's to the grocer for the sugar and paraffin.

The glasses had to wait till school was done. She had intended to use the ever-useful motor-cycle, but Mrs. Phelps, hearing through her daughter that Marjorie was going, offered to take her in her automobile. There was a ten-cent store in the next town, so there Marjorie bought a dollar's worth of jelly-glasses—sixty of them. She found herself telling the girl who sold them to her, who was not much older than she was, all about it, and the girl took a good deal of interest after that in picking out the best glasses for her and seeing that they were carefully wrapped up.

"Why, I 'm buying one of the bonds myself on the dollar a week plan!" she confided to Marjorie. "I only wish I could pay for it as easy as you will! It 'll come hard out of my salary. Not but that I 'm glad to do it!"

Marjorie felt as if she and the girl were friends after that, and as they bade each other good-by, Marjorie made up her mind that she would give that girl a glass of the Liberty jelly, as she was beginning to call it, as soon as it was made.

Old Honor usually disliked visitors to her kitchen, but here, as everywhere, Marjorie found that her motive in making the jelly smoothed her way for her. When she reached home, there were still three hours before dinner, which was at seven. Marjorie had several orders for plain apple jelly, and she set to work at once on her load of apples, washing and quartering them. She worked till dinner-time, and the huge kettleful of apples was just ready to put on the fire as dinner was served. She let it cook slowly, and afterward went out and put it into the jelly-bags, letting the juice drip into the pans she set beneath them. Then, just before bedtime, she went out again and boiled it, adding her precious sugar. It kept her up late, but she did not dare to leave the task half finished.

The liquid filled her sixty glasses, and three more. After that she went to bed, with a last lingering look at her handiwork.

"It will jell beautifully," she told herself; but she dreamed all night that it did n't.

It did, though. She was up early next morning, and had the paraffin on the hardened jelly before breakfast. School, that day, dragged through somehow, and as soon as it was over she flew home to finish her work. Then she sat down and took breath, while she tried to find out how much of it was already ordered.

There were thirty-nine glasses of apple jelly "bespoke," as Honor called it, at nineteen cents a glass, leaving her twenty-four to dispose of. She pondered that problem all the time she was delivering the jelly. The solution came to her as she walked slowly home past the grocery with her basket empty except for a single glass. Perhaps the grocer would let her leave some with him—perhaps he would even buy some of her. She took courage and went in.

"How much are your glasses of apple jelly?" she began.

"All out of apple jelly," said the grocer, briskly.

"But if you were n't," said Marjorie, desperately, "how much would it be?"

And the grocer said, "Twenty-five cents," exactly as she had thought he would.

The next step took still more courage. But Marjorie told him that she wished he would buy from her, or take some on commission, and gave him some from her sample on one of his own crackers. And the grocer said he would take the rest of the jelly at the price she was asking.

She hurried home to get it for him, and soon returned triumphantly with her gains jingling in her purse. Her first batch had brought eleven dollars and seventy-eight cents, and over nine dollars was profit—almost one-fifth of her bond!

She now had orders for grape and quince jelly. That meant buying quinces, but she believed she could gather the grapes herself, so the next afternoon she went out into the country, to a place where she remembered seeing some wild grapes growing, found them, and filled the side-car high. They made excellent jelly, which sold well, the grocer taking a dozen glasses. She called up grocery stores in near-by towns after this, and secured several orders from them.

Three hundred and sixty glasses sounds like a



"'MARJORIE WHEELER, YOU HAVE N'T BEEN RIDING THAT THING AROUND ALONE?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

great many. Marjorie had to go farther and farther afield to sell them, and sometimes she got very, very tired; but by the end of the two weeks she had set herself they were all sold, and Marjorie was the proud possessor of exactly fifty-four dollars. It would have been sixty-eight if there had been no glasses and sugar to buy, counting in the money for the knitting-bag.

"I have enough money for all of my bond!" she announced proudly at the family dinner-table on Sunday. Donald was there, after his two weeks' absence.

"How on earth did you get all your fruit and make your deliveries, Marge?" he demanded; "that must have been quite an item."

"I kept that for a surprise," she said. "I 've even asked Mother and Father not to say anything about it. But oh, Donald, it was all your motor-cycle—What 's the matter?"

For Donald's face was a study.

"My motor-cycle!" said he, beginning to laugh. "Marjorie Wheeler, you have n't been riding that thing around alone?"

"Why—why, yes, I have," said Marjorie. "Did n't you say I could have anything of yours I wanted if it would help me? Did n't you mean it?"

Donald continued to laugh.

"Of course I meant it. But I never dreamed you 'd think of the motor-cycle. Child, you have to be eighteen and have a license. I don't know why you have n't been arrested and fined a dozen times."

"But—but I 've bought the bond!" said Marjorie in dismay. "Do I have to go and confess?"

"I don't think that 's necessary," said Donald. "But don't do it again. It 's rather lawless."

"The child did n't know she was doing anything against the law," said her mother, "and I don't think she should be blamed."

"But the fifty dollars was n't for me, anyway," said Marjorie. "I collected it for the Government."

It was her father's turn to be surprised.

"Did n't you know that when you had bought the bond it would be as much your money as ever?" he asked.

Marjorie shook her head.

"I thought I was doing it for the war."

"So you were," he told her; "but you own the bond and you can sell it for fifty dollars any time you like,—only I would n't till the war 's over,—and you get interest on it twice a year."

Marjorie laughed. "I seem to have been going blindfold all the way through," she said. "But—but anyway, I 've paid for my bond!"

"You 've been a good, patriotic little girl all the way through," said Donald, "and I 'm proud of you!"

And that meant more to Marjorie than to find the bond was all hers.

"I 'm going to start saving for another!" she said.



The Joyous Travelers.

Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

The Farmer.

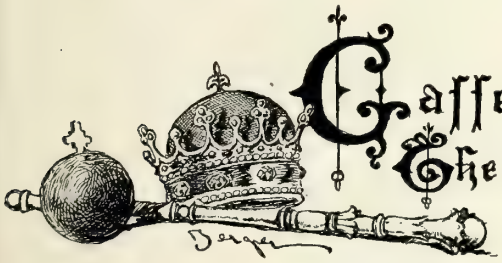


THE Farmer was thrifty,
the Farmer was wise;
Went early to bed, and
was early to rise;
Was sharp as a needle
and brisk as a bee;
Made hay while the sun
shone; ne'er carry
would he
All his eggs in one bas-
ket to market, nor push
One bird from his hand
for the two in the bush.

Well-tended his garden
and orchard and field;
Hard labor they cost him,
but rich was their yield.
With bins full and cellars full, barns full beside,
And no little gold in his money-bags tied,
Some pleasuring could he, though prudent, afford;
For he was no miser to scrimp and to hoard.

So when time to spare the good Farmer could
find,
A trip to the city was much to his mind;
And on his big horse, over dale, over down,
Away he would ride to see gay London town.
This rustic companion the others liked well,
But wondered what sort of a tale he would tell!

He said that he used not the gentlefolk's speech,
'T was only a plain tale his plain tongue could
reach.
But could they be patient with lack of fine words,
And a voice like a crow's among sweet-singing
birds,
He 'd tell them a tale,—'t was the best one he
knew,—
And forthwith began it without more ado.



Gaffer Wiseman's Choice.

The Story told by the Farmer.

ONCE upon a time there was a kingdom without a king; for the old king had died, leaving neither chick nor child to come after him.

"A kingdom without a king is like a flock without a herder," said the people of the land.

And on a certain day they met together to choose a king. But as there were as many minds about the matter as there were people at the meeting, they were hard put to it to decide whom they should have.

"Hal the miller is a good fellow, and a stout one, too. He can fend for himself and for us as well, I 'll warrant. Let us make him our choice," said one.

"No, no!" cried another. "Who would mind the mill and grind the grain in his stead? 'T is no easier to do without a miller than a king."

"Then," said a third, "there is the barber's son, who does nothing. It were small loss and great gain to make a king of him."

"Not so fast!" called a fourth; "for I have often heard it said that those who do nothing make others do too much."

And so it went among them till at last some one bethought him of the oldest man in the kingdom, who was also named the wisest.

"Let us make him king," said he; and as none could think of an objection to this they went straightway to the gaffer's house to tell him the news.

But Gaffer Wiseman did not want to be king, and for this he gave three reasons:

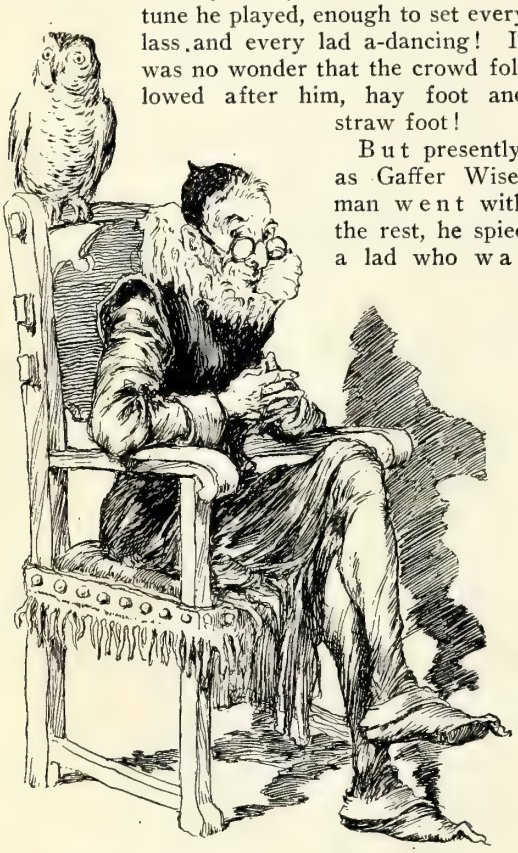
He was older than he was young. He looked backward oftener than he looked forward. And he would rather hear a cricket chirp on his own hearthstone than a nightingale sing elsewhere.

"But as for a king," said he, "an you will give me leave, I shall find him for you."

And when they had agreed to this, he took his staff in his hand and went out to the highway where many people passed.

Everybody was going the same way that day, and when Gaffer looked about to see why this was so, he spied, far ahead, a piper piping away like a thrush in May. Heyday, 't was a merry tune he played, enough to set every lass and every lad a-dancing! It was no wonder that the crowd followed after him, hay foot and straw foot!

But presently, as Gaffer Wiseman went with the rest, he spied a lad who was



"GAFFER WISEMAN DID NOT WANT TO BE KING."

trudging along away from the piper and the crowd as if he did not see or hear them.

"How now," said Gaffer to him. "Thou art young, and the young should be gay. Dost thou not like the piping and the dance?"

"Aye, that do I," said the youth; "but when a man's feet must carry him to seek his fortune, they cannot follow every merry tune."

"A true word," said Gaffer; and he left the crowd and went behind the young man; but he said no more to him.

"First sight is not always true sight," he thought to himself; but, nevertheless, he liked the youth.

The young man was a brisk walker and soon out of sight, but by and by Gaffer came upon him sitting by the roadside to eat his dinner.

An oat-cake and a sausage was all he had,—and none too much for a meal,—but when he had looked at it earnestly, he divided it with great care and put the half of it into his pocket again.

"Walking is hearty work," said Gaffer, then, "and thou art sturdy. Methinks the whole cake would suit thy appetite better than the half."

"Aye," said the young man; "but he who eats all to-day may go hungry to-morrow; and my fortune is not yet made."

"Well spoken!" said the old man; and he looked longingly at the youth. But he said no word of his errand.

"Hasty choice oft makes long sorrow," he thought to himself; and he walked on as if he were seeking nothing.

The young man, having soon finished his meal, caught up with him, however, and then the two walked together.

And as they walked they spied a wee laddie crying as if his heart would break, for a dog had stolen away his bun and he must go hungry for lack of it.

"And what manner of dog was it?" asked the young man. "Was its tail long or short? And did it have spots on its back?"

"Oh, aye," said the wee mannie, stopping his sobs to answer. "It was a tailless dog with two spots, one large and one not so large."

"Then thou must have dinner to eat," said the youth, smiling so gaily that for the life of him the laddie could not keep from smiling too; and he took his bread and sausage from his pocket and gave them to the child.

"How now," asked Gaffer when he saw this, "what of the morrow?"

"Didst thou never hear of the man who thought so much of the morrow that he lost to-day?" said the youth. And he went on his way laughing.

Gaffer Wiseman had more than half a mind to tell him what he was thinking; but he did not.

"It is a good thing to be cautious before you speak, for it is too late afterward," he thought to himself. So he only laughed when the young man laughed, and said nothing.

By and by, as they went, they came to a man who was trying to lead home a black-and-white pig that he had bought at market. Heyday, but it was a tug of war between them! Man pulled this way, piggy ran that way. Man ran that way, piggy pulled this way!

"I would give a shilling, and never begrudge the giving, to any lad who would get this pig home for me," said the man, stopping to rest as Gaffer and the youth came up; "for if he and I

are together much longer, it will be the worse for one of us, and which one that will be I do not know."

"I am seeking my fortune," said the youth, then; "and a shilling, honestly got, lies as well in a poor man's pocket as a golden guinea in a rich man's purse."

And when he had said this he bade Gaffer good day, and took the leading-string from the man.

Then Gaffer made haste to go, by a short cut, to the place where the people were waiting to hear his choice.

"I have found you a king!" he said as soon as he got breath to speak.

"What is he like? And where is he?" cried the people.

"He does not dislike the way of others, but he goes his own way; he is saving, but not too saving; he has a manner with children, the like of which was never seen before; and he is leading a little black-and-white pig down the highway," said Gaffer.

Then all the people went out to meet the youth. And presently they spied him coming with the black-and-white pig trotting at his heels as contented as you please; for the young man had had the thought to beg a handful of corn from a farmer's wagon that he passed, and was dropping a grain now and then to toll the swine on.

"What is this?" he asked when he saw all the people coming toward him.

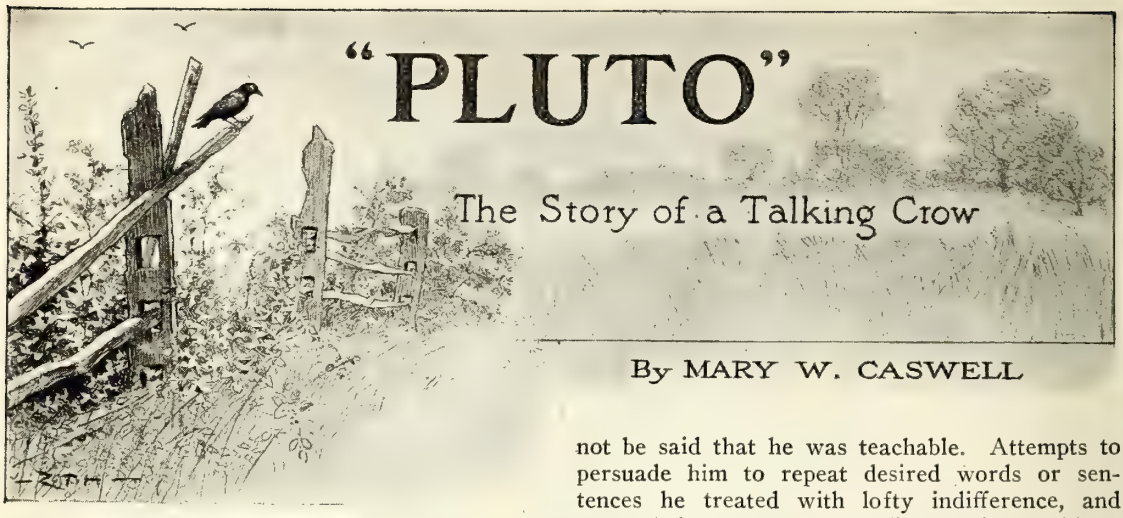
"'T is fortune that comes seeking you," said Gaffer Wiseman, who was spokesman; and then he laid before him the whole matter of the need of their kingdom for a king.



"'WHAT IS THIS?' HE ASKED, WHEN HE SAW ALL THE PEOPLE."

"Aye," said the youth, when he had heard all, "to be a king pleases me well; but first I must take the pig home."

And it is said that he made as good a king as Gaffer Wiseman had thought he would when he met him on the highway.



"PLUTO"

The Story of a Talking Crow

By MARY W. CASWELL

He was one of four baby crows that an adventurous boy had taken from a nest in a tall tree and carried home for pets. In that capacity, they all were amusing and playful and throve abundantly; but Pluto was the only one to develop any conversational ability, and in him it was unassisted by surgical treatment, despite the widely accepted theory that a crow is unable to use human language unless its tongue is split. His remained intact, but he articulated the words that he used more distinctly than any crow or parrot that I ever heard speak. I never heard him try to pronounce a word containing the letter S. Whether this was accidental, or because the sibilant was beyond his powers, I could not discover.

No effort had been made to teach him up to the occasion when he first exhibited his talent. It was on a hot summer afternoon, and half a dozen boys had started for the swimming-hole. Pluto, perched on his young master's shoulder, seemed to listen with interest as the boy adjured a lagging urchin to mend his pace. "Come along, Bub!" he shouted impatiently; and was much surprised to hear croaked, directly into his ear, "Come along, Bub!" in very human accents. The other boys at once crowded around the pair, warmly urging Pluto to "say it again," though only half believing that the bird had really spoken, especially as he remained as mute as a Delphic oracle for the rest of the day.

The next morning, however, the little sister ran in from her play, calling, "Ma, I want a cup of milk!" Pluto, hopping behind her, repeated her demand with every inflection used by the child. From that time the flood-gates of speech were opened, and he talked continually. It could not be said that he was teachable. Attempts to persuade him to repeat desired words or sentences he treated with lofty indifference, and proceeded to converse according to his own ideas.

His three brothers or sisters soon heeded the call of the wild and disappeared into the woods; but Pluto preferred human society, and remained with the family of his captor until it moved to another State. Then he attached himself to a playmate who had often come to the house, and took up his residence in the home of his new master in the neighboring village of St. Francis; but soon forsook him for a little girl whose red hair seemed to be the object of his especial admiration. He would stand on the back of her chair, his head cocked adoringly to one side, and his eyes fixed in rapture on the brilliant sheen of her locks, occasionally smoothing them gently with his beak. This rather embarrassed Rosa, particularly when he would succeed in getting into the school-room, as he sometimes did, and there manifesting his devotion to her crowning glory. But as she was a pretty child and a great favorite, it was not as annoying as it might have been. "Only think," said her amused teacher, "if he had singled out some red-headed girl with a freckled face and snub nose! The poor child would have been laughed out of school; but with Rosa it does n't matter."

His regard for his little mistress did not prevent his enjoying a joke at her expense, however, and there was one trick he never wearied of playing upon her. When she took her dolls' clothing to the side porch to perform the solemn rite of their family washing (in a wash-basin) he would wait patiently, out of sight, until she was called away. Then he would seize one side of the basin in his strong beak, and tip it to pour out the water, afterward perching complacently near by and greeting her on her return with a prolonged "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It was a much discussed question in the village as to how much Pluto understood of what he said; but if he did not comprehend the full force of his remarks, he certainly had extraordinary luck in applying them to almost any occasion. Probably his favorite sentences were those easy to pronounce; at all events, they were always timely, if not wholly courteous. He never spoke the name of any one, calling everything living "Bub," from white-haired "Grandpa Randall" to his adored little Rosa.

One morning he was perched on the railing of the bridge over the Windego River, placidly watching the river-drivers pilot the logs to the sluiceway of the dam. They had been warned that he was a pet and told of his accomplishment; but they were frankly sceptical, especially as he sat speechless and almost motionless for an hour or so.

"Talk, nothin'!" growled one of them. "I bet it ain't even alive. Them kids have just stuck up a stuffed crow there. They was stringin' us, to keep us a-listenin' for the old feather-duster, and I'm going to knock it into the river." He picked up a loose piece of bark to throw, but at that moment Pluto twisted his head slightly toward him and philosophically observed, "You look like a darn fool."



"PLUTO, HOPPING BEHIND HER, REPEATED HER DEMAND."

The man dropped the bark in open-mouthed surprise, but joined good-naturedly in the shouts of laughter at his expense, while work was instantly suspended, and every one crowded toward the bridge to investigate the phenomenon more closely. One young fellow, in his eagerness to arrive within colloquial range, stepped on a rolling log that tipped him into the water with a splash, and the crow, seeming to consider this mishap in the light of a successful practical joke played by himself, seesawed gleefully back and forth, calling out in the most jovial tones, "Hello, Bub, where you goin'?"



"HE WOULD POUR OUT THE WATER."

This was enough to establish his reputation once and for all with the river drivers, being entirely in line with their own direct and primitive ideas of humor. When, after some minutes during which they showed no intention of returning to work, but occupied their time in chaffing "Bub," Pluto suddenly admonished them, "Hurry up, you 'll be late for dinner," they accepted his advice as the acme of refined sarcasm, and, fluently encouraged by the foreman of the drive, again devoted themselves to their task of shepherding reluctant logs in the way they should go.

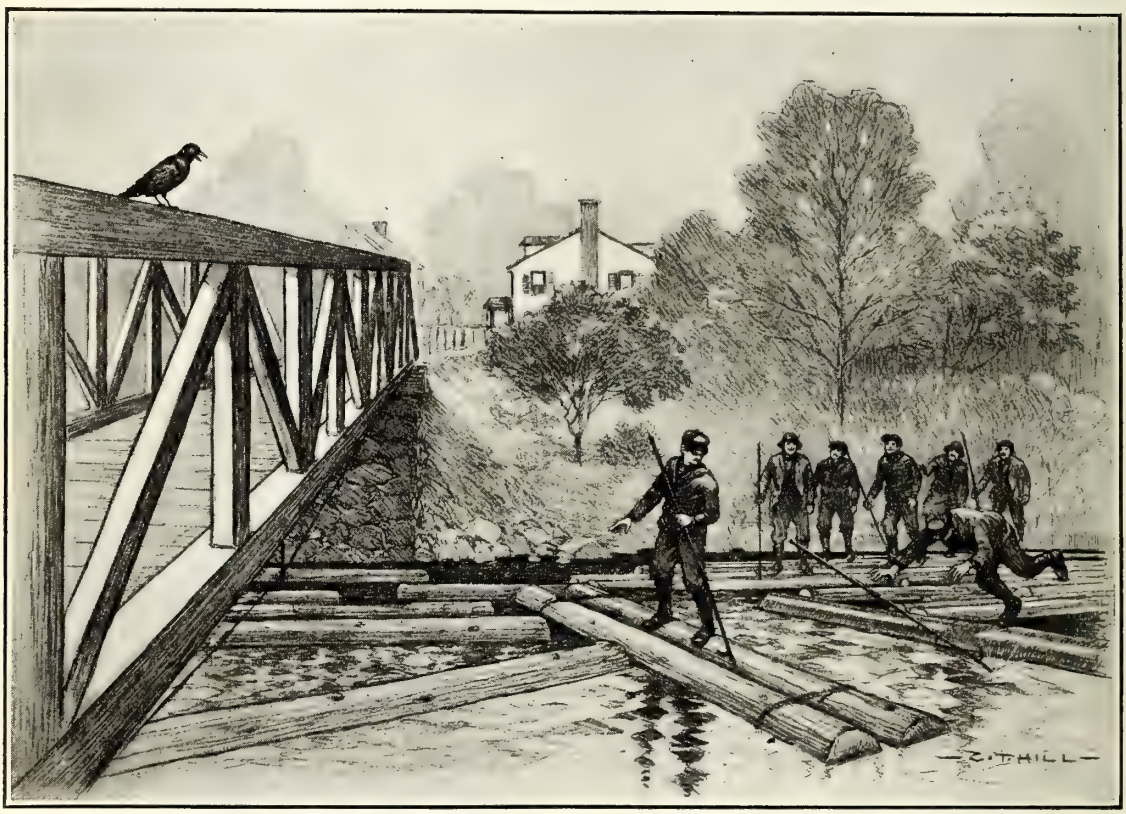
Although he assumed a blasé and world-weary demeanor, Pluto was visibly puffed up by their applause, and allowed himself to be persuaded to go not only to the dinner he had mentioned, but to their other meals for the two or three days they were at work at St. Francis. When the bell rang he would hop up to the shoulder of some favored youth and ride gravely to the table, where he was fed to repletion by his admirers.

On the river he soon recognized the superior facilities offered by the shoulder of the river-boss, that position affording him more variety of scene, as the official patrolled the river from the dam up to the sorting-gap, and also, it is painful to add, giving him an opportunity to embellish his vocabulary with some flowers of speech hitherto unknown.

However, with the passing of the drive, whereat he mourned sincerely, spending hours on the bridge-rail waiting for these fascinating friends to return, the more lurid of his newly acquired

expressions gradually dropped from his memory. This was fortunate, for I fear he would hardly have survived a repetition of an incident that occurred directly after the drivers' departure, when he strayed into the weekly prayer-meeting and enriched the proceedings with some words in season that were undoubtedly Scriptural, but so unbecomingly arranged and applied that the meeting broke up in disorder. Pluto's neck would assuredly have been wrung but for the tears and entreaties of Rosa, who promised to see that he was safely shut up on every future occasion of divine worship. At the time of his interruption a good deacon had been in the midst of a rather prolonged prayer, and Pluto, unhappily, had addressed him in the language used by the beloved river-boss when exhorting some dilatory worker to greater haste and efficiency!

I had often been told of this remarkable bird, and as I much wished to see and hear him, I started with a friend one afternoon to call on Rosa's mother. As it was one of the first warm days of spring and the snow had been deep, we encountered many pools of water, but skirted them successfully till we came to a veritable pond before the gate we wished to enter. Here there was no possible way of reaching the walk save by edging along a rail of the old-fashioned fence, clinging tightly with our hands to the top of it. It was not a graceful method of approach, as Pluto seemed clearly to realize, for, as we came nearer the porch where he sat, he threw back his head, opened his beak widely, and rocking back and forth in evident delight, shouted out as hearty a "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" as I ever wish to hear at my expense.



"PLUTO SEE-SAWED BACK AND FORTH, CALLING OUT 'HELLO, BUB, WHERE YOU GOIN'?'"

Rosa called him into the house, but either he was sulky, or so scorned our undignified advent as to consider us beneath notice, for not a word would he utter till Mrs. Morris said, "Rosa, you 'll have to brush him." We were puzzled till she explained, "There 's nothing he loves like having Rosa take a hair-brush and smooth his feathers, and she has made him understand that, if she does, he must talk."

So Rosa brought the brush, and Pluto honorably fulfilled his share of the unwritten agreement. It was with no especially remarkable

salutation that he greeted my friend; "Hello! How are you to-day?" or something as commonplace; but when he turned to me and said, with a malign chuckle, "Dam went out again Monday," it did seem that he was "more or less than human," for his statement not only was historically accurate, but it was my unfortunate family that owned the water-power. The crow, sitting on Rosa's lap as she energetically brushed his feathers from head to tail, certainly appeared to be in league with the powers of darkness.



ON THE SHOULDER OF THE RIVER-BOSS.

I think it must have been some such impression that led to the wreck of the hopes of domestic happiness which he entertained the next spring. He had found a mate and induced her to forsake the forest solitudes, beloved of crows, to join him in building a nest in the tallest tree in the little village park. It was finished without mishap, and she had been sitting on the eggs for some days, most devotedly fed by Pluto, when one morning the contemplative landlord of the inn, looking across the park from his favorite resting-place on the porch, saw the proud husband fly up to the nest as usual with a toothsome morsel for his dusky bride. She had just accepted it when Pluto committed his irretrievable error, or, as the landlord said, "made the worst break of his life."

It is to be supposed that he had wooed his spouse exclusively in the crow vernacular, and, judging by her attitude when she discovered them, that she had been entirely unaware of his linguistic accomplishments. At any rate, the sequence of events was as follows: having given her the food he had brought, he solicitously inquired, using one of his favorite sentences, "Hello, Bub, where you goin'?"

He was soon to learn! Dropping her breakfast in greater haste than did her celebrated ancestress who sang for the fox, she emitted one terrified squawk, rose from the nest with wildly flapping wings, and fled distractedly toward her native woods, followed in equal haste and confusion by Pluto, with frantic expostulations and pleadings to her to return.

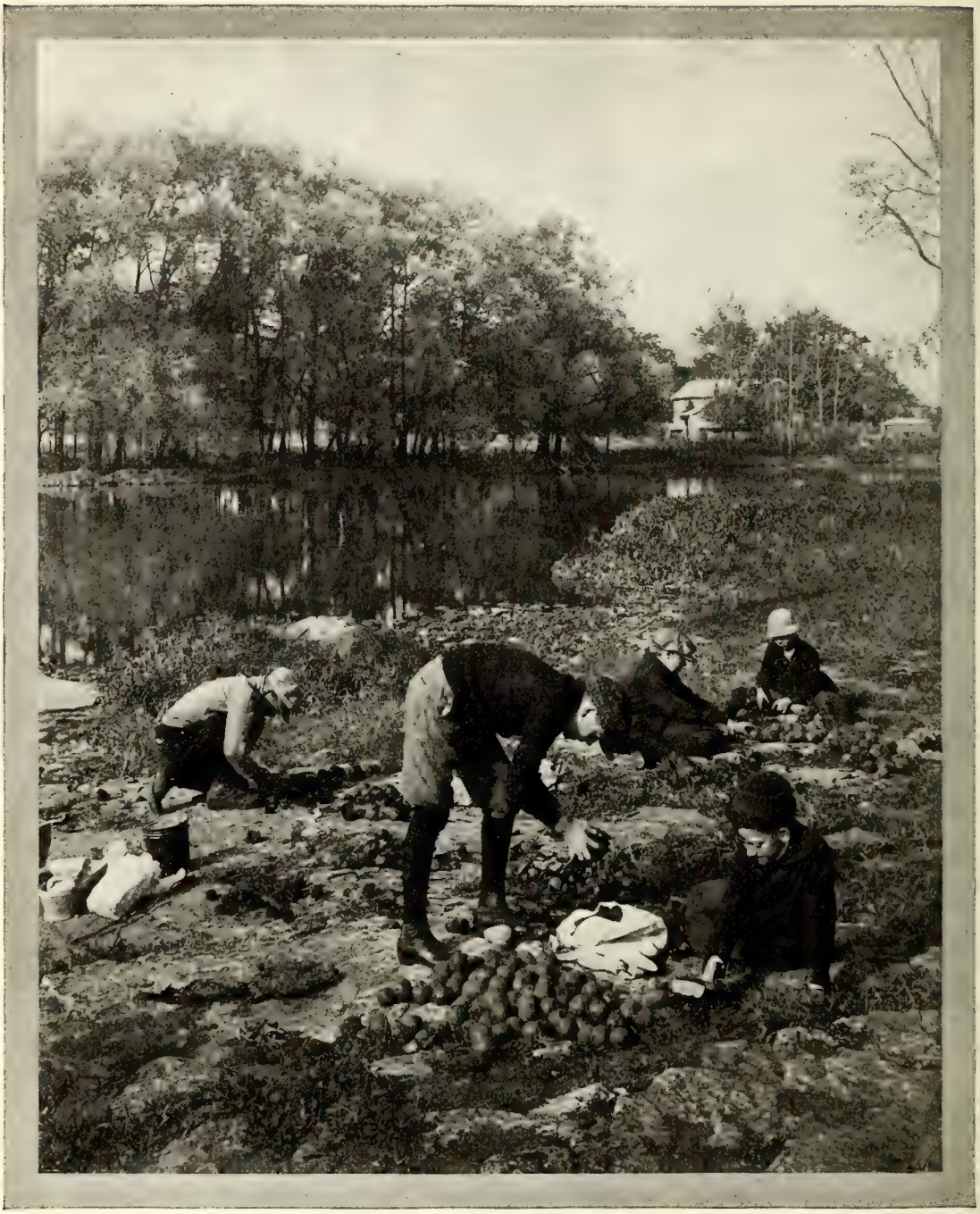
He pleaded in vain. Late in the afternoon he came back to town, hardly recognizable. His feathers were rumpled and awry, some were missing from his tail, and altogether he was a most forlorn spectacle. Friends addressed him consolingly, but he utterly ignored them. Straight to his once happy home he proceeded, dashed madly at the nest, tearing it to pieces with viciously wielded claws and beak, and hurling the eggs to the ground. Then, without a backward glance, he flew to Rosa's house, tapped on the window as usual, and when admitted, sought refuge for his passion of grief and humiliation in the ever welcoming lap and open arms of his stanch little protectress. There he crouched, uttering queer little moans, while Rosa hugged him to her heart, and cried and sobbed over him.

Poor Pluto! He was not the first to find that education above the level of one's kith and kin is not always an unmixed benefit. However, such is the blessed power of recuperation in all of us, he gradually became somewhat soothed and comforted by his friend's caresses, and his self-respect, which had been nearly destroyed, began to revive.



PLUTO AND ROSA.

During his courtship and honeymoon he had seen very little of his human admirers, and it now seemed to occur to him that their society had some advantages over that of his unappreciative family, for he presently hopped from Rosa's knee, and, after some rummaging in the nook devoted to the hair-brush reserved for his use, returned dragging that implement by the handle. There was no denying that he needed its services as never before, and its vigorous use soon restored to him some outward respectability, and seemingly, a measure of inward equanimity, for he took up his life as if his romance had not been. Its only visible trace was the aversion he afterward showed to all feathered creatures and devotion to his human friends.



When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IN NUTTING TIME

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

When you go out to the woods for nuts,
Shagbarks and chestnuts, hazels and beeches,
And shake down into your baskets all
That your long and stout stick barely reaches,
If you will hear what Good-heart preaches,
Every nut will be sweet as peaches.

For here, to gather his winter's store,
Comes, when the rustling leaves are yellow,
To put away in his cosy home,
A bright-eyed and furry little fellow,
When the days are short and the nuts are mellow,
And the nights are dark as the face of *Othello*.

And he cries for anger, and cries for grief,
When he finds the boys have the tree been stripping,
For his wife and babies must starve, he knows,
They who were once so gay and tripping,
And out of life will be sadly slipping
When the winds are keen and the frosts are nipping.

And all of a sudden he finds a pail
Of good fat nuts and his heart goes leaping,
And he sees his darling household saved
As the well-fed days go slowly creeping,
And his nest rocks safe in the storms' wild sweeping
And he thanks the boy for his happy sleeping.

THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

Chapter XI

THE IMP MAKES A LAST DISCOVERY

A Burning August sun shone down pitilessly on the parched brown grass and dusty roads about Paradise Green. The great elms stood absolutely motionless in the stifling air. And into this merciless atmosphere, still quite early in the morning of the twelfth, emerged the three girls, bound for the home of Louis Durant.

"Is n't it awful!" moaned Carol, the perspiration streaming down her face, as they plodded on in the blazing sun. "This terrific heat has lasted a week, and there is n't a sign of let-up."

"And to think of poor Miss Yvonne having to tear up the house and pack at such a time as this!" echoed Sue. "And she is n't a bit well, either. I 'm awfully glad she 's letting us help her. I never supposed she would, but she must be kind of desperate, with their servant gone. She 's fine to have let her go, though, I must say. The servant said her son had to go very soon to the army, and she might never see him again if she did n't leave for France right away."

"Yes, it was great of Miss Yvonne to struggle along through this alone," put in the Imp, "but I still don't see why Monsieur did n't want her to get extra help from the village, except that, perhaps, he did n't want strangers prying around and asking questions at this time."

They reached the gate and turned into the yard. Monsieur was sitting under a tree, reading a paper and trying to keep cool. Louis was in the house helping Miss Yvonne.

"Come in, girls!" he called through an open window. "We are precious glad to see you. Can you help us pack these books?"

The tone strove to be his usual careless, carefree one, but it was so patently anything else that not one of the girls but realized the effort he was making.

They entered the room, donned the dusting-caps and aprons that they had brought with them, and entered on the work with assumed zest. It was Miss Yvonne's room on the ground floor in which they were, and the dismantling process in it was nearly complete. The bed was down, the book-shelves emptied and their contents piled on the floor, the furniture shrouded in sacking, and little remained to be packed except the contents of a big closet built into one side of the wall. Miss Yvonne was busy elsewhere, so the young folks had the room to themselves.

"Is n't the weather awful!" groaned Carol.

"The news in the paper is worse!" commented Louis, briefly.

"Oh, what is it?" chorused the girls. "None of us have had time to read the paper to-day."

"The Germans are simply demolishing Belgium, and they 've entered France at several points and are bound straight for Calais and Paris. It seems as if nothing could stop them. They 're walking away with everything. They 're hideously prepared for this, and not one of these other nations are. It makes my blood boil! Oh, if I could only *do* something, instead of just going over to France and watching the show! But I suppose Monsieur would n't hear of it."

"Oh, Louis, you must n't get into this; you 're too young!" exclaimed Sue.

"Yes, that 's what he says!" muttered Louis, viciously scrubbing a book with a dust-cloth. "But I 'm seventeen—and I don't agree with him. I 've lost all interest in life, anyhow. Why should n't I go in and smash a few of the enemy's heads?"

The three girls shuddered, but did not answer.

"There!" cried the Imp, glad to change the subject. "I 've finished these books. Now what else is there to do in here, Louis?"

"Aunt Yvonne said that closet was to be emptied and all the things piled on the floor," he replied, and the Imp straightway dived into the closet, calling back:

"I 'll hand the things out, and you two girls put them where they are to go." She commenced hurling out an apparently endless amount of packages and bundles; it seemed as if the closet had been used for years as a storage place.

"My, but there are a lot of them!" coughed the Imp, choking with dust.

"Yes, Aunt Yvonne said she was rather ashamed of this closet," said Louis. "She 's used it as a catch-all for years; most of these bundles are things she has no earthly use for, yet she won't under any circumstances give them or throw them away."

"We have the same kind of a closet at home," remarked Carol. "Mother says she does n't know how she 'd get along without it—I mean the kind you stow things in that you hardly expect to use again, but are afraid you may have to."

"We have one, too!" echoed Sue.

They worked on for a time in silence. At last the Imp, dusty and cobwebby, tossed out a final bundle with the remark:

"That 's the last, I guess, except some scraps of wrapping-paper and so on. I 'll just look among these and be sure there 's nothing more."

They heard her grubbing about for a moment or two, and then a stifled exclamation.

"What 's the matter?" cried every one, simultaneously.

"Somebody bring a candle!" commanded the Imp. "There 's something queer here."

Louis rushed away to get one and was back in a jiffy.

"Here it is," he said, lighting it and handing it in to the Imp, and then the three crowded into the doorway to see what was to be seen.

"It 's this hole," she explained, holding the candle to a space about six inches in diameter, near the base of the wall. "It was back of a pile of bundles, and I guess it must have been made by the mice or rats, for the gnawed bits are lying all around. It looks as if they 've done it lately. My hand slipped into it a moment ago, and as I was trying to get it out, the boarding came loose—because it 's so old, I guess. Anyhow, it pulled away, and I just caught a glimpse of something that seemed strange behind it."

Louis crowded ino the closet at this, and gave the board a wrench. It came away, revealing behind it a sight that made the four stare with surprise.

"Why it 's a *fireplace!*" cried the Imp, poking in her head as Louis pulled away another board. "A great, immense fireplace—even bigger than the one in your living-room!"

It was nothing less. Each took a turn at poking her head into the open space, and was amazed at the breadth of the great chimney-place, which still contained the andirons and curious old hooks and cranes of bygone years.

"I must tell the others!" cried Louis. "I 'm sure they 'll be interested in this." And he rushed away to inform them.

While he was gone, the Imp suddenly emerged from the closet in great excitement and whispered to the others:

"I have an idea! I may be crazy, but I believe we 're on the track of the hiding-place of those papers. Don't you remember what Monsieur said about the *chimney?*"

The two girls looked startled. But before they could discuss the matter, back came Louis with Monsieur and the Meadows couple behind him.

"It 's perfectly evident to me," Louis was explaining to them, "that at some time or other, pretty far back, some one has had the great 'long kitchen' in this house made into two rooms, and then boarded up the original walls and fireplace. I always thought it strange that this house, which is exactly the same build and design as the old Caswell place, for instance, and a dozen others around here, should not have that immense 'long kitchen,' as they call it, that all the others have. You know, it 's the original

kitchen of the early New Englanders. They used to use it as kitchen and dining-room and everything. The fireplace was the biggest in the house, and often they would have an ox drag right into the room a great log that would entirely fill the chimney-place. Somebody has evidently taken that room and had it made into two smaller ones with no fireplace at all. Queer thing to do! I wonder why?"

In his interest in this explanation Louis had not noticed the very evident excitement of Monsieur and old John Meadows and Miss Yvonne. And he was quite thunderstruck when Monsieur asked him if it were possible for him to pull down the boarding around the fireplace.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Louis, much astonished. "It won't take much strength, but what 's the use of doing it just now? It will make an awful mess, and there probably is n't much to see beyond what we 've already seen. It would be a good thing, perhaps, to have this fine old room restored while we 're away, but I don't see any use of beginning it now."

The marquis, trembling so that he was forced to support himself by leaning on a packing-case, spoke with more decision than his hearers had ever heard him use before: "Tear down the woodwork, Louis! It is my wish. There may be an excellent reason."

And without further protest, Louis went to work.

The noontide sun grew hotter and hotter, but the company in that curiously littered room did not notice it. There was not a word spoken as they watched him, but a breathless suspense had gripped them all—all except Louis. To him it was only a useless whim of Monsieur's that he was obeying, and secretly, he was rather irritated than otherwise. He found, during the course of his labor, that the chimney-place ran clear behind the walls into the next room, which was that of old Mr. Meadows, but even this did not daunt the marquis.

"Tear down the wall between, if you can. Knock it down. Break it down, somehow! I do not care, so long as we free the chimney!"

Before Louis was through, the place looked as if it had suddenly been subject to an air-raid and earthquake combined; but no one cared. And by that time even Louis had begun to experience a vague suspicion that they were on the track of something. When the fireplace at last stood free, amid the surrounding debris, he stepped aside, remarking:

"There! That 's about all I can do, I think. That was a most clever piece of work—the way this other room has been entirely concealed. Not one of us has ever suspected it was here, though I suppose, if we 'd been any sort of architects, we might have."

"Oh, here are the old Dutch ovens!" cried the Imp, rushing forward to examine the curious little iron doorways in the sides of the chimney-place. "I saw the same things in the Caswell house. They used to bake the bread in those when the chimney got good and hot." She pulled open one of them and thrust in her hand.

"Gracious! There 's something in here!" she almost shouted, hauling out a small iron box, covered with rust and dust and cobwebs of what must have been a century of hiding.

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" cried old John Meadows, striding forward and fairly snatching it from her grasp. "It is the one—the very one my grandfather spoke of, and in the *chimney*, just as I have always thought he said!" With tears of excitement standing in his eyes, he took the box and placed it in the hands of the marquis. And Miss Yvonne, sobbing quietly, no doubt in the intensity of her relief, sat down on a small packing-case and hid her face in her hands. The three girls, understanding something of this strange discovery, stood by, breathless in their excitement and interest. Only Louis, to whom the whole proceeding was a "dark-brown" mystery, stared at them all, open-mouthed and questioning.

Monsieur took the box and placed it in Louis's hands. "Can you open it for us?" he asked.

"I suppose I could pry it open with a hammer and chisel, or break into it with an ax," remarked Louis, examining it carefully, "if you 're not afraid the contents may be hurt."

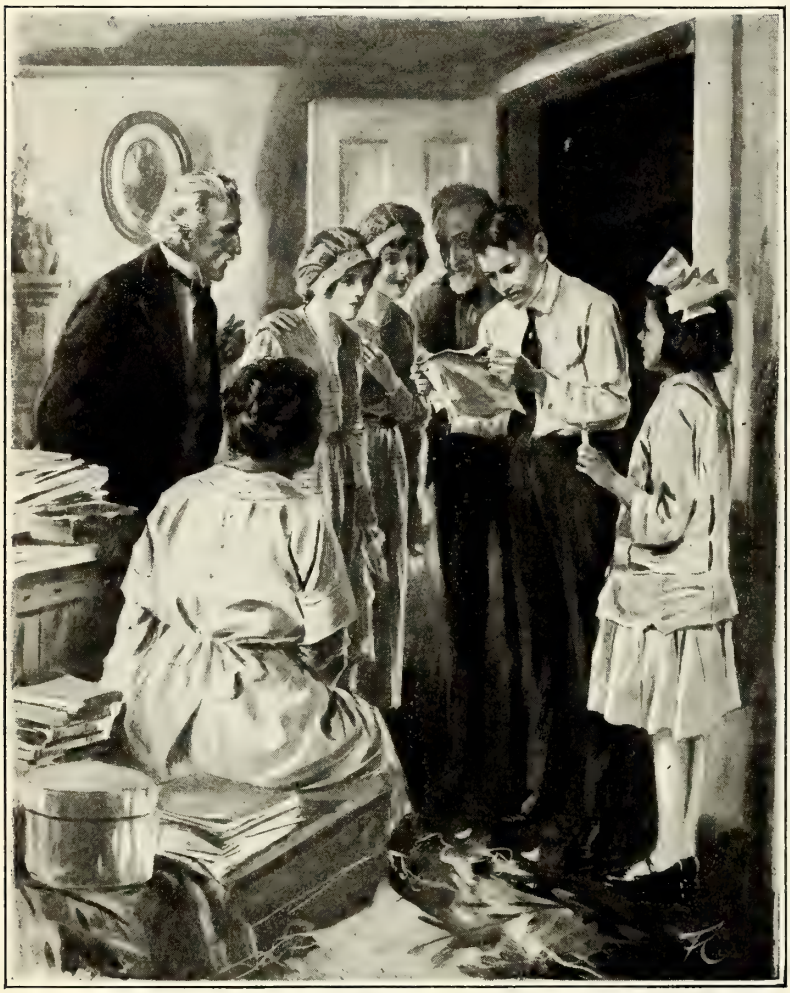
"It will not harm them, I am sure," replied Monsieur; and Louis fetched the necessary tools. It took a long while to break the lock, for it was stout and strong. But at last it was accomplished, and Louis handed the box to Monsieur. They all pressed round him eagerly, as he opened the lid. It contained nothing but a paper, folded, tied, and sealed—a paper so faded, stained, and tender that they scarcely dared touch it lest it fall apart. Monsieur took it out with extreme care, broke the seal, and handed the document to Louis, unread.

"Read it," he said. "It concerns you and you alone. It is your right to have the first view of it. It is a sacred message, transmitted to you through the years by your great-grandfather, the lost dauphin!"

"Shall I read it aloud?" inquired Louis, in a voice of hushed, unconscious awe.

"If it pleases you to do so," replied the marquis. Louis cleared his throat nervously, and

began to read aloud in French, stopping often to decipher a word that was blurred by the stains of time. As the two girls, Carol and Sue, could understand little or nothing of what he read, they could only watch curiously the expression on the faces of the others. And before Louis had read far, that expression became singularly different on those four eager countenances. Miss



"LISTEN. I 'LL TRANSLATE IT TO YOU. IT 'S VERY SHORT."

Yvonne leaned forward from her packing-box, her eyes startled and unbelieving. Old John Meadows ruffled his white hair distractedly with his hands and muttered, "What? what?" in English, and other expressions in French. The Imp's big blue eyes fairly danced with amazement, and very pleased amazement at that. Monsieur stood listening with his hands clenched, his head thrust forward, his eagle-like gaze intent, unbelieving, stricken. Only Louis read on stolidly, as if what he read had not yet registered itself on his mind.

Suddenly he threw down the paper and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" and then, more solemnly, "Oh, I 'm glad—so glad!"

"What is it? what is it?" cried Sue and Carol, simultaneously. *"Please tell us.* We have n't understood a word of it."

"Oh, you poor things!" he exclaimed gaily. "Listen. I 'll translate it to you. It 's very short." And he went on to translate from the ancient paper in English:

"I WHO write this am the Dauphin of France, who should have been Louis XVII. I escaped from the Temple Tower in my tenth year, by means which I shall not attempt to explain here. All that tale is known to others, who could make it public to the world if I so wished. But I do not wish it. My only desire is to remain forever hidden. Should there, however, arise at any future time cause or reason for making descendants of mine aware of the truth of their real ancestry, I wish to make this statement. *I have no descendants.* The boy whom Jean Mettot supposes to be my son is no flesh-and-blood heir of mine. He is the son of my wife and her former husband. He was a young child, less than two years old, when I married her, and so fond did I become of him, that I felt as if he were truly my own. But there runs no Bourbon blood in his veins, praise God, and heirs of his may never inherit the throne of France! I am ill and weak, when writing this, and I feel that death is not far away. Only Jean Mettot knows the hiding-place I have designed for this document. I pray God there may never be need to disclose it. "LOUIS CHARLES."

"B u t—b u t," stammered Sue, when he had finished, "what does that mean?"

"It means," cried Louis, "that I have n't a drop of Bourbon blood in me! That I 'm a plain *American* boy, after all!"

He threw his cap in the air exultantly, and shouted another hurrah.

STRANGELY enough, it was Sue who first thought

of the marquis. Glancing suddenly toward him, she exclaimed in a low voice: "Oh, Monsieur!"

He was still standing in the same tense attitude, his expression dazed and unbelieving. Not one of them but then realized that this news, so happy to Louis, so tragic to him, might bring on an attack, possibly a fatal one, of his physical ailment. But the marquis was made of sterner stuff than they knew. With a sudden squaring of the shoulders, he walked over to the window, and stood staring out, his back toward them all, his hands clenched behind him.

So long did he remain staring so, that the tense silence became almost unbearable. It was Louis, at last, with his head up and the kindest expression the girls had ever seen in his eyes, who walked over to him and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Will you forgive me, sir," he said very quietly, "for not realizing what a blow this news must be to you—whatever it may mean to me."

The marquis turned and looked deep into his eyes. "My boy," he spoke in a husky voice, "you are worthy to be the lineal descendant of a king, even if fate has willed it that you are not." He could say no more just at that moment, and Louis went on:

"I want you to know, sir, that I feel my obligation to you remains precisely the same, even though the conditions are changed. I owe you everything I have and am. Of course, there is no reason now why you should adopt me as your son, but I want to give you and the country you love, the very best that is in me. I am an American of the Americans, and I 'm prouder of it than ever, but I want to 'do my bit' for France and you. Will you allow me, sir, to go with you to France and join the French Flying Corps. It is the only way I can thank you."

The marquis was still gazing straight into the boy's eyes, and now he laid both hands on his shoulders. "You shall have your wish, boy," he said, still huskily. "I see now that I should never have striven to restrain you. But, Bourbon or no Bourbon, an adopted son of mine you shall be, if you yourself will consent to it? I love you for yourself. What matters any other reason? But I promise you that in no way will I put the slightest obstacle in the path you yourself have chosen. France will yet be as proud of you as I am. Louis Charles, you will be my son?"

"I never knew my parents," answered Louis, in an unsteady voice, "and I 've—I 've missed them horribly, but if I might call you 'Father,' sir——"

Just then the girls looked round and found that old Mr. Meadows and his daughter had vanished from the room, and, at Sue's beckoning finger, the three tiptoed out after them.

Chapter XII

The End of the Journal

September 25, 1914. It 's so long since I 've written in this journal that I 'm quite discouraged about it. Not a single entry have I made since that wonderful day over at Louis's when—they found the document. Well, there has n't been much to write about, and we 've all felt lonely and blue and apprehensive (that 's the only word I can think of to express it) ever since Louis sailed for France.

They did not get away quite as soon as they had expected. Changed conditions and sailing dates delayed them a week or more longer than the original time. I think it was at least the twentieth of August, before they left for New York and their steamer. Oh, it is such a desolate place now, across the Green, since they went away—all shut up and dark and lonely! But Monsieur has left the key of it with us, and asked us to go through it once in a while to see if everything is all right. In the spring he expects to have an architect come and restore the "long kitchen" to exactly its former appearance, and put all the rest of the house in good shape. He says that, since Louis wishes it so much, he shall come back here whenever there is opportunity, whenever his duties will permit, and live here as long as he likes. That is glorious news! We are all so happy about it, and Louis was just wild with joy.

But oh, *will* he come back? That is the awful question. Aviation is dangerous enough even over here in a peaceful country. What earthly chance of life has one over there in the midst of this horrible war? It just makes me shudder every time I think of it, and I don't dare think of it much. I have awful nightmares about it every single night.

The Imp has taken to reading up everything she can find on the subject, and she insists on telling us the most hair-raising tales about the dangers and accidents that happen to military aviators. I asked her once if it did n't simply make her sick to think of such things in connection with Louis, and she only said: "Oh, no! Louis 's not going to have things like that happen to *him*. He 's different!" Well, I only wish I had her faith!

Louis's departure with the marquis was a nine days' wonder here, of course. Everybody talked about it incessantly for a while, and speculated at the greatest length on why in the world a

French nobleman should do such an eccentric thing. It used to make me fairly giggle to hear them talk, the stories they concocted were so wild. But, naturally, no one except us three girls ever guessed the truth—or ever will. For it was the marquis's wish that, even as things turned out, the truth about the dauphin should never be made public.

We have all gone back to school and are plodding along in the same prosaic way. The only thing we 're doing that really interests us is knitting an outfit for Louis—sweater and helmet and wristlets and socks. He said, before he left, that he 'd probably need them, and we promised to make them as quickly as possible.

September 28. We had a letter from Louis to-day, the first since he left. Of course, it caused us all the wildest excitement. He said they had a safe voyage across and he was n't seasick a minute, though the marquis and old Mr. Meadows were very much so. He said that they went straight to Paris, and there the marquis used his influence and got him enlisted in the French air service, and in a few days he was notified to report for duty at the Hôtel des Invalides. Here he went through his physical examination, passed it, and was then sent to Dijon to get his outfit, which is provided by the Government. After going through all that, he was sent on to Pau (we 've looked up all these places in the atlas and know exactly where they are!) to get his training at the flying-school.

He had been there only a week when he wrote this letter, but he says that, owing to the hard study he put in on Page Calvin's machine, he 's almost perfect in the mechanical part, the engine and steering, and, instead of having to spend several weeks at that, can soon go on to the actual flying. Of course, I don't understand all his technical talk about it, but one thing is easy to see. He 's completely and absolutely *happy!* He says he 'll write again when he 's actually been "up," but that he has hardly a moment to himself during the day, and at night he 's so tired he almost falls asleep on the way to bed. Their course is very, very strict and exacting.

November 22, 1914. I did n't suppose it would be so long before I 'd write in here again, but there 's generally nothing much to write. Paradise Green has returned to its old sleepy nonentity of a self—since Louis went away. One thing only has stirred up the very quiet surface of our family. Dave has been morose and uneasy ever since Louis's departure, and yesterday he launched a thunderbolt in our midst by asking Father if he could go off to the front and enlist in the French army. Father was very quiet about it, but he said positively, no. And Dave just broke down and blubbered like a baby and said he wanted to do something to help in this beastly mess and that he thought America was "rotten" not to get into it, too.

And Father said:

"If America ever does get into it, Dave, you 'll go with my full permission—but not till then!"

So Dave had to be content with that.

We heard from Louis to-day—the most wonderful letter. He had finished the course in aviation two weeks before, and was ordered on duty at the front. So off he went (he was n't allowed to tell us just where the "front" was) and has been there ever since, scouting over the enemy's lines in a biplane with the *"chef pilote"* to familiarize himself with the conditions. And so he will soon be actively engaged—with the enemy. It makes me sick and cold to think of it all. Shall we ever see Louis alive again and walking about Paradise Green in the old way? I have simply made up my mind that it is not possible—that if it ever happens, it will be nothing short of a miracle.

On looking back in this journal, I find that I have kept it just exactly one year to-day. I have fulfilled my promise to Miss Cullingford, and I believe, if she could only read it, she 'd find it a very interesting supplement to history indeed. But, of course, she never will. That would be breaking my promise to the marquis. I do not think I will write in here any more. The year is over, and Louis has gone—and may never come back again.

April 10, 1917. To-day, in an old drawer in my desk, locked away and almost completely forgotten by me, I found this journal that I kept three long years ago. How long, how *very* long they seem now! I was sixteen then, and still in high school. I am nineteen—nearly twenty now, and have been a year in college. Just now I am home for the Easter vacation, back in little Paradise Green, and in rummaging through my desk I came upon this. The notion has taken me to add one more entry to it, because it will make the story complete.

When I wrote last in it, I was positively certain that Louis would die, would be killed in some terrible battle, or have some accident to his aëroplane. Nothing of the sort has happened—marvelous as it may seem. Yes, the miracle has taken place, and Louis, our same old Louis, is back in his home on Paradise Green! And the Meadows, or Mettots, as I now call them,

are back here with him, just in the same old way. It 's too wonderful for words!

But the marquis is not here. He will never be here any more for he died a year ago, leaving his title, and what little remains of his estate, to Louis. The greater part of it has been turned over to the Government.

But Louis—oh, that has been the wonderful part of the story! He has been known for two years as one of the most daring and successful members of the French Aviation Corps, with a record of successful engagements with the enemy and captured machines to be horribly proud of. He has been decorated by the French Government and honored in a dozen ways, and has never been wounded or injured till just lately.

In an engagement at Eaucourt l'Abbaye, last October, at about the finish of the great Somme battle, he was wounded in the side, but managed to land his machine safely. The wound was not serious in itself, but his old enemy, blood-poisoning, set in and for a while it was nip and tuck whether he could recover. But Louis says his constitution is "sound American," and after a long siege he was pronounced out of danger, and recovered. But he has been forced by his commanding officer to take a long leave of absence to recover complete health before he returns to the front.

And so he came back to Paradise Green, to take up life, as he says, where he left it there. And during this Easter vacation we four have been rollicking around just as we used to when we were children and had n't a care on our minds. Carol is grown up, as I am, and is attending college with me. The Imp is a tall, lanky creature now, nearly through high school, and can be quite as exasperating as ever, at times. They say she 's cut out for a brilliant future, but just at present her whole mind is concentrated on becoming a Red Cross nurse, so that she can be off to the front and in the thick of it. Of course, Mother and Father won't stand for it, but trust the Imp to get her way —somehow!

And that brings me to another thing. America has at last entered the war. We can scarcely believe it yet. But Louis is jubilant, and Dave promptly claimed the promise that Father made him three years ago. Father has consented, just as he said he would, but is feeling pretty grave about it. And the look in Mother's eyes is enough to keep Dave from effervescing too openly. I dare not think very far into the future, but just for the immediate present we are all trying to be very happy.

I had almost decided to destroy this journal, but something Louis told us has made me change my mind. He said that before Monsieur (I cannot get out of the habit of calling him that!) passed away, he told him (Louis) that he had altered his mind about keeping secret any longer the story of Louis's descent. He said that he believed the dauphin would have been filled with pride at the wonderful attainments and service to France of this descendant of his adopted son, and would glory in the world's knowledge of his connection with him. And so Louis said that, although he was n't ever going to say anything about it himself, he did n't specially care if the rest of us did. The matter seemed of very little importance to him, anyhow. He said that probably no one would believe it, as there were too many stories about already concerning the escape and claims of the lost dauphin.

Probably they won't and I would n't blame them, for it does seem almost incredible. However that may be, I 've changed my mind about this journal. I 'm going to show it to Miss Cullingford after all. She and I have always been great friends, even after I left high school. And I want her to read for herself the whole history of this wonderful thing that happened on little, out-of-the-way Paradise Green.

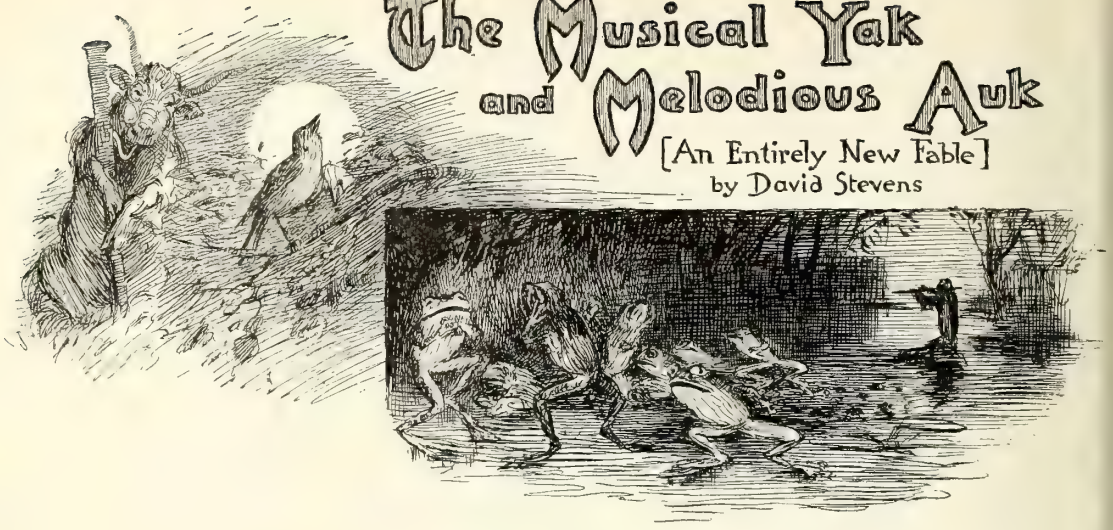
THE END.



The Musical Yak and Melodious Auk

[An Entirely New Fable]

by David Stevens



Did you ever hear tell of the Musical Yak,
Who played the bassoon with a marvelous knack?
The noise he produced was a voice from the tomb,
And it sounded like this: *"Poom-py-poom! Poom-py-poom!"*
On fine evenings, at eight, his bassoon he would bring
And try to play tunes that the nightingales sing.
Did you *ever* know such a remarkable thing?
Dear, dear!
It was something to hear
When he tried to play tunes that the nightingales sing.



"THE FROGS ALL CAME IN ON THE *'POOM-PY-POOM-POOM!'*"

The Melodious Auk, from a neighboring town,
As a flutist enjoyed an immortal renown;
And when he performed, he had only to blow
And the music came out: *"Pillie-willie-i-o!"*
But he haunted the shores of the swamps and the bogs,
Where, seated on cold and irriguous logs,
He tried to play tunes that are sung by the frogs.
Dear, dear!
It was something to hear
When he tried to play tunes that are sung by the frogs.

One night said the Auk to the Musical Yak:
"I begin to suspect you are on the wrong tack;
That you are an artist we 're bound to assume,
And it 's lovely to hear you go *'Poom-py-poom-poom!'*
But you *must* have observed, any evening in June,
That the nightingale sings a quite delicate tune,

Which *cannot* be played on the husky bassoon.
Dear, dear!
It is dreadful to hear
A nightingale's song on the husky bassoon!"

"Just so," said the Yak to his neighbor the Auk,
"And I 'm glad of this chance for a heart-to-heart talk;
You 're remarkably gifted in music, I know,
And we all love to hear *'Pillie-willie-i-o!'*
Yet, although I 've no wish to engage in dispute,
I will mention a fact which you cannot refute:
That the song of the frog is *not* played on the flute.
Dear, dear!
It is painful to hear
The song of the frog reproduced on the flute!"

Thus they argued an hour on the science of song,
Until each was convinced that perhaps he was wrong;
So the Auk played his flute where the June roses grow
And the nightingales sang *"Pillie-willie-i-o!"*
While the Yak, by the swamp, in mysterious gloom,
Made sounds that resembled a voice from the tomb.
And the frogs all came in on the *"Poom-py-poom-poom!"*
Dear, dear!
It was something to hear
All the frogs coming in on the *"Poom-py-poom-poom!"*



"THE AUK PLAYED HIS FLUTE WHERE THE JUNE ROSES GROW."

The Moral is brief and exceedingly sound:
Square pegs are not made to fit holes that are round!

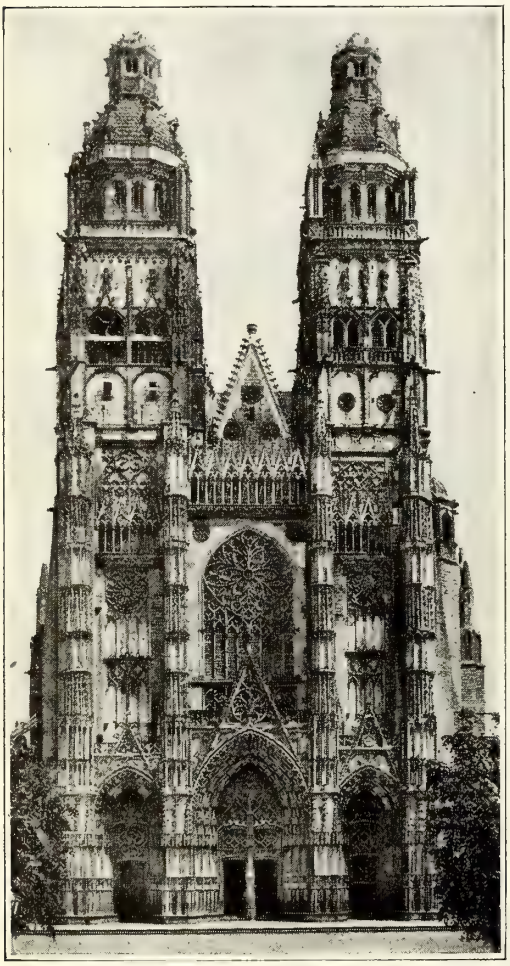


TWO LITTLE SONS OF FRANCE

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

In the old city of Tours, facing a quiet square, stands one of the most beautiful cathedrals in France. Its towers, with lace-like carving, rise high into the glowing sunshine that floods the fair province of Touraine, and families of rooks make their nests in them, flying in and out and around them all day long.

Within the cathedral it is cool and still, and the



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. GATIEN AT TOURS.

light from without streams through the high windows, which are filled with wonderful glass, hundreds of years old, glowing with such colors that we, to-day, can make nothing so beautiful. And almost in the heart of this radiant stillness stands a monument to two little French babies, each of whom, while he lived, was heir to the throne of France, and, as dauphins, were very important babies indeed.

Of the younger one we know little except his name—Charles—and the time when he played his tiny part in the world, from September 8 to October 2, 1496. But of the elder dauphin history tells us more. He was born on October 10, 1492, a few days before Columbus first sighted the land of our western world. His father was Charles VIII, the only son of that Louis XI about whom we read in Walter Scott's romance of "Quentin Durward." Charles became king when only thirteen years of age, but he had a good and wise elder sister, Anne of Beaujeu, who governed the kingdom for him until he should be old enough to govern it for himself.

His subjects were impatient to have a queen, so, in December, 1491, when he had reached the age of twenty-one, he married Anne, the little Duchess of Brittany and its sole heiress, a few weeks before her sixteenth birthday, and Brittany became part of the kingdom of France. So when the little prince was born, amid great rejoicings, he was heir to a greater territory than any previous dauphin of France had been.

He was named Charles Orlando by his father, and we are told by the historian Philippe de Comines, who knew him and his father and grandfather (having lived many years at the French court), that he grew strong and handsome, that he surprised those about him by the cleverness of his baby sayings (so like the babies of to-day!), and was afraid of nothing of which children are usually afraid. In short, he gave great promise of one day being a good and gallant king.

Charles, his father, had gone with his army into Italy before little Charles was two years old, but the boy was his mother's constant care, and grew dearer to her daily, as his brave and winning traits disclosed themselves. We can imagine her writing to the absent father and telling him what a dear and wonderful child he had, just as parents do nowadays.

And then, suddenly, Charles Orlando fell ill. Very little could be done by the doctors of those times, for the poorest baby now can have better care than could the dauphin of France in 1495. In December, word was sent to Charles in his camp at Lyons that his boy was sick, and three days later the news came that the child on whom the hopes of so many thousands of people were

fixed, had closed his eyes forever on this great world.

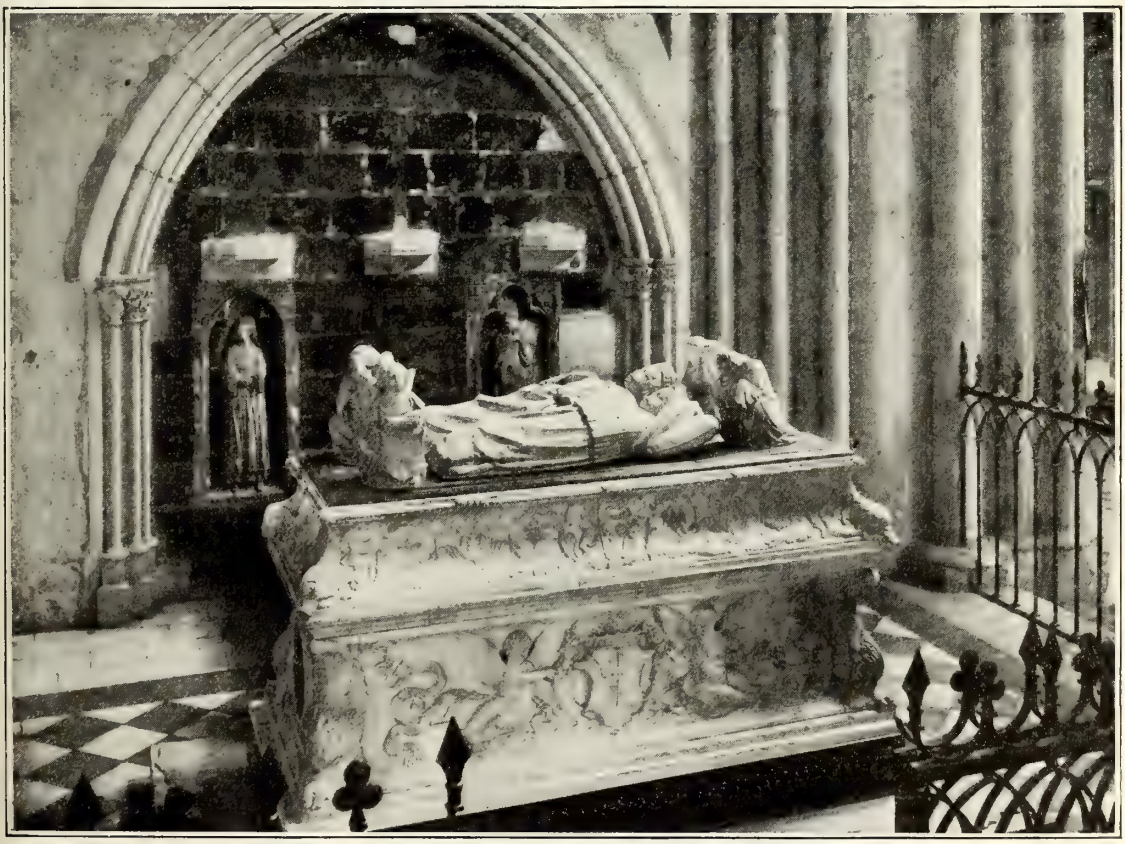
While the king was sad, indeed, at the loss, he was able to forget his sorrow in the stirring life about him, but poor Queen Anne grieved and grieved for the little son who had made so great a part of her life for three happy years, and whom she had thought to see one day seated on the throne of a rich and powerful France—one of the greatest monarchs in Christendom.

Within the year, the second son was born, and him they also called Charles; but before a month had passed he, too, had died, and the king's cousin, Louis of Orleans, again became heir to the throne, which, within two years, he ascended as Louis XII.

The French kings in those days lived much in Touraine, where they had many beautiful castles, or châteaux, as they are called, and now people come from all over the world to see these buildings, although many of them are no longer inhabited, as time, and weather, and wars have worn them away, or partly destroyed them. All these visitors go to Tours and to its cathedral; and there they pause before the beautiful tomb raised by Queen Anne to her two dauphins—Charles Orlando and Charles, the little brothers who never knew each other.

The sculpture shows the younger wearing a cape of royal ermine that covers his hands, while on his head is such a cap as might be worn by a child of to-day; but the dimpled hands of Charles Orlando are folded over an ermine-bordered cloak, and on his head is a crown in token of that he was one day to have worn. At head and foot, the sculptor, Jean Juste, has placed four child-angels, while just beneath runs the knotted cord which Anne of Brittany used for one of her devices.

They never came into their royal heritage, these two little children of long ago, but perhaps they have had something better—the affectionate reverence of thousands. For, after going up and down the land and seeing, unmoved, the tombs of bishops and warriors, of kings and great ladies, one stands before this with a tender smile, and turns away with moistened eyes, saying softly, "The dear little babies!"



THE TOMB OF THE LITTLE DAUPHINS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

THE "BOB WHITE'S" HALLOWE'EN

BY JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

MISCHIEF was brewing! You could fairly sniff it in the frosty air.

For days before Hallowe'en, groups of boys were seen in close conference, and occasional shouts of laughter floated down the village street.

Early one Saturday morning the girls of the village were in the woods gathering nuts. As they filled their baskets to the accompaniment of the usual chatter, they were suddenly interrupted by wild bursts of laughter and snatches of talk.

"Oh, Miss Ellen—we 'll scare her stiff as usual with a tick-tack. And old man Johnson—he 'll wish he 'd never been born when he finds his woodshed empty! And the bake-shop ladies! Oh my! we won't do a thing to them!"

"We 'll have a picnic in the barn with their apple pie and gingerbread; and incidentally, let 's carry their bakery stuff in next door to S'manthy Green's, and put her notions in for the bake ladies; let them keep a thread-and-needle shop for a change. We can get in easy as anything."

"I 'd like to see their faces when they come in the next morning!"

"Then we 'll write on all the windows with candles. It 's awful hard to get off, and every body 'll be mad as anything!"

"We 'll throw every gate into the hollow, and change the doctors' signs."

"Won't Abigail Smith gasp when she finds the veterinary surgeon's sign at her door! She 's even skeered of a mouse. Let 's catch some, and knock at her door, and, when she opens it, throw 'em in."

"Ha! ha! That will be our busy night!"

And as the boys passed on, they sang lustily:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When Hallowe'en comes, your trouble begins!"

The girls, well screened by the underbrush, stood staring after them, appalled and speechless.

As the chorus died away, the clear sweet notes of "Bob White" twittered and chirped, and the girls clapped their hands in great relief, crying, "The Story Lady! Good! Good!"

"My, what a warm welcome!" exclaimed the adored one, as she stood before them clad in her khaki suit, her clear eyes twinkling merrily under the brown hat-brim. A perky red feather, nestling close to the crown, gave a needed touch of color to the close-fitting suit, and the girls gazed at her with admiring eyes.

"Holloa, wood-nymphs!" she cried. "Have the squirrels stolen your nuts, that you look so glum? Come, tell me your troubles and see if we can't banish them."

Seated at her feet, the girls breathlessly related all they had heard, and ended mournfully:

"Why do boys always want to do such horrid things? Miss Ellen is a sweet little old lady. She lives all alone and is so afraid at night!"

"Old Mr. Johnson just got in his winter wood. He never could get it back from the hollow."

"The bake-shop ladies are so bright and cheery; though they 're so poor, they always give us one over when we ask for a dozen. They just laugh and say it 's for good measure."

"It 'll just ruin S'manthy Green's notions the way they 'll tumble them about; and the candle writing—it 's just terrible to scour off, and no one has time. Every one has finished house-cleaning, and they 're doing fall work—drying apples and making apple-butter and cider."

As this doleful chorus closed, the Story Lady threw back her head, and her merry laughter echoed and reëchoed through the woods.

"Oh, my dearies!" she finally said, "the hobgoblins seems to have got hold of you long before *the* night. Don't you know Hallowe'en is the jolliest night of all the year—a night to remember for its good fun, not for bad; to look forward to with joy, not dread? Has it always been celebrated this way here?"

"Oh, yes; it is always scary and dreadful."

"Why don't you girls start out and have the right kind of fun?"

"We tried to once; but the boys are so strong they tossed us about like bean-bags, and carried us to our homes and told us they 'd lock us in a barn if they found us out again."

"What were you going to do?"

"Oh, we were undoing their bad work. We washed the windows, and put the gates back, and comforted Miss Ellen."

"Bless your little hearts! That was surely good work, but of course not what the boys wanted. Some one should have made *them* do that. It would have been a picture to see them washing windows! Why did n't you try it?"

"Oh, the boys say no one can stop them Hallowe'en. They say there 's a law about it. Everybody 's afraid of them that night."

Again the Story Lady's merry laugh bubbled up into the trees. Then she queried: "A Fraid?

What is A Fraid, anyhow? Did you ever see one? I think we 'll have to down this creature, whatever it is. S'pose *we* celebrate.

"Let me tell you a little bit about Hallowe'en:

"In olden times it was the night when magic powers were supposed to swarm abroad to help or injure. A hallowe'en fire was supposed to protect the people from all evil.

"The early inhabitants of Great Britain, Ireland, and France were known as Celts. Their religion was directed by strange priests, called Druids. Three times a year —the first of May, for sowing; June twenty-first for ripening at the turn of the year; and the eve of November first for harvesting— the Druids built fires on hilltops in France, Britain, and Ireland in honor of the sun. You see, the sun did the work and brought them crops. At the last festival, Druids of all regions, clad in white robes, gathered around the cairn of the hilltop. There stood an emblem of the sun. On the cairn was a sacred fire, which had been kept burning all the year. They formed about the fire and, at a signal, quenched it, while deep silence rested on mountain-top and valley.

"Then the new fire gleamed on the cairn, and the people in the valley raised a joyous shout, and from hilltop to hilltop other fires answered the sacred flame.

"On this night all hearth-fires had been put out and were kindled anew with brands from the sacred fire, which was supposed to guard the households through the year.

"There! I learned that by heart once, and I've never forgotten it! I love to know what those people thought.

"Now, children, from the hilltop where I live I can see many hilltops; and we, too, can have hilltop fires which mean something. I am so glad I did n't go home. I came only for the summer, but I loved it so I wanted to stay on. Best of all, I have reveled in our story-hour, and I shall be sorry to give it up. But don't let the shadows creep over your faces that way, dearies; you know I promised to send you a story every week, and I 'm coming early in the spring and help hunt violets and pick wild strawberries.

"Now, let 's think a little more about Hal-



"'MY, WHAT A WARM WELCOME!' EXCLAIMED THE ADORED ONE."

lowe'en. You know on that night not a village in New England but has its circle of fairies. Hobgoblins run wild. It is a time of frolic with the brownies, who hide in the acorns and dried leaves. The sprites who dwell in pop-corn, and the pixies who live in the chestnuts. Let us, too, be fairies and have the grandest night of all the year!"

"But how can we?" queried the girls. "The boys go so fast and are so much bigger, they will pick us up again and lock us in the barn the instant they see us; we 're afraid!"

"A Fraid! Dear, dear! A lot of little Fraids sitting in the woods all huddled up in a heap. The boys have much more fun on that account. If no one was afraid of them, it would spoil all their fun. Let 's show them we 're not afraid. We, too, will have a busy night. If the boys go fast, we will go faster. If they are big, we 'll be bigger. This seems to be 'Fraid' village on that night. Let 's have a new order of things. Instead of the village being housed, peering out behind locked windows and doors, timid and frightened over what may happen, the boys will find open doors, signs already changed in a new way, and, mark my words, there won't be a word written on a window-pane."

At this glorious news the girls shouted and danced gaily about. Such a wonderful person was this Story Lady! Many times had she helped them out of trouble, but never in so splendid a way as this.

"Won't they be mad!" cried one.

"Indeed not," replied the Story Lady. "The boys do not really want to be bad; they want to have some fun. Let us give them the right kind. We have only a short time to prepare for this grand event, so we must begin at once. We 'll be a band of brownies or Bob Whites, whichever you choose. Meet me here at four this afternoon. Good-by." And as she disappeared, her merry whistle floated back, a veritable chorus of bird-notes, leaving the girls thrilled through and through over the joyful time to come.

Four o'clock found them ready and waiting as the Bob White notes again trilled in their ears, and in a moment, there stood their beloved, beaming upon them, crying:

"Oh, girls! it 's even better than I thought it would be. I 've been to the sewing society. Every one was there, and all so mournful. The bake-shop ladies were almost in tears. Little Miss Ellen's nose was red from crying, and Samanthy Green just knows the boys have planned some awful pranks against her thread and needles. The men came in to dinner. They 'd been asked to come and see what could be done about this awful night! Suddenly I hopped on to a chair. I 'm so little I had to, to be seen. I made a speech. I had them all laughing, the first thing. They decided to take my advice and not bar windows nor chain gates. The Fraids have vanished, and the 'Non-fraids' closed the meeting by singing 'Hold the Fort!' They are so happy and want to help at the party, and a rollicking time we will have. The people at the Hill Farm, where I live, entered right in to it, and will let us do anything we want to in their lovely big house.

"Now, girlies, 'mum' is the password of this Bob White band. Let it be a secret from the boys, and it will be a perfect success."

EARLY in the evening of the thirty-first of October the boys gathered in Billy Brown's barn. They seemed in an odd state of excitement. One cried uneasily:

"It 's queer how the people act to-night! The gates are creaking in the wind, instead of being padlocked and chained; and that woman we were going to tick-tack has one all fixed and was working it like mad as I came by; and old Johnson's woodshed is empty. Nothing much left to do but dress up the bake-shop windows in S'manthy Green's book-muslin. Come on!"

And singing lustily,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When Hallowe'en comes, your trouble begins."

away they went.

Usually this well-known chorus, sung to the tread of many feet, struck terror to all hearts; and the boys gloried in the fact.

As they paused at the needle shop, they looked amazed to find cookies and pies sparkling in the soft glow of a lamp.

A glance at the sign showed them the one word "Welcome," instead of "Samathy Green, Notions."

Next door the same warm greeting awaited them; and in that window reposed needles and pins daintily arranged.

"The dickens!" cried one. "I 'll settle them!" and he started to write on the window; when suddenly against the pane was thrust a rifle.

They scampered on, and to their great chagrin found the villagers were all in various windows, fondling guns.

"Well!" cried the leader, "let 's muffle the fire-bell."

That was a new and daring thing to do, but nothing was too bad, now that they seemed balked at every turn.

As they marched away from the engine-house, such a din arose all about them they surely were the "Fraids" for a moment, for they seemed sur-

rounded by dozens of tall beings, gowned in black, waving plumes of fire. At once the boys were encircled and forced to march to the outskirts of the town, where they saw, to their horror, the hilltop ablaze.

The Hill Farm, the pride of the village, on fire, and the fire-bell muffled!

With a wild cry all started up the hill, all but one who raced back, and soon the fire-bell was madly clanging; but strange to say, there was no response.

"Oh! They think it's a Hallowe'en prank!" wailed the boy, as he sped up the hill crying, "Fire! Fire!"

He caught up to the weird crowd as they paused and pointed off to many hilltop fires, then marched on to the rousing chorus of:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When Hallowe'en comes, the fun begins."

As they reached the top of the hill they saw Jack-o'-lanterns grinning at them from every window of the farm-house, while the bonfire crackled merrily at a point far away. On the broad piazza the weird figures fell to the floor as the various villagers emerged from dressed-up brooms.

Then followed a rollicking dance to the music of the village fiddlers. The boys found themselves paired off with the bake-shop ladies, Miss Ellen, and many others. Abigail Smith wildly waved by the tail a chocolate mouse, which she nibbled as she danced.

After this came refreshments; and then, around the bonfire, some cracked nuts and popped corn, while others peered into the future pouring melted lead through a wedding-ring, watching nuts burn in hot ashes, and doing many other odd tricks. Then, when the fun died down the Story Lady clapped her hands for attention.

Mounting a box, standing in the gleam of the firelight, she told them of the olden-time thought of Hallowe'en, of the superstitions, and the hilltop fires which were supposed to give protection through the year. Then she went on:

"The Scotch say it is the jolliest, fearsomest night of all the year; and we, the Bob White Band, decided to have hilltop fires, too, and celebrate Hallowe'en each year as we have to-night. All who want to belong to this band may let us know by whistling our Bob White signal; one, two, three, pucker!" And the shrill notes that followed settled the question.

The Bob White Band was, and always would be; and with a shout of delight they joined hands and circled about the fire, singing joyfully:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When Hallowe'en comes, the fun begins."



"THEY JOINED HANDS AND CIRCLED ABOUT THE FIRE, SINGING."

The Four-Leaved Clover

by Tudor Jenks



All the world knew that the Princess Cyrilla was the rightful heiress to the throne, but no one in all the wide world dared to say so. If any person had been so bold and so foolish, a file of stiff-whiskered soldiers under the command of a captain as straight as a flagpole would have come around early the very next day to take that silly person to prison. For Cyrilla's uncle—or, rather, her half-uncle,—had taken the throne when the late king died, and as he was an able general, much liked by the army, it did not seem probable that little Cyrilla, who was only twelve years old, would ever sit upon the throne with the scepter in her hand and the diamond-pointed crown upon her golden curls.

You will readily understand that Cyrilla's uncle did not like to see her about the palace, and so he would have been glad to shut her up somewhere or to send her out of the kingdom. But he did not quite dare to do either, for fear the people might become angry with him and have revolutions or other unpleasant things. Yet he was only awaiting an excuse for putting the Princess Cyrilla out of sight and out of mind.

One day the princess and her cousin, Prince Boniface, were playing tennis in the palace yard, when the prince batted the ball out of bounds.

"Out!" cried the princess; "that 's game and set!"

"It was *not* out!" said Prince Boniface; "I saw it strike, and it was inside the line."

"You are mistaken, Boniface," said Cyrilla, "for I saw it plainly."

She spoke politely, but firmly, for she knew she was right. Prince Boniface knew she was right, too; but this only made him angrier. In fact, he was so angry that he ran toward her with his racket raised as if to strike her. But just at that moment he tripped on one of the guy-ropes at the end of the tennis-net, and came down with a bump on the hard ground.

Of course, the courtiers came running to see what was the trouble; and then the wicked young prince blamed it all on poor Cyrilla. She had dropped her racket when she started away from him, and he had hit his nose upon it as he fell. So he cried:

"Cyrilla—ow, wow!—it was her racket, and oh, oh—it bruised my no—o—ose! And *do* you think I will—*die*—yi—yi?"

And then Cyrilla, knowing that no one would dare to contradict the prince's story, ran away.

When the king heard all this, he was simply delighted. "Aha!" said he to himself, in his wicked old beard, "now I shall be able to get rid of that odious little yellow-haired Cyrilla!"

So he called his councilors together and charged the princess with conspiracy against the

peace of the kingdom. "Undoubtedly," the wicked monarch went on, "there will be some who will try to save this young conspirator, my niece Cyrilla, from the consequences of her crime. But I shall know how to deal with such traitors."

The councilors were thoroughly frightened, so, though they pretended to discuss the matter, it was only four and a half minutes by the clock before they voted that the Princess Cyrilla should be forever banished from the kingdom.

This made the king smile; but he was too sly to go quite so far as that. The Princess Cyrilla was so much beloved by the people that the king knew his own life would not be worth a crooked sixpence if he should send her into exile, so he announced that he would be merciful, and would *only* order that Cyrilla be sent to the prison tower and should there live upon bread and water.



"CYRILLA, KNOWING THAT NO ONE WOULD DARE CONTRADICT THE PRINCE'S STORY, RAN AWAY."

When at last they found the princess in the dark corner where she had hidden herself, she was marched off to the prison tower and locked in. At first she was so very much bewildered that she sat perfectly still on the little three-legged stool in the middle of the stone floor. But soon she began to look about her, and finally she noticed what appeared to be a bit of grass caught in her shoe-lace. She stooped and removed it, gently smoothing out the bit of crumpled green, and found that it was a clover; and not only a clover, but a *four-leaved* clover!

"They say," said the princess, "that a four-leaved clover brings one good luck, but I 'm sure I don't remember exactly how the good luck is to come."

So she began to think of all the different fairy-stories which she had read, and then it came to her mind that in nearly every case when a fairy godmother appeared, she was almost sure to grant three wishes.

"It may be," said the princess, thoughtfully, "that one who has a four-leaved clover is entitled to three wishes. It can do no harm to try, at least."

Just then she happened to see the jug of water and the piece of black bread that had been brought her lying upon the rough table.

"I know!" she exclaimed; "I wish that, instead of this bread and water, I could have the very nicest water to drink and the very nicest bread to eat."

And then slowly, under her eyes, the bread seemed to turn a sort of yellowish color. Reaching out her hand, she broke off a piece and tasted it, and found that it was the most delicious gingerbread she had ever eaten. Eagerly she caught up the jug and was overjoyed to find that its contents had become the most delicious ice-cream soda-water!

"Now," said the princess to herself, having satisfied her hunger and thirst, and nodding her head wisely, "I have read enough fairy stories to know how easy it is to waste three wishes. Certainly I shall not wish for a black pudding or any other such ridiculous thing!"

So she sat down upon the little three-legged stool, supporting her chin in her hand, and thought very hard before making the second wish. At length she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "I know what I wish for!" and raising the four-leaved clover above her head, she said:

"I wish to be queen of the fairies until I shall be queen of my father's kingdom!"

To her surprise, her wish this time seemed to make no change, except that her prison walls



"HE WAS HALTED AS IF HE HAD RUN AGAINST A BRICK WALL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

apparently moved farther away. Then, happening to glance at the four-leaved clover, which was still in her hand, she saw that it seemed to have grown enormously.

Then she understood that, in order to be queen of the fairies, she had become as tiny as a fairy herself. She did not quite know what to do next, but she wisely thought, "I have already had two wishes, and I must be very careful what I do with the last one."

Again she sat herself down to think what ought to be the next wish. This time she took even longer than before and made several deep wrinkles in her forehead, but she finally wished that the fairies should come and help her out of her difficulties.

Immediately she heard, just outside of the window, the fluttering of wings, and between the bars came flying, one after another, a whole army of her little subjects, until the whole band was grouped around her upon the floor of her prison, and a dainty little fellow made her a low, sweeping bow. He dropped upon one knee before her, saying, "What are Your Majesty's commands?"

"I don't quite know," Cyrilla answered shyly.

"May I suggest, then, Your Majesty, that it would be well for you to seek more comfortable quarters—unless you prefer to remain in this prison."

"Not at all," said Cyrilla, rising; "I should like to get out as soon as possible."

As she spoke she raised her hands to her shoulder, for it had occurred to her that now perhaps she, too, had wings and could fly like the rest. She was disappointed to find no sign of them.

The fairy prince smiled and said: "Pardon me, Your Majesty; perhaps, as you have not long been queen, you do not understand that we could not permit the queen of the fairies to put herself to the trouble of flying. Allow me to call your chariot for you."

So saying, the prince spoke to one of the smaller fairies who stood near him, a sort of page, who immediately flew through the window, and seemed no sooner to be gone than he was back again, accompanied by a humming-bird which carried upon its back a dainty little chair.

Cyrilla was delighted, and, taking the prince's arm, was soon seated upon the back of the little bird. Then, accompanied by all the fairies, she flew through the window of the tower and made her way toward the palace.

As they went along, Cyrilla asked the prince, who flew beside her, how she could best regain her throne. After a few moments' thought, he replied: "In the first place, Your Majesty, I should advise you to take this magic wand with you, and then dismiss all your followers except two or three of us, as only a few will be necessary to regain your kingdom."

Cyrilla waved her hand, and at once the troop of fairies dispersed in every direction, leaving only the queen and the fairy prince, a maid of honor and a page.

"Now," said the prince, "as soon as you reach the palace door, you must change back to little Cyrilla, just as you were before you became our queen, being careful, however, to keep firm hold of the little wand. Then, going bravely into the palace,—for so long as you keep the wand in your hand no harm can come to you,—you will find that your wicked uncle and all his followers will not be able to resist your commands. I shall be near you, but I do not think you will need my aid. Remember, that whatever command you choose to give them, they must obey."

"Thank you," said Cyrilla, "I will do as you say."

Just then they arrived at the palace, and as Cyrilla alighted she raised her wand, holding it very firmly, and wished that she might take the form which had been hers before she became the fairy queen. Instantly regaining her former shape, she opened the door of the palace, and walked boldly into the great hall. Cyrilla went forward so bravely and confidently that the soldiers and doorkeepers, the courtiers and pages, saluted her respectfully, and she passed on, unquestioned, into the royal apartments.

Now it happened that the first person she met there was Prince Boniface. No sooner did the boy see her, than he ran threateningly toward her. But Cyrilla still held the diamond-tipped wand, and before he had reached her, she cried, "Stop!"



"'I THINK,' SAID SHE TO THE KING, 'THAT YOU HAD BETTER GO TO COVENTRY.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

At once he was halted as if he had run against a brick wall. Cyrilla had not had time to make any plans about what to do with him, so without thinking just what she was saying, she exclaimed, "I wish you were in Jericho!"

And in an instant he was gone—to Jericho, indeed, she afterward learned, where he became a prosperous fig peddler.

Cyrilla was much amazed, but not at all grieved, by the sudden disappearance of Prince Boniface, and she went her way until she reached the council-room, where she expected, and rightly, to find her half-uncle.

He was engaged in making a speech to his councilors when Cyrilla entered, and was saying, "Now that the Princess Cyrilla can no longer be considered—"

Just then Cyrilla appeared at the door, and the wicked uncle said no more, but remained with his mouth open, staring at her stupidly. This time

Cyrilla, after her experience with Boniface, knew just what to do, and she wasted no time in making remarks.

"I think," said she to the king, "that you had better go to Coventry; and," she added, as her gaze fell upon the councilors, who were wondering what had become of the king, "that your councilors had better go with you."

And, Presto—they were gone!

Cyrilla, being now left alone in the council-room, called to the little fairy prince; who at once appeared. Then, throwing into the waste basket all the papers upon which the late king and his councilors had been engaged, they took a fresh pad of clean white paper and wrote an address to the people of the kingdom, explaining that the Princess Cyrilla, having chosen to resume the throne, had banished her half-uncle and his son, who would never more be seen in that kingdom. They appointed the next day for the coronation, and, by the aid of the little fairies, made thousands of copies of the proclamation and had them distributed throughout the country before the sun set. The prince and the fairies then returned to Fairyland; but bright and early the next morning, after Cyrilla had been refreshed by a good night's rest, they all returned, and amid the cheers of her loyal subjects, Cyrilla took her place as queen upon the throne with great dignity and composure. Four pages entered, bearing upon a crimson cushion the diamond-pointed crown, beside which were neatly arranged the sceptre and the coronation ring, set with rubies.

The cheering people then withdrew to spend the rest of the day in merry-making and feasting.

When Cyrilla was arrayed in all this splendor, she suddenly thought of her fairy wand, which she had taken good care to keep in her hand all the morning. To her surprise, she found that it had disappeared, or, rather, that it had changed into the four-leaved clover, which was now a little withered, naturally enough. Then she remembered that her wish was that she might be Fairy Queen only until she had recovered her kingdom, and she knew that she could no longer be one of the fairies. Strangely enough, Cyrilla was not very happy, for she could see that the little fairy prince, who had done so much to help her regain her throne, seemed very sad at the thought of parting from her. She could think of nothing that was in her power to give him which could reward him for all he had done. But although she could not offer him gold or jewels, or even an office in her kingdom such as might suit a mortal, she wished to give him some token of her gratitude, so she held out toward him the withered four-leaved clover.

"Prince," said she, "although I am queen over this great country, and I owe it all to you, I know not how one may reward a fairy. I can only ask that you will keep this four-leaved clover, the beginning of all my good fortune, as a token of my affection and gratitude. It has given me the three wishes which have recovered my kingdom—"

"Three wishes, do you say, Your Majesty?" he interrupted.

"Yes, three wishes," said Cyrilla, wondering.

"Then Your Majesty did not know," said the prince, with sparkling eyes, "that the four-leaved clover gives not three, but four, wishes."

"No," said Cyrilla, "I did not; but I have no further wish, unless—unless—you have a wish to make."

As their eyes met, the prince smiled, and, taking the four-leaved clover from her hand, he said, "I wish that I may be a mortal Prince, and marry Cyrilla, the fairest of queens!"

And so they were married, and lived happy ever after.



KENNETH MILLER'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

BY ANNIE E. HARRIS

PROBABLY there was not in the whole United States a happier boy than Kenneth Miller; certainly there was not in Newville, where Kenneth was a junior in high school.

It might be more correct to say that he had just ceased being a sophomore, for it was the last week in June and he had yet to be initiated into the sober joys of patronizing an incoming class of trembling freshmen.

Being a junior was going to mean something to Kenneth earlier than to any of his classmates, for the very good reason that he had been chosen to represent his school at the junior meet held every year at the county-seat.

This gathering of soon-to-be juniors had been inaugurated with the idea of establishing friendships between boys of the several high schools of the county and of encouraging among them friendly competition in aims and achievements. For three years it had been developing as a prime factor in the school life of the county, and was now looked upon as indispensable.

The events of the meet covered three days, and included a ball game between the two teams holding the best records of victories for the spring term, a dramatic or musical program by some one high school, an afternoon of field sports by athletes picked from different schools, a fine illustrated lecture on travel or industry which would give the lads a glimpse of the natural and the engineering wonders of the world, and last, but far from least in their estimation, a sight-seeing tour for the delegate body, which always included a "feed" at a hotel famous in that part of the country for its strawberry ice-cream.

The competing ball-teams might include members from any or all classes of a given school, but all other performers must be newly fledged juniors. The school to furnish the entertainment program was chosen by lot at the close of the meet to allow due time for preparation; the athletes were recommended by their respective principals to a committee who investigated their merits and made the final selections.

In addition to these performing delegates, each school was entitled to one lay delegate who, it was understood, should be chosen by the school committee not merely by reason of scholarship or popularity, but with an eye to general fitness for such an honor.

So it was no wonder that Kenneth Miller felt an unquenchable glow of satisfaction whenever he remembered that he was the chosen one. He packed and re-packed his modest bag, and tried the family patience nearly to the breaking-point by suggesting this and that article of clothing or adornment which he thought he needed to make a proper appearance.

"If this little excursion calls for an entire new wardrobe, you simply can't go," remarked his father, with provoking finality.

"If I were quite sure your behavior would be as proper as your appearance, I 'd rest content," said his mother, as she tested the buttons of Kenneth's serge suit to make certain they would go through three festive days without dropping off.

"You need n't worry about my behavior, Mother mine, after all your careful training. I guess I can hold my own with a bunch of kids my own age."

"If you had taken all the training I have tried to give you," said his mother, indefinitely.

"I 've taken it all, never fear. It 's packed away there in my gray matter to be called for when needed. I 'll put on my company manners and be so proper you 'd never recognize your own son."

Mrs. Miller shook her head.

"Company manners are a snare and a delusion, Ken dear; no one has two sets of manners, really. If you attempt to use a different set on state occasions, they betray you every time. That 's why I want you to get the right ones well rooted as soon as you can. Here 's your coat, dear. Take it out in the yard and turn all the pockets and brush out the dust. I 'll look over your socks."

The preparations at last were complete, the bag closed, and Kenneth on his way to the station. He was as clean and smiling as the fair June day itself, and his frank blue eyes kept telling to every one he met that he was decidedly proud and happy and did n't care who knew it.

His brother Walter, who had begged the privilege of carrying the bag to the station and had been promptly refused, trudged along at his side and looked worshipfully up at him as at a hero setting forth to win renown.

"You know, Ken," he said breathlessly, "I 'm going to get busy on that pole-vault of mine and

practise up a lot, so when I 'm a junior they 'll send me to the meet."

"Good idea," admitted Kenneth; "you ought to make a big hit with it if you keep at it three years. I have n't really sensed it yet why I happen to be going; but I 'm glad I am, just the same."

"Oh, you!" Walter reassured him, "you 're such a fine all-rounder."

Kenneth flushed with pleasure and drew himself up a bit. He walked as if on air. Certainly, he hoped he was as worthy of the honor as Walter's tone implied.

It happened that no athlete from Newville had been selected, so only Kenneth and his principal, Mr. Marcus, were traveling on the afternoon train to the county-seat. The station platform was, however, well populated with students to give them a send-off. Kenneth was formally presented with the ten dollars which was supposed to cover his outlay, and with a small note-book, in which he was expected to enter all items of expense. The money was raised each year by the sophomore class in one ingenious way or another, and the note-book was handed on from delegate to delegate, so that a permanent record could be kept, duly signed with the delegates' names.

This little ceremony took some minutes and plenty of cheering, which was drowned at last by the rumble of the train. Then the stay-at-homes massed themselves under a certain window, from which Kenneth and Mr. Marcus nodded a smiling farewell, and yelled the school yell till the train drew slowly away.

"Have they sent you your assignment of a place to live during the meet?" asked Mr. Marcus.

Kenneth reached into his breast pocket and drew forth a card.

"The committee on arrangements sent me this. 'Miss Judith Ransome, 24 Merriam Avenue,'" he read, as he handed the card to his companion.

"That 's interesting," said Mr. Marcus. "I 'm staying with my college chum, as I always do. His house is 35 Merriam Avenue, so we shall be near each other."

Mr. Marcus settled himself and lapsed into silence behind a copy of a weekly paper, leaving Kenneth to his own resources. The boy had plenty to occupy and interest him in the constantly changing landscape as the train flew screaming past farms and forests, through a tunnel and over many bridges, and through the back alleys of towns swarming with children.

Alighting at their destination, the two walked together across the town square, where Mr. Marcus pointed out the town hall, in which the headquarters of the meet would be established. They then struck into Merriam Avenue, and found their lodgings to be very nearly across the street from each other.

"Go to bed in good season," advised Mr. Marcus, as he parted from Kenneth, "for you 'll want to report at headquarters early enough to be registered before the opening of the meet at ten o'clock."

Kenneth promised to do so, and pressed an excited finger on Miss Ransome's electric bell.

The door was opened by a dumpy little old lady with a sweet, old-fashioned face, her rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes framed in soft white curls. Her chin was inclined to be double, and her chubby white hands folded themselves automatically across her wide waist-line as soon as they had conquered in their struggle with the knob and the latch.

A moment they stood confronting each other.

"Who are you, young man?" asked the lady, at last.

Kenneth was slightly alarmed at the way she seemed to bar the doorway and challenge his entrance.

"I 'm Kenneth Miller," he managed to say, slightly above a whisper. "I thought you would be expecting me—for the meet, you know."

"You 'll have to speak louder than that," she told him, "if you expect any one to hear you."

"I 'm Kenneth Miller!" shouted the boy, in desperation.

"I thought likely," said Miss Ransome, graciously. "Come right in. I 've been expecting you, but it does n't do to take things for granted and let in the first boy that comes, till you 're sure."

She ushered Kenneth into a large, dignified guest-room, where he began to feel very small by contrast.

"Everything you 're likely to want is right here, so far as I can imagine your wants. Supper will be ready at six, so you just come down when it 's time. I 'll be in the front room."

"Thank you!" screamed Kenneth, crossing to the bed and making a motion to set his bag on the white counterpane.

"No, no!" cried his hostess, excitedly, hurrying after him. "Don't you know better than to set a dirty bag on a bed."

Arrested by the sudden caution, Kenneth became confused, and, though he meant and tried to prevent the contact, he let the bag slide clumsily down to the floor, leaving a long black smudge along the heavy spread.

The little lady was plainly annoyed.

"I did n't know it was dirty," shouted Kenneth, flushing with shame. "Please excuse me."

"You don't have to yell at me that way. I 'm not deaf if people don't mumble," said Miss Ransome, adding in a fatalistic tone: "I knew just how it would be, and that 's why I never would take in any of you harum-scarum boys before—and would n't now if 't was n't to please Mr. Wallace. You might have known the bag was dirty after traveling in a train with it! The bed 's no place to lay things down."



"KENNETH LET THE BAG SLIDE CLUMSILY DOWN TO THE FLOOR."

Kenneth remembered he had heard something of the sort before. He felt miserably cheap as he stood there, fumbling his cap and waiting for the scolding to be concluded.

"I 'm very sorry," he tried to say, but she cut him short.

"Think a little about what you 're doing and what the consequences will be, then you won't have to waste your breath being sorry, which does no one any special good."

Miss Ransome took a clothes-brush from the well-appointed dresser and succeeded in partially removing the soot marks. Before leaving the room, she evidently felt the sincerity of Kenneth's remorse, for she turned, and, with her hands characteristically folded across her waist-line, remarked:

"I suppose it is n't a crime to leave a smudge on a bedspread, but it is exasperating to get that for your pains when you take in a stranger. My things are nice and I want to keep them nice."

Kenneth was glad when she left him alone. He had a few homesick minutes during which he longed for the easy comfort of the familiar rooms where a fellow could throw his cap wherever he would and lounge at will on sofas, beds, or chairs, and where a dirt spot was n't a cloud through which he could hardly fight his way back to his self-respect.

It must be confessed that a shade of doubt halted his train of thought just here. Was his mother any less anxious than the next one to keep her household arrangements clean and tidy? No, sir! not by a long shot. What was the difference then? It was hard to say. His mother never looked with favor upon untidy ways. He had cause enough to know that; but somehow, her constant appeals to his sense of caution and care never stung like the words of his new landlady.

Kenneth hung his cap on the back of a chair, found a book on the stand by the window, and sat down, quite stiff and proper, to while away time till six o'clock.

Miss Ransome, evidently intending to let by-

gones be by-gones, tried to put her young guest at ease at the table, but she could not suppress an expression of alarm when Kenneth lifted his tea-cup with the spoon still in it, or of surprise when he laid a slice of bread on the cloth and began to butter it wholesale.

The error of his ways became a torment to the boy; and though he tried to call into play the company manners he had boasted of with such confidence, he found them maddeningly stiff from



"CAUTIOUSLY HE TURNED BACK THE COVERS."

lack of use. The dignity and honor of being a delegate to the meet was in danger of becoming eclipsed by the dark prospect of nine more meals to be eaten under such restraint as he now experienced.

He was glad to escape to his room when a caller came to see Miss Ransome soon after supper, and, after sitting with his book as long as the twilight lasted, he tumbled into bed with slight ceremony of preparation.

Morning brought better spirits, for the meet was now before him. He rose with gusto, gave his face a hasty scrub, and dressed rapidly. Breakfast was not such an ordeal after all, for Miss Ransome had eaten hers and left him alone at the table. So he chopped his eggs noisily about in their cup and made short work of his toast and milk.

Much to his relief, his hours in the house were few and short. The registration of delegates, followed by a jolly talk from the platform by Mr. Wallace, who was the leading spirit of the movement, occupied the forenoon. After dinner Kenneth hastened away to the ball field to witness the game. After supper, the sooner he could get to the hall, the better seat he would get for the play. So the discomfort of being clumsy with table utensils, though keen at the time, could be drowned in the pleasures of the junior meet.

Kenneth returned to his lodgings between ten and eleven, locked the door and turned out the hall light, according to directions proceeding from a becapped head that peered over the banister, and went to his room.

It was good, he thought, to get to bed after such a strenuous day. He stretched luxuriously, then shuddered and sat bolt upright in the dark; for his foot had come in contact with something smooth and cold.

Cautiously he withdrew from the bed and switched on the light. Cautiously he turned back the covers, expecting to find a stray snake, or frog, or a dead fish at the very least.

What he uncovered was merely a polished stone as big as his hand and not much thicker, which rested on a piece of note-paper.

"What in creation!" he began in bewilderment. Then, picking up the paper, he read as follows:

Young Man:

Has no one ever told you that careful people strip their beds in the morning, so that the bodily heat may be aired out of them? Nothing stamps a guest more quickly and surely than the way he leaves his bed in the morning. Remember that.

JUDITH RANSOME.

"Old fuss!" scoffed Kenneth, putting the note and the stone on the dresser and turning out the light. "I 'd hate to live with her all my days."

Again the hint of doubt overshadowed his line of thought.

"Would n't she hate to have you, unless you learn better ways?" it suggested.

"Oh, well! who can be tied down to such trifles all the time!"

Kenneth turned over as if shaking off a detaining hand and was soon asleep.

Next morning, when he saw the stone and the note on the dresser, he turned with a guilty laugh and drew the covers down, letting them tumble over the low foot-board.

"I can't seem to remember all the fine points," he said, as he turned to the wash-stand. Not liking to wash his neck and ears any better than the average lad of his age, he was soon through, as he thought, with his perfunctory duty to his face. Reaching for the towel, however, he found out his mistake, for pinned to it was another of Miss Ransome's notes.

"What 's the lady about to say now?" he asked, amused in spite of himself.

The note said:

Young Man:
Don't use this towel till you are sure your neck and ears are clean. Towels are for wiping off water, not dust and car-smoke. If you will trouble yourself to make use of the face-cloth provided, you will doubtless leave a cleaner looking towel than you did this morning (25th).

J. R.

"Do you hear that?" demanded Kenneth the proper of Kenneth the careless. "Well, anything to please the lady!"

The towel he left that morning was a most exemplary towel, as it could hardly fail to be, after the rubbing and scrubbing and rinsing that surprised Kenneth's skin on this occasion. He was still aglow with the unwonted exercise when he greeted Miss Ransome at breakfast; and though she must have noticed it, she gave no sign.

The meals that day went off with a little more comfort as the strangeness of his surroundings wore away. The events of the meet were even more thrilling than on the first day, and again Kenneth came home between ten and eleven and tumbled wearily into bed.

The one-sided correspondence of Miss Judith Ransome was not yet completed, however, as Kenneth learned when a crackle of paper close to his ear informed him she had another message for him.

"Morning will do for you," he remarked sleepily, and moved to another location on the wide mattress.

In the morning he read this bit of instruction,—

Young Man:
When a foot-board is low, one generally sets a chair against it to receive the covers and prevent them from getting on the floor to be stepped on.

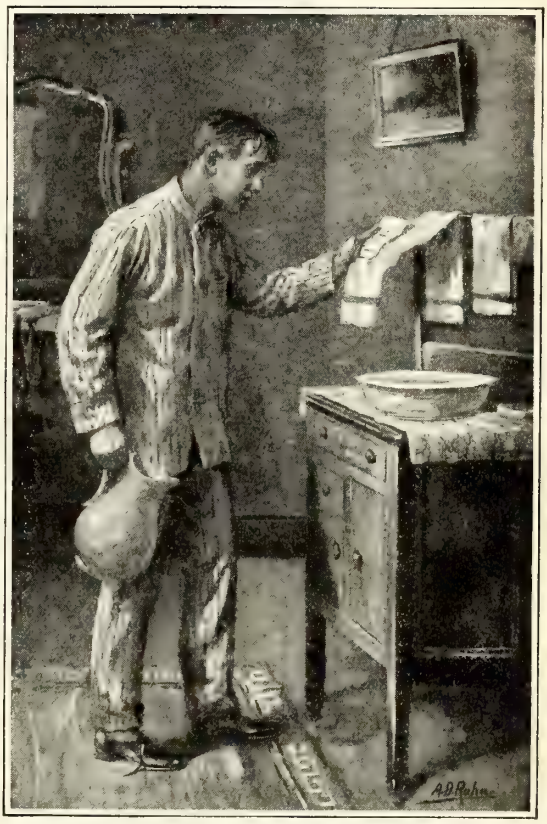
J. R.

The note had been pinned over the brown print of a boot heel, which was undoubtedly Kenneth's own.

"What a duffer she thinks I am," sniffed Kenneth, attempting to rub off the accusing mark with his elbow. "She 's right about it, too, I guess. I suppose I ought to know a few of these things—and would, too, if I 'd listened to Mother."

There was something about Miss Ransome's way of correcting his faults that amused Kenneth and made him feel very friendly toward her. Neither of them made any reference whatever to the instructive little notes, except the silent testimony of the improved appearance of the boy's room as he left it each morning. The feeling of a secret understanding between them made them particularly good-humored on the last day of the meet as they ate breakfast together.

Kenneth was growing keener to the niceties of



"'WHAT 'S THE LADY ABOUT TO SAY NOW?'"

table etiquette, and came through the meal very creditably, he felt sure. He entertained his hostess with interesting scraps of junior meet news, and rejoiced to feel that her sympathetic attention meant that she was not wholly displeased with him.

When he said good-by after breakfast he told her it was for all day, as the sight-seeing trip would begin at ten and his noon meal would be at the Hallmark Inn. He would be back for supper and the night.

So he was; but the friendly little lady was not there to receive him. Instead, he was met at the

door by Jane, the maid, who informed him that Miss Ransome had been called away by important business to a neighboring town and had left her to care for his few remaining needs.

Kenneth was sorry indeed. He had a number of interesting things to tell Miss Ransome. Not least among them was the fact that Newville High School had been chosen by lot to furnish the entertainment at next year's meet, and he, as Newville's delegate, had made a neat little speech accepting the appointment and promising the best program ever.

"Supper is all ready," Jane remarked; and Kenneth ate it in lonely ease and went to his room.

It was here that the blow fell, and he came face to face with a possibility that had not entered his thoughts before.

There was a note on the dresser. Kenneth smiled as he picked it up and unfolded it.

"What is my shortcoming now?" he was thinking, when his glance fell upon these words:

Young Man:

I am called suddenly away on business and must leave you to Jane's care.

I am sorry not to see you again, for I am beginning to think you are a very likable boy, who, with *proper training*, might be a credit to any one. I can only say it is a pity that your mother does not seem to have realized her privilege and duty and prepared you to mingle with other people without appearing to disadvantage.

J. Ransome.

P. S. Jane will present my bill.

Kenneth scowled fiercely at himself in the mirror.

"The old stupid!" he ejaculated—meaning Miss Ransome, not himself. "Does she think it 's my mother's fault that I blunder around the way I do?"

He tossed the note contemptuously aside and picked up his book to read awhile; but the more he tried to read, the more he found his thoughts wandering back to the note. At last, under pressure of his indignation, he threw down the book and read the note through again.

The implied accusation against his mother made him flush almost to tears. He had heard his mother say more than once that, if he failed to take advantage of her training, people would think it was her fault, but he had never realized the full force of the remark, nor just how cheap he would feel if it ever came true. Now he knew.

There seemed but one way out of the matter. Since he was not to see Miss Ransome again, he must write her a note. This, Kenneth found, was no very easy matter. His efforts consumed the entire evening and many pages of paper.

Some of the notes were indignant, and some were sarcastic. He finally discarded all these and, trying to remember that his mother's training was just as much at stake in the note as in his manners, he finally evolved a script that would not be a reproach:

Miss Ransome:

Please do not judge my mother's training by my bad manners. My mother keeps at me all the time to teach me good ones, but I have been very heedless and forgetful. It is wholly my fault.

Kenneth Miller.

As he was leaving for the train next morning, he begged Jane to give him an envelop, in which he sealed and addressed his note. Then he paid his board bill and departed.

The Miller family had a full description of the junior meet, even to minute details; but of his correspondence course in etiquette Kenneth said not a word.

It was inevitable, however, that his mother should be aware of a new manliness about him. He was decidedly less heedless of the niceties she had so often urged upon him. Wondering what had wrought the change, she could merely set it down to the general beneficial effect of mingling with other boys at the meet.

She had new light on this point, however, when she overheard a conversation between her two sons at lunch one day.

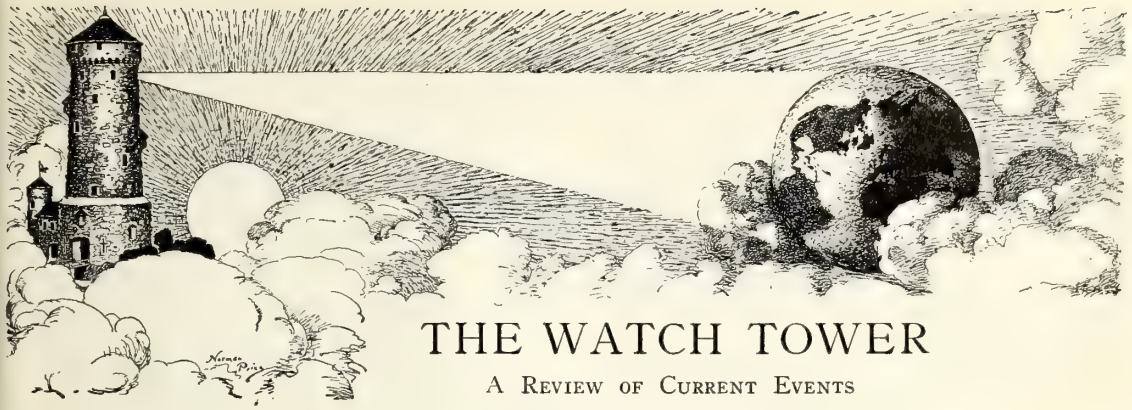
She had eaten promptly, though the boys had not returned from a fishing-trip, because she had promised to be ready at one o'clock to start on an automobile ride with friends.

The boys came in just before she started, and fell hungrily upon their lunch. In the adjoining room, where she lingered to adjust her veil, Mrs. Miller heard this conversation:

'Don't take such big mouthfuls, Walter! Be as decent as you know how to be, won't you please?" begged Kenneth, earnestly.

"Oh, come off!" scoffed Walter, as soon as he could speak; "I 'm hungry, and I can't stop to be fussy. You 're so finickin' fine since that old meet, there 's no living with you!"

"Maybe not," assented Kenneth, good-naturedly; "but I hope I 'm not quite such a disgrace to Mother as I was. You talk about practising the pole-vault, to be sent to the meet; let me tell you, youngster, there 's a good deal more need to practise table manners, or when you do go away from home some old Betty, who does n't know anything about boys, will think it 's your mother's fault you don't know how to behave; and take it from me, sonny, that 'll make you feel cheaper than dirt!"



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

THE TURN OF THE WAR TIDE

From March to mid-July the German power was pressing steadily westward. In the latter half of July the advance was checked, and the Soissons-Rheims salient was cleared. In August, after Foch with his French and Americans had driven the invading hordes back over the Marne, the Ourcq, and the Vesle toward the Aisne, the Allies took the offensive along the whole line. The tide had turned, at last.

Day after day the German lines were pounded. Mile by mile the German hosts were pushed back. Town after town was recovered; some of them important only as the restoration of their sites served to cheer their rightful owners and break the spirit of the German soldiers, and some of them important in the strictly military sense, as centers of transportation and bases of strategy. Enormous numbers of prisoners and guns were taken, and vast stores of supplies and munitions were captured or detroyed. Day by day the extent of the disaster to the German armies grew greater and more apparent. The "masterly retreat" began to look like a rout!

At the same time there was increasing suspicion and dissatisfaction in Germany; the cohesion of the Teuton alliance showed signs of strain, and German hopes in Russia gave definite promise of what may be called crop failure. Japanese, British, and American troops began to operate, though in rather inadequate numbers, with the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia; the Bolshevik leaders had to show their German colors openly,—as openly as those despicable creatures, Lenine and Trotzky, can do anything,—and it began to look as if the crushed millions to the east of Hunland were to rise, organize, and defend themselves once more.

Perhaps the picture is too brightly painted. Perhaps the words are unjustifiably optimistic. Perhaps the effect of the daily accumulation of good news partially destroyed the fine balance of judgment of folks on this side of the sea. But the facts, unvarnished by hopeful imagination, made it seem delightfully certain that the Germans could never again threaten to reach the heart of France or gain the Channel coast.

August was a month of victory for the Cause of Civilized Freedom.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE AND THE FIELD OF PLAY

Here we are, in October! It is the month when the hunter's horn is (supposed to be) heard on the hill; when the leaders of the baseball leagues are (ordinarily) fighting it out for final honors in the World's Series; and when football teams are (theoretically) rounding into championship form, as the newspapers say—or experiencing the "mid-season slump." But the baseball season came to an early end, and the football sky has shed its stars. The athletes of "work-or-fight" age have gone into a bigger game. Our definition of "non-essential" takes in, as time passes, more and more of the things that used to seem almost as indispensable as eating, and highly organized sport is one of them.

But there is a mighty good reason why we should not go too far in the restriction of sport. We can do very well without the great public contests; but we need the fun and exercise, the healthful stimulus of outdoor activities. Many commencement speakers and many writers have tried to name and to measure the benefits derived from athletics—or the harm done by competitive rowing and running, baseball, football, wrestling, jumping, and other trials of strength, skill, and courage. The war has swept away the old argu-

ments, and has set up in their place some new facts, of high visibility.

Americans have always loved the outdoor games in which individual athletes or teams oppose each other with brain and brawn. American boys and girls begin competing with one another as soon as they can walk and run. In their play they learn how to win without being conceited, and to lose without being disheartened. They begin early to acquire the powers of quick perception, swift decision, and prompt, effective action.

The Germans do not play as we do. They have missed the best lessons of sport. And the difference shows, clearly, in the war: not only in the trenches, but among the folks behind the men behind the guns.

Now more than ever it is part of the duty of every American boy and girl to cultivate every possibility of strength, skill, and courage; for every bit of increase in individual fitness and usefulness is a definite addition to the nation's resources—and every neglected opportunity is a loss to the nation.

In the coming years America must have strong men, strong women; and capable men and women. Those men and women are being trained, now, for patriotic service in the approaching period of reconstruction, on every school playground in the country. They are the youngsters of today.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

On August 13 the British Government, following the lead of France and Italy, recognized officially the Czecho-Slovak nation. It said: "In consideration of their efforts to achieve independence, Great Britain regards the Czecho-Slovaks as an Allied nation and recognizes the unity of the three Czecho-Slovak armies [operating in France, Italy, and Siberia] as an Allied and belligerent army waging regular warfare against Austria-Hungary and Germany. Great Britain also recognizes the Czecho-Slovak National Council as the supreme organ of Czecho-Slovak national interests."

Czecho-slovakia, as the country may be called, has Germany to the north and west of it, and Austria and Hungary on the south. Russia and Poland complete the list of the new nation's immediate neighbors. Its territories include Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, and Slovakia. They split the Teuton power.

The Czecho-Slovaks are among the smaller peoples whose right to political "self-determination" President Wilson made so prominent a part of his war program. They hate Germany, and Austria had to force them into her army. The mass of them in Siberia, of which we heard so much all summer, was made up of soldiers who had deserted and gone over to the Russian armies in the field.

Czecho-slovakia covers a territory of a little less than 50,000 square miles, with a population, in normal times, of about 12,000,000. It includes the richest and most prosperous parts of the old Austria-Hungary, and within its boundaries are coal and iron mines, manufacturing districts, and agricultural regions.

Step by step, even before the war ends, the Allies are making good on their program of freedom for the less powerful peoples that have been oppressed. It is to be hoped that their statesmen will succeed also in their endeavors to solve, after all these years of war, the old and difficult problem of the Balkans.

BETWEEN THE BLACK AND THE CASPIAN SEAS

Not until Germany had been blocked in the west were the Allies able to give full effect to their plans for resistance to German efforts in Asia. Germany's successes in the war—which, by the irony of fate, promise to be an important factor in her failure, tumbling in upon her like an unpropped roof—have been attained at least as much by propaganda and dishonest dealing as by force of arms. She weakened Russia with the poison of her false promises, and in the south of Asia she undertook a similar project. Not until midsummer of 1918 did her efforts seem to be fairly balked.

In August we read of British forces fighting near Baku, on the Caspian Sea, and a British expedition in Turkestan. Success in these regions would cut the chain of German plotting toward India, as German ambitions toward Egypt and Arabia had already been blocked. It would bring Allied forces up toward the Ukraine (where Germany reaped as much trouble as wheat) on the one side, and toward Siberia (where anti-German organization was moving rapidly) on the other. It would also cut off the long arm of greedy Turkey, reaching out to clasp the Teuton mailed fist.

With Russia moving toward rehabilitation and the forces in Palestine and Mesopotamia at work between the Teutons on the north and the Turks on the south, activity between the Black and Caspian Seas helps greatly to restore the completeness of the ring of steel that has been drawn about the Kaiser and his fellow conspirators against civilization and democracy.



French Pictorial Service

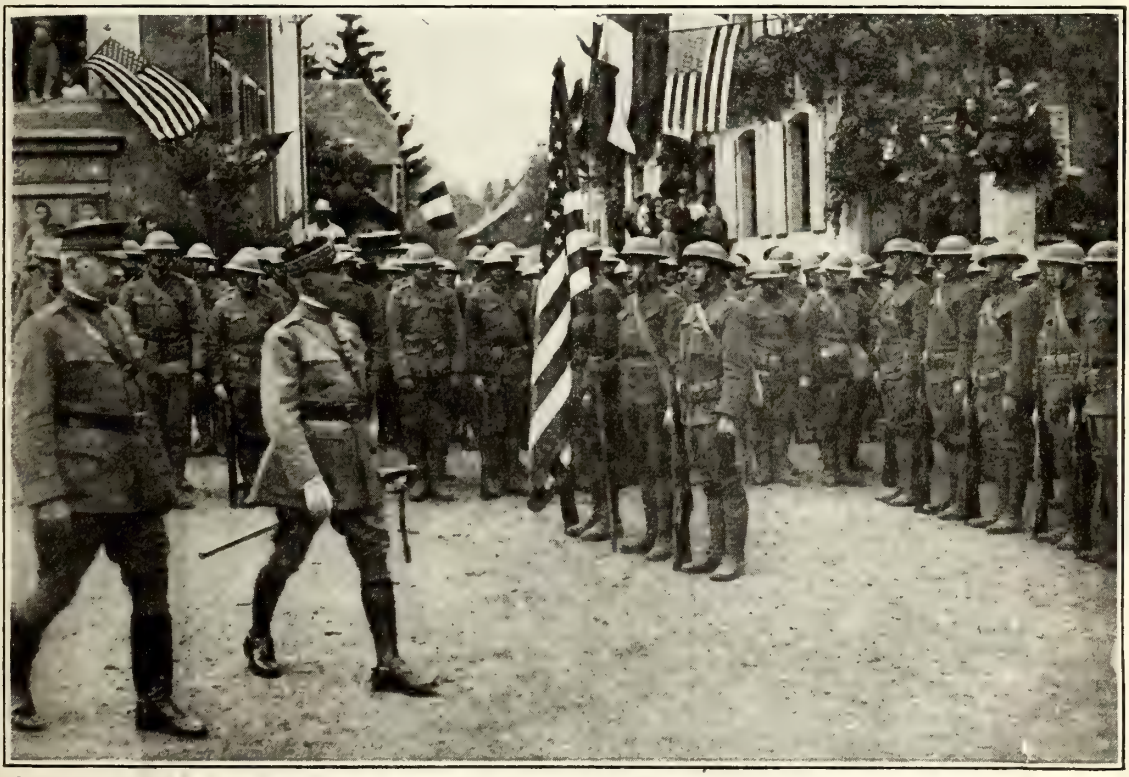
THE BRIDGE AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY—THE CENTRAL SPAN WAS DESTROYED BY AMERICAN ARTILLERY FIRE.

DON'T GLOAT; DON'T CROAK—JUST WORK!

We are warned against optimistic predictions of the end of the war; and the warning is based on good sense. History has often shown that it is fatal to underestimate your enemy's skill, courage, or resources in man-power and materials.

This is a war not merely of armies, but of peoples. We who have to stay at home are soldiers of Uncle Sam. Over-confidence in the field results in a relaxation of military alertness, and is demoralizing. Over-confidence in the Second Line, among the folks at home, is equally harmful—and in a perfectly definite way.

Over-confidence tends to make us buy a little



French Pictorial Service

AMERICAN TROOPS AT MASSEVAUX, ALSACE, REVIEWED BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM G. HAAN AND GENERAL BOISSONDO.

less than all we *could* buy of Liberty Bonds and War Stamps. It makes us do a little less Red Cross work; a little less "Hooverizing"; a little



Times Photo Service

A ROPE LADDER RUNNING UP AN ITALIAN MOUNTAINSIDE.

less of everything we can and must do to back up the brave boys Over There. It makes the sledge-hammer in the shipyard swing a few less times a day; the aëroplane fleet grow a little more slowly; the mill and mine machinery move a little less productively. And all these little deficiencies, based upon a false sense of security, delay the end and increase the cost.

But we must not go to the other extreme! We must not be doubtful and gloomy. We must be hopeful and brave—and keep busy all the time. We must not underestimate the enemy—and we must not underestimate ourselves. Strong people can face the facts of any situation, good or bad, and act wisely, without fear or unmeasured exultation. And Americans are strong people!

Let us, therefore, have nothing to do with dated predictions,—"The war will end this year," or, "The war will be over in 1919,"—but with calm confidence that, when it does end, it will end right, let us do everything we can to hasten the end, while at the same time fortifying our souls for endurance and ever-increasing effort throughout any term of time that may be required.

And the one special and particular thing for us to do from now on is to harden our souls against the natural impulse of generosity that might cause us to give to the vanquished any chance to gather strength and accumulate resources for a repetition of Germany's mad and ruinous enterprise of conquest.

Germany never held so proud a position among the nations, Germany was never so prosperous, as when she deliberately started this war. Her rulers' dream and scheme of world dominion started her on the path of ruin. When her commerce was flourishing most mightily, they accused the other nations of denying to her "a place in the sun" of trade—and now they have thrown away her colonies, destroyed her trade. They have wasted their country's powers, they have wrecked her prosperity, they have sacrificed her wealth and her men—and have dealt out misery to Belgium and Poland, inflicted suffering upon many nations, great and small.

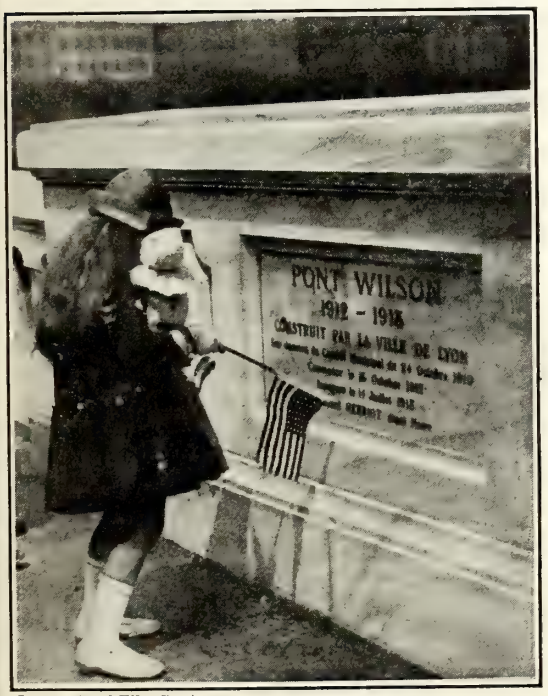
Germany has a bill to pay, and every consideration of right and justice demands that she pay it in full. It is the duty of the Defenders of Civilization to collect it for humanity; and our one aim and resolve must be to make sure that—whether soon or late, but as soon as we can make it—the settlement is made, so fully and completely that never again shall it be necessary for the free nations to render such an account to any other would-be destroyer of the world's peace.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE snowflake is a little thing, but it makes the drifts that block traffic. The dimes and quarters that Americans are putting into thrift stamps are blown on the mighty wind of patriotism and heaped up in front of the march of Kultur until

they must look to the dismayed Germans like a green blizzard blocking the way to the west. The Government's win-the-war fund has been increased, through W. S. S., hundreds of millions of dollars. Figures of August 1 gave the total as $572,435,737.81, and showed that the sale of "savings stickers" had increased the per capita savings of the country by $5.74. If a list of the patriotic investors' names could be made, it would be a good start toward a complete roll-call of Uncle Sam's younger nieces and nephews.

THE new bridge at Lyons, France, begun in 1912 and opened in the summer of this year, is named



International Film Service
A LITTLE "LADY OF LYONS" ON THE WILSON BRIDGE.

Pont Wilson. While our Allies on the other side of the Atlantic are giving American names to streets, bridges, and buildings, we are returning the compliment in kind. This is a small, but strong, link in the chain of friendship that binds together the nations that have defended civilization against the Huns. It is the symbol of an alliance very different in character and effect from the "entangling" ones against which President Washington warned us.

As the days get shorter and the nights longer, American boys and girls, always seeking some new opportunity of patriotic service, can find one in the conservation of fuel used in making gas and electricity for lighting our houses. If we ever preached, we might deliver a little sermon on the possibilities of the long winter evenings for instructive reading. Perhaps this winter will bring a revival of the good old-fashioned custom of families assembling in the "sitting-room." A table with a cheery red cloth over it is just right for a family to gather about, with its books and magazines. The redness of the table cover is very important! We must be cheerful this winter!

SWITZERLAND, which might so easily have met a fate like Belgium's at the beginning of the war, deserves great credit for the use she has made of the opportunities afforded by her neutrality. Very early in the war she offered to act as an intermediary for the exchange of prisoners incapacitated for further military service. First France and Germany, then Italy and Austria accepted the offer. She has effected the exchange of at least 500,000 prisoners of war, and has been constantly taking care of those interned within her borders. It is said that she has carried without charge nearly twenty million pieces of mail addressed to these men. There are different kinds and degrees of neutrality, and of them all Switzerland's seems to be about the best.

AND now the military engineers have built a suspension bridge across the Suez Canal, connecting the two parts of the railroad from Jerusalem to Cairo. What would the children of Israel have thought if one of their prophets had foretold the existence of such a link between Palestine and Egypt?

"FIRST All U. S. Air-Fleet Wins Attack—Flies Miles Back of German Lines and Returns Unharmed—Results Are Important—Brig.-Gen. Foulois Commands Reconnoissance Over Surging Battle-field." There was n't a handsomer headline in the newspapers of August 17 than that! The story under it told how a fleet of eighteen American-built 'planes, with American engines and American pilots, obtained valuable information for the Allied commanders. It makes it pretty clear that no investigation was needed except into the processes of aëroplane manufacture and shipment. The investigation revealed some things of which we are not proud; but such revelation is the first step toward getting things going as they should. By the time our boys go marching through Rhineland, there must be hundreds of American-made aëroplanes ready to do their scout work. Hundreds? No—thousands! Things don't go by hundreds any more!

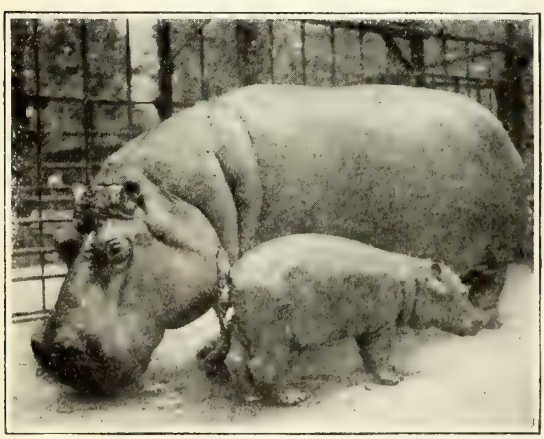
THE HOMELY, INTERESTING HIPPOPOTAMUS

CALIPH was a baby hippo who was caught in the Nile River after his mother, the crankiest old lady and the worst fighter in the herd, had been shot. Little Caliph was a cunning fat baby but a few days old. In spite of his seventy-five pounds of solid flesh and bone, he was nimble on his legs and a good swimmer as well. He was captured while swimming under water with just his nostrils visible.

The little hippo had a red skin, like a young human baby. He was fat as a butter-ball, and somewhat resembled a pig. His master took him home, fed him on a plentiful diet of bread and milk, and made him a little pen with a pool of water in it.

Caliph became very much attached to his master. He soon learned to follow him about like a dog. Sometimes the little fellow would grieve for his mother and wistfully think of the rides he took on her broad, safe back, because he was too small to keep up with her when he swam beside her. He mourned for her loving protection and caresses, for we know that the mother hippopotamus is among the gentlest and most lovable of mothers.

The little hippo waxed fat and strong. In a short time the bread-and-milk dinners were replaced by warm bran-mash and sweet, delicious hay, with a dessert of carrots or juicy apples.



A BABY HIPPO IS ONE OF THE CHIEF ATTRACTIONS OF A MENAGERIE.

When he was six months old he was transferred from his little yard to a great boat and brought to America. The trip was attended by seasickness and many other unpleasantries; but his beloved master spoke soft and kind words of encouragement to him and helped him forget his troubles and fears. The rocking of the boat made his head throb, and the strange noises frightened



A HIPPO FAMILY AT HOME IN THE ZOO.

him. Then they landed and were taken to one of the great parks and Caliph became the chief attraction of the menagerie.

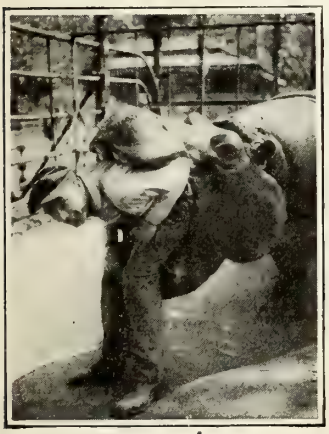
The other great beasts were curious and unsocial, so little Caliph stayed in the swimming-tank most of the time, mainly to escape their critical eyes.

One day, when he was eating his hay, a dear little kitten walked into his cage and sniffed his nose. He sniffed back and found her most friendly. They became great chums, and every day at dinner-time she called on him and they had a little visit together. She would curl up on his hay and doze, moving back a few inches at a time as he ate in close proximity to her little furry body. Then, when she grew up and had little kittens of her own, she took them to visit her hippo friend, who loved them as dearly as he loved their little mother.

When Caliph was six years old he weighed four thousand pounds and was a gigantic animal of terrific strength and power; but he never took advantage of these gifts. His master had taught him some very interesting tricks, and Caliph delighted in exhibiting his talents. He would open his great mouth to its widest capacity and let master sit inside, never offering to close it until he was safely out of the huge fleshy cavern. Then

he would permit him to put his head in his mouth, to ride on his back, and to brush his huge teeth with a stiff broom.

Caliph's great delight was to take his master on his broad back and plunge into the swimming-pool.



ONE OF CALIPH'S TRICKS.

Our critical friends say that a hippopotamus is not intelligent enough to be trained; that they are vicious, are not to be trusted, and have no memory. I give you these facts to disprove their theory and to give the hippo a square deal. I feel that he is a much maligned beast. Many of them are loving, gentle, and faithful, if handled by those who love and want to understand them.

The hippopotamus is found in the rivers and lakes of Africa. He and the rhinoceros are beasts of another era, and do not belong to this age. But they are so very interesting we should be sorry to see them go.

The hippo is certainly not handsome. He has a huge, barrel-body submerged in fat, mounted on short stumpy legs, and a gigantic head with a mouth of such enormous size and capacity as to be positively terrifying. The huge, horselike nose is covered with stiff bristles, the nostrils flare like fans, the eyes bulge, and the forehead is low and flat, with an odd, foolish-looking ear sticking upon either side of it.

The hippopotamus is herbivorous. He lives in water a good deal of the time, but is an air-breathing mammal.

His voice is not true to his character. It consists of a deep, hog-like grunt, followed by four sharp, high-pitched, shrill squeals. One would expect a deep, resonant bass from such a sober, phlegmatic beast, and is shockingly surprised by his ear-splitting tenor.

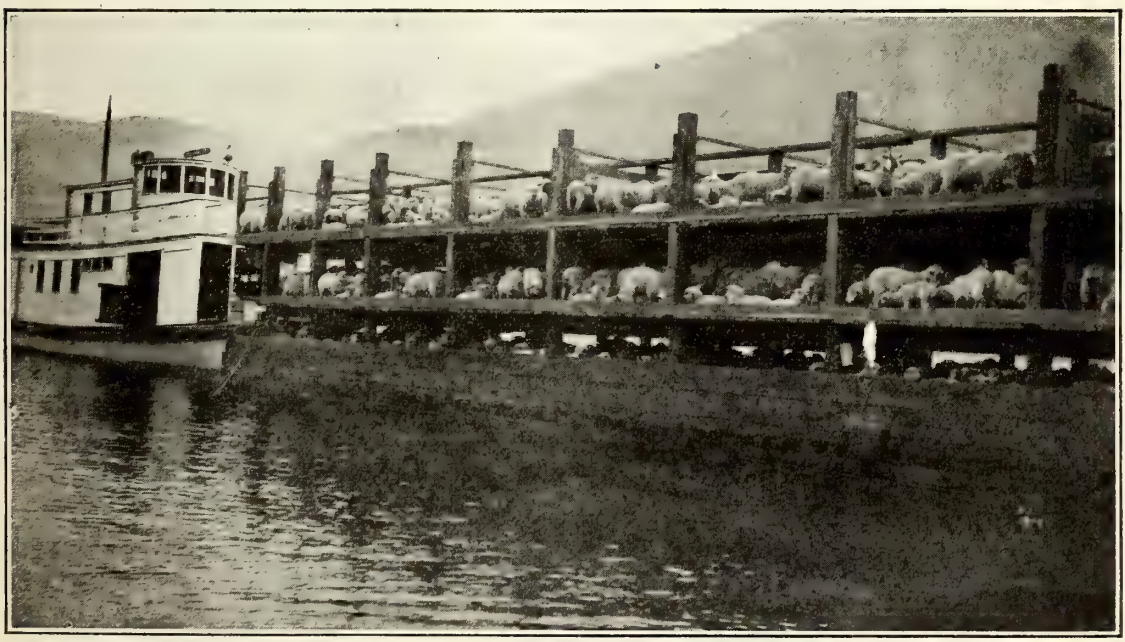
Whips and other articles of commerce are manufactured from their thick, tough hide, and in the country where they are found the flesh is eaten by the natives.

Lo! the poor hippo has many enemies. We hope the game laws will protect him, as we could not possibly spare him—he is so intensely interesting.

GEORGIA M. MCNALLY.

BOAT EXCURSIONS FOR WESTERN SHEEP

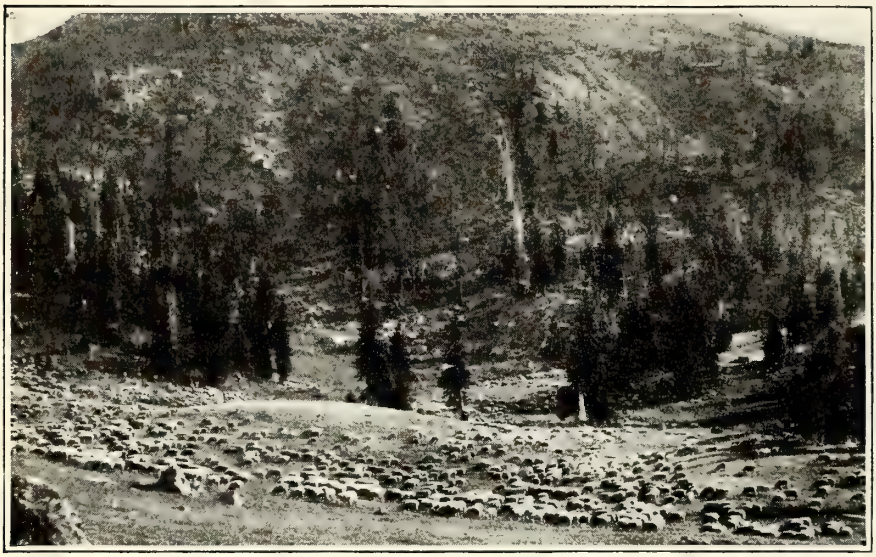
STEAMBOAT excursions carrying ewes and their lambs to and from summer resorts in the mountains are becoming popular on Lake Chelan, in north-central Washington, thanks to the ingenuity of carpenters in fitting up a three-deck



SHEEP BARGE ON LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

barge that is a model of comfort for the fleecy passengers.

Lake Chelan is a slender feather of a lake, fifty miles long, dropped in between granite peaks that form a massive cañon. At the head of this



GRAZING GROUND, HORSE-SHOE BASIN, WASHINGTON.

lake are some of the finest grazing-grounds in the West, but to reach them by land is such an exhausting trip that, in the past, hundreds of lambs have been lost through the hardships of the trail.

With the new system, 2,700 ewes and their lambs are loaded in the morning at the foot of the lake, direct from the winter feeding-grounds, and started on their day's excursion. Theirs is a novel experience, for they travel on a lake whose surface is exactly 1,080 feet *above* sea-level, but whose bottom is in many places more than 400 feet *below* sea-level for government soundings show several depths of over 1,500 feet.

If the start is made early, at seven o'clock in the morning, then by three o'clock in the afternoon the leaders of the band are unloaded and started on the trail for the range. Many of the sheep-men favor the coarse-wooled breeds, such as the Lincolns, and some of the fleecy travelers look like animated bales of wool as they waddle along the trail.

These grazing-lands are in the Chelan National Forest, and are capable of supporting nearly 100,000 sheep. To the north stretch other vast grazing-ranges that only hardy woodsmen have explored. GEORGE F. PAUL.

THE LAND TORTOISE

LAND tortoises are common not only in the United States, but in many other lands, where both their flesh and eggs are esteemed as food. The American tortoise lives in holes or burrows, where it hibernates during the winter; during the summer months it may be encountered anywhere, from the dusty highway to the cooler shades of the woods.

The common tortoise is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it is one of a class of animals which wear their skeletons upon the outside and for the great age to which they live; actual records have shown them to live for over one hundred years, while it is probable that the term of life of fortunate individuals may reach two hundred and fifty years.

These small land tortoises make harmless and



THE LAND TORTOISE.

interesting pets, although they have not sufficient intelligence to experience any affection or even to recognize the hand that feeds them. The animal gets its name from its crooked feet, as "tortoise," like "tortuous," comes from a Latin word meaning "twisted." A. E. SWOYER.

UNCLE SAM'S FAIRYLAND

THE United States is blessed with a greater variety of raw materials than is possessed by any other nation. This is particularly true with regard to minerals. Our mines and quarries produce nearly everything derived from such sources, required for our health, comfort, convenience, and happiness.

In fact, only three essential minerals are not produced in the United States. It is strange that, in our abundance of riches, these three should have been among the most important—tin, potash, and nitrates. Tin is not a necessity, but if we were shut off from potash and nitrates for a sufficient time, we should all surely die.

The great war has shown us how, in these days of huge battle-cruisers and ranging dreadnoughts, it is possible for an entire nation, inhabited by millions of people, to be entirely cut off from getting supplies from the rest of the world. Germany has been completely isolated by the armies and navies of the Allies.

Indeed, one direct effect of the German blockade has been to cut us off from our usual source for several highly important supplies produced only in Germany. Our government scientists have checked up our resources and find that in case of a blockade we could produce all we need except as already stated, tin, potash, and nitrates.

Tin can be left out of consideration, for we could substitute for that with our other metals. That would leave us lacking potash and nitrates. The only two natural supplies of these essential materials are in Chile and Germany—the nitrate deposits being on the rainless deserts of northern Chile and the potash coming from the mines of Stassfurt, in Germany.

Both nitrates and potash are used extensively in manufacture, although not in the manufacture of anything essential to life. But these materials are two of the three elements of plant-fertilizer, the third being phosphorus. We possess a great natural supply of phosphorus, particularly in Florida and other Gulf States, but our plants must have nitrogen and potash as well.

Farm-land in its virgin state contains both potash and nitrogen in considerable abundance. But successive crops of grains and vegetables gradually exhaust this plant-food from the soil. Of course, our soil just as it is would continue to raise crops for many years, but eventually, unless the nitrogen and potash were restored to it, the crops would languish, and we should know famine. If a blockade were maintained long enough, it could kill us by starvation in spite of our great area of farm-land.

But Germany, having her abundance of potash and a sufficient supply of nitrates at the beginning of the present war, was without phosphates, which she had been getting from us. So far as is known, she has not been able to produce any substitute for phosphate, from which, therefore, she has now been deprived for four years. Her farms are evidently suffering for phosphate. In other words, the German people are now on short rations because of the lack of phosphorus.

Uncle Sam in the past has rather indolently been content to depend on other nations for his nitrate and potash. But now, spurred by necessity and possible danger in the future, he has determined to make himself independent in these respects. He has literally lifted himself up by his own boot-straps. He is beginning to produce the two necessary minerals of which we have no natural supply. It is safe to predict that, as the result of the movements now started, within a few years we shall be producing artificially all the potash and nitrates we can use on his farms and in our factories.

Uncle Sam's first concern was his supply of nitrate, because it has become his prime wartime necessity. Nitrogen is the most important element in high explosives. Without nitrogen, Uncle Sam would soon have to shut down his powder-factories, and then he would be at the mercy even of a weak, but well-supplied, enemy

There are numerous artificial sources from which nitrogen might be obtained in an emergency, the coke-oven, with its by-product of ammonia, being one of the more important. Ammonia contains nitrogen, and ammonia can be obtained from coal-tar. A considerable business in nitrogen has already been developed as a side industry by the coke producers.

But the great source of nitrogen is the air itself, above and about us. The air is four fifth pure nitrogen, the rest of it being oxygen and certain rare elements. The difficulty in obtaining nitrates from this source has been that pure nitrogen is a very inert gas; that is, it does not unite readily with other substances so that it can be handled in a form suitable for its various uses. But the method for collecting the air nitrogen, or "fixing" it, as it is called, was discovered with the development of the electric furnace and its high temperature.

Every boy has seen the white electric arc-lamp, and has realized how intense the heat must be at the point where the light glows. When air is blown through a mass of these arcs, the oxygen and rarer elements are burned out of it. The nitrogen, pure now and very hot, is passed onward over lime or certain other substances, with

which it will unite at high temperatures. This, substantially, is all there is to the process of "fixing" atmospheric nitrogen.

The Government is now spending more than $50,000,000 for enormous factories for manufacturing nitrates from the air. When these plants are ready, it is claimed, Uncle Sam will have a nitrate supply sufficient to make all the powder for the war and to supply the fertilizer used in times of peace.

The government scientists are just discovering that every good farmer does an extensive nitrate-manufacturing business himself, although it is doubtful if many of the farmers know it. For years, however, they have known that if you plow straw or other fibrous material into the ground, you greatly enrich the soil. Originally it was supposed that this was merely restoring to the soil the plant-food which the plants had taken out and fixed in their stalks.

Now the scientists' microscopes have discovered that this woody material, rotting in the soil, becomes covered with countless millions of microbes. These tiny organisms breathe freely of the air which filters down through the soil. The life of a microbe lasts but a few minutes, but in that time each one has taken from the air a microscopic amount of nitrogen and fixed it within its own body in such form that the plant roots can feed upon it when the microbe dies. This rotting substance is called humus.

The bacteria which live in the roots of leguminous plants, such as clover and peas, also fix large quantities of atmospheric nitrogen, and thus become of high importance to the farmers.

In the case of potash, the test-tube of the scientist in his laboratory has worked a magic that can be compared only with the miracles of the sorcerer's wand in the fairy tales; for the scientists have gone to the iron and cement factories, and there they have found a waste product that is going to yield all the potash we can use. In other words, while we have thought ourselves at the mercy of the German monopoly in this indispensable mineral, our factories have been throwing away annually a quantity of it equal to our total import from Germany, valued at nearly thirty millions of dollars each year.

Indeed, in the case of iron, it is questionable now, in the light of the discoveries of recent years, which is the by-product of the furnace, the iron or the potassium. In fact, with potash prices inflated as they are by the war, it would be actually more economical for the furnace owner to throw away the iron that he smelts and save the potash that has been escaping up the chimney; for, at present prices, for each ton of iron, worth thirty-three dollars, smelted from the ore, potash worth one hundred dollars escapes in the form of gas.

While we have no natural deposits of potash salts, such as exist in the Stassfurt mines, the element potassium exists in many of our rocks, particularly, for present uses, in many iron ores and in limestone used in cement manufacture. As the iron is smelted with great heat, the potassium and other valuable elements are thrown off as gases and dust from the flues.

A very simple process has been discovered recently for taking this potash out of the gas. In the middle of the flue-pipes are strung wires charged with a high voltage of electricity. The effect upon the hot gas coming within this intense electrical field is to precipitate the potash on the sides of the flue-pipes in the form of dust. At intervals the pipe is struck with an automatic hammer, and the potash dust—it is potassium cyanide—falls to the bottom of the pipe and is collected there. This process is known as the Cottrell process, the invention of Professor F. G. Cottrell, formerly of the University of California, now a scientist with the Federal Bureau of Mines.

The value of the process for collecting potash from the fumes of cement kilns was discovered by accident. A cement factory near Los Angeles was having much trouble because the fumes from its kilns were destroying the surrounding orange-groves. As a relief from the court injunctions, the concern first considered buying the orange-groves, but the price of the land, one thousand dollars an acre, made this proposal impossible. Finally it was decided to install a Cottrell recovery-plant.

It worked well. The injurious elements were removed from the gas, the orange-groves thrived, and there was peace in that region. The cement concern threw away the dust collected in this manner. When war broke out and the price of potash salts increased tenfold, the chemists of the company began examining the kiln dust, and they found it rich in potash. It is said that the company sold their dust in 1915 for nearly $100,000. As the operation of the Cottrell process cost $20,000, there was a net profit of $80,000 in what had been purely a waste product.

Other cement factories are now adopting the system. It is estimated that all the cement mills and blast furnaces together can produce 500,000 tons of potash annually. Part of our supply will be drawn from a California lake whose waters hold in solution, chemists says, 20,000,000 tons. Germany has lost forever her foreign market for potash.

ROBERT F. WILSON.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

MARY JINNY IN NATURELAND

The Earthworm

By Sally Clagett



"HOPPITY HOP," said Mary Jinny, pinching her playmate's pink-lined ear, "teacher says I must tell her all about earthworms to-morrow."

Hoppity Hop blinked. Then he raised his hind foot and scratched his chin. "That ought n't to be hard, Mary Jinny," he answered, "all we have to do is to ask——"

He did n't finish what he was saying, for right underneath him a voice shrieked, "Get off—get off!" and he was so frightened that he jumped at least a foot in the air. When he came down on the ground again, a very cross earthworm was looking out of her hole.

"You stupid thing," she snapped angrily, wagging her head at Hoppity Hop, "you not only spoiled my nice front door, but you almost smothered me."

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Earthworm," Mary Jinny said. "Hoppity Hop did n't mean to harm you. He 's just as good and kind as he can be."

Then Hoppity Hop said he was sorry, too, and the earthworm stopped grumbling and began to crawl out of her hole, stretching out and shutting up just like an accordion, Mary Jinny thought.

"Please, Mr. Earthworm," Mary Jinny begged, when she had wriggled quite out of the hole, "won't you tell me what all those little folds of skin are for that run around your body?"

"I shall be very glad to," the earthworm answered politely. "You see, I crawl by stretching and contracting my muscles; and if I did n't have that loose skin, I could n't stretch out. I am going to crawl now; and if you will watch me very carefully, you will see what I mean."

Mary Jinny dropped down on her hands and knees, and the earthworm stretched out until all the little folds were straight and tight; then she contracted her muscles, and the little folds appeared again.

"It *is* like an accordion," Mary Jinny whispered to Hoppity Hop, who whispered back that it was indeed.

"I don't know what an accordion is," the earthworm said, as she curled up again, "but it 's a great help to me in my work."

"Work!" Mary Jinny exclaimed, very much surprised; "why, I did n't know worms worked."

"If men knew how much good our work does in the world," the earthworm



"HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED THAT HE JUMPED AT LEAST A FOOT IN THE AIR."

replied, winding herself a little closer, to be more comfortable, "they would not be so cruel to us. Only yesterday, Mary Jinny, your father dug up a whole family of earthworms and cut them up to catch fish with, and your aunty poured something around the roots of the roses that killed a lot more."

Mary Jinny looked as though she wanted to cry when the earthworm said

that, and she assured her that she would ask her father and aunty not to do anything to hurt them in future.

"If you only would," said the earthworm. "Of course, there are worms, like the fat white grub, that eat the roots of plants and kill them, and ignorant people think we do it; but we don't. We only eat decayed leaves and earth, which we gather at night and drag down into our burrows, and—"

"Good morning, Mary Jinny," a ladybug called as she crawled to the tip of a leaf, "has Mrs. Earthworm been telling you how she and her family plow up the earth around the roots of plants and trees, so that the air can get in and keep them alive?"

Mary Jinny shook her head and laughed. It was so comical for earthworms to talk of plowing, when her father used two big horses to draw the plow through his garden.

"You may laugh," Mrs. Ladybug said, nodding her head slowly, "but it 's true. There are more earthworms in the world than can be counted, and if they were not always under the ground keeping it soft and letting the air in, farmers could not raise their crops and people would starve."

"Not only that," chimed in Mrs. Earthworm, "but we carry down leaves and other decayed matter that make food for growing plants."

Mary Jinny was quite astonished that earthworms could do so much good in the world, and she made up her mind that no one should ever hurt them again if she could help it.

"Do you work all winter, too?" she asked.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Earthworm answered. "From early spring until late in the fall we carry down under the ground leaves and other decayed matter to make food for the plants, but when the cold weather comes we go into our little rooms in the bottom of our burrows and roll up until springtime comes again. We keep nice and warm there. The rooms and burrows are lined with a thin layer of a fine soil, specially prepared for that purpose, and with leaves, so that we are very comfortable until the sun gets warm again."

All of a sudden Mrs. Earthworm stretched out and began humping towards her hole as fast as she could.

"I forgot," she called back to Mary Jinny, "that the children are going to hatch out to-morrow, and I must make them a soft bed."

And without so much as a good-by, she dropped into her hole and squirmed out of sight.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HELEN C. GREEN, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1917.)

VIVID little stories and sketches of the World War and stirring little poems inspired by the great conflict alternated in the contributions sent in by our young writers this month, and their authors all are to be congratulated upon the high average of merit attained in these compositions. Those printed here will be read with eager interest by all members of the League; and there were at least a score of others that would surely have found place here if only ST. NICHOLAS could afford the space for them. It is wonderful to see how firmly the great fight for Liberty has gripped the thoughts of America's young folk, as of their elders, in these vital days; and right eloquently have our boys and girls voiced, this month, the patriotic love of freedom and the willingness to do and dare our utmost for its sake that pervade the Allied nations.

Perhaps it is just as well, too, that this martial ardor is relieved on the pictorial side by an array of photographs and drawings of "Summer Pictures" here at home or in other lands, and for the most part pleasantly reminiscent of happy days along waterside or meadow lands, at seashore or in wooded hills; while, in further tribute to the holiday spirit, our young artists bid us not forget that the mystic rites of Hallowe'en are due in October.

Altogether, the exhibit with which our boys and girls have filled "their own eight pages" of ST. NICHOLAS this month is one that admirably crowns the end of the volume and adds to our ever-increasing pride and joy in the earnest work and remarkable achievements of the League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 224

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Marion Richardson** (age 15), New Jersey; **C. Rosalind Holmes** (age 17), New York. Silver badges, **Marion Sibley** (age 12), Michigan; **Gertrude McIntyre,** (age 15), Maine; **Katherine Smith** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Muriel Cavanaugh** (age 15), California.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Gertrude Hooper** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Esther H. Stocks** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Marian L. Hopkins** (age 12), New York; **Thomas H. Davison** (age 15), New York; **Charlotte I. Root** (age 12), Nebraska; **Katherine E. Sheldon** (age 15), New Jersey.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Helen C. Green** (age 14), Missouri. Silver badges, **Donald D. Millar** (age 14). New Jersey; **Elizabeth Southard** (age 15), California; **Nancy Riggs** (age 13), Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Dorothy H. Bowers** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Virginia P. Hill** (age 15), New York; **Eleanor Hall** (age 17), Tennessee; **Carolyn Olmsted** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Elizabeth Utz** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Katherine B. Hyde** (age 16), New York; **Geraldine Marchal** (age 16), Indiana.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Mabel Gilman** (age 11), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Theodore Rodgers** (age 16), New Jersey.



BY KATHERINE B. HYDE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERALDINE MARCHAL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A SUMMER PICTURE"

THE SIGNAL

BY ELIZABETH H. HART (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Here I stand, not on sand, not on lea;
Ships that ply, passing by, pray for me
When my light flashes bright o'er the sea.

Black rocks yawned bare into the air;
Sea-gulls flew screaming overhead;
The green waves crashed; their foam upsplashed
Against a sky as dull as lead.

A white ship brave rode o'er the wave;
She thrust the white-capped seas aside;
Then night dropped back her curtain black;
The ship bore on with all sails wide.

A mighty shock as wood met rock;
The gulls whirred wildly from their post;
When morning dawned, the black rocks yawned—
The ship with all her crew was lost.

Said men: "We 'll rear a lighthouse here—
A slender structure, white and high,
Foul night or fine, its light shall shine—
A signal of the danger nigh."

Here I stand, not on sand, not on lea;
Ships that ply, passing by, pray for me
When my light flashes bright o'er the sea.



"A SUMMER PICTURE." BY ELLEN F. BLACK, AGE 15.

THE VOLUNTEER

BY MARION RICHARDSON (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July,* 1914)

"WHERE was he found?"

"Climbing the fence near the guard-house, sir."

"That will do."

The soldier clicked his heels together, saluted, and was gone, leaving a very frightened boy with Major B——, who was commanding officer of the camp. When the guard had gone the major's face relaxed, and he bade the boy sit down.

"Please tell me your name and why you came," he said kindly; "and if you tell the truth, you need not be afraid."

"I am Laurence Stevenson, sir; my home is in Avanhurst, about twenty miles from here. I came to enlist. I have a brother in France who writes me of the brave things he does, and I long to do them, too. Mother and



"A SUMMER PICTURE." BY VIRGINIA P. HILL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dad won't listen seriously to anything I say about enlisting, and so I came on my own hook."

"But, boy, don't you know that you are too young to enlist without your parent's consent?"

"I—I never thought of that!"

"Laurence, you have made a grave mistake. The army does not need younger boys. They are needed at home. Patriotism in school-boys, that is a different thing! Take farming, for instance. The Government depends greatly on you boys to raise the crops. The troops must have food, and if the boys enlist, there is no one left to farm but women and children, for all the able farmers have been called. Find work on a farm this summer, do your best, and a few years later, if you still want to enlist, come to me and I will help you."

The major smiled and extended his hand. Laurence clasped it.

"I 'll do it, sir!" he said.

And he did.

A VOLUNTEER

BY MARION SIBLEY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

"I HAVE bought Liberty Bonds, Jim 's a Marine, Mother is in the Red Cross and has signed the Food Conservation Pledge, Jean and Rob have Thrift Cards, Rob has a war garden, but if there 's more we can do, we will do it," said Mr. Pennington to his family.

"Yes, siree!" agreed Rob, "any chance we get."

The next evening Jean ran down the walk with Frisk, her terrier, to meet her father.

"You did n't forget ST. NICHOLAS?"

"How I should have suffered if I had," laughed Mr. Pennington, as he handed Jean her favorite magazine.

That evening at supper Jean told a new plan as a surprise

"I intend," she said, "to have Frisk adopt a French war-orphan as Sandy McGregor did."

Then she explained about the Sandy McGregor Club. Of course, there were no objections to her idea, only enthusiasm, so the next day Frisk confronted the public adorned with the tri-color and carrying a sign and box.

The proceeds, when counted at the end of a week, were more than enough to adopt a French war-orphan, for people had been generous.

"Frisk was a volunteer, Mother, though he did n't know it. He did his bit. He may even yet succeed Sandy McGregor," Jean said proudly.

"THE SIGNAL"

BY GERTRUDE HOOPER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

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.— —. —.. .. .— — — — —. .—.. .— —..
... —.—. .... — — — — — .—.. ... —... . — —. ..— —.
.— — .... .. —.—. .... — — .— —.— . ... — —. ... .— —..

(Autumn's come
And I am glad.
School's begun
Which makes me sad.)



"ON WHEELS." BY DONALD D. MILLAR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE VOLUNTEER

BY C. ROSALIND HOLMES (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March,* 1918)

It was a dark night, with a pale moon shining at intervals through a rift of clouds. The men in the trenches—"Somewhere in France"—were resting after some very spirited firing. On the fire-step, among his comrades, sat a boy, pale, fair, and blue-eyed, somewhat younger than the others. It had not been long ago that he had lived quietly with his widowed mother in a sleepy little country town. He had been the "only one," and her baby. And when war had been declared, he had enlisted; but the mother kept secret the pain tugging at her heartstrings, and sent him away with a smile. And now, with his comrades, he was fighting in the front line of battle. As they sat there the boy was silent among his lively companions.

At that moment an officer appeared at the corner, where the trench turned.

"I want half a dozen volunteers for an expedition into No Man's Land to-night," he said, "to scout around and get an idea of what the Fritzes are up to. Who will go?"

The boy was thinking of two things—his country, and his mother. At the conclusion of the speech he stood up very straight indeed and saluted.

"I will, sir," he answered. And his comrades followed his example.

Several days later, the boy lay in a hospital, safely behind the front line. He was severely wounded, but on his shirt was pinned the *Croix de Guerre,* awarded him by the French for his great bravery and the success of his expedition. And on his face was a smile.

At home, a happy mother waited for her boy to return home, honorably discharged. "I *knew* he would!" was all she could say, her eyes shining.

THE SIGNAL

BY ESTHER H. STOCKS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

Joan of Arc, what signaled you to go,
To leave your flocks, your home, and those you loved,
To go to the great war?
Ah, Maid, it was your conscience called,
The still small voice of God was speaking in your breast.
So you obeyed, and led your armies forth;
You fought for God, for France, for liberty,
And your reward, the martyr's fadeless crown.

Oh, soldier boy, what signals you to go
To breast the stormy seas of cruel war,
To bravely face the foe?
Ah, lad, it is your conscience calls,
The vision of that glorious Maid, with sword in hand,
Is beckoning you to battle for the right.
You fight for God, for country, and for freedom's sake,
And your reward, to bear the cross till Right shall reign supreme.

THE VOLUNTEER

(*A True Story of How My Cousin Won His Cross of St. George*)

BY GERTRUDE MCINTYRE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

A company of engineers was one day ordered to make a bridge over a river in a very difficult place. Several times the work was started, but each time it was unsuccessful. A corporal, who saw a way different from the others, went to the commanding officer and told him he would volunteer to build the bridge, as he saw a way to do it. The officer was quite out of spirits, and curtly gave him the desired permission.

Then the corporal went to work, and soon the bridge was progressing in great shape, although the fire of the enemy fell on them like rain.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ELIZABETH SOUTHARD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

On going to the center of the bridge to better oversee the work, the corporal was wounded by a bullet which entered his neck and came out at one side of his nose. He then put his iron nerve to the test by *walking* to a dressing-station and saying to the surgeon, "Stop this blood!"

The man looked at him in amazement and said, "As near as I can see, you 're supposed to be dead." To which the corporal answered. "I don't give a hang what I 'm supposed to be, only stop this blood and do it quick." The bleeding was stopped, the



BY MARY E. WILL, AGE 14.



BY O LINDSAY CLARKSON, AGE 16.



BY BERTHA D. WHITE, AGE 15.



BY JEANNETTE STUDLEY, AGE 17.



BY DOROTHY WHITE, AGE 12.



BY ELEANOR HALL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY H. BOWERS, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1918.)



BY JOHN W. G. TENNEY, AGE 12.



BY KATHLEEN RALLS, AGE 14.

"A SUMMER PICTURE"

corporal went on with his work, and stayed until the bridge was finished and the army safely over it. He then went again to the dressing-station, only this time he was carried.

When he was well again and returned to the trenches, he was given a short furlough to go to England to be decorated for his bravery. This he declined, saying he was too busy (fighting Huns) to go just then.

Later, again wounded, he was sent to a hospital in England, and there he was decorated by the king.

THE SIGNAL

BY MARIAN L. HOPKINS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Oh, lad, the world is dark and cauld, sin' ye are here no more;
And oft, when I am gazing on the cauld grey sea,
I think o' when we strolled so oft upon the sands, before
Our ain dear bonnie Scotland ha' ta'en ye fra' me.

Oh, lad, my lad, I ken o' how ye waur so true and brave;
O' how the awfu' bombs laid low the lad I lo'e
For our ain bonnie Scotland, your ain dear life ye gave,
And I 'm proud of ye, my laddie, through a' my woe.

Ye waur ready at the signal to charge upon the foe,
And comrades fell beside ye o'er a' that bloody field;
Oh, lad, ye acted bravely on that awfu' day o' woe
E'en in your dying moment, when your life ye had to yield.

Ye waur ready at the signal to charge upon the foe—
Lad, it was a signal for ye your ain life to give.
I am waiting for the signal to meet ye, lad I lo'e,
For oh, for oh, my cross is now without thee, lad, to live.

Oh, lad, ye did your duty; ye are honored 'mang the brave;
And my heart wi' pride doth swell altho' it bleeds wi' woe;
And the flags o' a' the Allies aboun thee, lad, do wave,
While o'er thee, laddie, laddie, doth the bonnie heather grow.



"A SUMMER PICTURE." BY CAROLYN OLMSTED, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE VOLUNTEER AND THE SELECTIVE

BY KATHARINE H. SPICER (AGE 16)

We are all proud of our men who have volunteered to help "make the world a decent place to live in," and certainly we are no more than rightly proud of them. And yet what of the men who are drafted? I think that often we fail to give them their just due. Webster says that "volunteer" is derived from the Latin *volens*, which, being interpreted, means "willing." Well and good. But consider the National Army men you have met with. . . . Do you doubt their willingness to go the utmost lengths, if need be, to "can the Kaiser?"



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 15

Of course, there have been cases of resistance to draft and of desertion, but turn to the thousands of young men who enlisted in the regulars and in the National Guard without any thought of war duty. Some of them share doubts and fears with some members of the National Army.

Recently a new light was turned on the situation for me. I have it from an army officer in an important department at Washington—who, before assuming his present rank, was sole head of the draft in his State—from this man I learned that, generally, it is more patriotic for a man liable to the selective-service law to wait to be drafted than to enlist. It was quite clear after he explained that when a man is drafted, the authorities consider his abilities and then place him where they think he can do the most toward the winning of the war. Never had thought of it from just that standpoint, had you?

And so, when we come down to it, most draftees are really volunteers, don't you think?

THE VOLUNTEER

BY KATHERINE SMITH (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

The word volunteer, when used as a noun, suggests a dashing young patriot who gallantly offers his life to his country and his service to the cause which he considers right. But the above-mentioned word has a broader meaning—the person who deprives himself or herself of certain food-stuffs in order that these may be given to the soldiers abroad; the woman or girl who works tirelessly for the Red Cross; and the person who lends freely to Uncle Sam, and generously aids the Red Cross financially; these people are also volunteers. They cannot aid their beloved country on the battle-field, but all are doing their bit.

The person who volunteers more to the support of her country and its cause than any other—even more than "the Sammee"—is the mother. She has rocked her baby in the cradle, has heard him lisp, "Now I lay me," hundreds of times; she has seen him struggle with his lessons when a boy, and with more formidable obstacles when a youth. He has surmounted every one, and now, as he reaches his twenty-first year, he leaves the mother who has cared for him so tenderly and enlists. Oh, the weary weeks and months of suspense for the poor mother! How she fearfully scans each list of casualties for her son's name. If the loved name is not upon this list, how relieved the poor woman is; but if it is there, she must bear her great sorrow patiently.

From this account it may be easily deduced that all true American citizens are volunteers, and that the most heroic of volunteers is the American mother.

THE SIGNALS

BY THOMAS H. DAVISON (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

"On your mark!"
'T is like music, almost,
To the ears
Of the runner at his post,
When he hears
That—like a light to a host
In the dark.

"Straightaway!"
His frame is tense,
Tough and hardy
To bear suspense,
Never tardy;
Quick to sense,
On that day.

"Get set!"
His muscles knot,
He knows not why;
He knows not what
Should make him sigh
And feel hot
And fret . . .
At the flash of the gun,
They are off, on the run—
And the race is begun.



"A SUMMER PICTURE."
BY ELIZABETH UTZ, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE SIGNAL

BY CHARLOTTE I. ROOT (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

In the name of truth and justice,
In the conflict for the right,
For a great and noble purpose,
They were signaled off to fight.

In obedience to the summons,
In the morning of their youth,
They abandoned home and comfort;
Young patriots in truth.
They sacrifice their manhood;
They sacrifice their all;
Their love is great for freedom,
And they follow at its call.

Ah, many hearts were anxious
As they crossed the treacherous sea,
Yet in proud anticipation
We await the victory.
And oft our hearts are lightened
At the news of battles won;
And oft our hearts are saddened,
And we wish the race were run.

Yet they 'll ever heed the signal,
'Till the dreary days are past;
And we 'll greet the proclamation—
"Victory at last!"

THE VOLUNTEER

BY MURIEL CAVANAUGH (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Mrs. Jackson, of the colored variety, holding an over-the-fence conversation with her especial friend, Mrs. Johnson:

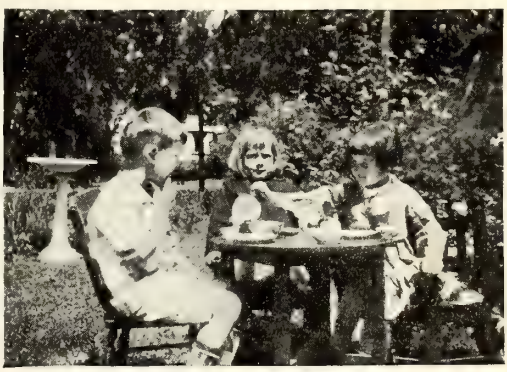
"Howdy, Missis Johnsing! How are you to-day? Fine: Dat 's good! How 's ma son? Missis Johnsing, if eveh der was a no 'count niggah, dat boy am de one. Eveh since he was a litt'l felleh, all he 'd do was sit 'im ba the doah-step and chew sweet-grass. Tell 'm tuh work? Huh! Not Jorge—thinks he too good to work. See 'm amblin' down deh street dere! His faddeh an' me workin'! Ah mus' say good-ba now, Missis Johnsing, and get dat dere good-fer-nothin's lunch."

Six months later. "Jorge" has been accepted as a volunteer in the U. S. Army, and is home on a furlough.

"Howdy, Missis Johnsing! You 're fine, ah 'spose. Yuh ask how Jorge is? Why, de Lord lub yuh, Missis Johnsing! Did n't yuh know he was home? Why, dat boy was sittin' still all dese yeahs jus' to screw up 'nuff courage to join de army. He passed ever' examination A1 O. K., too. Yuh know he wouldn't wait till dey called 'm. Ma son Jorge is a 'Merican, Missis Johnsing—a true 'Merican. See him comin' down de street dere! Look at 'm walkin' so straight 'n tall! Pahdon me, Missis Johnsing, ah mus' say good-by, 'cause ah must get dat darlin' son o' mine some lunch. Ah 'm mighty proud of him, Missis Johnsing 'cause he 's a volunteer! Jorge! wait fo' yuh mammy! Good-by Missis Johnsing."



BY ELIZABETH E. WELCH, AGE 14.



BY BARBARA HASTINGS, AGE 13.

"A SUMMER PICTURE"



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY NANCY RIGGS, AGE 13.

THE VOLUNTEER

BY DOROTHY REYNOLDS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

On the western bank of the Marne a company of American soldiers was stationed. The men were badly discouraged, for, although they had fought valiantly all day, yet they had been pushed back across the river.

Suddenly a bugle-call was heard; every one was instantly on the alert; and when the captain spoke, every word was distinctly heard. "One of our men is cut off on an island in the river. He must be wounded. Who will volunteer to swim across and rescue him?"

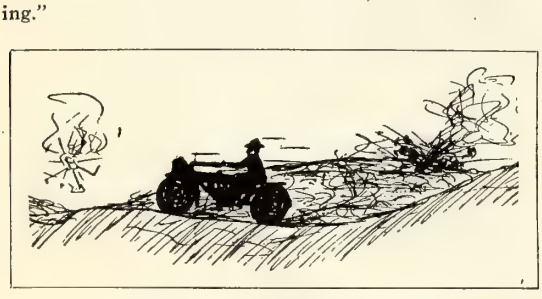
He paused, but no one answered for a moment. Then a young soldier stepped up. "Captain," he said, "I will attempt to rescue the man."

He hastily tore off his heavier clothing and plunged into the stream. The enemy noticed him and directed the guns toward him. Several times his friends thought he was shot, but each time he reappeared uninjured.

After what seemed ages to the anxious watchers, but was in reality only a few moments, he reached the opposite shore, slung his wounded comrade over his shoulder, and started back. He swam slowly under his heavy burden; the river seemed very wide and very swift, the shells very thick. Between his shoulders he felt a sharp pain like a knife-thrust. He seemed to be sinking into darkness, but made one last desperate effort, felt himself grasped by strong hands, and knew no more.

When he finally came to himself again he was lying in a cool, comfortable bed in a Red Cross hospital, his shoulder swathed in bandages. He saw the man in the next cot raise himself up with an effort, and say weakly, "Say, old chap, I 'm awfully obliged to you for saving my life."

"Pshaw!" answered the volunteer, "that was nothing."



"ON WHEELS." BY GERRISH THURBER, AGE 11.

THE SIGNAL

BY KATHARINE EDWARDS SHELDON (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Awake ye all! The bugle-call
Resounds from near and far;
The signal call, "To Arms! To Arms!"
To fight and win the war!

To fight in France—to work at home—
To make the whole world free;
To strive for Right above all might,
Right in Democracy.

A nation strong, and sure, and true,
A nation brave and just,
Whose ideal is God's will to do,
Who in Him puts her trust,

Is calling, calling, calling you:
"Your fathers fought and died!
Awake! Arise! Your spirit, too,
Shall kindle all your pride!"

America, whose name we love,
Who stands for all that 's free,
Thy starry flag floats far and wide,
And calls us home to thee!

Awake! Arise! A world in need
Awaits your answering call!
Rest not! Give to America
Yourself, your life, your all!



"ON WHEELS." BY SARAH E. NUSBAUM, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Marion Wadsworth
Ersily Caire
Lewis Danziger
Louisa Butler
Grace W. Daniels
Dorothy M. Jones
Hollis Hedberg
Jerome Horner, Jr.
Genevieve Copeley
Annette Andrews
Theodore F. Herman, Jr.
Anne F. Chesnutt
Janet L. Bullitt
Jane E. Hopkins
Chas. A. Howard, Jr.
Ruth Gardner
Jean F. Black
Ruth M. Rickett
Elizabeth Gray
Jack Steiss
Fannie A. Sanger
Ruby E. Merrill
Dorothy Sullivan
Leonora Greenlees
Mildred C. West
Alice Whiting
Agnes Read
Walter Watkins
Jeanne Hugo
Betty T. Sloper
A. A. Packard, Jr.
Mary Worthen
Ruth E. Campbell
Marguerite Wherry
Emmy Lou Mally
Blanche C. Berry
Elizabeth C. Kinloch
Walter Brodeur
Isabelle Gasper
Marjorie A. Bly
Travis Milliken
Katharine Lewis
Olive F. Penniman
Amy O'Connor
Stewart Wilson
Herbert Marples
Faith H. Poor
Katrina Van Dyke
Marguerite MacCameron
Eleanor C. Johnson
Dorothy Heinke

VERSE

Elizabeth Bettman
Catherine Parmenter
Katherine Applegate
Mildred Ruckman
Louise Johnson
Sylvia Dow
Rena M. Manning
Verdi E. B. Fuller, Jr.

Muriel Stafford
Constance Pendleton
Mary Lockett
Marion W. S. Smith
Helen L. Rummons
Dorothy Ducas
Catherine L. McCarthy
Isabella M. Laughton
Albert Hart
Frances Zizinia
Dorothy Stephenson



"ON WHEELS." BY LAURA MARSH, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

Henryetta L. Schuelt
Alice Morrison
Ethel Reinfried
Charlotte Reynolds
Eleanor Slater
Margaret Jordan
Yvonne D. Weir
Marjory Root
Emma C. Kelly
Joseph T. Creamer
Evelyn H. Hougen
Abraham Just
Dorothy L. Eckard
Agnes Packard
Constance Klugh
Margaret E. Newhall
Lenora F. Glen
Bronelt Goldberg
Violet S. Crosby
Marion L. Mace
Catherine Wallace
Edna L. Senior
Edward Podolsky
Geoffrey Finley
Louise Knight
Eleanor Chamberlain
Caroline Rankin

DRAWINGS

Nancy G. Cochran
Eunice Jackson
Lois Wilde
Marjorie Stoner
Julia Dietsch
Lucy E. Getty
Henry Meltzer
Reed Williams
Henry Venable
Foresta B. Hodgson
Virginia A. Balch
Margaret Keeler
Louise Blaine
Leonora Zimpelman
Kathryn A. Lyon
Ruth Hungerford
Alice C. Rice
Celeste Lauve
David Heinlich
Berneice Davis
Ann C. Phelps
Mary L. Hugo
Dorothy Cox
Dorothy Seymour
Stanley C. Trier
Helen McIlvaine
Emmie L. Washington
Claire Richardson
Jeanne Rosenthal
Catharine Abell
Lillie A. Burling
Marion L. Strawser
Alice M. Clampitt
John Haas
Dorothy Deverell
Carpenter Brock
Patricia Drake
Catharine E. Sibley
Margaret Folsom
Edith Nichols
Amie H. Medary
Jeanette Crew
Elizabeth Mouat
Helen M. Walker
Elizabeth C. Smith
Isabel Stuart
Jean Hagood

PHOTOGRAPHS

Eda McCoy
Helen Straw
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Edith V. M. Simonds
Priscilla Martin
Peggy Hall
Hilary K. Williams
Marion Clark
Dorothy Harvey
Elizabeth Morgan
Mary J. Wallace
Beatrice Leipziger
Lucia K. Sherman
Elizabeth Schutt
Elizabeth Wayo
Mary K. Dempsey
Louise Watkins
Evelyn Abraham
Susan Stewart
Elena Aldcroft
Dorothy Bonar
Myrtle Robertson
Madeleine H. Pierce
Margaret Jones
Frances Bayard
Elsie Stuart
Eleanor Tilton
Janet Thorne
Adrienne Mann
Louise M. Bridenthal
Ruth S. Myers
Mildred Gavitt
Mary A. Walton
Margaret Peeler
Dorothy Manchester
Virginia Ehrman
Francisca Howland
Marian Coggshall
Henry A. Willard
Joseph E. Mayer
Dorothy Applegate
Helen C. McGee
J. Crosby Brown, Jr.
Maynard Stimson
Mildred Lull



"ON WHEELS." BY ROBERT MOORE, AGE 13.

Helen F. Hyde
Wentworth Brown
Stephen A. Derby
Charles E. Teeter, Jr.
Sarah E. Brown
Dorothy Freese
Mary F. Washburn
Harriet Mitchell
Alicia Sax
Edith L. Mayer
Katherine J. Russell
Caroline F. Gucker
Virginia Sheasley
Margaret E. Carr
Sewall Emerson
Roydon Burke
Elinor Tomlinson
Laura Frazier
Elizabeth F. Leeds
Barbara Brown
Ernest Brown
Florence Kent

PUZZLES, 1

Helen Fairbanks
Anker Winther
Marion Neff
Rachel L. Carson
Janet Cohen
Frances E. Duncan
Betty Gilman
Katharine Gibbs
Elizabeth T. Nelson
Emily Pendleton
William B. Prudhomme
Katherine E. Marshall
Elizabeth Allen
Emily Kingsbury
Gertrude V. Scherer
Eliase Weinss

PUZZLES, 2

Frederic A. Bryan,
Norah B. Longworth
Alfred Walters
Olga F. Joffe
Janet Salomons
Katherine Jones
Margaret Thompson

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 228

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 228 will close **October 24** (for foreign members, and also for members living in the far Western States, **October 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February**. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Coming Home."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Message to the Front."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Moving Along."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Valentine" or a Heading for **February.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES

As COLUMBUS Day is honored in October, it is fitting that this number of ST. NICHOLAS should open with Annie J. Flint's fine tribute to his fame and memory. And few of our readers will fail to note the striking pictorial contrast between the caravels at the end of the poem and the huge liner, escorted by destroyers, on the opposite page. It is a significant glimpse of a marvelous aftermath of history. With the one command, "Sail on! Sail on!" the "mighty sailor" of 1492 followed his haunting vision and held his westward course through storm and mutiny for weary months—to reach his goal at last. But what a vision it would be for the brave, lonely admiral of that voyage to behold the vast fleet of towering transports (beside any one of which his flagship would seem a toy) as, in 1918, they plunge eastward from the land that he discovered—to carry to the Allied nations of Europe, among them his native Italy, whole armies of men and boundless stores of munitions and supplies! For thus, after four centuries, has the New World come to the rescue of the Old; and on June 27th of this year, the Italian "Mercantile Courier," published at Genoa, welcomed the first contingent of American troops at that port with this eloquent greeting:

"The country of Columbus salutes to-day worthily the soldiers of free America.

"To the sons of the powerful and glorious Republic of the United States, who come to shed their blood for the holy cause of Italy and of civilization, goes forth our enthusiastic salute.

"They bring us their arms and their young hearts; they bring us the ardently desired and efficacious aid of their land, from which irradiates upon the world such a resplendent light of civilization.

"Therefore their aid is so much the more precious; therefore it is so much the more rich in significance.

"A cause which by force of its ideals has succeeded in drawing to itself the aid of so great a people cannot fail to triumph.

"And we shall triumph! And we shall conquer! The gloom shall be dispersed by light.

"Long live America! Long live Wilson! Long live the soldiers who disembark to-day upon the land of Columbus, of Mazzini, and of Garibaldi!"

MRS. MARY WOODBURY CASWELL, author of the delightful story of "Pluto," printed in this number, writes concerning this astounding record of a talking crow:

"The crow spoke all the sentences he is credited with, but his comment as to the dam's going out was made to my brother instead of me, and his language to the deacon was uttered under slightly different circumstances. Otherwise, this is a strictly true biography of Pluto, except that his vocabulary was really much larger than recounted here. I should not wonder if the story would seem quite incredible—the nest episode especially! However, should it incur the charge of "nature faking," I could furnish affidavits from sundry reputable residents of St. Francis as to its accuracy."

OUR readers will remember the article in the June number containing the appeal of the St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shocked Children in Chailey, Sussex, England, for aid in providing a shelter for child sufferers from the terror of air-raids over London and offering them a quiet and safe refuge in the country where, under scientific treatment, their shattered nerves can be restored to normal condition. As stated at that time, ST. NICHOLAS has to be made up so far in advance of the date of publication that it was not possible for remittances to be acknowledged in the magazine. But we have received a number of subscriptions which were acknowledged by mail and have now been duly forwarded to the Treasurer of the Home at Chailey.

Here is the story of the largest contribution:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some of your readers in the far western State of California have a little club called "The Oak Tree Club," which, when we began it, was to help the Red Cross; but when in June your magazine arrived with the article about the raid-shocked children of London, we decided to give our help to that cause. So we all got to work at once and had a little fair at one of the member's homes. It was in the garden, of course, as it is always sunny out here, and we had no grown-ups to help, arranged everything ourselves, and as we made $160, we were quite pleased. So we enclose a check for it here to you and hope you will send it on to England as soon as possible, so that the poor children can have help soon. The members of our club are as follows:

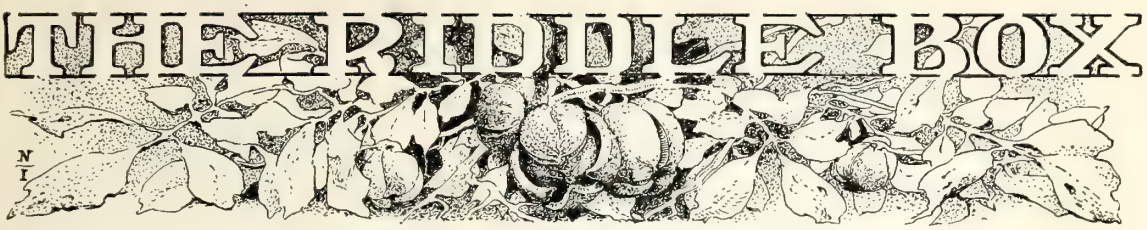
Florence Tuckerman (President)	Virginia Bartlett
Cary Lee Weston (Work Director)	Agnes Coleman
Sue Buntin (Secretary)	Violet Tuckerman
Grace McGaun (Treasurer)	Leonore Coleman
Lilia McCaulay Tuckerman	Mary B. Compton
Frances Tuckerman	Evelyn Turner
Mary Wentworth Bartlett	Ann Gavit
	June Vail
	Margaret Davidson
	Helena Davidson
	Frances Goodhue

The fair was held at the home of Cary Lee Weston.

Your affectionate readers,

THE OAK TREE CLUB.

This letter brought great happiness to the publishers of this magazine and will, we know, give pleasure to all its readers. For a club of girls to have raised such an amount as $160 at a single fair, originated by themselves and with no help whatever from grown-ups, is an achievement of which every member may well be proud. ST. NICHOLAS is more than proud of it and of these American young folk as readers of the magazine. Indeed, we are proud to have the name of the magazine associated with the honor that justly belongs to the Oak Tree Club for having rendered so noble and generous a service to the hapless children over-seas. England is our mother land, and this beneficent deed by a group of American girls adds another link to the chain that binds together the young folk of the English-speaking world.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

RIDDLE. A sponge.

CHARADE. Sty-penned; stipend.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding." *Troilus and Cressida,* Act I, Scene 1.

RHYMING BIRDS. 1. Hawk. 2. Jay. 3. Grackle. 4. Meadow lark. 5. Bluebird. 6. Marsh Wren. 7. Bank Swallow. 8. Sparrow. 9. Crow. 10. Owl.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Foch; finals, Haig. Cross-words: 1. Foch. 2. Okra. 3. Cadi. 4. Haig.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Lafayette. 1. Lemur. 2. Table. 3. Fifty. 4. Bream. 5. Sixty. 6. Fleet. 7. Dates. 8. Otter. 9. Eagle.

DIAGONAL. Labor Day. Cross-words: 1. Lapidary. 2. Railroad. 3. Rebelled. 4. Informed. 5. Montreal. 6. Saturday. 7. American. 8. February.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Pershing. 1. Ap-peal. 2. Pl-ease. 3. Da-ring. 4. Da-shed. 5. Be-have. 6. Pr-ices. 7. Ho-nest. 8. Au-gust.

A PATRIOTIC PUZZLE. "Uncle Sam."

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials. Pershing; fourth row, army, navy. Cross-words: 1. Parades. 2. Exerted. 3. Roamers. 4. Slayers. 5. Haunted. 6. Incased. 7. Naiveté. 8. Grayish.

METAMORPHOSES. I. Wheat, cheat, cleat, bleat, bloat, float, flout, flour. II. Flour, floor, flood, blood, brood, broad, bread. III. Bread, break, bleak, bleat, blest, blast, boast, toast.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Amber. 2. Marine. 3. Brunt. 4. Ennui. 5. Retip. II. 1. Wafer. 2. Arena. 3. Feint. 4. Ennui. 5. Ratio. III. 1. Aster. 2. Snare. 3. Tales. 4. Erect. 5. Rests. IV. 1. Scarf, 2. Cater. 3. Atone. 4. Rents. 5. Fresh. V. 1. Harsh. 2. Agate. 3. Raver. 4. Stern. 5. Herns. VI. 1. Larch. 2. Aware. 3. Razor. 4. Crowd. 5. Herds. VII. 1. Ranch. 2. Adore. 3. Novel. 4. Creep. 5. Helps. VIII. 1. Prove 2. Raven. 3. Overt. 4. Verse. 5. Enter.

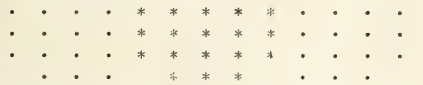
TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Theodore Rogers—Barbara Beardsley—Florence S. Carter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, within the time limit, from Philip Tapperman, 10—Edith Walton, 10—Ruth Mary Collins, 10—Kathryn Logan, 10—Helen A. Moulton, 10—"Allil and Adi," 10—Marian W. Collins, 9—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 9—Gwenfread E. Allen, 9—Sarnie Milander, 7—Ted Miller, 6—Marie L. Everhardy, 5—Newton Jones, 5—Madeleine M. Smith, 5—Florence K. Ferner, 5—Margaret B. Lee, 5—Dorothy Meyer, 4—Alfred R. Allen, Jr., 4—S. Anna's Girls, 4—Elinor Chapple, 4—Edward F. Dana, 4—Anna Pratt, 3—Sheila Swan, 3—Elizabeth Davis, 3—Margaret H. Sims, 3—Louise E. Alden, 3—Frances Jay, 3—Rebecca Chalmers, 3—W. Medway, 3—E. D. Bunting, 2—E. Hayter, 2—H. Wylly, 2—R. P. Butterfield, 2—E. Young, 2—E. L. Burton, 2—E. Nordlinger, 2—S. Simpson, 2—F. E. Cummings, 2—C. B. Hussey, 2—M. C. Pangborn, 2—J. Graham, 2. One puzzle: V. E. S.—B. S.—G. R.—M. G. P.—C. H.—M. B.—S. L.—B. M.—K. S.—H. N. K.—M. H.—C. K. G.—P. S.—O. A. B.—B. M. N.—M. B.—C. K.—L. R. S.—B. G.—N. B. L.—W. W.—N. B.—R. E.—L. B. K.—V. B.—J. B.—A. M. S.—O. A. B.—G. O. K.—L. E.—H. A. D.—K. W.—S. S.—O. F. J.—K. D. Z.—R. McD.—K. E. M.—A. F. T.—A. P.—C. C. L.—R. C. W.—E. P.—A. P.—C. J.—F. R. D.—K. A. F.—E. B.—M. G.—A. B. R.—A. L. R.—E. E.—A. M. V.—J. B. C.—A. W.—N. R.—A. M.—E. G. L.—A. D.—K. T.—V. S.—F. E. D.—D. W.—D. B.—J. M.—B. G.—C. J.—M. McA.—J. R.—D. M. W.

CONNECTED OCTAGONS



I. LEFT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. Often found on a doorstep. 2. A person not of age. 3. A feminine name. 4. A curious pole carved and painted by Indians. 5. To thrust with violence.

II. MIDDLE OCTAGON: 1. An ancient engine of war used for battering. 2. Travels in a vehicle. 3. To worship with profound reverence. 4. Worth. 5. To place.

III. RIGHT-HAND OCTAGON: 1. A definite series. 2. The dried stalks of grain. 3. To rub out. 4. Flavor. 5. Very small

ANKER WINTHER (age 12), *Honor Member.*

DOUBLETS

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1918*)

EXAMPLE: Double an old game and make a feminine name. *Answer:* loo, Lulu.

1. Double a common beverage, and make the South American squirrel-monkey.

2. Double a thick, black liquid, and make a person of an irritable temper.

3. Double the place where many animals are kept for exhibition purposes, and make the wood-pigeon.

4. Double a common mercantile abbreviation, and make a kind of nut.

5. Double a masculine name, and make a drum used by jugglers in India.

6. Double to handle roughly, and make the melon-tree.

7. Double a soft substance, and make an extinct bird.

8. Double an exclamation of surprise, and make an imitation of the sound of laughter.

MABEL GILMAN (age 11).

A PUZZLE TO "CON"

ALL of the words described have "con" as their first syllable. Example: A con that is vain. Answer: Con-ceit.

1. A con that tries to hide.
2. A con that is a musical entertainment.
3. A con that is terse.
4. A con that is a great assembly.
5. A con that is a mixture of gravel and tar.
6. A con that blames.
7. A con that is an august assembly at Washingtor
8. A con that is a connecting word in grammar.
9. A con that thinks it over.
10. A con that is a surmise.

MARGARET SPEARE (age 13), *League Membe*

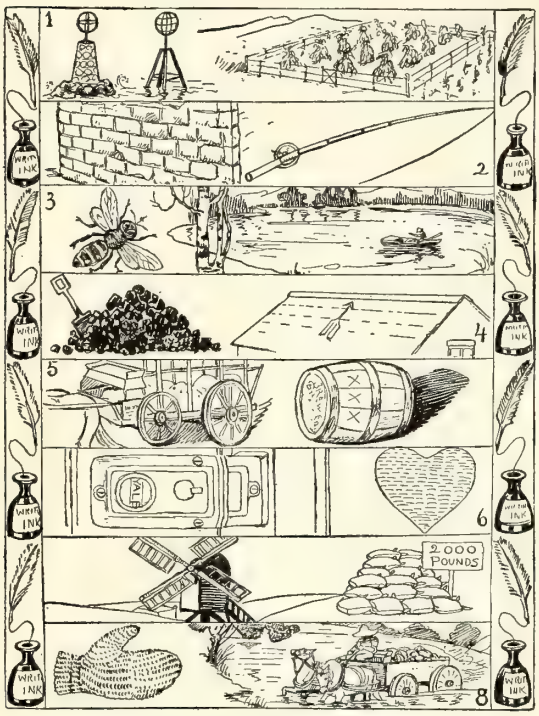
DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of a great reformer.

Cross-words: 1. Virtuous. 2. Farewell. 3. Lawful. 4. Flexible without being brittle. 5. An idol. 6. An African river.

WILLIAM PENN (age 12), *Honor Member.*

FAMOUS ENGLISH WRITERS



The surnames of eight English authors are shown in the above pictures. Who are the eight authors?

DIAMONDS CONCEALED IN SQUARES

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

I. Square: 1. To sing. 2. More vigorous. 3. Seaweeds. 4. Approaches. 5. A lock of hair. Included Diamond: 1. In crease. 2. A beverage. 3. Seaweeds. 4. Part of the head. 5. In crease.

II. Square: 1. To grasp. 2. Pertaining to the moon. 3. Imbecile. 4. Auctions. 5. To urge with force. Included Diamond: 1. In crease. 2. A feminine name. 3. Old-womanish. 4. A drink. 5. In crease.

III. Square: 1. Clever. 2. Pertaining to the cheek one. 3. Unaccompanied. 4. Raves. 5. A lock of hair. ncluded Diamond: 1. In crease. 2. A winglike organ. Solitary. 4. An emmet. 5. In crease.

M. W. J.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

AMPLE: Triply behead a minister and leave a near tive. Answer: Par-son.

Triply behead the Scotch shepherd dog and leave epose.

Triply behead to instill and leave utility.

Triply behead a relative and leave iniquity.

Triply behead a small crustacean and leave a very mevous little demon.

Triply behead an Oriental garment worn by men and leave a color.

Triply behead to breathe in and leave a beverage.

Triply behead a poem of fourteen lines and leave a snare.

Triply behead counsel and leave a cold substance.

Triply behead flattened at the poles and leave consumed.

When these beheadings have been rightly made, the initials of the nine three-letter words will spell a name that can never be forgotten.

JOHN HOUGH (age 9), *League Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Russia, but not in France;
My second, in France, but not in Roumania;
My third, in Roumania, but not in Belgium;
My fourth is in Belgium, but not in Australia;
My fifth, in Australia, but not in Japan;
My sixth, in Japan, but not in Belgium.
My whole is a country at war.

GIORONDA SAIRNI (age 14), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of forty-five letters and form a warning to orators, uttered by Theophrastus.

My 9—29—39—23—12 is anger. My 4—7—17—15 31 is course. My 38—42—1—41—26 is an ornament worn on the head. My 25—37—33—11—21 is a company of attendants. My 40—13—3—34—27 is a temporary shed or stall. My 35—10—44—18—5 is a feminine name. My 32—8—28—2—19 is erroneous. My 43—24—20—45—30 are small silver coins. My 16—14—22—6—36 is a secret council to deliberate on public affairs.

JANET B. MORSE (age 15), *League Member.*

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the seventh word will make the first two letters of the first word. The seven words which form the answer are not of equal length.

1. A beautiful fur. 2. A plant covered with poisonous little hairs. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. For one time. 5. Having no doubts. 6. Inside. 7. Arrangement.

MARGARET MARTIN (age 12), *League Member.*

A LITERARY ACROSTIC

*	24	38	29	
*	4	36	8	
*	43	28	7	
*	39	6	18	
*	32	19	45	
*	2	26	17	
*	31	22	14	
*	3	13	27	
*	47	1	34	
*	10	44	16	
*	46	21	35	
*	5	42	20	
*	15	23	37	
*	25	12	41	
*	9	30	48	
*	40	33	11	

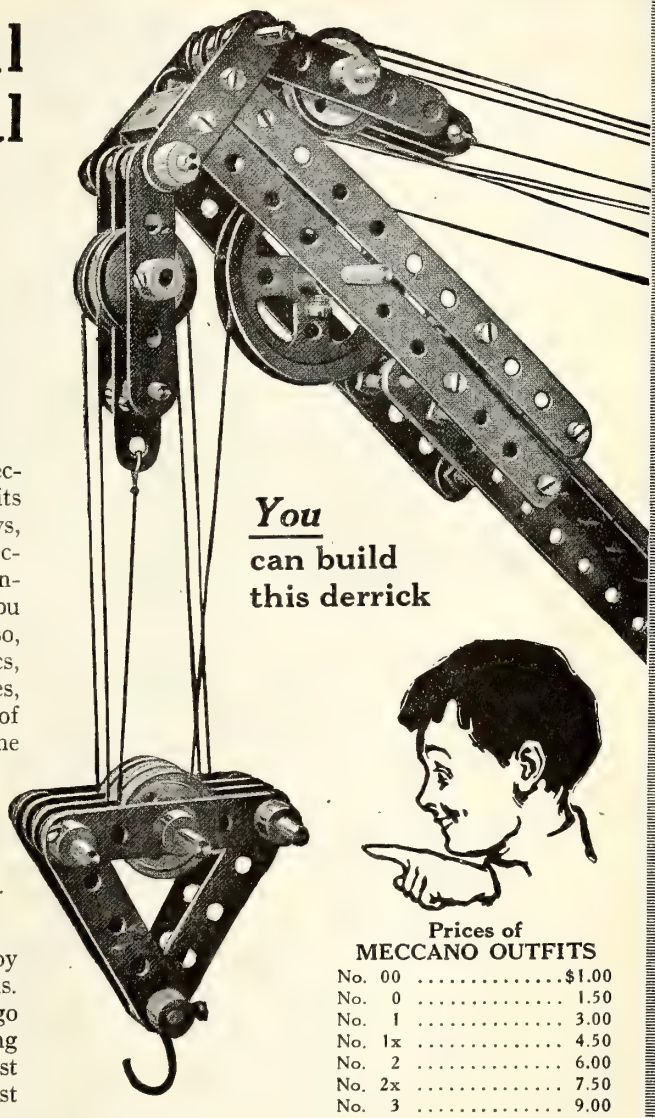
Cross-words: 1. To distribute in portions. 2. Dry. 3. Large, covered wagons for moving furniture. 4. Notion. 5. To serve. 6. To scorch. 7. Possesses. 8. A pain. 9. A measure of capacity. 10. To reverberate. 11. A range of rocks at or near the surface of the water. 12. To toss. 13. Indolent. 14. A wide-mouthed pitcher or jug. 15. To speak with imperfect, or childish, articulation. 16. To plunge into water suddenly.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters, represented by stars, will name a very famous book. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 14 will spell its author; from 15 to 25, from 26 to 39, and from 40 to 48 each name a character in the book.

HELEN FAIRBANKS (age 13), *Honor Member.*

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NEW YORK

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And up to	40.00

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MECCANO

Toy Engineering For Boys



His Mother Knows

That Grains Should Be Super-Cooked

Prof. Anderson Says:

A grain of wheat contains about 125 million food cells. And they must be broken to digest.

Ordinary cooking methods break only part of them. That's the great trouble with grain foods for children. They are generally not half-cooked.

I Explode the Cells

In Puffed Grains I explode these cells. The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. Thus steam is created inside of each food cell.

Then the guns are shot. Instantly every food cell explodes—125 million per kernel. Every granule is thus fitted to digest.

You see grain bubbles, eight times normal size. You see airy, flaky, toasted tidbits with a most enticing taste.

I see only hygienic foods. These grains are cooked, then toasted, then exploded. Grains were never so cooked before.

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Mothers who consult their doctors will serve these grains in Puffed form all they can.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1950)



"Oh, Fred!

"Hurry along. The team will be out in about ten minutes for football practice."

Yes, Fred, that's what it means to own a bike — you can get out and go to places with jolly companions. No waiting for trains or street cars. You are free — but be sure it is equipped with a

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

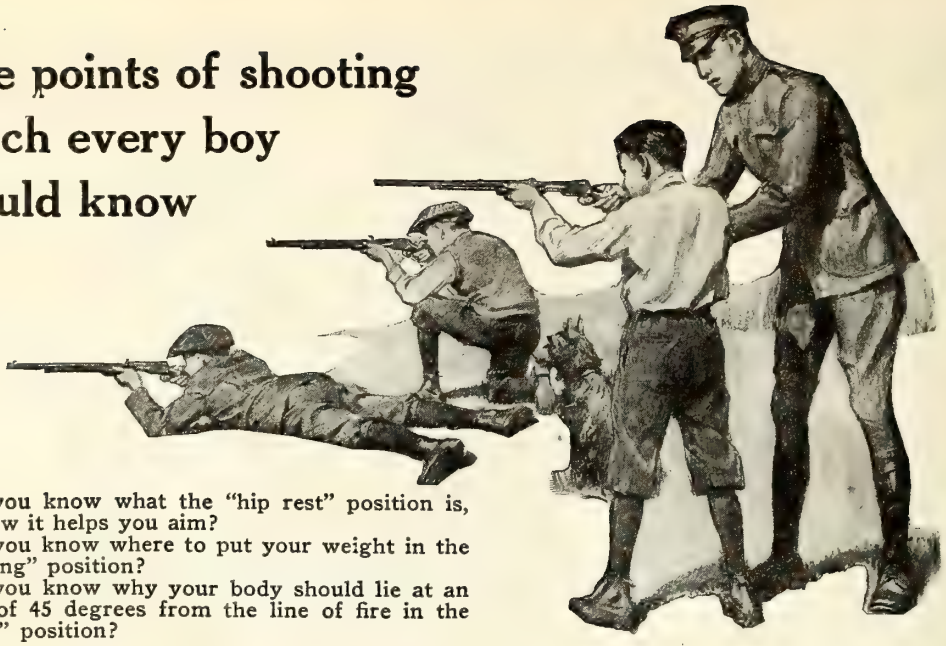
Regular fellows won't have anything else, because it doubles the pleasure of cycling and halves the pedaling — it gives you instant control — stops the wheel in its own length.

You really ride all day, yet coast halfway.

So be sure there's a New Departure Coaster Brake on the next wheel you buy, or have your dealer put one on your old bike.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY - Bristol, Conn.

Fine points of shooting which every boy should know



Do you know what the "hip rest" position is, and how it helps you aim?

Do you know where to put your weight in the "kneeling" position?

Do you know why your body should lie at an angle of 45 degrees from the line of fire in the "prone" position?

THESE are some of the fine points of rifle shooting that you learn when you join the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, and compete for the famous Winchester Marksman and Sharpshooter Medals.

Every member of the W. J. R. C. receives at the very start an authoritative rule book on the proper handling of firearms. This book not only gives rules for the safe, intelligent use of a rifle, but goes into the finer details of shooting. It teaches you the approved positions for firing. It shows you how expert Marksmen get best results.

How to become a member

It costs nothing to join the W. J. R. C. Any boy or girl not over 18 years is eligible. Go to W. J. R. C. Headquarters in your town. Your hardware or sporting goods dealer is probably a representative. Register your name, and receive a free certificate of membership, a membership button, and a rule book.

The W. J. R. C. rule book gives full details about the conditions of the contest—how to secure targets, how to make them yourself, how to score, how to get the target certified, and what sort of score entitles you to the medals. All scores must be made with a .22 caliber Winchester, and Winchester ammunition or they don't count.

Organize a local unit

There are probably a dozen or more of your boy friends who want to learn more about rifle shooting. Why not get together and organize *a local unit of the National Winchester Junior Rifle Corps?*

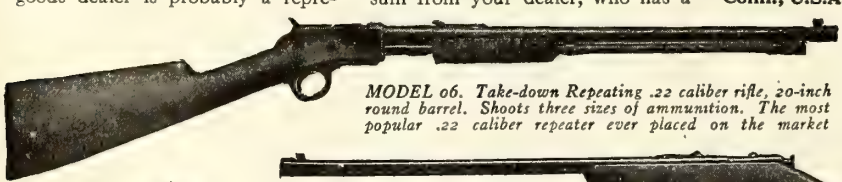
If neither you nor your chums own a .22 caliber Winchester, you can buy one for a very reasonable sum from your dealer, who has a rifle to suit every boy's pocketbook. It is really much better for each one to have his own rifle, but to start off with, several of you can chip in and buy a rifle together.

The right rifle to use

It doesn't make any difference what kind of model you buy, but it must be *.22 caliber Winchester.* It doesn't make any difference in your shooting whether you get a low-priced single-shot rifle or a fine *repeater.* The accuracy of a Winchester is in the barrel and the same quality of steel and the same care in boring go into all. No Winchester barrel varies more than one one-thousandth of an inch.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other.

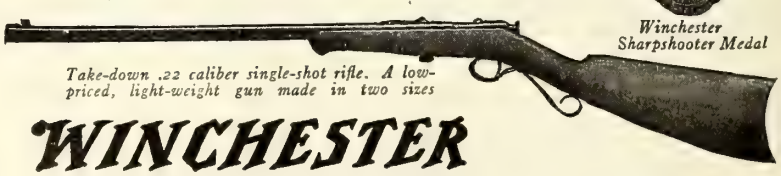
Get started today. Go to the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Headquarters in your town and register as a member. If you cannot get all the particulars there, write direct to the **Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A., Division 306.**



MODEL 06. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 20-inch round barrel. Shoots three sizes of ammunition. The most popular .22 caliber repeater ever placed on the market



Winchester Sharpshooter Medal



Take-down .22 caliber single-shot rifle. A low-priced, light-weight gun made in two sizes



Winchester Marksman Medal

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition



"Over the Hills and Far Away"



We'll all go a-hiking today. Gee! And I'm sorry for the kids that haven't

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

they'll be so tired. Every boy and girl should wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. They make play easier and safer. The Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip. And there are no holes to track mud or dirt. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind. Father wears them, so does mother.

Ask for and see that the shoe man gives you Cat's Paws.

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children — all dealers



FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY

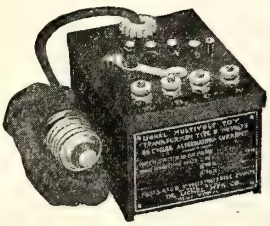
105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



BOYS! Get My Big Xmas Catalog NOW!

Great book! Free to every fun-lover. Just send name and address. It describes an exciting trip thru the big Lionel plant—the Boys' Fun Factory. Shows hundreds of electric trains, armored trains, locomotives, and passenger and freight cars of every imaginable design, all built like the real thing; also semaphores, tunnels and lamp posts; a veritable wonderland of pictures. Don't wait. Get the book and show it to Dad and Mother *now!*



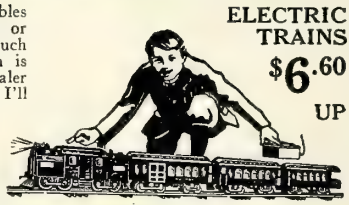
"MULTIVOLT" Transformer

$4.75 Others Up to $8.80

LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY & Multivolt Transformers TRAINS

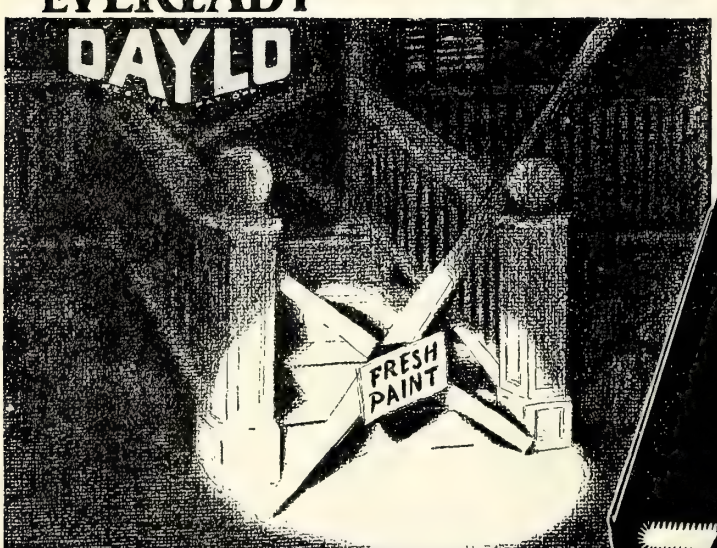
The Lionel "Multivolt" Transformer enables you to run any make of electric train, toy or electric appliance on your house current much cheaper than on batteries. The one shown is $4.75; I have others up to $8.80. If your dealer can't supply Lionel Trains or Transformers I'll ship direct.

J. Lionel Cowan, ("friend of the boys")
Pres., THE LIONEL MFG. CO.
48-B, E. 21st St., New York City



ELECTRIC TRAINS $6.60 UP

EVEREADY DAYLO



The light that says:
"There it is!"



Darkness is *danger.* Don't wait for this rude reminder. Get your DAYLO today.
All leading dealers in U.S.A. and Canada.

No. 6992 one of the 77 styles of Daylo

Blackheads
are a confession

that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Try the treatment given here and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Apply hot wet cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter, use Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general use. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.



Write today for a week's size cake. For 6c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 12c we will send in addition a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2010 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2010 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

SHOOT RIGHT!

Win official proof that you are a good shot—proof that is backed up by the U. S. Government—instead of "potting around" at tin cans or trying your skill in "marksmanship" tests that mean nothing.

Get in touch with the right kind of rifle shooting—the kind that won every prize in the great military and civilian National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, just finished.



These Booklets Free

"Boys' Rifle Clubs"
"Boy Scout Marksmanship"
"How Four American Boys Became famous Marksmen"
"How Eliphalet Remington, Jr., Made the First Remington Rifle"

REMINGTON UMC

Remington UMC
for Shooting Right

Send for the four free Remington Right Booklets for Boys. They will tell you all about how to shoot right and win National Rifle Association decorations and medals and the Boy Scout merit badge for marksmanship; how four American boys became famous marksmen, and how Eliphalet Remington, Jr., as a boy made the first Remington rifle and established the first firearms factory in America.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Inc.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building **New York City**

Please send me the 4 Remington Right Booklets.

Name .....

Address .....

St. Nicholas 10-18

The Coward Shoe
"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

Over The Hills, Sure-Shod

You'll answer the call of autumn days with many a hike through fields and woods. Equip your feet to cover the miles easily.

There's great endurance in a pair of "Cowards." They will carry you far without tiring you, and make each step more sure and comfortable.

Made from tough, flexible leather, carefully shaped and sewn. Toes of the army type. We are experienced in fitting by mail.



Address Dept. Y for descriptions.

James S. Coward
262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Near Warren St.)
Sold Nowhere Else.

GOOD FUN



OCTOBER! And doesn't that bring to your mind a picture of trees with leaves, crimson and gold,—of fields of gathered harvest,—of distance blue with the haze of Autumn? Days are full of sunshine that cheers and gladdens us. Nights have that cool that brings the indoors again to intimacy, that reawakens the pleasures, we have found before, around the logs as they burn in the fireplace. There's a tang of burning leaves in the air, and frost has not yet killed the glories of summer. Our blood flows through our veins with the joy of health. The living out of doors that the warm months meant has been the tonic to prepare for winter's cold.

So, just at the right time of the year comes Hallowe'en.

There are pumpkins—big orange ones, to be used—and after we've cut their faces, round eyes and open mouths, they smile or frown back at us with radiant good humor. To insure a successful pumpkin face, the best thing to do is to draw the kind of one you want on the pumpkin before cutting. There need be no set rule to follow in drawing this. Rather, it is much nicer to follow one's own inclination.

I fancy that no Hallowe'en party would ever be quite complete without a tub, full of water, and apples bobbing about in it. Every child has "bobbed" for apples, I 'm sure, yet it is so much fun to do yourself, or to watch others do, that it would not seem like a real Hallowe'en without it.

A suggestion offered is this: that, instead of the usual piece of money hidden inside one or two of the apples as prizes, to add to the fun of competition, a Thrift Stamp be very carefully wrapped in oil paper to insure its being kept dry, and then inserted in the apple, after first making a careful opening, which when put back, leaves the apple surface as near perfect as possible.

Lots of fun can be had by a "cobweb" party.

GOOD FUN

All one needs are some small balls of string—one for each person invited. These various balls are strung throughout the house, behind chairs, in and out, under tables, twined around the bannisters, etc., making the winding up as difficult as possible. Each person begins to wind up his or her ball from the same place. The more difficult the task of winding, the more fun everyone has. No one is allowed to break the string in order to finish his or her ball the quickest. Then the person who succeeds in winding up his ball first is given a small prize or token for being the winner. Again I suggest using Thrift Stamps as prizes.

Let us all be as patriotic as we can be, even in giving our Hallowe'en parties.

With a little care and thought, this kind of a competition can be made extremely amusing for everybody.

A really splendid game is, "Titles of Books." Take any of the current magazines, and select from them pictures or illustrations which, to your mind, suggest the names of well known books. Try to use only those titles, which are so well known—that the effort to discover them is not so great as to make the boys and girls lose interest. Paste your illustrations on cardboard, and number them. Each person is then given paper and pencil, and as he guesses the name of the book, he writes down the title opposite the number on his paper, corresponding to the number of the illustration. Then, after a given time, which should be sufficient for all those trying to guess, the one who has guessed all the names correctly wins the prize.

And even at this time, I suggest giving no prize other than Thrift Stamps. This game can be developed very broadly, whereby one can try illustrations to represent well known articles of every day use that are constantly being advertised.

A new variation of the old-fashioned Pinning the Tail to the Donkey—and this game is always hilariously good fun, no matter how old it grows—is Pinning a Rifle in the "Carry Arms" Position to a Soldier. The picture of the soldier is easily obtained from any of the numerous war posters, seen almost anywhere. The rifle may be drawn on heavy paper, and then cut,—enough for every one playing the game.

Then, when the games are over, and before the good-nights are said, there's sweet, brown cider to be drunk, fat popping chestnuts to be roasted, and marshmallows to be toasted—there at the fire that crackles so cheerfully in the fireplace, that it, too, seems to have been having a happy evening.



"WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO WEAR ANY CLOTHES!!"

"Go out lookin' fine and dandy. See a fence. Want-a jump it. Sumpin says: 'Better not—you'll tear yer clothes!' See a hill. Want-a climb it. Sumpin says: 'You'll fall and yank yer buttons off!' Can't feel happy in clothes somehow, can you?"

"Sure! And so can you.

"Wear DUBBELBILT. They're made so strong roughest play won't hurt 'em. Reinforced everywhere. Peachy-lookin' too. And say, if they do rip or anything, yer just send 'em back to the Dubbelbilt Company. They mend 'em free of charge."

"Can yer buy 'em here, in our town?"

"Guess so. 'Most every town sells Dubbelbilt—and if they don't, write the Dubbelbilt folks direct and they'll tell yer what to do."

DUBBELBILT
SUITS FOR BOYS

"Cravenette" Finished

guaranteed for six months' wear and service. Smartest looking, best wearing boys' clothes in America. Sizes from 6 to 18 years.

$12.75 and $16.75

(See the guarantee envelope in every suit.)

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES INC.
Dept. N, 806-808 Broadway, New York

BOYS—*You can have the "Complete Adventures of DUBBELBILT Dave" and several interesting Story Books, free of all cost. Ask us about them, TODAY.*

Oh, BOY!



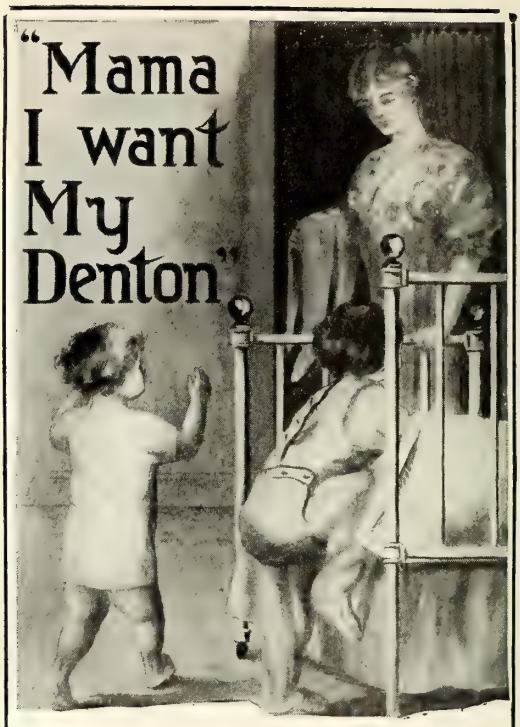
THIS is the coat that makes a boy feel proud all over; a regular, all-wool Patrick, "Bigger than Weather." It's warmth and comfort keep you strong and husky, and you look like a *real boy!*

While we are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, we have been permitted to make a limited quantity for dealers—which is now all in their hands.

This Patrick Label on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe or Blanket, means *all pure wool.* Write for the new catalog. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.



Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
446 Fifth Ave., Duluth, Minn.



Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments **cover body, feet and hands.** Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our **Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric,** specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; **no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals.** Our **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and **keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off.** Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia.



Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices 75c and upward, according to size and style.

Soft, Elastic, Durable
Do not Shrink

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas, "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the **genuine Dr. Denton Garments.** Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, **write us.**

Trade Mark

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS
291 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.



Tailoring Man's Teeth

Little sister's second set.
Irregularly shows,
Our dentist now is training them
Into even rows.

When the jaws are flexible
He guides teeth to the line,
The second set of any child
He renders straight and fine.

Once you've got them perfect,
Gleaming, row on row,
The use of Dr. Lyon's
Always keeps them so.

Bobby

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

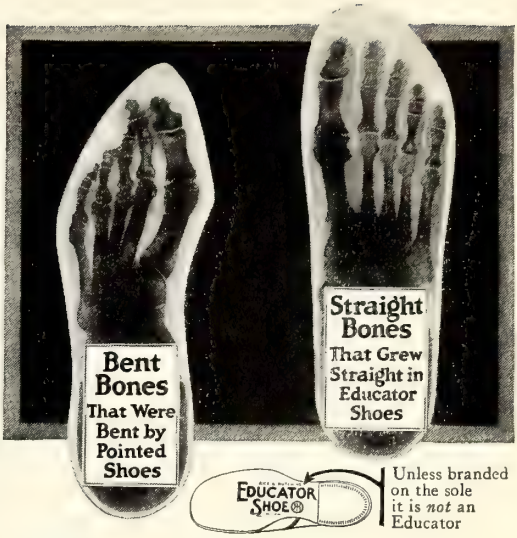
Powder *Cream*

P. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated

Dear Bobby:
All parents, like yours, should remember that their children can have fine, even teeth, if the dentist regulates the second set when they are coming in. More important still is to remember, as your family does, that Dr. Lyon's always keeps the teeth white and healthy by keeping them clean.

Sincerely yours,
I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
525 West 27th Street
New York





Unless branded on the sole it is *not* an Educator

Can Their Little Feet Grow Straight?

ARE your children's feet imprisoned in pointed, bone-bending, shoes—shoes that inevitably bring corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrowing nails or other foot miseries—shoes that *will not* let the feet grow straight?

Make sure of their future foot comfort by giving them Educators, the roomy, comfortable shoes that "let the feet grow as they should." Educators are made

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Be sure the name EDUCATOR is stamped on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

INTERESTING book of foot information "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" free on request.



Blucher Educator for Boys

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

WE have recently had occasion to note on Stamp Page two errors in United States stamps. First came the five-cent in the sheet of two-cent stamps—that is five cents printed in red instead of blue. This was followed almost immediately by the Airplane stamp with the central design inverted. Both of these created great excitement among all collectors, and several of our readers have written us to know if any other errors were ever made in stamps, and if so, what they were. And it is a curious fact that a stamp-collector takes greater pride in owning an "error" than in owning a dozen perfect stamps. This is doubtless owing to the fact that errors are far more difficult to find than are perfect specimens.

And yet there are many kinds of errors. It seems as if every possible kind of error had been committed some time or other, in one way or another. There are errors in the drawing of a design, errors in paper, errors in printing, errors in arranging the plate, errors in surcharge. Indeed, it would be difficult to say where they have not occurred. But naturally the reader would like to be told more about concrete instances than just these broad generalizations.

The errors occurring in United States Stamps have been mainly the famous "inverted centers," which have occurred in several issues. Bicolored stamps lend themselves very readily to this, but of those which have occurred in the United States only one was at all common. This is the one which was issued in the Pan-American series of 1901. The one-cent with steamship upside down was quite common for a while. The two-cent of this issue, with locomotive inverted, was always rare. These inverted centers are found also in some of the revenue issues; and here, too, some of them are almost never seen and their value sometimes is in the hundreds of dollars.

There is one error of United States stamps which is common. Perhaps it is not, strictly speaking, a United States stamp, although it was issued under control of our Government. We refer to the first issue of United States stamps for Porto Rico, at that time still a Spanish colony. The name is given the English Spelling of Porto Rico, which, however, was soon changed to the Spanish "Puerto Rico." And a very fertile field of errors—minor errors, perhaps, but yet most interesting—is to be found in the envelop stamps. "Albinos," or envelops which show the impression of the die, but no color, are fairly common in the ordinary values. So, too, are envelops with the stamp only partly printed, or badly placed on the envelop, or colored inside as well as outside, or with two or even more impressions upon the same envelop.

What might be called errors in design are far from common. We do not think any such have occurred in our own stamps. There are, however, three at least very interesting errors of this kind which come to mind. The one which has attracted most attention occurs in the design of the present St. Kitts-Nevis stamp, and although attention was at once called to the error when it first appeared in 1903, yet the design has never been corrected and is still in use to-day. If you turn to your collection and look up the stamps for St. Kitts you will notice that on many of them there is a picture of Columbus looking through a telescope. But Columbus died in 1506, and at that time the telescope had not been invented. Of equal interest is the design on the early five-cent stamp of Newfoundland, the famous "seal with the lion's claws."



ST. KITTS-NEVIS AND NEWFOUNDLAND STAMP, WITH ERRONEOUS DESIGNS.

Look this up on the five-cent brown of 1866 and the five-cent black of 1867. Look at the front paws and the sharp-pointed toe-nails! Did you ever see a seal like that? In the later issues (1880) observe how naturally and nicely the seal folds his flippers or flappers (or whatever he calls his front limbs) under him. A third error in design is in the first "Tell" issue of Switzerland, 1907-1908, where young Tell holds the crossbow in one hand and the apple and arrow in the other. There the artist drew the cord behind the stock of the bow, instead of in front, as in later and corrected issues.

There are some rare errors in English stamps—especially in the lettering in the corners of the earlier issues. Instances are known where a letter was omitted from one of the corners, and others where the correct sequence of lettering was not followed out. All of these are very rare indeed. But as a rule the stamps of England and her Colonies are very free from errors—even in the surcharged stamps. This process of surcharging has given more real errors than any other one thing. It is fruitful in many ways. Double surcharges, inverted ones, and misspelled ones occur with great frequency, and are all eagerly sought for by collectors. There is another class of errors greatly desired, and these are technically called *"tête bêche"* stamps. They are pairs of stamps where one is upside down in regard to the other. This occurs in various ways, but usually where, in assembling a plate, one of the dies is accidentally put in upside down. It looks funny to see them that way. But want of space warns us not to go further into the matter at the present time. What we have already said will serve to answer those of our readers who write inquiring about errors.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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Mexico, 50 diff. 1864 to 1915 fine 25
Siam, 1909 to 1915—16 diff. fine 28
Uruguay, 25 diff. fine 25
Fine app. sheets. Ref. We buy stamps
Service **B. H. FEHLIG CO.** Satisfaction
3021 E 11 AVE., DENVER, COLO.

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70 Different Foreign Stamps from 70 Different Foreign Countries } including Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, West Indies; and our pamphlet which tells you "How to make your collection of stamps properly." FOR ONLY 16 CENTS—A BIG BARGAIN. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Are you collecting the stamps of any particular country, or stamps of scarce varieties? Use our approval sheets to make sure of always getting good stamps, and to help you select just the ones you want.
Write us today. Give the name of some responsible person, as reference, and we will enroll you on our "approval service" list. **SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY**
127 Madison Avenue New York



208 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexican War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India **10c.** Service. Guatemala, China, etc, only FINEST APPROVAL SHEETS 60% to 80%. AGENTS WANTED. Big 72-page Lists FREE! **We Buy Stamps.** Est. 25 years.
C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO. Dept. 52 St. Louis, Mo.

THE OLD RELIABLE—IN BUSINESS 15 YEARS
Real Bargains in fine Nicaragua—all different; 10, 5c.; 15, 10c.; 20, 20c.; 25, 25c.; 30, 30c.; 50, 75c.; 75, $1.50; 100, $2.50. Premiums. H. CHITRARO, 500 West 123rd St., N.Y. City.

WORLD'S BIGGEST **Postage Stamp FREE** to applicants for "Masonik" Approvals. Ask about other premiums. Reference. HERBERT W. MASON, 203 Grand Ave., Hackettstown, N. J.

STAMPS 20 VARIETIES UNUSED, FREE to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 3 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

FREE **30 STAMPS,** postage 3c. Stamp catalog, in 2 vols. 20c. Big packet, album, stamps, hinges, etc., 8c, **THE O. K. STAMP CO., Wakefield, Mass.**

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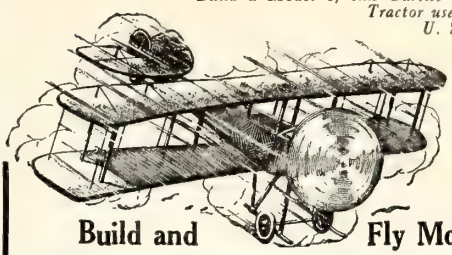
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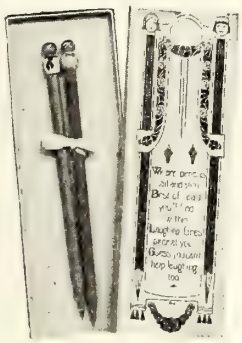
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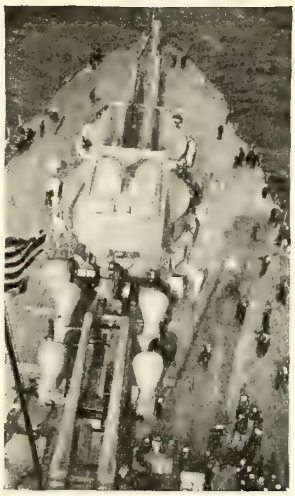
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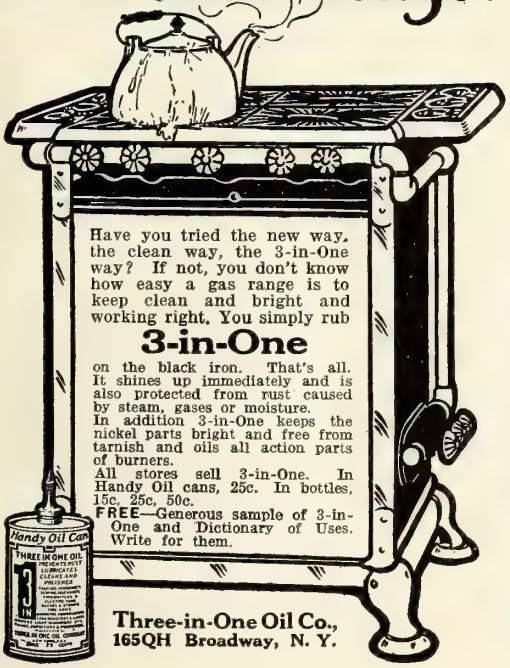
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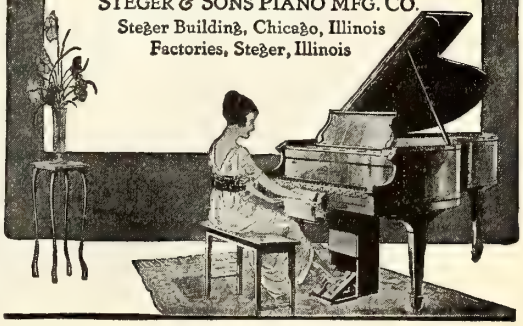
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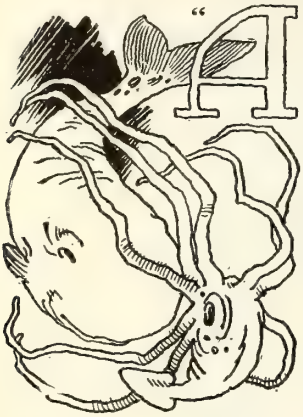


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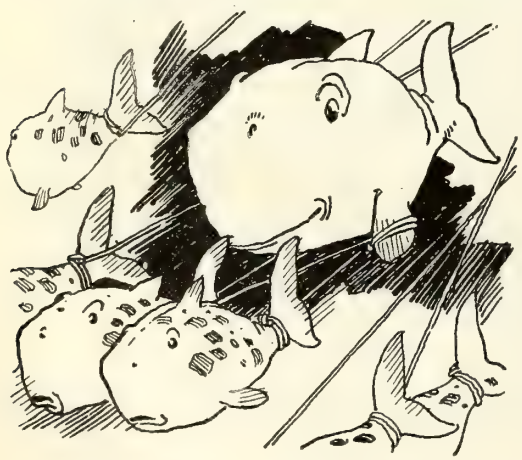
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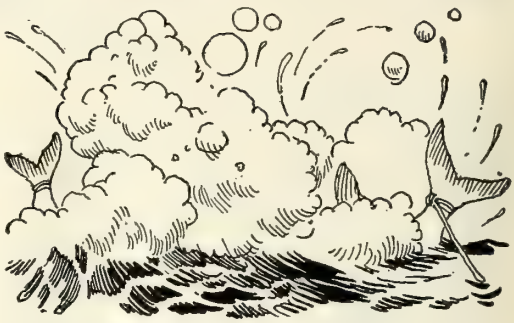
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"ALAS, boo-hoo, kind IVORY crew!" wept that poor Mother whale; her countenance was tragic and her careworn cheeks were pale. "Alas, alas, we Mother whales are tired out (*boo-hoo*) with multitudes of mussy pranks our naughty youngsters do. This, added to our household cares, with others we've contracted, have got our nerves on edge—ah me, and we are near *distracted.* Our children play with cuttle fish, and swim in muddy places. They get their tails all black as ink and soil their pretty faces. As for their *fins* they are a sight; and *OH*, their necks and ears 'most drive us to distraction and reduce us all to tears. Oh, yes, we've *spanked* them lots of times with our impatient tails. What can *you* do to purify such naughty little whales?"





Then up spake wise old Billy Goat in manner kind and sprightly, and as he spoke his whiskers whisked most gracefully and lightly. "Dear Madam Whale, we understand your troubled state of mind. Have faith in us and IVORY; solution we will find. When kiddies reach a state like yours we do not spank, nor drub them; corporal spanks aren't always wise; it does more good to *scrub them.* So, Mesdames, here are coils of rope; now catch your youngster whales and tie a knot securely 'round their naughty little tails. Do this at once and be ye firm—the youngsters may protest, but let them understand that *you* know what is right and best." So every Mother caught her child quite quickly, dears, and surely. And 'round each wriggling whalish tail they tied the ropes securely.

"Now, Mothers," ordered Billy Goat, "just *tickle* all these whales. The '*tickle spots*' are near their *fins.* Hold tight to all the tails. Now *you*, my noble IVORY crew, throw out into the sea at least ten dozen pearly cakes of our sweet IVORY!" And all was done as Billy bade 'mid most triumphant shouting. Great were the ticklish ticklings and wild the whalish spouting. The sea, soon churned by wriggling whales (each tethered to a rope), made snowy soapsuds mountain high of floating IVORY SOAP.

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